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In the Woods.

BY THOMAS C. DUFFY, '20.

THE trees, where I was wandering,
Grew berries green and red;
I plucked and bound them in a string,
While the dark came overhead.

I sat and told my rosary,
In the silence of the wood;
The thorny trees drooped heavily—
His cross before me stood.

The Power of the Cartoon.

BY BROTHER MATTHEW, C. S. C., '17.

AMONG the modern influences that are shaping public opinion—the drama, the moving picture, the magazine, the newspaper and the cartoon, the latter holds a very prominent place. That the cartoon is something more than a popular form of amusement—a mere funny picture—is not sufficiently realized. Too many regard it as such, and, as a consequence, its force in modern life is not appreciated. The older influences are more evident in their results, or experience has taught men their value, while the cartoon, which is a comparatively recent development, has worked its quiet way of effectiveness, and as yet is practically unnoticed. Those who study its nature, those who know its history, and, above all, those who have felt its persistent influence, are convinced that it is a great power, expressing and forming public opinion, and swaying the destinies of men, and even of nations.

"The cartoon is much more than a picture. It is an editorial, to say the least, and a sermon, to say the most. Usually it says more than could be said in an article occupying the same space. If the cartoonist knows his business, and he generally does, the statements contained in the cartoon are more forceful and certainly more interesting than those that are couched in words." Psychologists know the power of a cartoon in conveying a lasting impression. They know it appeals to the eye and the imagination, and is grasped immediately by the intellect. It is brief, striking, and easy of apprehension, and this is one of the secrets of its power. "The drawings of the quick-witted draughtsmen, make their appeal directly to the eye and convey their thought to the hearts of thousands who never would read the elaborate editorials." To all classes of men it brings a message that is sure to be delivered. It insinuates itself on those who are not inclined to read. It appeals to the artisan as well as to the cool philosopher, to the unthinking youth as well as to the man who does not care to assimilate the columns of comment in a paper. It claims for a short time the attention of the business man, and enables him to grasp current opinion at a glance, but more important than all, it instructs and enlightens the masses, and thus sways the bulk of public opinion.

The salient features of a situation, be it a question of politics, of legislation, of reform, or of trade, once embodied in the cartoon, are readily apprehended by all—young and old, educated and uneducated—and once apprehended, appeal to them with a persuasiveness which no written or spoken discourse can command. "Many a problem that the most laborious editorial exposition fails to make plain to the average intelligence is instantly set out in the clear by a few strokes of the cartoonist's pencil." How many thousands, especially among the working classes, grasp the import of the country's affairs only through the cartoon? The tremendous power of the "pictorial editorial" with the masses lies in the fact that it appeals to the vision rather than to the reason. To them its interest is more

essential than its rationality, consequently, careful thought on the situation it represents is out of the question. The passion expressed in the picture becomes the passion of the people. It is evident that the cartoon is a stimulus to action rather than a provocative of serious thought. After all, it is predigested thought ready for assimilation the moment the eye strikes it. People in general grasp its import at once, popular opinion is formed, and, once formed, who shall thwart it?

Besides the appeal it makes to all classes, because of the convenience it affords many people, and the interest it awakens by its striking and often humorous character, the cartoon derives power from the fact of its wide circulation. Since the art of cartooning has come more and more to its own share of recognition, it has ever been associated with the press. Where the newspaper or periodical is, there is the cartoon. In its circulation the cartoon is equalled only by the periodical, but the former has a decided advantage in that it influences thousands whom the periodical can not influence, because these have not the leisure or the desire, or, it may be, the ability to read.

As an influence working for the social good the cartoon is invaluable. The cartoonist, if he is interested at all in the general uplift of the community, is not slow in noting the causes that militate against the good of the people, and the things that make for a deterioration of society. He makes it his business to expose them. "His efforts are almost universally directed toward the strengthening of the noblest conceptions of morality and the correction of the evils which militate against the healthiest conditions of society." With that powerful weapon—the cartoon—sharpened with a stroke of ridicule or satire, he begins his crusade for better conditions of life. He lays bare the absurdities of Socialism, the evils of divorce, the inadequacy of government supervision, and the aggression of the capitalist. All this, and incalculably more, he does through the agency of the cartoon. And what is the effect? People are touched by the condition of the factory child, and condemn the child labor system; they realize that something is wrong in government management when its failures are pointed out to them; they see the personification of injustice and oppression in the fat and greedy capitalist. Now each one knows what he would do if he had it in his power to better such conditions. It is true that, individually, the people have not this power, but collectively they have, and where the cartoon makes the ambition of the one the ambition of the many, it is a power that is sure to be exercised.

"We would doubtless be surprised if we could know the extent to which the fortunes of politicians and the fate of parties and measures have been affected by the cartoons." Certainly it is in political circles that the power of the cartoon is most in evidence. This is probably because it is, generally speaking, the champion of clean politics. It "dabbles" in politics without soiling its own hands. Men that are fit and measures that are beneficial, it backs with all its influence; political tyrants and their miserable operations it fights to the death. "Rings" and "bosses" of the past have writhed under its cutting stroke, party despotism has crumbled under its blows, and political corruption has withered under its purifying rays.

Some one has admirably observed that the cartoon is a mirror of public opinion in which political tyrants see their own image and recoil from it. Tweed realized the truth of this in the days of his declining power when he cried out: "I don't care what they write about me, but can't you stop those terrible cartoons?" It was Thomas Nast, the father of American cartoonists, who, more than forty years ago, fought Tweed and his infamous "ring" through his cartoons in *Harper's Weekly*. His famous cartoon, "Tammany Tiger Loose: What Are You Going to Do about It?" which appeared two days before the elections, was the signal for the overthrow of the "ring." Another typical example of the force of the cartoon was furnished by the recent collapse of the Tammany organization in the 1913 elections. The people were aroused to action against the Tammany forces, and threw them out of the city government because the cartoonist was "showing up" the corruption that prevailed in the administration. The Tammany men were not slow to recognize the powerful agency that worked against them, and referred their defeat, as the opposition did their success, to the activity of the New York cartoonists.

The history of the cartoon is pregnant with instances of its national influence. It was as great a source of national strength in the days of the Revolution or the Civil War as it is

to-day in the campaign for preparedness and respect for American rights. "Whatever may be the opinion of the critic about the character of the work done, there can be no question of the aid rendered during the colonial period to the cause of American liberty by the various political devices and cartoons of wordless journalism." Every student of American history knows Franklin's snake cartoon, "Unite or Die," which, the historian Lossing says, was like an electric spark that kindled a flame which was never quenched. This, the first American newspaper cartoon, wielded its invaluable influence during three critical periods of our history.

During the Civil War the cartoons never failed to raise enthusiasm and patriotism. They aided, as the cartoons of *Punch* are aiding in the present war, the work of recruiting and building up an army as no other agency could. Lincoln, himself, is reported to have said at the end of the war that Thomas Nast was our best recruiting sergeant.

The testimony of history is not more convincing than the evidence of the present. In recent years we have seen touching cartoons awaken national sympathy after disasters like the loss of the *Titanic* or the *Eastland*, and others arouse national anger after tragedies like the sinking of the *Lusitania* or the *Laconia*. In more recent times they have aided immeasurably the campaign for national preparedness, and to-day, when we are forced to struggle for our cherished rights, they throw themselves into the fight and, with all the power they can command, help to defeat the enemy, and perpetuate American liberty.

From these considerations we may truly point to the cartoon as a veritable tower of strength. We have seen that although people generally do not regard it seriously, it is very far-reaching in its effects. The secret of its power is its universal appeal. It tells a story; it arouses an emotion; it leaves an impression; it forms public opinion. The cartoon is a social worker dedicated to the uplift of humanity. It is the champion of the people, of reform, of right. As a political power it has made and unmade Presidents. It is the scourge of "grafters," "bosses," and their contemptible satellites. Clean politics is its favorite theme. It has ever worked for the increase of our national greatness. By it the national conscience is awakened to a sense of guilt; by it the standard of national virtue is unfurled. As a weapon of national defense the cartoon has done invaluable service by aiding the government in the great crises through which the country has passed. To-day, when we are passing through another great crisis in our history, it is lending itself with all its forces, as of old, to the cause of liberty and righteousness—it is proving, once again, its power in one of the most momentous struggles that the annals of our history record.

Bassett's Romance.

BY LEIGH G. HUBBELL, '18.

Bassett was police reporter for *The Evening Blade*, and an uncommonly good one. He enjoyed the good-will and the confidence of the underworld, whose crimes he wrote up; he was equally well liked by the underworld's blue-coated enemies. This dual popularity of the reporter was an asset to the *Blade* and a source of amusement to his friends. They were usually sure of entertainment when they were on the streets with Bassett. Either some rough-clad thief would slink up to "tip off" Bassett as to his latest exploit, before "skipping" town, or the patrol would rein up, inviting him to climb aboard and accompany them on their "call." Oftentimes Bassett arrived at the scene of crime ahead of the police, thanks to the "tip" of the very rascal that had done the deed. With this advantage and his ability he had made the court-news page of the *Blade* the best in the city.

Hobnobbing with second-story men and with burly patrolmen does not tend to develop the sentimental or poetic side of a man's temperament—at least it did not have that effect in Bassett's case. He saw life as a sort of Darwinian struggle for existence, in which the craftiest man came out victorious—for the moment. He lived so close to prose that he had ceased to believe in poetry.

As to the eternal feminine, Bassett had the reputation of being an outright scoffer. This phase of his disposition was particularly in evidence at the *Blade* office, where an unobservant city editor had placed him at a desk directly facing the frivolous young person who edited the "Woman's Page." Her yellow curls affronted his eyes; her rhapsodies over last night's débutantes set his nerves wild; and

she was always leaving "photos" of June brides in his way under the impression that he might like to see them. Worse still, she insisted on reading her important stories to him, so that he might suggest improvements here and there. When he could stand it no longer, he would pull out his watch, mutter some vague remark, turn out his light, and rush out the door, swinging on his coat *en route*, leaving Beth to stare after him in perplexed amazement. "O Lord, what gush!" he would groan, "what hellish gush!"

This familiar scene had been re-enacted one rainy morning towards the last of March, and Bassett had just emerged pell-mell upon the street, when a shabbily-dressed man beside the door seized his arm.

"Hold up a minit, ol' man," whispered Bassett's interceptor, "I wanna ask a favor of yuh. See this?" He held up a round object, thickly wrapped in a piece of velvet. "Get that back to 782 East Blackstone for me. You'll find out why, later."

The man dropped his package into Bassett's hand and disappeared into an adjoining saloon. Bassett started to follow and then decided he would not. One of the rules he had always observed in dealing with his underworld friends was to take them at their word, and without exhibiting undue curiosity concerning any information that might be vouchsafed him. His uniform observance of this rule was one of the secrets of the confidence he enjoyed with them.

He turned the package over in his hand, and shrugged his shoulders. "I pass!" he said to himself. "Most likely Jake has gone out of his head. It isn't like *him* to be the hero in a conscience case." He slipped the package into his pocket, and hurried over to the LaSalle Street station.

It was in the *Blade* office that the mysterious packet was opened, and then not by Bassett. That busy man had forgotten all about it, and it had remained in the pocket of his raincoat half the day. A copy boy, called to remove the coat from Bassett's desk and to hang it up for him on the hooks, spilled the pockets on the desk of the society editor as he passed.

Beth saw with amazed delight a corkscrew, a few stubs of pencils, and the velvet packet spread out before her. The force of the fall had unrolled the velvet covering, and a glint of gold caught her eye. In an instant she had pounced on the packet and finished the unwrapping. She held up a gold locket.

"Oh, see what Bassie is carrying now!" she exclaimed to the reporters around, who looked up and stared in astonishment at the gold locket which Beth held out to their wonderment. Every typewriter suddenly stopped, including Bassett's own.

As they looked, Beth's fingers found the release, and the locket snapped open. The miniature of a smiling young girl was disclosed.

"Hooray for Bass!"

"Congratulations!"

"You lucky cuss!"

Bassett was surrounded by the whole *Blade* staff, eager to get a slap at his back or a shake of his hand. He flung them off and snatched the locket from Beth's hand. "You blathering idiots!" he shouted at them from the doorway; but in their merriment they did not hear his epithet.

Life was not easy for Bassett the next week. Beth smiled sweetly at him from her typewriter; the men gave him a grin. In a hundred ways they told him what a clever devil he was, and how they had never suspected him of concealing a romance, until he was driven to threaten physical violence to all of them, beginning with the golden-haired Beth. Then the city editor interfered, and the staff forgot about Bassett's romance, or pretended to.

Meanwhile Bassett had set about returning the locket. His first free evening he took a car out to the number on Blackstone Avenue that Jake had given him. It proved to be a very comfortable-looking house, quite fashionable in fact. A houseman answered the bell.

"The Weavers are not in town, sir," he told Bassett, even before the latter had a chance to say whom he wished to see. Bassett took down their address. He would write them as to the disposal of the locket.

The weeks passed, but no letter came from the Weavers. Bassett kept the locket in his desk at the office, and took it out occasionally. Indeed he gradually came to be quite cheerful about his "romance." He studied the face in the miniature, and soon came to think it quite worthy of study. He found the letters "M W" inside the lid, and this clue he followed up in the city directory. There was no doubt about it—her name was Margaret. Rather a pretty name, he thought.

The *Blade* office remarked the new and friendly relations that were seeming to develop between Bassett and the society editor opposite. The truth was that the astute Beth had recognized the face in the locket, and was now engaged in producing from her mysterious resources certain items that would interest Bassett. They were clippings from Los Angeles papers, recounting the social appearances of Margaret and her mother in the winter capital of the American aristocracy. Bassett glanced at them with a smile, as if he had read all about these matters in sources of his own, but he confided nothing. Naturally, he could not, since he had nothing to confide; but Beth became surer of Bassett's romance in proportion to his continued taciturnity. And she heartily approved of Margaret.

One afternoon, when the last of the "copy" had gone to the linotypes and the reporters' room was almost deserted, Bassett was called to the telephone booth. He came out, walked over to his desk and opened a drawer. When he drew his hand out, it held the locket. Beth paused in the process of pinning on her hat to watch him.

Bassett looked up from his hand, and there was a rueful smile on his face. "Well, Beth," he answered in response to her unspoken question, "I guess my romance is over. I'm going to take this back to-night."

Beth's hands dropped to her desk; she knelt on her chair. "I'm so sorry," she said.

But Bassett only smiled and put the locket in his pocket.

* * * * * * * * *

The next morning there was consternation and dismay at the office. The staff, from the city editor down, was white and nervous. They looked every now and then towards Bassett's empty chair, and when they could no longer look for the tears, they bowed over their Remingtons, punching the keys hit-and-miss at a furious rate. It is never easy to lose a member of one's family, and the *Blade* staff was very much of a family.

The city editor insisted that only Beth could write the story, and she did. She began with the tragedy itself: How Bassett had taken supper at the Commerce Club, and was seen in the smoking room for half an hour or so; how unusually taciturn and serious he had seemed to the attendants who knew him well; and how at last, when it was supposed that he had gone, two or three passers-by had carried in the broken body. They had found it in the alley beneath the smoking room windows, six stories above. No one had seen him fall; it might have been purely an accident; he might have been climbing after a stray curtain; but there were grave reasons for thinking it a suicide.

Then, having set forth the bare facts that the world at large could know, Beth warmed up to her story—the best thing she ever wrote. She told the story the world at large did not know, and had not guessed: How Bassett had loved a prominent young society woman of the city—name withheld; how he had kept her miniature always with him; how he had plodded through the winter's work, doubtless with an eye to his approaching bliss, while his fiancée enjoyed the delights of a California winter; how, at last, when the winter had worn away, the fiancée had returned, but only to break off the engagement—in poor Bassett's own words, "I guess my romance is over." "You must picture Bassett's last supper at the Club," wrote Beth,—"his dejection, his bitter memories, his sudden tragic resolution. He would carry her locket back, as she had asked, but he would carry it in his own way—in his own way, the miniature bent and warped even as his own heart. Thus it was, when they took it from his body."

Before Beth's story went to the type-setters, the city editor got Miss Weaver on the phone. She refused to confirm Beth's story in any of its parts; indeed, she insisted that she had never so much as heard of poor Bassett; and the locket, she said, had been taken by thieves in her absence in California.

"Doesn't want the publicity," was the city editor's comment, and Bassett's romance went to press.

Senior Thoughts.

Coining one's own words is in a way as risky as coining one's own money.

The student of limited means cannot take a walk nowadays—the appetite it develops is so expensive.

If you are thrown for a loss in the scrimmage for success, don't get out of the game, but hit the line harder.

Varsity Verse.

HIBERNATION.

The summer days are over and
The snow begins to fall,
The 'bos will soon have registered
At Rockefeller Hall,
For there they get a place to bunk
And all they care to eat;
It is, indeed, a great old joint
To put them on their feet.
Now Brother Hugh will help those 'bos
A-working hard each day,
And when the springtime comes around,
They'll all receive their pay.

CHORUS.

The springtime has come, the 'bos have a roll,
And now Brother Hugh no more has control.
He says to them, "Boys, now why do you shirk?"
"The summer," they answer, "was not made for work."
Then one of them warbles, "Good friend, do not fear,
We'll all be around when winter is here."

J. A.

MY AUTOMOBILE.

Oh, my automobile,
Is a beauty in steel,
But she's weirdly wild in her motion.
She comes and she goes,
But nobody knows,
Just when she will take such a notion.

When I sit at the wheel,
In my automobile,
I feel like the great Alexander.
But when the old flirt
Heaves me into the dirt,
It's tough let me tell you to stand her.

But my automobile,
Though perhaps she can't feel
The aches she has caused in my system,
Can go on the run,
Like a shot from a gun,
And people are glad that we missed 'em.

B. A.

TOGETHER.

Once to-day I thought of you,
You and me together:
High on the cliffs o'er Berkley town,
Watching far sails go winging down
Down where the sea-gulls skim the blue
And brave the wrackful weather.
Once to-day I thought of you,
You and me together.

F. B.

Charity.

BY DELMAR EDMONDSON, '18.

To the old maxim, "Charity begins at home," some wiseacre has added the acrimonious clause: "and ends there." Not only is this amendment untenable, but the wit reveals himself very indiscreet in making it. Even were it true that the humanitarian spirit of the average man is barely coextensive with his domicile, the less said of the matter the better. If the average man can assure himself in all earnestness that he is philanthropic to the limit set by his income, let him continue to entertain the comforting delusion. Here, truly, is one case where ignorance is bliss. God forbid that we ever acquire the curse of seeing "ourselves as others see us" for which Burns so fervently prayed, for that way madness lies. Effective introspection is fatal to self-respect.

Such stirrers-up of trouble as this captious commentator should learn to let well enough alone. Change would admit the possibility of derogation. At least things might be worse; so why not leave us as we are, contentedly circumscribed by impregnable conventions; pretending to be what we know we are not; ashamed if our sins are found out; fearful lest they should not be found out and we become known as prudes; ashamed of the common stock of our ancestors, disgraced by the goings-on of our young descendents; ashamed of our opinions or of our lack of them; of our superabundance of flesh or lack of it;—ashamed that we are ashamed, too sated to be satisfied, too spiritless to revolt.

But it is not true, despite the ruling of the above quoted pessimist, that charity ends at home. Have we not the deserving poor, whose existence is so grateful an unction to the rich man's conscience? Since it is excessively difficult to discover who are deserving and who are not, why, of course, naught remains but to tighten the purse strings against all and sundry. While Croesus' heart may bleed for the sufferings of his impoverished neighbor, proving that his charitable feelings are not delimited by the size of his family, still he reminds himself that mendicancy must not be encouraged, and that poverty, according to the best commentators (themselves unafflicted thereby), is a blessing in disguise.

If it be true that it is better to give than to receive, the beggar is a praiseworthy wight in that he affords others the opportunity to be open-handed for the good of their souls. But think what a blessing he has in the power of exercising a moral prerogative of which the wealthy man is unable to boast! The satisfaction he derives from the knowledge of that fact should be quite sufficient for him. Commend him in his begging, then, but do not suffer him to affect you to the extent of giving him material aid, lest he be unworthy of it.

But what is the criterion by which we may judge whether a man is worthy of our assistance? Is only he deserving who labors hard and still is unable to earn enough to hold himself and life together? Ah, no; work is a standard which we dare not accept. The impeachment of idleness would arraign too many of our moneyed lilies of the field, who toil not neither do they spin. In very truth, it must be acknowledged that to discover a rule for establishing deservingness is impossible.

What is left, therefore, but the ancient expedient of doing away with the poor? Every person met on the streets who might be suspected of having no money in his pocket should be asked if he has any reasonable excuse for living. If he can give none, then he should be put off the earth promptly and completely.

But this method is a double-edged sword to be unsheathed with caution. Care must be taken that the test is not put to certain incumbents of the *soi-disant* upper classes who would be unable to explain their existence satisfactorily. For instance, the purse-proud lack-brain who turns a supercilious nose to the ether; the rodomonte whose complete lack of ability is supplied by a pneumatic assurance. These must be protected. In the event that the proposed state of affairs comes to pass, they might be supplied with badges bearing the legend: "Superfluous but Rich." When this has been done all will be well. There will be no ragged outcasts to trouble us with their reproachful looks and whining words, and Utopia will have been realized.

It was never Known to Fail.

When to clear a doubt you try,
And your efforts all lead back to
Where you started from,—don't sigh,
Just answer, "Ipso facto." *T. J. T.*

The Detective Story.

BY WILLIAM BREEN MCDONALD, '18.

Who is Sherlock Holmes? Nearly anybody could answer that question. Who is A. Conan Doyle? Ah! that is another question, and many who would have no difficulty with the first query would be perplexed by the second. Or take another standpoint, and ask a number of people whether Sherlock Holmes was a real man or not, and you will be surprised to find so high a percentage of people who firmly believe that such a man actually existed. The name Sherlock Holmes has come to be accepted by the English-speaking race as practically synonymous with the word detective. This fictitious person who had his conception in the brain of Doyle is visualized before us as actual flesh and blood. The numberless imitators of Doyle and other earlier masters have led to the recognition of the detective story as a distinctive form of the short story.

We must differentiate in the first place between the real short-story of the masters and the cheap, lurid detective story which sells for a nickel or a dime, and is read by the small boy back of the barn. The fascination of the latter does not depend upon any ingenuity of plot but rather upon the thrilling situations independently developed in the action. It is immaterial whether the detective is run over by a train or dropped into a bottomless pit in one chapter only to reappear in the next, hale and hearty, and ready to pursue the villain. This kind of trash does not rely upon the probability of the plot but upon the blood-curdling adventures of Diamond Dick, or whoever the detective may be. On the other hand, "the masterly detective story is a genuine exercise in deductive logic dressed out in the form of fiction."

One of the earliest writers to make use of a detective in unraveling a mystery was Voltaire, whose "Zadig" appeared about 1747. The next name of importance is that of Edgar Allen Poe. Esenwein says: "Whether Poe modeled Monsieur Dupin's deductions upon the reasoning of Voltaire's clever Zadig is open to question, but it is certain that present-day writers acknowledge Poe as their preceptor in the realm of mystery." Poe was the first modern writer of detective stories. "The Gold Bug" was written in 1843, and among his other works

should be mentioned "The Purloined Letter" and "The Murders in the Rue Morgue."

Following Poe, in order of time, are two French writers, Geboriau and Boisgobey. The former, who was known as the master of "police novels," produced a large number of detective stories, among his best known being "Le Dossier 113," and "L'Affaire Lerouge" which appeared in 1866. Boisgobey, who was a disciple of Geboriau, showed a remarkable ingenuity, but lacked his teacher's sense of dramatic fitness. "L'Homme sans Nom" appeared in 1872, and "Le Crime de l'Opera" in 1880. About twenty of his works have been translated.

The most pouplar composer of detective stories is the modern writer, A. Conan Doyle. His reputation as a master at this kind of writing was established by the appearance of two of his earlier works, "The Adventures of Sherlock Holmes," which appeared in 1892, and "The Memoirs of Sherlock Holmes" which came into being the following year. Both of these were collections of short stories with the detective, or principal character, remaining the same throughout. Some of his later works are the "Hound of the Baskervilles," "The Return of Sherlock Holmes," and "The Speckled Band."

Among other present-day writers are Maurice Leblanc, Gaston Leroux, and Arthur B. Reeve. Leblanc's best work, one which became very popular, is "Arsene Lupin." Reeve is at present writing for several American magazines.

The construction of the detective story is somewhat the reverse of the ordinary story. Albright says: "The detective story is a real study in plot construction, involving the presentation of a situation and the reduction of that situation to its causes. It presents a mysterious situation and then works *backward* to its solution. The detective plot is a puzzle solved." The essential characteristic of the detective story is its plot. Characterization and dialogue are, as a rule, slighted as far as is possible. The situation with which the detective is confronted is very difficult, and the reader often wonders at the ease with which this marvelous man unravels the mystery. But start at the other end of the story and work back to the situation and it seems very simple. This is what the writer does. He arranges the chain of events leading up to the mystery and then he turns it around and writes the story. For instance, the fictionist has a man commit a crime. He works out the details of how it is to be done and as he goes along he leaves traces of evidence. Then the writer has the detective find these clues and from them deduce who committed the crime. Of course, in the story it is necessary that one of the big clues be left in plain sight of the reader and yet concealed in such a manner that he cannot find it till the detective shows it to him, otherwise the story would often not be plausible. The reader is thrown off the track and the events seem to point to a certain man as guilty, when suddenly something springs up and the reader finds an unsuspected man ensnared by the wily detective. The detective always plays a winning game which is pleasing to the reader, and the criminal, who is finally convicted, is almost always one who has aroused to a certain extent the reader's antipathy.

Although a detective story is necessarily dependent upon its plot and not upon its characterization, the other elements of the short story can often be worked in to advantage. Romance can play a large part here as in other fiction. The solution of the plot is often the result of the detective's clever study of the psychology of the persons who were concerned with the crime. Doyle frequently uses this method. It is also a favorite device of Reeve, who uses a large amount of scientific knowledge on the part of the detective. Some authors prefer to have their detectives explain their procedure step by step, while others prefer to keep the reasonings of the detective a mystery till the end. In "The Gold Bug" the detective does not attempt any explanation till he has found the buried treasure.

The methods of telling detective stories may be as varied as those found in any short-story. Doyle has Dr. Watson, a close friend of Sherlock Holmes, tell the stories. Similar means are employed by Poe in "The Gold Bug" and by Reeve in his Craig Kennedy stories. It has been a popular and most successful method as it gives the detective a chance to explain to his friend afterward how he solved the mystery.

No doubt Esenwein is correct when he says that unless the detective figures in a number of stories his personality can not be brought out. The modern tendency is to have the detective appear in a series of stories, and the effect of this has been previously mentioned in this paper. The personality of Sherlock Holmes is as vidid as that of a real man; it is for this reason that his character has been reproduced

upon the stage. With each succeeding story the personality of the detective grows with a cumulative effect, till his manner of reasoning, his methods of handling cases, and even his idiosyncrasies, stamp his work with his own individuality.

The detective story has been one of the last of the varieties of short-stories to develop. If in its development it has caused the production of a great many cheap imitations, offensive to many educated readers, this is no reason for its condemnation. It has shown too, the delicate touches of which it is capable in the hands of a master, and the reward of such efforts is to be found in the increasing popularity of this kind of fiction as contrasted with the "dime novel." The detective story demands its proper recognition and a reasonably high place in modern literature.

The Alarm Clock.

The alarm clock may be described as an instrument of torture,—sometimes used for silencing the midnight serenade of a neighbor's cats; or again, as a mechanical invention on which to drape a shoe about six A. M., when its tocsin alarm begins *ex abrupto* with a vigor that sets on edge every nerve in your body. Thus it breaks in unannounced, maliciously upon your morning slumber at its sweetest. When the shoe has failed to suppress its screeching, you let fly a pillow with the intention of hitting it square in the face. Your intentions are good, but your aim poor, and your wife's best vase smashes into the hand-painted cuspidor.

Having no more missiles to hurl, you draw the covers up over your head as a kind of defence until you're almost smothered, and when you come up for air, that piece of Christmas jewelry is just getting its second wind. Driven at length to desperation, you temporarily get up, step out into the six-below, sneak fiendishly up behind the clattering dream-wrecker, and by a successful *coup d'état* you choke into silence the only rival of the Bell of Moscow. Just as you are about to hand-grenade it out of the window, you think of the "buck and a half" it cost you the last time you indulged that form of calisthenics. You place it back upon its throne, and forget all about it until it goes off again the following morning.

Junior Thoughts.

Are you awake when your eyes are open?

Love is a dream; marriage the "Big Ben."

See that you go "over the top" in the battle of life.

The greatest coward is often the pyrotechnic orator.

Life is altogether too valuable to be lived merely for self.

How will you look at life when at length you are come to die.

A new word each day paves the way to power of speech.

The science of life consists largely in learning what is worth while.

One can be a keen business man and still be á gentleman withal.

Love is like a pleasant spot: more or less a matter of environment.

It is the pagan in our hearts that cries for perfect happiness here and now.

In the drama of life we are our own managers; and most of us specialize in farce.

The philosopher's strongest temptation is to pose as an intellectual magician.

To him who has an ambition to speak English slang should be a foreign language.

Don't cross the bridge before you get there, but be sure that you will find a bridge.

Look before you leap, but do not look back to see what a fine jump you have made.

"The world is too much with us": no wonder that it should sometimes become a bore.

It is not so much the good deed itself that wins the heart as the spirit that prompts it.

The married woman with a club-loving husband needs no academic course in fiction.

Many who dive into the social questions of the day break their necks on a shallow bottom.

The only important difference between a toper and a pig is that the pig has four legs to stand on.

Though the earth revolves very fast, it is easy to stick on—which is about all that most of us do.

Every man has at least a little resonance in his heart which will respond to the vibrations of your sympathy.

The Notre Dame Scholastic

DISCE·QUASI·SEMPER·VICTURUS·VIVE·QUASI·CRAS·MORITURUS

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The Men Come First.

—"The officer who has not learned how to have his tent the last one up in camp and to have his meal after the others have eaten theirs, and to look after his comfort only after his men have been provided—well, he has not learned to be an officer at all. The men come first."

These were the words of a colonel at one of the cantonments to a recent visitor, who had expressed surprise at finding the barracks of the privates heated, while the quarters of the officers were still cold. We quote them not for their phraseology but for the thought they express—the duty of service to others, even though they be inferiors in rank. The colonel's reply indicates the true soldier, a man able to lead because he is able to take care of the man who follows. The efficient leader is directed by more than good policy in placing his men first; his instinct of true manhood does not permit him to do otherwise. Too often in military life, and in civil life as well, we find the superior in station coveting personal privileges and seeking only his own comfort, employing every means of petty graft, embracing to the full the enjoyment of his authority, and developing discontent by his disregard of those under him. Such a man is not qualified for the exercise of authority, and he deserves the failure he incurs. The capable commander demands the best service of his men; he in turn gives them his best. Common sense, not the spirit of condescension, prompts him to see to their welfare first. If the cantonments have a sufficient number of men of this spirit to drill the hordes of young Americans, our army will become invincible.

Jubilee Echoes.

The following letters, extracts from letters, and press notices concerning the jubilee occasion and the jubilee SCHOLASTIC will doubtless be of interest to many of our readers:

ST. RAPHAEL'S CATHEDRAL,
Dubuque, Iowa,
Oct. 6th, 1917.

Dear Rev. Father Cavanaugh,

Your Diamond Jubilee number of the SCHOLASTIC, with its admirable account of the great celebration, has just reached me; and has been read with deepest interest. It brings back in full detail one of the most interesting and impressive occasions that it has ever been my good fortune to take part in. It leads me once more musingly through all the meanderings of the University grounds, gazing and wondering at the marvellous work accomplished there in those seventy-five years. For, good sense told me that the almost miraculous achievement in structure was evidence and symbol of the far grander achievements accomplished in mental, moral, and spiritual architecture of the tens of thousands of young lives which have there received their formation.

And while I was wondering at the grand simplicity, which is what Father Sorin would call the *Cachet* and charater of it all, it seemed to me that the majestic old Patriarch himself was walking at my side and commenting on it all.

"Yes," said he to me, "this does not look like such an environment as the intellectuals of today would ambition to show forth the 'grandeur' that is in them. But it is, I think, a good deal like what He would ambition, and would suggest, Whose Omnipotence chose for its environment Bethlehem, and Nazareth, and Calvary. The self-styled splendor of Solomon and Cæsar Augustus would have been contemptibly unworthy of Him. It was His spirit that animated the men who founded Notre Dame. 'Erant gigantes in diebus illis'—not the giants of empty pomp or pretense, but the giants of humble but mighty achievement for God and for humanity. Pray that their spirit may be the animating and directing one here always.

"And," said the dear old Patriarch, "do me the favor to protest as vigorously as you can against the growing tendency to mutilate and disfigure the title which we gave to the institution which we have planted. It was Our Lord who inspired us to give it the title of Her who nurtured Himself from childhood to manhood, and who would surely nurture in like manner the humble seed we here planted. So, with all our heart, we looked up and shouted, *Notre Dâme!* and the echo rang from all the hills. Now we notice that the illogical flippancy of too many, instead of saying Notre Dâme,—with the grand old resonance of Our *Patrie*, says Notre Dame,—a jargon of French and English, which is absurd. No matter who may advocate this bilingual absurdity and awkwardness, please protest against it in our name as well as your own. The Republic that forever honors Lafayette, will not

object to the genuine French enunciation of Notre Dâme."

Well, dear Father Cavanaugh, if aught in the above displeases any one, let him blame grand old Father Sorin, and not,

Your humble friend and servant,

✠ John J. Keane.

***

From the Right Reverend Joseph B. Glass, Bishop of Salt Lake City:

We are proud of Notre Dame and proud of her past and present, and we are confident that her future will be worthy of your best and noblest traditions. Your educational work has been along sane and splendid lines, and you are sending forth laymen who are a joy to us all.

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From the Right Reverend J. J. Harty, Bishop of Omaha:

I am proud of Notre Dame, I reverence the pioneers who laid the foundations so broad and so deep; and my affections go out to the present personnel who guide the greater University.

***

From the Right Reverend P. J. Garrigan, Bishop of Sioux City:

As an humble member of the hierarchy I know somewhat and I appreciate very much what Notre Dame University has done for the Church in America during the seventy-five years of its existence, and I can easily fancy the possibilities and opportunities of Notre Dame University for further victories and conquests in the field of Catholic education. God be thanked for what she has done in the past, and may the Spirit of Light and Truth still direct her valiant sons in the achievements of the future.

***

From the Right Reverend James J. Hartley, Bishop of Columbus:

I send my happiest and sincerest greetings to your splendid university. It is a credit to the Church and our country and worthy of all the honor so generously bestowed upon it. May it long continue its good work in the glorious cause of Catholic education.

***

From the Right Reverend John J. Wynne, S. J.:

I offer you my heartiest congratulations on the marvellous things done by Notre Dame, and at its glorious length of years. I need not add my wishes for a happy celebration as everything about your great institution is fruitful of happiness to all who have come in contact with it or with its distinguished Alumni. *Ad multos annos.*

***

From the Reverend F. X. McMenamy, S. J., Omaha:

A great deal of the educated Catholicity of the Middle West owes its existence to Notre Dame, and only the good God knows the abundant results of your University's apostolate during these seventy-five years.

From the *New World*, Chicago, June 8, 1917:

Notre Dame University is this week attracting nation-wide attention in the combined celebration, on a magnificent scale, of her annual commencement, and of her seventy-fifth anniversary, or diamond jubilee. June 9, 10, and 11 will be the days marked by the principal events.

Most of the graduates will appear for their degrees clad in Uncle Sam's khaki if they are able to appear at all, since a majority of the senior students are in the nation's training camps. These young men were assured by the university of the security of their degrees, if they saw fit to answer the call of their country without waiting for graduation from their alma mater, which has been conspicuous for patriotism in all time of national peril. During the Civil War Notre Dame sent students, brothers, sisters, and priests to the ranks and to the hospitals. She still has her own Notre Dame G. A. R. post. She feels today that she has no reason to be ashamed of the action of her sons who have gone in large numbers into the national service.

Seventy-five years ago Notre Dame was founded by Father Edward Sorin. . . . . The genius, force and will power of her founder . . more than anything else, developed Notre Dame into the great institution it now is, and the characteristics of the founder have become the characteristics of the community. . .

***

From the same, June 15, 1917:

. . . In the afternoon Cardinal Gibbons spoke in Washington Hall, talking so young and vigorous, his voice so ringing that it was hard to credit his eighty-odd years.

***

May 19, 1917.

Very Reverend Andrew Morrissey, C. S. C.,
Notre Dame Indiana.

My Dear Father.—

It is with the deepest sorrow I have to acknowledge that my poor health compels me to decline your invitation to the seventy-fifth anniversary of the foundation of your splendid educational institution on June 9, 10, 11, 1917. Surely the intellectual menu which you offer for the function is most appetizing and would be almost sufficiently compelling to force an old decrepit man like myself to forget that he was ready to cross the "Great Divide" and enter eternity. It is with genuine grief that I must deny myself the pleasure and privilege of seeing with my own eyes the grand galaxy of great men, eminent alike both in church and state, and hearing with my own ears the golden eloquence that will be poured out like water on that occasion to honor Notre Dame du Lac and everything that it symbolizes. . .

Rev. McMahon, Rockford, Ill.

***

My dear Father Cavanaugh,—

I very gratefully received your kind invitation to be present at the Diamond Jubilee of your great University to be celebrated next month.

Many inducements present themselves to me urging me to be present. . . . .Besides I am much beholden to the great Community of Holy Cross for the large part its devoted members had in my formation and education, for which indeed I can never be sufficiently grateful.

. . .I feel sure that you will accept my very good will and good wishes for the prosperity continued and lasting of that splendid institution, the University of Notre Dame. It has a magnificent history universally recognized for now more than a half century, and is doubtless destined to increase in splendor and glory as long as America stands.

Yours faithfully in Dmno.,
T. Casey, Archbp. of Vancouver.

***

From Rev. C. A. Lippincott, pastor of the First Presbyterian Church of South Bend:

I assure you that it is a very great satisfaction to me to have my name associated with the celebration of your Diamond Jubilee. I sincerely appreciated the honor of meeting and introducing His Eminence, Cardinal Gbibons, for whom I have always had the greatest admiration. It was also a great pleasure to have the opportunity of attending a number of the Jubilee functions.

***

From Hon. Victor J. Dowling (LL. D., '17), Associate Justice to the Appellate Division of the Supreme Court of New York:

Thanks for the copies of the NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC. It is a publication both as to press, color and cut-work of which any magazine might be proud. It gives a splendid idea of a great occasion of which every one permitted to take a part in it must always be proud. I think the cover is a particularly striking piece of artistic work. I should like to see a stained glass window sometime reproducing the idea, with an appropriate central subject. It is striking, impressive and beautiful.

***

From Rev. Charles Alfred Martin (LL. D., '17), author and pastor of St. Patrick's Church, of Youngstown, Ohio:

I thank you for the Jubilee Number that has just reached me and thank you for getting out such a number. I continually hoped, during the Jubilee, that no crumbs even of the precious food would be lost. The little remarks, introductions, etc., of your wonderful President were like a golden chain worthy of the genius they brought together, and I am glad to see many of them preserved.

***

From the Reverend Gilbert P. Jennings, Cleveland:

You have got only a fair start in the mighty things the future holds for you, when you will be bigger in numbers, bigger in influence, but not, I am sure, bigger in spirit and direction than you have been in your founders and leaders from 1842 to 1917.

From the Reverend J. Tomkin, S. J., Seattle College:

For years and years "Notre Dame" has been a household word throughout the whole Catholic world and her light has gone forth to the ends of the earth. May it ever remain so, is my earnest prayer.

***

May 27th, 1917.

Very Rev. and most dear Father Cavanaugh.

Returning to Corpus Christi after an absence of some days, I find your letter awaiting me. Had a bomb-shell exploded before me, I do not think I could have been more dumfounded. Dear Father, no earthly honor was ever proffered me—none, I truly believe, could be offered—which would move me to such sentiments of grateful appreciation as the one which Your Reverence, in conjunction with the Trustees and Faculty of Notre Dame University, proposes to bestow upon me. And yet I feel that I must decline it. Putting aside the consciousness of personal unworthiness, which, though acute, might not be seriously considered, my reasons for renouncing are as follows:

I have always held that the Religious Institute to which I belong is a poor and humble one, not professing great learning, nor aspiring to any marked distinction, literary or academic. I believe that to accept the honor held out to me would not be in accord with the spirit and traditions of what St. Paul of the Cross used to call "our most poor Congregation."

. . . . . .In any case, dear Father, I will come, God willing, to Notre Dame, that I may be present at the Diamond Jubilee Exercises of your beloved University, and may have the joy of meeting once more in this world the friends whom I have loved so dearly.

Ever in Jesus and Mary,
Gratefully and faithfully yours,
Fidelis of the Cross, C. P.

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Los Angeles, Cal., May 30, 1917

Dear Father Cavanaugh:

You have expressed in beautiful and affectionate terms the desire of the Trustees and Faculty of Notre Dame to confer a degree on me on the occasion of the Diamond Jubilee of the University.

. . . .Although it seems ridiculous that during the years I lived within a hundred miles of my friends at Notre Dame I found so few opportunities to be with them, and should now try to come twenty five hundred miles I mean to make the extraordinary effort to join you during the Jubilee exercises.

The "atmosphere" of Notre Dame in its affectionate generosity is different in kind from that of any institution within my ken; and it is notably unique in its reckless consideration for the least deserving of its friends. I really know then of nowhere else that I could go to feel so much at home; and certainly from no other University would the conferring of such an honor as you propose bring to me precisely the same pleasure that will accompany a degree from you and those whom I count friends at your school.

Frank A. Spearman, Los Angele:

Local News.

—As the result of a series of try-outs, Dillon J. Patterson has been chosen by the Board of Control of the University Glee Club as accompanist for that organization. Edward Gottry will act as assistant.

—Reverend Francis Wenninger, C. S. C., of the department of Bacteriology, preached the Minims' retreat. The exercises were conducted according to the plan followed in the students' retreat, and similar results were in evidence among the little fellows.

—The Senior Class has appointed a committee consisting of M. McLaughlin, O. Larazzola, and Frank Cullinan, to arrange for a dinner which will take place in the Farmers' Trust Building on November 7. A variety program will be presented on that occasion.

—J. F. Ryan, senior in law, has been made a member of the "Notre Dame Flying Squadron" of speakers in the interest of the government for the dissemination of information regarding the present war. Mr. Ryan spoke in several Mishawaka theatres during the week.

—The Oklahoma Club met Friday and elected the following officers: James Creegan of Sapulpa, president; Leo Dubois of Sapulpa, vice-president; Harold Delany of Tulsa, secy.-treas. Others are Paul Loosen, George Strong, Thomas Beacom, Alfred Black, F. Gallagher, J. Gallagher, H. Donahue and P. Donahue.

—A notable addition has been made to the equipment of the Agricultural department through the acquiring of farm machinery valued at $4000. The machinery, which will be placed in the new Chemistry building, will go a long way towards giving Notre Dame one of the best dairy laboratories in the country.

—On Saturday, October 27, the members of the Kentucky Club, at a special meeting, decided to send a telegram to the parents of Louis Kolb of Paducah, Ky., expressing their sympathy regarding the recent accident which befell their former class-mate and club-member. Another operation has been found necessary and hopes have been expressed by the attending physicians for the recovery of the young man.

—Dr. Edgar J. Banks, the famous archeologist, will deliver an illustrated lecture to the faculty and students this evening. Dr. Banks has spent many years among the ruins of Egypt, Palestine, Arabia, and other Oriental countries. At one time he spent months in disguise in the heart of Arabia at great peril of his life. He is well known here, having lectured several times before the student body.

—Saturday evening the students were given their initial glimpse of Mary Pickford this year in "The Pride of the Clan." The character was that of a Scotch girl, one of the series of national characterizations such as "Hulda from Holland" and the "Little American" in which Mary has been proving her popularity by showing the breadth and versatility of her art. The picture on the whole was pleasing and the close very dramatic if a little weak logically.

—Chicago papers of Tuesday made note of a new literary venture on the part of a distinguished friend of the University. Monsignor Francis Kelley, as head of the Church Extension Society and editor of the *Extension Magazine*, has had occasion to attempt, and with success, almost every form of literary endeavor, but his recent novel, "Charred Wood," is an effort in an entirely new field. Knowing the ability of Monsignor Kelley, we have no doubts as to the success of his first novel.

—The Michigan Club met Saturday noon and chose the following officers: Stanley Inslee, president; Hugh Morency, vice-president; Charles W. Call, secretary-treasurer; James Hoskins, moderator. The club boasts of being one of the largest and liveliest State organizations in the University. It claims the Senior and Junior presidents of this year, the Grand Knight of the K. C.'s, the president and secretary treasurer of the Press Club, and others distinguished in student activities.

—Editor Joseph F. O'Mahoney of the *Indiana Catholic*, addressed the students of Journalism Friday morning. Mr. O'Mahoney, who was formerly with the *Washington Star* and the *Philadelphia Record*, drew largely upon his twenty-five years' experience in the newspaper business in illustrating the various circulation difficulties confronting the newspapers to-day, especially the Catholic press. He advocated the Catholic paper as a promising field for the young man of journalistic ability.

—The election for the Junior Class took place Monday in the Sorin Law Room, with the following results: Martin Lammers, Jackson, Mich., president; James F. Ryan, Albion,

N. Y., vice-president; Edwin W. Hunter, South Bend, Ind., secretary; George F. Haller, Sault Ste. Marie, Mich., reporter; James J. Ryan, Memphis, Tenn., sergeant-at-arms. According to arrangements the "Junior Prom," the annual social event of the class, will take place after the Christmas holidays.

—All of the New England States were represented at the first meeting of the New England Club, held in the Sorin Law Room last Monday evening. The following officers were chosen: Raymond C. Murray, Bridgeport, Conn., president; James Dooley, Andover, Mass., vice-president; Walter M. O'Keefe, Hartford, Conn., secretary-treasurer. The club decided to place subscriptions to the Boston *Post*, Springfield *Republican*, Hartford *Courant*, and Bridgeport *Farmer*, in the Newspaper Room of the Library.

—Old Jim, the barber, is gone! No more will our locks be shorn to the garrulous reminiscences of "old Jim." No more will that hearty welcome greet us as only Jim could give it, or that inimitable "Ha-ha" greet those "ante-bellum" jokes. The budding Brownsonite will yield up the virginal fuzz to strange hands now. Modern methods may have to come, quicker service may be ours, those two ever-vacant chairs boast occupants soon, but Jim has passed, and the little old shop, as it was, will be only another memory with Brother "Leep's."

—An original and entertaining stunt was pulled off between the halves of the South Dakota game Saturday. A ramshackle rig meandered grotesquely around the field, the nag bestrode by the luminous legs of our Glee Club president and the rig occupied by some glorified undertakers. Suddenly a conflagration was observed in the conveyance and the Fire Dept came promptly, if erratically, to the rescue. For a moment it looked as if the "Keystone" police force had turned firemen. Our thanks to Call, Clay, Logan, McCauley, and Noonan.

—Alex Szczepanik was detected recently at "Mike's" by a fellow reporter reading Monday's South Bend *Tribune* under the impression that it was Tuesday's. He was promptly "bawled out" as a "punk" newspaper man, but Alex coolly informed his co-worker that he need not be surprised to find Tuesday's news in Monday's paper while Alexander Szczepanik was acting as Notre Dame correspondent. "Supper's on me," said the other. "Desert first," ordered Alexander,—"I'll show this young fellow how to feature the latest." Which reminds us that Alex claims the first meal in the new restaurant; unfortunately, however, the date he gives was the day before the restaurant opened. That's scooping them, Gus.

—George Beban was with us again in "The Cook of Canyon Camp," on Wednesday afternoon at 4:15 o'clock, in Washington Hall. The plot had but one fault, the improbability of a husband not knowing that his wife had a brother. The co-story of Dr. Armstrong also almost shaded the main story, Jean's romance. George Beban plays volatile gesticulative parts with relish and gusto, but we're satisfied with his forte, for he is a clever and capable actor. The story was remarkably good for a movie. It possessed verisimilitude and was a sympathetic and understanding portrayal of the real "lumberjack" life. The "affectionate" scenes between Jean and Marie rose often to real humor.

—The students' annual retreat was opened by Rev. Richard Collentine, C. S. C., of Holy Cross Mission Band, last Sunday evening. Father Collentine likened the retreat to the foundings of the mariner and urged his hearers to prayer, meditation and frequent Communion, during the course of the retreat. The sermons were well chosen and suited in treatment to the needs of the average collegian, frequently plumbing the heart-depths of the audience. The list of sermons follows: Sunday night—The Value of the Soul; Monday morning—Prayer; Monday night—Mortal Sin; Tuesday morning—Sins of the Tongue; Tuesday evening—The Punishment of Sin; Wednesday morning—The Angelic Virtue; Wednesday evening—Holy Eucharist, the Food of the Soul; Thursday morning—Daily Communion, a Guarantee of Perseverance. The best evidence of the success of the retreat was the crowded hall chapels every morning and the number of daily communicants, which embraced practically the entire student body.

Athletic Notes.

Coyotes Easy.

Showing none of the ferociousness common to Coyotes, South Dakota proved a rather easy prey for Notre Dame on Cartier Field last Saturday. The score was 40 to 0.

Even without the services of such high calibered men as Philbin, Andrews, DeGree, Madigan and King, whose anatomy was too precious to be exposed to further damage before to-day's crucial game with the Army, the Gold and Blue staged only a brief preamble before totaling six touchdowns. After South Dakota kicked off, Gipp sprinted around left end for forty yards, and his backmate, Pearson, on the very next play, footed it around right end for twenty-five yards more. Two line bucks followed before Allison squeezed through center for a touchdown.

The second touchdown was a direct result of a forty yard gain around left end by Walter Miller, and a cleverly executed forward pass, Allison to Gipp to Spalding. The opening of the second quarter found Allison in position to throw another forward pass that resulted in a touchdown. Dave Hayes received the quarterback's throw which was long and accurate. Brady did the line pounding that brought the ball near to the South Dakota goal late in the second quarter, and the aggressive Joe carried the ball across the final line for the fourth touchdown. Ryan, showing vast improvement since the Kalamazoo game, made the last two touchdowns. The honors were due him, as he advanced the ball with remarkable consistency.

Harper displaced his first string men with substitutes throughout the game. South Dakota put up such a weak resistance that even the understudies were hardly put to a test. The most pleasant feature of the game was the scoring revival in the backfield for Notre Dame. After all, it's the offense that wins games; the defense only prevents the other team from winning.

Notre Dame (40)		South Dakota (0)
Hayes	L E	Shead
McGuire	L T	McKennon
Zoia	L G	Donahue
Rydzewski	C	Hoy
Stanley	R G	Pehalya
Stine	R T	Ellis
Spalding	R E	Manning
Allison	Q	Lynch
Gipp	L H	Collins
Pearson	R H	Patrick
Walter Miller	F	Heck

Substitutions for Notre Dame: Brandy for Pearson; Dixon for Rydzewski; Ryan for Miller; Smith for Gipp; Powers for Hayes; Ronchetti for Zoia; Barry for Brandy; Andres for Spalding; Holton for Dixon; Flannigan for Stine; Morgan for Flannigan. Substitutions for South Dakota: Swarts for Donahue; Hofer for Swarts; Shed for Helverson; Maloney for Pahalya; McKennon for Maloney. Touchdowns for Notre Dame: Hayes, Spalding, Allison, Ryan 2; Brandy. Goals following touchdowns—Notre Dame: Rydzewski 3, Allison. Time of Quarters: 15 minutes. Officials: Holderess, Lehigh, referee; Eisman, Grinell, umpire; Hagerty, Colby, head linesman. Score by quarters: Notre Dame—13—14—7—6—Total 40.

Interhall Football.

Interhall football got away to a flying start Sunday with Walsh and Sorin playing the title-rôles. The fates were apparently against Corby and Brownson, with Walsh romping things up in mid-season style and Sorin presenting an eleven of a "big ten" quality. Corby was not at her best, judging from her victorious ante-season games, but a firm resolve has settled over her coaches to meet the next opponent with a much more effective aggregation. "Muggs" Ryan has his "vets" out daily and Dame Rumor has it that the Walshites look for an uncrossed goal line this season. What Sorin will be able to do is veiled in mystery, her victory over the light Brownson eleven being no criterion. We concede, however, big things for Madigan's plungers. The race is giving us crowded side-lines.

***

With Wheeler, Schofield and the Beelands giving rare exhibitions of classy fighting and backed by impregnable interference, Walsh humbled Corby Sunday, 38 to 0. Kirk gave a sensational exhibition of punting for Walsh, while the generalship of Wheeler at the commanding position was Varsity class. Corby "came back" repeatedly and tackled consistently, but notwithstanding the efforts of Babcock, Conway and Parker, she failed to put the pigskin across for a single tally. Babcock was the individual star for Corby and looks good for the Varsity cohorts of next year.

***

Outweighed considerably by Madigan's "bulls," Brownson crumbled under the plunging of Mulligan and Dubois to the tune of 33 to 0. Flick played a heady game at quarter for Brownson while Jenny, a newcomer, assisted him against great odds. The teams were not of a class, but the fighting was intense which indicates that, although working under handicaps, Brownson intends to stay in the race and do things. Sorin showed up well and will probably take the measure of Corby and Walsh if the subway dope is authentic.

Safety Valve.

Sayings of Students

Dooley—"No boys, I really don't like to work. I'm going to marry some old maid who will make a pet of me."

***

Why Girls Go Wrong.

A young girl in search of the J. M. S. building stopped a policeman at Michigan and Washington streets and enquired her way: "Walk two blocks north and one block west," she was told. She did as she was directed and not seeing the building she asked another policeman where it was. "Walk six blocks south and four blocks east," he told her. Still seeing no signs of the J. M. S. building she asked a college student. "Walk four blocks east and two blocks west," he bade her. Is it any wonder barbarous readers that girls go wrong in our large cities?

***

Things to Worry About.

Who will win the next World Series in baseball?
The best way to get rid of mosquitoes.
The price of ice.
Last year's demerits.
The style of straw hats.

***

"No, Horatio, you can't get in to see a football game by presenting a milk ticket at the gate, neither is it a sign of general permission to have your name on the Delinquent List."

***

What has become of the old-fashioned student who used to wear a red flannel shirt?

***

Victrolas are as common in houses to-day as boot-jacks were thirty years ago.

***

He—"I am going to give up all this frivolous stuff, Lydia. I'm going to school to study, I'll make a man of myself. I'll become distinguished, I'll mount the hill of knowledge till I've reached the summit—I'll—"

She—"Stick to your long division, Horace, and never mind becoming President—and please keep your feet off my white shoes. You've got them all black."

***

Heard on the Extention.

Conrad—"Hello! Mable, is this you?"

Mable—"Why of course it is, who did you suppose it was?"

Conrad—"Why, er—yes, I thought perhaps it was your mother."

Mable—"Why the idea, my mother's dead!"

Conrad—"Yes I know but—"

Mable—"Don't be ridiculous, Raymond. Why did you call me?"

Conrad—"I have something I have longed and longed to tell you, something—"

Mable—"You don't mean to say you've bought seats in the gallery again?"

Conrad—"No, Mable. This is not something paltry, it has to do with destinies, with life; it's tragic."

Mable—"Raymond Conrad, have you been eating with your knife again?"

Conrad—"No, no, no, I wish you could understand me, Mable; I wish you could feel my words. I wanted to tell you this the last time we met, when I looked into your eyes—"

Mable—"I suppose you wanted to tell me my eyes were a little crossed, you brute. It's just like you to pick out my one defect and make a mountain out of it. You never noticed all my good points, you—"

Conrad—"Stop Mable, stop, I want to tell you there never was such a girl in this world, you are an angel, a sprite, a goddess—I love you—I—"

Mable—"Raymond Conrad, have you been drinking, or have they been feeding you stew again at the College? Run right down town and buy two dollar seats for us at the Oliver and bring a taxi out for me; and—"

Conrad—"Mable!"

Mable—"Yes, Ray."

Conrad—"The prefect of discipline says I can't go to town to-night" (*quick hang-up*). He walks up and down rattling the eight cents in his pocket and looking at the Oliver sign board.

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Freshman Dictionary

Law—(1) The course adopted by Freshmen when they are weary of well-doing.

(2). Something you break. Lawyer, one who breaks you.

Wink.—(1) The flash that makes a student do his hour's work in fifteen minutes.

(2) The trick that changes 16 candle power into one candle power.

Cigarette—(at N. D.) Paradise Lost.

Cafeteria—A little bit of greece on an Irish lawn.

Professor—
For the Freshman—a god-like being.
For the Sophomore—a giver of big ideas.
For the Junior—A wise one.
For the Senior—an equal or inferior.

Watchman—Our only College Mother.—She waits up for us at night.

N. D. Bun—(1) A thick-skinned fellow who sometimes has a warm, soft heart.

(2) The only College Magnate. All kinds of dough and lots of crust to back it up.

N. D. Radiator—(1) A cold-blooded villain with poor circulation.

(2) The furnishings of a room in Corby.

Cafeteria—One Greek class that nobody skives.

Sub-way—The land of the free and the home of the brave.

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And They Hang Danny Deever

Our Coast correspondent who in times gone, has gazed unmoved upon our quadrangle from the tower of Sorin, camouflages the truth with this one: "Portland is a dream! With a population of 280,000, it nestles in a beautiful valley flanked by the coast range and Cascade mts., and nursed by a river of surpassing charm." Gol-le-ned! 9 rahs for the nurse! Some wet nurse.

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Time is money—but blessed are the poor.