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Millet's "Angelus."

BY JAMES H. McDONALD, '19.

HERE once upon this blithe and fertile field
The stubborn sward beneath the ploughshare
curled

Until the sun its last soft flood would yield
And distant bells bring quiet on the world.

But now a painful hush is on the land
And silence mocks the bitter laugh of steel,
There is no joyance now on any hand,
While welcome death the savage bullets deal.

Now wrath hath drunk the sacrificial wine
Which awfully from each man's veins is pressed,
God's righteous anger will to love incline,
And this dread labor yield at last to rest.

There is no constancy which palmless goes,
God is not blind, but sees and loves and knows.

The Value of Technique in the Drama.

BY EDWARD J. MCOSKER, '17.

IS technique a firm foundation upon which the dramatist should work, or is it simply a device, the subject of extended discussion by writers, which has long outlived its usefulness?

In this age of modernism when new ideas are constantly finding their way into the minds of men and are being grasped with gluttonous eagerness by people in all walks of life, the drama has not been without its hopeful, yet unsuccessful reformers. The word reformers in this sense refers to those who would throw aside all of the principles and limitations upon and under which the world's greatest dramatists have worked and who would institute an entirely unrestrained, do-as-you-please system of drama writing.

A careful study of the drama of the past and present, will show, however, that those writers who have attained the greatest success in their work have not cast aside the fundamental principles of dramatic art and construction. True, the ideas of dramatists have undergone evolution, but there has always been, since the time of the early Greeks, of whom Sophocles was the foremost dramatist, a frame upon which the drama has been constructed.

There is no critic to-day who will deny the pre-eminence of Shakespeare in the world of dramatic writing. Yet Shakespeare was not indifferent to technique. Rather, he studied it, improved upon what had gone before him, and built his dramas upon the results of his study and thought. As Shakespeare was the world's greatest dramatist, so was he the greatest master of technique in the drama.

The architecture of to-day is different from that of centuries ago, hardly so good as it was in ancient times, some critics tell us, but the ancient principles of architecture are still dominant, and the architect of to-day, in his college course, studies the various styles of the early masters. What is the reason for this study, if it is not to aid the architect in his work? The learning of the past cannot but aid the work of the present. So too in engineering. The same methods are not in use to-day as were in the hands of the engineer of the eighteenth century, but were the present-day engineer to leave out of his construction one of the fundamental necessities, his building or other structure would collapse. And those fundamental necessities were as important in the eighteenth century as they are to-day.

When the dramatist of to-day throws aside all restrictions, casts out upon a little world of his own and determines to undermine the work of the greatest critics, his drama either plays to a ten, twenty, thirty house, before an uncultured audience, or it suffers the condemnation of the more highly educated theatre-going world.

Technique does not refer to any set of rules laid down by one man. It alludes to the findings of time. Dramatists have improved upon one another's work until they have found the manner of presenting a play which is most successful from all points of view.

Such a student of the drama as Gustav Freytag answers the statement that technique is of no value to the playwright, with the following: "Never was there a greater error. Even an elaborate system of specific rules, a certain limitation founded in popular custom, as to the choice of material and structure of the piece, have been at different periods the best aid to the creative power."

And Freytag is not alone in his contention that technique is an important factor in the drama. Brander Matthews says, "On the other hand, we shall not err if we decide to devote ourselves not so much to the development of the drama as to its technic. The basis of a genuine appreciation of any art is an understanding of its principles. Any attempt to discuss architecture as separate from construction is certain to be sterile, for the beauty of architecture is often in the exquisite adaptation of the means to the end,—a beauty not to be appreciated by those who are indifferent toward the technic of the art of building."

Elizabeth Woodbridge, who contributes to the study of the drama a splendid book, "The Drama—Its Law and Its Technique," is another who voices her opinion of the importance of the study of technique. She says in part, "In the following discussion it has been assumed that, beneath the differences of form that distinguish the ancient drama from the modern, there is enough identity in their informing spirit and underlying motive to justify a treatment of them as one."

In W. T. Price, the author of another book on the technique of the drama, we see somewhat of the modern tendencies of some writers, in his words: "The object of this book, then, is not to give formulas for the making of various kinds of plays, but to state such principles as underlie the drama-principles that are known, or should be known, to every literary worker, and that are antecedent to the tricks of the trade." Though Price wishes to impress upon the minds of his readers that he does not desire to announce himself as an advocate of a strict set of rules, under which the drama must be written, he does state, and emphatically, that

there are certain principles upon which the drama must be based.

Returning to Freytag, we find that he reasons the subject of technique thoroughly and adequately. The standards are not absolute or unchangeable, he says, for the culture of the world has grown two thousand years older since Aristotle established a few laws. And, further, he continues, so have the spiritual and moral natures, the attitude of the individual to the race and to the highest forms of earthly life, to the idea of freedom, to the conception of the being of the Divine.

But Freytag declares that the Greek drama possessed a technique about which the dramatist worked. Even the earliest poets worked under craft rules. Changes came naturally, but there have been principles from the first.

The German critic says that, while at times the principles have proved a hindrance, there has too often been too little restraint, with the result that the work of many dramatists has been casual and uncertain. The technique rules of ancient and modern times should not be scorned, he declares. Rather, the rules are to be drawn from the noblest effects of the stage. It is a pity that that which comes from Aristotle is so incomplete, he says.

Freytag pays tribute to Lessing, who sought to bring the ancient rules to the later day dramatists and who, the writer states, waged a successful battle against the tyranny of French taste.

From the Greek tragedy writer, Sophocles, the German writers received a great endowment, Freytag declares; for Sophocles was a master of development, the climax and the return of action. And from Shakespeare, the German dramatists received a permanent example of the tragic, regulation of action and development of character. The great Englishman, who is characterized as the second mighty genius by Freytag, established the technical laws which guided the Germans in the work of writing the introductions and the first half of their plays.

These are but a few of the many critics and writers who emphasize the value of technique. Through ages, the plans of the various dramatists have been worked over and cultivated until a consistent, worthy framework has been established.

How could a modern audience enjoy a play

in which the characters were not introduced and the setting clearly set forth, in which there was not a constantly rising development until a climax was reached, in which there was no fall, as the result of the climax, and no suitable conclusion?

Yet these very simple rudiments of the successful play are each a part of the technique, the technique that was born ages ago, that has grown and developed until it has reached its highest form. Cast aside the ordinary outlines of the play and watch the effects upon the audience. Arrange events in a new way, allow the people no introduction to the characters and the setting, neglect the connection between the various actions, put aside the logical results that follow one incident after another, and the drama thus arranged will resemble the "ten pin" show of childhood.

If the dramatist is to be successful, he must follow technique. He must study the manner of presentation of the various authors, and if he does so, he will see that the outlines have been arranged long before the actual work of constructing the dramas has been begun; that the better the drama, the more successful the author, the better has been the technique of his work.

In any work of life, no matter how menial or how unimportant, system is a valuable asset. The laborer can save himself time and energy and do his work more efficiently and successfully, if he will adhere to system. The carpenter who starts nailing boards together before he arranges any plan for the construction of his house, is simply stumbling into his work blindly and with little chance of success.

The examples apply in a most convincing way to the dramatist. Let him study technique, let him go through the work of the masters and see who have been most successful, and then let him arrange his outline, master the technique of his work as the masters have mastered theirs; then let him introduce his own characteristics.

Technique is as fundamental to the drama as is power to the big machine in the greatest of our industries. Without technique, there is no polish, no fineness of construction, no real, intense holding power in the drama. The drama without technique is simply a mass of jumbled words, with no real connection, and without the semblance of real plot development and unraveling.

Varsity Verse.

EVENING.

Fair Evening, spirit of the vanished day.
Beautiful in garments tinged with colors bright
Which come from the ethereal realms of light
To edge the vesture of thy native gray,—
Do not depart beyond those skies of blue,
Remain with me, and as the twilight fades,
Hold back the tinted clouds, the drooping shades,
That gently fall with the mist of evening dew.
Thou wilt not stay? Then I shall go, and while
The purple folds of falling eventide
Close round thy crimson throne, we'll quickly glide
Into a mystic barge; to dreamland's isle
We'll sail o'er tiny wavelets tinged with foam
And soon we'll reach our longed-for star-lit home.

B. X.

THE MARBLE CHAMP.

This year blew in to Notre Dame
A bird whose name was Josh,
With marbles he had won great fame,
Nevada's champ, by gosh.
So N. D.'s champ stuck out his chest,
And said, "I'll play you, guy."
The stranger said, "I'll do my best,
So bid your 'rep' good-bye."
With hands all taped, Nevada's son
Crouched down upon his knee,
For N. D. men it was great fun,
This champion to see.
Nine rahs they gave for him that day,
He'd won two championships,
A few words then he tried to say,
And these came from his lips.

CHORUS.

"I ain't played mibs for quite a spell,
And gosh! I s'prised myself,
So you see no one can ever tell,
Which champ will warm the shelf."

J. W. C.

THE SLACKER.

O wouldn't it be nice, indeed,
To love a lovely, scornful lass,
To save her life, for her to bleed,
So, as you lay upon the grass,
To hear her cry because you bleed?

O wouldn't that be nice indeed,
If you could just pretend to bleed!

O wouldn't it be swell, you know,
To love this same sweet, scornful Jane.
And then off to the war to go—
And leave her in remorseful pain?
She'd tell her love before you'd go!

O wouldn't that be nice, you know,
If you could just pretend to go! R. E. O'H.

Love Versus the Law.

BY BROTHER AUSTIN, C. S. C., '18.

The judge looked gravely down at the wild-eyed mother. As he rose to speak, she clasped her infant closer to her.

"Go," he said, "and place thy child on the barren mountain side. Leave it there to the fate that the gods decree. No one may go near it until it is cold in death. It is not well that a Spartan be deformed. The Lacedaemonians are a warlike people; their limbs are firm and strong. Thy son would curse thee if thou didst let him live. Let him die now, that there be no shame on his head nor thine. Thou art a Spartan woman; see that thou dost not disgrace thy country. Go, and may the gods curse thee, if thou dost not as it is decreed."

The woman gave him one long look, then silently left the hall. Too wretched for words, she passed down the narrow street, till she came to the turning that led to her home, where she stopped; she looked down at the child and her heart failed her. The blue eyes smiled up at her so confidently, the golden head nestled against her heart in such perfect trust. She could not do it, but would hide the child until all was forgotten. But that deformity could never be concealed. Sooner or later it would be discovered, and then a more horrible death would be the punishment. Yes, it was better to part with him now. Covering the baby face that it might not dissuade her, she took the street leading out of the city. Soon she was at the outskirts of the town with the long road to the mountains before her.

Down the valley of the Eurotus, galloped a white steed. The judge Archaeus was nearing his home, after a week of judicial duty in the city. A new arrival had been expected at his palace during his absence and the father was impatient to greet the newcomer. His father's heart thrilled at the thought of the little son that would be soon nestling in his arms. He was sure it would be a boy. Four girls had the gods sent him; surely this time they would answer his prayers and many libations, and give him a boy. As he galloped up to the house, his chief slave came forward to meet him. Archaeus' unspoken question was answered at once.

"It has pleased the gods, your worship to send you an heir." The heart of Archaeus leaped at the news. Throwing the slave a coin,

he leaped from his horse, and in a moment was up the broad stairway and in his wife's chamber. As he took the child he held his breath, so delicate and fragile did the babe seem. The little one gazed up at him with wide, enquiring eyes, in which there was no fear, no petulance. They were such as a chieftain should have, clear, commanding, grave. As the judge looked down at the face, his heart leaped within him. It was a face that promised much. The deeds of the sire would be perpetuated in those of the son. Great was the happiness of the father.

He glanced joyfully at his wife; to his surprise there was no answering smile, but a look of pain, of deep, brooding sorrow. He could not understand it. Why should she be sad when there was so much reason to rejoice. How could such a babe bring sorrow to his mother? Even as he asked the question, he learned the answer. Through the folds of the cloth, he saw that one of the little legs was cruelly twisted. The child was deformed. For a moment he looked stupidly at the limb. Then the world went black before him. The attendants could only guess how bitter was his disappointment, how utterly blasted were his hopes. The chief slave led him to his chamber. Sinking down on the divan, the venerable judge buried his head in his hands.

For a long time he sat there thinking, thinking, till his brain throbbed. There seemed no way out of it. He knew too well the inexorableness of the Spartan law to expect any relaxation in his favor. The child must die. But it was hard, too hard. As he recalled the bright face of the child it seemed impossible. To leave his own flesh and blood a prey to ravenous beasts! He could not do it, and yet not to do it seemed almost as hard. Then there rose up before him the vision of another child, of the one he had condemned to death in the morning. The scene came back to him vividly, poignantly: the grave counselors, the wild-eyed mother, the smiling child. He drew a hard breath. It had seemed so easy then to say, "It must die." Now he began to realize what the look in that mother's eyes meant. The cold, heartless reasons that he had adduced so fluently, now seemed woefully insufficient for a death sentence, even upon a child. The idea of law and country sank into insignificance beside that little life. Bitterly he wished that he had freed the infant that morning, for then his way would be clear. But how could he allow his own child to live

when he had so summarily condemned another's? It was unjust. But what good would it do the other infant if his own were to die? An idea came to him: he would take his child and conceal it in the mountain home of his shepherd. There was little danger of detection there. It was far out of the beaten path, and his shepherds were devoted to him. There the child would be safe, at least for the present. He sprang up. The attentive slave was at his side. "Have the chair made ready, and bring it to the side entrance. Also bring up my horse."

The slave bowed and was gone. In a few moments the covered chair, drawn by two horses, was ready, and a maid carrying the child stepped into it. Archaeus led the little procession. Wrapt in his mantle, he rode on in silence, his eyes fixed on the path ahead. Following him came the chief slave, bearing a torch, and two Nubians led the chair horses. Great masses of clouds hung lowering over the valley, making the night dark. The torch cast a fitful, lurid light ahead, throwing strange, fantastic shadows. The only sound was the sobbing of the wind and the occasional wail of the infant.

Across the valley the company moved and up into the foothills, slowly winding their way among the rocks, stopping at intervals to rest, but never tarrying long. Archaeus was fearful of detection, which would be fatal to his plan. In a few hours they were well on the way to the shepherd's home.

Up the steep hillside hurried a Spartan mother. She was seeking her child. She could endure no longer the idea of her babe being a prey to the wolves. She would save it come what might. Stumbling and falling, and bruising herself cruelly, but never stopping, she made her way along the rough, dark path. Her baby was waiting for her. The moon broke through the clouds to aid her in her search. But naught could she find. The babe was gone. Despair gripped the mother's heart as she stood there looking down at the spot where she had laid her son. But hope sprang up in a moment. A light flashed on the path above her. Perhaps someone had found the child and taken it. Breathlessly she pursued the light, as it moved forward above her. For an eternity, it seemed, she ran and stumbled, and then the light stopped. As she drew closer she saw that a covered chair had drawn up close to a shepherd's hut. A man was dismounting from a white horse. With a start she recognized him. He

was the judge who had condemned her child to death. She saw him step up to the chair and lift out a child. For a moment he pressed the babe close to imprint upon its cheek a passionate kiss, and handed it to the shepherd. Then swiftly springing on his horse, and without once looking back, he rode away into the darkness. A few moments later, the chair followed him, the maid remaining behind with the child.

The mother crouched down in the shelter of the rock until all was quiet. It had seemed to her in the flaring torch-light that one of the child's limbs was twisted. It might have been the fitful light that had made it seem so, but she would know before she left. If the judge had taken pity on her child and had taken it here for safety, she would go humbly away, willing to endure her mother's longing, that the child might live. But she would see first. Cautiously she crept up to the door of the hut. It was rudely constructed and through the crevices she could readily make out the interior. A huge fireplace filled one side of the room, its cheerful blaze being the only light. Near the door was a little cot, where rested the infant. The maid and the shepherd were standing before the fireplace in converse. As the mother listened, her face hardened, and a fierce gleam came into her eyes. The maid was explaining to the shepherd that their master was terribly afflicted on finding that his only son was deformed. Stealthily the listening woman crept in to the cot, snatched the child up in her arms, and was hurrying wildly out the door into the darkness before she was observed. After their moment of blank surprise, the shepherd and maid hurried out in pursuit, but too late. With the night and the mountain shrubbery that surrounded the hut, they could not even tell in what direction to follow. Swiftly she made her way down the mountain, a kind of fierce joy welling in her heart as she thought of the morrow.

Archaeus sat in his accustomed seat in the judgment hall, and listened gravely to the elders. Suddenly there was a commotion at the door, and a woman pushed her way through the crowd. In her arms she held a child concealed by her mantle, except one little distorted limb.

"Oh, judge," she began, as she approached the rostrum, "this is my sister's child. It is deformed even as mine was; but it is all she has. She begs of you to spare it. Will you condemn it as you did mine? O judge, have mercy, and hear her plea!" There was no passion in the

voice, no tears, only a dull monotony. Archaeus shrank from her look. Well enough he understood her plea. He cursed his fortune in having to pronounce another such sentence. His own infant, alive and safe, would despise him if he did. But he feared that array of grave counselors. He could not in their presence give a decision against such a well-known law. He would make some excuse and put off the matter to some better time.

One of the elders leaned forward: "Judge, there is no reason for delay here; the law is plain and the decision inevitable; it is a law from which there is no appeal. The child must die." Archaeus glanced at the others. Every face expressed the same idea. He realized that any effort to spare the child would cost him his judgeship and would not save the child from its fate. He felt that the law was terribly inhuman, but what could he do? He had not made it, therefore he was not responsible for its cruelty. The counselors looked at him impatiently, and in a broken voice he spoke the condemnation.

"What the gods have ordained, man may not change. The child is deformed, and therefore it must die. Take it to the mountains."

As the last words dropped from his lips, the woman threw the mantle from the child with a shriek of vengeance. "See, O judge, thou hast condemned thine own son. Thou didst hope to save him by hiding him in the mountains, but what the gods have ordained let no man change. Yea, O judge, 'it must die,' even as my child had to die on the mountain side. Sparta must have perfect men," she taunted, and with a mocking laugh she fled. The judge gave a hoarse cry and started after her, but stern hands held him back.

Across the valley and up the steep hillside the woman hurried; more slowly, she made her way among the rocks. Not once did she glance down at her burden, but kept her eyes fixed on the path ahead. She would avenge her child. This scion of a noble family she would leave in the very spot where her own child had died. It should perish as hers had perished, alone in the darkness, with the wolves tearing its flesh, and its dying scream mockingly echoed by the hills. Thus would she be revenged. She toiled on over the fallen trees and crept along the precipices. At last she reached the place. As she laid the child on the ground, a flood of tender memories came back to her. Here she had last looked upon her darling little one.

She sees him again as he lies there, his arms outstretched, his eyes wide with amazement. The hot tears come fast. She kneels and kisses the spot in heart-breaking grief.

When she arose the hard, unwomanly anger was gone. In its place was an intense, hopeless yearning for her child. If she could hold him but once more in her arms she would be satisfied. Never to have him again was more than she could bear. As she thought, there came from beside her a slight but familiar sound. In the thought of her own child she had forgotten the one she had brought. There was the babe holding out his arms to her and telling her as only a baby can that he wanted help. She looked into his eyes and her mother heart surrendered. This appeal of helpless infancy was irresistible, and she swept the child into her arms. She would take him to the house where she had found him, and then go back and live in memory.

Archaeus had wandered far into the hills. Distracted by the thought that he had condemned his own son to death, he had rushed from the city, not caring whither he went. For hours he had wandered about, heedless of the approaching night, his soul tortured with the thought of his cowardice and its awful punishment. Half insensibly, he headed towards the shepherd's hut. The way was steep, and soon from sheer exhaustion he was obliged to stop. He sank down beside the mountain stream and dumbly watched the swirling waters. He was sick with the misery of it all. His child left to the mercy of the wild beast! The horror of it flooded his soul. He could see the mangled corpse, and the wolves tearing its tender limbs. He sprang to his feet and rushed frantically up the mountain side. As he plunged along, he came suddenly against a shepherd carrying a child. Hope rose in his heart, only to die. The child was not his. He recognized it, however, as the one he had condemned the day before, and he felt he owed it something, even though its mother had so fiendishly revenged herself upon him. The herder readily gave him the child, and Archaeus started off toward the mountain hut, feeling that further search for his own son would be useless.

On arriving at the hut he gave the child to his shepherd, with instructions to care for it. As he crossed the threshold, he came face to face with the woman. They recognized each other. She spoke first. "Judge," she began, "I was going to leave thy son on the mountain-side to

die, even as mine was left to die, but my heart failed me. Here is thy child." In a transport of joy the judge caught up his son and pressed it to him. Then he remembered the other child, and motioned the woman to enter. As she recognized her own son in the shepherd's arms, it was her turn to be overjoyed.

Presently the happy Archæus gave his child into the other arm of the woman. "I will go now," he said, "and send the chair; you can then take them both into Arcadia. There they will be safe. In time I will come, and your reward will be worthy of your trouble. To you I entrust my child."

And the woman answered simply, "I will care for the two of them alike."

Domestic Echoes.

We were cutting corn, Phil and I, when suddenly over the hilltop came the sound of a shrill voice.

"Phil! Philip McGovern! Where are you?" Phil grew a shade paler; and then called back meekly, "Right here, Mary, right down near the hedge." Mary soon hove in view and bore down on us rapidly. Phil cleared for action, by putting on his most appeasing smile, then waited for the engagement to open. Mary was soon alongside and poured in her first broadside.

"Is this what you promised when you married me? Didn't you promise that you'd love and care for me? Here I've walked nearly a half a mile, looking for you to get me a pail of water. Is that showing your love and care, letting your delicate wife (Euphuism. She was nearly six feet and tipped the scale at two hundred) walk nearly a half a mile in this weather? I suppose you want me to die so you can go and marry that silly Mary Smithkins. Well, I won't die. So there."

Phil protested that she was the idol of his heart, but that there was no need of her coming this far. Couldn't she pump it herself?

"Pump it myself!" shrieked Mary, "pump that great big heavy iron pump. Now I'm sure you want to kill me. Was there ever such an abused woman in the world? I suppose you will be wanting me to pull the plow next. Well, sir, you're mistaken; I won't commit suicide, and that's what I regard over-working my delicate constitution. Come along, sir," she finished, and taking a firm hold of his ear, she led him over the hill. B. A.

Thoughts on the War.

BY JUNIORS AND SENIORS.

Meantime, where is Villa?

War builds only to destroy.

War is the theatre of romance and horrors.

Liberty bonds spell bondage for the Kaiser.

If the Kaiser can only live to read his history.

This war, like our looks, has been "pushed" on us.

We shall never get peace by merely wishing for it.

It seems that the path of peace must lead to Berlin.

The most coveted souvenirs of this war will be crowns.

War is like the fatted sow that doth eat her own farrow.

If Sherman's war was Hades, what shall we call this one?

Sherman was wrong about trench warfare in the winter time.

The old sport of kings has become the sport of financiers.

War gives the soldier only a slim fighting chance for his life.

To the optimist war is a hyphen connecting periods of peace.

War is the destroyer of materials and the builder of ideals.

Will history remember that this war was over a scrap of paper?

The bark of the vociferous patriot is much worse than his bite.

This war is testing among many other things Nietzsche's "Superman."

A nation's wealth may be judged from the part it is playing in this war.

This war is like the region below—but to be out of it would be worse.

The war is teaching Germany a bit of geography: it's a long way to Paris.

The present war is making the Napoleonic conflicts look like back-alley scraps.

Is the Kaiser to keep company with the long lonesome ghost of the Little Corporal?

War is employing the most wonderful inventions of man unto his own destruction.

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Board of Editors.

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—Every student of the University should be practically interested in the splendid library of Catholic literature which is at his service here at Notre Dame. The

The Apostolate Library. apostolate of religious reading was founded some years ago by Brother Alphonsus, rector of Brownson Hall, for the benefit of his own boys. This year its advantages are most courteously extended to the students of all the halls. The purpose of the apostolate is to encourage the reading and appreciation of our Catholic writers. With this purpose in view, books are sent to the several halls, so as to make the procuring of them as convenient as possible. Thus the student has good reading brought to his very hand altogether free of charge. It is up to him to take advantage of this opportunity. A knowledge of Catholic literature is very properly expected of him. His years at a Catholic college ought to imply something more than a mere knowledge of the names of the best Catholic writers. If his secular education requires him to read this, that, and the other erratic author, in history, philosophy, politics, and literature, why should he not become acquainted with such men as Newman, Manning, Benson, and Ayscough, to round out his Catholic training? Is Newman's work any the worse for being religious or Voltaire's any the better for being atheistic? Many students make all their reading of the lightest kind. For them especially the apostolate will be a god-send, if they but persuade themselves to patronize it somewhat. They will find that Crawford and Spearman are at least as interesting as the irresponsible magazine writer and ever so much more profitable. It is hoped that all will avail themselves of this chance to get better acquainted with Catholic literature.

—It is all too evident from some recent conduct on the Hill Street car that some students do not understand that a college man should be first and last a gentleman. **Street-Car Manners.** man. The matter might be more or less overlooked in untamed under-classmen, but when more advanced students indulge such miserable little tricks, as ringing the bell, smoking inside the car, talking big to the conductor, refusing to pay the fare, words fail us. If a minim performed thus, he would be promptly spanked and sent to bed without his supper. But minims know better. It is left to a few college men super-educated in a so-called college spirit to distinguish themselves and their school by such far-fetched rowdyism. The outsider judges a university by the students he sees most frequently, and unfortunately most of his attention is attracted by this class who think themselves such classic cut-ups. The ones with a due amount of sense do not make themselves conspicuous by disgusting the public. This matter can best be remedied by the officers and sensible members of the several classes. They can very effectively discourage, if they will, this very undesirable advertisement to their school. Let them see to it that the general opinion of Notre Dame's student body is made, not by the malpractices of a few irresponsibles, but by the conduct of men who claim nowhere and at no time a dispensation from being gentlemen.

—The football triumph of Notre Dame over the Army at West Point last Saturday has been characterized the greatest athletic feat the Gold and Blue has achieved.

The Army Game. It was certainly a most creditable performance for a team bereft of veterans in pitched battle with an aggregation that has not suffered from the wartime conditions. Notre Dame was thought to be weak; the Cadets were conceded strength; luck for once played practically no part in the game,—all of which circumstances made the victory for our invaders the more impressive. The credit for this signal success is not to be attributed to any one man. The unassuming Brandy clutched the pigskin as it crossed the Army's line for the touchdown, but it was no less the stellar work of all his team-mates that enabled him to execute the winning drive at the opening of the final quarter. Much credit too should go to Coaches Harper and Rockne

for developing *sub rosa* the aerial attack that could not be denied. The very generous appreciation of the work of our warriors by the New York papers, quoted in another column, would be more than enough to make us vain were we so minded. We trust that it is no offense against modesty to say that this well-earned victory was as gratifying to us as it was unexpected.

Local News.

—Professor Frank Miller, who has been teaching in the history and mathematical departments, left last week for a military camp in Missouri. Professor Miller enters the service under the draft law and his departure will be a source of regret to a large number of friends.

—Orations presenting interesting current topics were delivered before the Brownson Literary Society November 1. The orators were Louis Finske, Charles Dunn, Louis McMahon, John McGraken, and Frank Walsh. Professor William Farrell of the public speaking department acted as critic.

—The Kansas City Club met for the first time this year on Wednesday evening, October 31. The officers elected were: Llewellyn James, honorary president; Louis Wagner, secretary-treasurer; John Lang, sergeant-at-arms. Business meetings will be held monthly, social gatherings bi-monthly. Plans are now being completed for a banquet to take place the early part of December.

—Reverend Andrew Morrissey, Provincial of the Holy Cross Order in the United States, left during the week on a visit to St. Edward College, Austin, Texas. Father Morrissey will also visit the schools conducted by the Order in New Orleans and will preach the Forty Hours' Devotion in St. Mary's Church, Austin, of which Reverend Thomas Hennessy, C. S. C., formerly of the Notre Dame English faculty, is pastor.

—While the N. D. Varsity was defeating the Army on the West Point field, the Carroll "Teenie Weenies" were administering a drubbing to the much heavier St. Patrick's football aggregation on the Carroll campus. The South Bend team got the jump on the "Weenies" by registering a touchdown in the first few minutes of play, but the little fellows by a series of Irish shifts carried the ball over for three touchdowns before the game ended.

—Students possessing magazines or novels for which they have no further use may devote them to a patriotic use by handing them to committee members of the Eucharistic Union who will canvass the halls. Help to make the lot of our N. D. soldiers a little lighter!

—Wednesday evening "Casey at the Bat," featuring De Wolf Hopper, was shown in Washington Hall. It was a sympathetic interpretation of mighty Casey's renowned failure. De Wolf Hopper is as clever at homely characterizations as George Beban, and his art is even a bit more natural.

—Carroll Hall hooked horns with the ex-Carrollites last week in a spirited contest. Although the latter used a number of substitutes by agreement, they outweighed their former hall-mates and were thus able to puncture the lighter line of their opponents for three touchdowns. By admission of individual members of both teams there were about twenty-two stars in the game.

—Reverend Antonio Castro, who has been delegated by the government of Chile to investigate American educational methods, visited the University recently. Father Castro expressed himself as favorably impressed by conditions at Notre Dame and was particularly interested in the democratic spirit prevalent here. Before leaving he received word of his nomination as Bishop of Ancid, Chile.

—Corby defeated a typical Brownson team Sunday morning 19 to 13. With Mohardt and Hayes going big, Brother Casimir's men presented a rather formidable offense and it took the combined efforts of Gillfillin and Hayes to pile up three touchdowns. Corby's somewhat changed lineup was more effective than ordinary, which indicates that the coaches intend to do real things when the climax struggles roll around.

—Tuesday morning, Dr. James J. Walsh addressed the student body for the first time this year on "The Place of the Will in Modern Life." "War came upon this world", said Dr. Walsh, "and proved that the human intellect is not the most important factor in modern life, but that the neglected will is the biggest thing in existence. The nation with the will to win is to conquer in this war. We must face at least three years of war with serious resolution." The address was highly interesting and instructive; it possessed the charm that distinguishes all of Dr. Walsh's lectures.

—"How We Learned to Write" was the subject of an entertaining lecture delivered by Professor Edgar Banks on November 3. Professor Banks speaks authoritatively on matters pertaining to hieroglyphics and has done original research work in the writings of the ancients. He is the discoverer of a statue in Babylon that bears writing 6,000 years old. Professor Banks declared that there are now 4,000 languages and 200,000 dialects, and that our alphabet was little influenced by Egyptian writing, but was derived from the Babylonian through the Phoenician.

—The Notre Dame Council of the Knights of Columbus is again, as in previous years, a live organization. On November 13 an open meeting will be held in the council chambers in Walsh Hall during which an enjoyable entertainment will be given, with the applicants for membership as guests. On November 16 the "Knights" and applicants for knighthood will dance, in the Oliver Hotel ballroom to music furnished by Messick's orchestra. The social activities are being arranged by Grand Knight Martin Lammers, Frank Goodall, Charles McCauley, Clarke Kelly, and James Logan.

—The feast of All Saints marked the close of the retreat conducted in St. Edward's Hall by the Rev. Francis Wenninger, C. S. C. Seventeen boys made their First Holy Communion during the High Mass which was celebrated by Rev. Leonard Carrico, C. S. C., Rev. William Bolger acting as deacon, and Rev. Francis Wenninger as sub-deacon. The first communicants were Adolph Fransen, Albert Fransen, Vondel Remy Fransen, Herbert Jeffries, Frank Orf, John Habener, Joseph Wilson, Harry Boyd Snee, Richard Cooley, Harry Cooley, Blair Bolls, Paul Lean, Dafue Rolan, Richard Cantillon, George Mangan, Frank Graff, George Graff.

—The Poetry Society assembled last Sunday evening. Owing to a conflict with other meetings, on the grounds and elsewhere, there was a diminished attendance. Perhaps it was this circumstance which stimulated the Reverend Director to make things more than usually interesting and worth while. Talking on some phases of poetry and magazine editing, Father O'Donnell gave a "close-up" view that was both novel and arresting. Out of the several original poems read and discussed, the two considered best, as shown by the balloting, were "The

Mountains of Judea," by Brother Alphonsus, and "Through a Frozen Window pane," by Mr. Thomas Duffy. In order to get back to its regular night, it was decided that the Society would meet next Sunday evening, at the usual time and place.

—F. L. Cullinan, O. A. Larrazola, and E. M. McLoughlin, committee in charge, are largely responsible for the success of the first senior dinner, held at the Farmers Trust Inn Wednesday evening. Mr. Frank E. Hering, president of the University Club of South Bend, was the principal speaker and addressed the seniors as only Mr. Hering can do. Professor H. E. McCausland, of the Engineering Faculty, proved himself a master of prodigious prestigation, and Assistant Coach Rockne stepped forward as a word artist in picturing to the seniors the N. D.-Army game. "Chuck" Williams unburdened himself of his college reminiscences, and "Pinkey Pete" Edmondson demonstrated to the class that he is a poet. The senior trio composed of J. L. Reuss, W. J. Noonan, and D. J. Edmondson made a successful first appearance. John Lemmer, president of the class, acted as toastmaster.

Obituaries.

News has been received of the death of Louis Kolb of Paducah, Ky., as the result of an automobile accident, of which mention was made in a SCHOLASTIC of recent issue. Louis made many friends while a student here, and the sincere sympathy of all who came in contact with him goes out to the sorrowing parents who have lost a son whose young life showed such great promise for the future.

Our sympathy, with assurances of prayers, goes out to Cyril G. Moran, student of a few years ago, who writes us that while he was off on a cruise in active service, word reached him of the death of his beloved mother. At present Cyril is at U. S. Section Base, Cape May, N. J.

We regret to announce the death of Mr. Ryan of Cleveland, Ohio, the father of William, a former student and Eugene who is now attending the University; also the death of Mr. Cremer of Peoria, father of Marcellus and Bernard Cremer. The bereaved of both families have the sympathy of the student body and Faculty and may be assured of our earnest prayers.

Notre Dame Smashes Army's Two-Year Record.

Notre Dame threw the most destructive brickbat into athletic dope last Saturday that has been cast in a decade. The far famed Army team was humiliated with a 7 to 2 defeat on the historic "Plains" gridiron, while thousands of future military officers yelled frantically for Oliphant and his aids to reverse the decision. Without a single substitute Notre Dame pranced through four quarters of dazzling football, while the Army, rushing substitute after substitute into the fray as defeat seemed imminent, tried desperately yet pathetically to forestall the final result.

What won for Notre Dame? So much has been written about the Notre Name fighting spirit that to try to describe that quantity adequately again is to exhibit limited literary powers. "The ole fight" exuded from every pore of the immortal eleven that struck consternation into the West Pointers, but the method of that fight was even more conspicuous than the fight itself.

For five years now the Army has had the loftiest kind of respect for the aerial attack of Notre Dame. The men on the shores of the Hudson never will forget the interpretation of modern football given by Messrs. Dorais and Rockne there in 1913. Through the years that have followed the Army has come to look for an overhead attack that must be stopped whenever Notre Dame is faced.

After a mediocre start this season, Harper and Rockne developed a repertoire of forward passes, the fame of which preceded the team to West Point. Oliphant, the guiding star of the Cadets, insisted that his backs play far removed from the line to be in readiness to frustrate the Gold and Blue forward passes. What happened? With the Army secondary defense playing extremely "loose," Notre Dame smashed away at the line with off-tackle plays predominating, for short, consistent gains that were enough to turn the victory westward. Just enough forward passes were inserted to keep the Army cautious, just enough to keep the secondary defense spread out and unable to check the always present line boring. The balance between open and straight football was perfect.

The interception of forward passes and the recovery of fumbles was an important feature of the Notre Dame success. Brandy and

Rydzewski were conspicuous in these interpolations, but to credit any particular men in such a game where team play rose far above the work of any individual would be an injustice.

Arriving home, the Notre Dame team was tendered a reception, which for glare and blare and unbridled enthusiasm has never been approached in local athletic history. Sunday at midnight "by the clock," "Toughy" Haskins and a thousand others forgot their dignity long enough to yell themselves hoarse for the team that had emblazoned N-O-T-R-E D-A-M-E across athletics for the year 1917.

All this is but idle comment—read what metropolitan writers have to say about the biggest sensation of the season.

THE NEW YORK SUN

BY DANIELS.

West Point, N. Y., Nov. 3.—"Fight, Fight, Fight!" Across the plains and against the hills in the gathering shadows this evening the old West Point battle cry rolled and reverberated. Only seven yards from the Army goal line stood Notre Dame football team, and the Soldiers were leading by only 2 to 0.

"Fight, Fight, Fight!" It was the Cadet Corps' desperate entreaty and rallying call to their eleven on the threshold of defeat for the first time this season, and the Army team responded as only an Army team knows how. But Notre Dame was not to be denied. With one flashing sabrelike thrust that cleaved the Cadet eleven in twain the Hoosiers slashed an opening through which Brandy dashed across the final chalk mark with the lone touchdown of the struggle. Rydzewski kicked the goal and to Notre Dame went the victory by 7 to 2.

It was on the first play in the fourth period that the eleven from Indiana scored the all conquering touchdown. It was on the first down too, the culminating stroke of a smashing drive that had been threatening through the greater part of the battle, and during which Notre Dame advanced the ball for a total of seventy-seven yards.

GIPP MAKES FINE RUNS.

That score was the well deserved reward of brilliant, versatile and powerful work by the entire Notre Dame team, and the backfield in particular. The advance was featured first by an eight yard dash by Gipp, and then a thirteen yard run by the same player. That brought the ball within striking distance of the Army goal line.

The Cadets aided in their own undoing, for the Hoosier's progress was started with the interception of a forward pass by Brandy on the Army's twenty-three yard mark late in the third period. Brandy ran fifteen yards before he was downed. Miller, Brandy and Gipp made it first down on the Army's forty-eight yard mark. Then came a series of steady gains, and with the aid of a penalty on the Army for

off side, Notre Dame found itself on the enemy's twenty-yard line. Gipp's thirteen yard gain around the Army's left wing followed, but Brandy could do nothing. The whistle signalled the end of the third quarter.

Then it was that the Cadets rose to the seriousness of the situation. They yelled as if their lungs would burst. They danced up and down until it seemed as if the frail stand would come down. For the Plebes the possibility of defeat for their eleven was something new. In this moment of threatening disaster they turned first to their entire team and then to the saviour of other times. "Oli, Oli!" they shouted for Elmer Oliphant, their captain, but it was neither Oliphant's nor the Army's day.

SMASH AT ARMY LEFT.

With only seven yards separating them from victory, but with a relentless, furious, fighting black jerseyed mass blocking their way, the Notre Dame players halted for a time to consult on the best mode of attack. Then to the assault. It was Luce—a plebe playing his first big game for the Army, an untried guard who had been subjected to a battering all through the contest—that Notre Dame chose as the target for the first smash of the final drive. Even Notre Dame did not hope for success with only one thrust.

But with that lone smash success did come. Luce was out of the play quicker than it takes to tell about it, and through the wide gap on the left side the Hoosiers went hurtling to victory. Luce was not the only object of Notre Dame's attention in that play. Right next to him was Dickson, another inexperienced player, who had been substituted for Pulsifer at tackle. Originally Vandegraaf was scheduled to fill that place, but "Bully" was on the side lines with an injured ankle—ripping, snorting under the restraint that kept him from the battlefield while the smashes at the Army left netted repeated gains. Pulsifer was hammered to a standstill by the end of the second period and Dickson was no improvement.

Notre Dame's scoring the touchdown drove the Army to more desperate efforts than ever. Under the leash of that five point handicap, while the Cadet Corps cheering battery kept up a rapid fire of encouragement, the soldiers on the gridiron rose to the pitch of their fighting fury. The great Oliphant—the blond Titan who had been the Nemesis of the Navy and many another star eleven—Oliphant who had ripped through and run around the Notre Dame team almost at will only a year before—Oli played as only Oli can play, but even his efforts were set at naught by the fighting Irishmen and a Pole.

GREAT CADET ONSLAUGHT.

In the fourth quarter the Army made no fewer than five first downs, and still it could not deliver a decisive punch. It had made only three first downs in all the rest of the encounter. For a while it seemed as if Notre Dame would break. For a time it wavered, and it looked as if the heavier Army team finally would overwhelm the blue jerseyed Hoosiers through the fury of their attack and the stress of their weight.

It was Oliphant, Oliphant and again Oliphant until even that giant no longer could stand the strain of the

effort and the drive and weight of his many tacklers. It was first down by Oliphant at his own forty-seven yard mark. It was Oliphant first down again and again. Monroe and Hahn made small gains and Notre Dame was penalized five yards for off side.

For the fourth time it was first down by Oliphant on Notre Dame's thirty-four yard mark. Oliphant made eight yards, Oliphant made one more, and for the fifth time in that quarter it was first down by Oliphant. The Army was on the enemy's twenty-four yard station. And how those cadets were yelling!

Wicks was sent in to replace Monroe and three drives sent the Army to Notre Dame's seventeen-yard post. It was last down and three yards to go. Here the Army was guilty of one of the worst pieces of headwork seen on the Plains in many years.

Murrill called for a place kick formation. The game was nearing its end and even if a kick were to be successful it still would leave the Cadets in the rear by 5 to 7. The Army was after a touchdown and there wasn't a soul in all that big throng but knew that the Army had no more idea of trying for a field goal than it had of taking an aeroplane flight.

Notre Dame knew that the formation was only the mask for a forward pass, and when Murrill threw the ball over the line it fell to the ground. All the possible Army receivers had been put out of the play with neatness and despatch, and what might have been an Army touchdown and victory turned out only a touch-back. Notre Dame put the ball into play on its twenty-yard line. The chance of the Cadets was gone, but not for one moment did the soldier lads give up the fight.

The Army got all the more courage when Notre Dame was penalized fifteen yards for holding and was forced back to its own five-yard post. There Gipp had to punt and the Army howled for the Cadets to "block that kick." Block it they did, but the Army got the pigskin on Notre Dame's 33-yard mark. Hahn lost seven yards. Oliphant was tired. Rushing no longer would avail, time was short.

SOLDIERS SCORE ON SAFETY.

There it was that the Army turned to forward passing game. The first effort was no good, but the second, from Murrill to Oliphant, gained six yards. Another pass to March was not completed, and Notre Dame took the ball on downs on its 34-yard mark. Later Gipp punted, but Notre Dame got the ball back when Philbin intercepted a forward pass. The Army got the ball again on a fumble, recovered by Stokes. Oliphant was called on, and after covering ten yards he too fumbled and the ball was picked up by Brandy. Notre Dame was on the Army's 25-yard line and then the final whistle blew. A good team had earned a great victory.

The Army scored its two points within less than a minute after the start of the game on a safety. Oliphant kicked off to Miller, and on the soggy field the Hoosier stumbled and was downed on his own 10-yard line. Gipp fell back to punt out of danger, but Knight blocked the kick and the ball rolled across the line and into the roadway beyond the fence. Allison rushed out and fell on the ball, but it would have been only a safety even if an Army player had

reached the oval first. A ground rule here makes any ball-going beyond the fence from a blocked kick a safety.

The safety was followed by an exchange of punts in which the Army had all the better of it, and soon Oliphant made a first down on Notre Dame's 37-yard mark. Things looked decidedly dark for the visitors. Oliphant tried to place a kick from the forty-yard line but the attempt went wide.

ARMY (2)		NOTRE DAME (7)
March.....	L E.....	Hayes
Pulsifer.....	L T.....	Andrews
Adams.....	L G.....	Zoia
Stokes.....	C.....	Rydzewski (Capt.)
Luce.....	R G.....	Madigan
O. Knight.....	R T.....	Philbin
Shrader.....	R E.....	King
Murrill.....	Q.....	Allison
Monroe.....	L H.....	Gipp
Hahn.....	R H.....	Brandy
Oliphant (Capt.).....	F.....	Miller
Touchdown—Brandy. Goal from touchdown—Rydzewski. Safety—Allison. Substitutions—Army: Barrick for Murrill, Murrill for Barrick, Dickson for Pulsifer, Horr for Shrader, Wicks for Monroe, Richardson for March. Referee—L. H. Andrews, Yale. Umpire—E. J. Donnelly, Trinity. Linesman—W. B. Cochems, Wisconsin. Time of periods—12 minutes.		

Extracts from the Press.

THE NEW YORK WORLD

A noted French General sat in the grand stand here to-day and watched the Army team, composed of future American officers, go down to defeat before the smashing attack of eleven husky warriors from Notre Dame. The battle flame flared in the eyes of every man from Notre Dame. They had come all the way from Indiana to cross that chalk mark which lay so close before them and now only seven yards of green turf stretched between them and the goal of their desire. Seven yards is not a great distance to go, but between the Westerners and the end of their journey loomed the Army players. Grim and desperate they stood, with the voices of their comrades, who in their gray uniform were massed in the West stands, raised in frantic exhortations to "bust through" and "hold them." Notre Dame was not to be held. The backfield men sprang to their positions, the quarterback close behind the centre, the other three in a row parallel with the line. Every warrior on either eleven was tense as a coiled spring, motionless but a study in action. Crisp and clear through the chilly air came the bark of the signals. "Hip!" shouted Allison, and the Hoosier backs leaped to form a hollow square. "Hip!" he snapped again, and with another rapid shift they leaped to the attack. Knight, the Army's right tackle, was neatly boxed and outside of his position the play swept through. Two men led it and hurled themselves at the secondary defense, clearing the way for Brandy, the Westerner's left halfback, who had the ball. Under the present Army regulations the soldier boys should have known better than to allow a man with that name to enter the post.

Brandy swept through the opening made for him across the coveted seven yards of territory, and, as he was clutched by frenzied tacklers, hurled himself across the line. The gentlemen from Indiana had completed their trip.

THE INDIANAPOLIS STAR.

Getting back to the Notre Dame victory, it can be said that the team's success should show all supporters of the team the worth of Jesse Harper, head coach at the school. Without the services of DeGree, compelled practically to reconstruct his team after a reverse suffered when he met Nebraska, Harper worked wonders. He abandoned tactics that had cost him that game, went back to the open attack in the game against South Dakota, and, by the use of that style of play, ran up a tremendous score on the Coyotes. More than that, he put the fear of the forward pass so deeply into the hearts of the Army team that he was enabled to win by straight football. The recent successes of the Gold and Blue team are a great tribute to Mr. Harper's resourcefulness and ability.

THE BROOKLYN DAILY EAGLE.

Take redoubtable Oliphant out of the play and Notre Dame would have swamped the Cadets without any doubt. Oliphant did everything that was worth mentioning that the Cadets did to-day. Once in the last quarter, when he saw his team beaten, he tossed aside his headgear, and went into the thick of the fray. At this point he alone carried the ball from his own thirty yard line a distance of fifty yards to Notre Dame's twenty-yard line, by hard, consistent line boring in dashes of seven to nine yards at a rip. . . Notre Dame was going strong at the finish, an intercepted forward pass and later a fumble figuring in an advance which had carried the ball down to the Army's twenty-two-yard line when the whistle ended the game. For the visitors, Gipp's punting, Brandy's uncanny intercepting of forward passes and recovery of fumbles, and Rydzewski's all-around good work at center were outstanding features. Aside from Oliphant, the Army had little to speak of and Notre Dame took care of him quite effectually.

THE NEW YORK TIMES.

The great Elmer Oliphant and the Army football team crumpled up before the persistent attack of a lighter but scrappier eleven from Notre Dame this afternoon, the soldiers meeting their first defeat in two years. . . . before the afternoon waned the Notre Dame youngsters had stopped the battering, line-smashing Oliphant in his tracks and administered a shocking defeat to a team which was being hailed as one of the greatest the Point has seen in years.

Lighter by many pounds, and handicapped by a slippery, muddy field, Notre Dame began an uphill fight which resulted in a triumphant 70-yard march in the third and fourth periods which carried Brandy, the Notre Dame halfback, over the Army goal line with the touchdown which gave them victory. Captain Rydzewski kicked the goal. This spectacle of the big Army line being hammered back, yard by yard, in this great procession down the field, brought pangs of anguish to the followers of the Army eleven, and, although the players were begged and implored to

buck up and halt the invaders, the soldiers were bowled over like so many tenpins, and the quicker and more aggressive Westerners reveled in the joy of victory. . . . In this year's Notre Dame team, Coach Harper has another one of those quick, shifty elevens which plays interesting football. The Westerners were outweighed, and this disadvantage told heavily against them because of the slippery condition of the gridiron. Allison, the Notre Dame quarterback, was a regular dancing master, and he jumped around behind the line all the time, keeping the West Pointers on the anxious seat about which way he was going to jump next. Notre Dame's backfield was unusually light, but quick at starting, and went through with a driving assault at great speed. They shift about sprightly in various formations behind the line and there is enough deception to their attack to make it dangerous.

THE CHICAGO AMERICAN.

Notre Dame, flashing the same brilliant attack, terrific line smashing, interspersed with forward passes, as had characterized all its visits here, defeated the Army this afternoon, 7 to 2, in one of the hardest fought games staged at West Point. Coach Jesse Harper brought a team trained to the minute, and went through the contest without making a substitution.

THE NEW YORK TRIBUNE.

Notre Dame's tango backfield probably misses a jazz accompaniment. Quarterback Allison does the best he can, and that is much, but there is a difference between a signal and a saxophone. Now and again Mr. Allison called "23-18-42-Hip-Hip" and so far as we could distinguish the tango backfield always hip-hipped.

The dancing backfield has more of the dexterity of the "Whirlwind Millers" than the grace of the Castles. The Army will substantiate that. Sometimes Quarterback Allison gave three hips, like this, "Hip! Hip! Hip!" which was a fine way to greet a party of soldiers.

We came to place the greatest reliance in the second hip, for the ball was usually passed then. The first hip seemingly was the first hip, and that was all that could be said for it, while the third was a more or less superfluous hip. There were times when Quarterback Allison put in a regrettable fourth, and even a fifth, hip. This should be penalized unless the fullback is provided with a bass drum.

METHOD IN IT ALL.

There was, however, a method in Notre Dame's hipness. Quarterback Allison did not give two hips, and sometimes three, for the mere pleasure of hipping. He could hip other places than on a West Point gridiron if he is an incorrigible hipper. Nor was the hipful attack of the Hoosiers aimed to disorganize the soldiers by making them believe they were at drill.

Down on the fence near the end of the game we were permitted to view the advantage of the hip, hip and the accompanying tango. Quarterback Allison called three numbers and then said "Hip!"—like that—and as he spoke the magic hip the entire Notre Dame backfield executed the first three steps of the Texas

Tommy and assumed tandem and other positions. This movement back of the line had the effect of throwing the heavy Army forwards off their balance and pricking their curiosity, especially as Quarterback Allison usually did a full pivot or grapevine on the first hip.

Occasionally a West Point forward would forget himself and peek over the line, thereby violating the first thirteen bylaws of the Intersectional Union of Linemen, which stipulates that a forward's nose shall never be more than six inches from the ground unless an aeroplane passes over the field.

We have been speaking merely of the first hip. While the first hip was fair enough, as hips go, it did not advance the ball and was comparatively innocuous. It was the second hip, like this, "Hip!" that was dangerous. There was a world of significance in it to any one who has made a study of the hip, hip system.

The first was a good-natured, entertaining gentleman, but the second hip could always be relied upon to start something. No sooner did Quarterback Allison sound No. 2 hip than Rydzewski passed the ball through the three syllables of his surname into the hands of Allison or some accessory before the hip and Notre Dame would be off.

ENTIRE LINE REELING.

But the Army would be further off. When we saw them the entire line was so full of hips that it was reeling. A gentleman in a hippy state is subnormal in value, as is well known. And Quarterback Allison is a liberal hipper, injecting a third, fourth and sometimes even a fifth hip into one single play.

In addition to hip hipping disarmed soldiers, Notre Dame was guilty of committing camouflage of Carlisle origin. That is to say, a camoufleur in the Notre Dame line wore a helmet which bore an astonishing resemblance to a football, and upon every other play or so this helmet would singularly become detached from its owner and fall to the ground in imitation of a fumble.

In fact, half the press box and virtually all of the Western Union operators insisted that it was a fumble, proving they would make the finest kind of audience for a real cammy camoufleur. As it was, this Notre Dame gentleman was cammy enough, though he spoiled his act by constant repetition.

What with the hip hipping and the camouflage, the Army was having a deuce of a time, particularly since her own plays insisted on back-firing most of the time. The Army would bring out a perfectly new play and aim it at the enemy. No sooner would the lanyard be jerked than the darn play would back-fire sometimes fifteen yards at a time. It was lucky the Army wasn't playing with its back to the Hudson River.

THE CHICAGO TRIBUNE.

Notre Dame deserved to win. Gipp and Brandy were the best backs seen on the Plains this season. Gipp's dashes off tackle netted his team many yards in their march for a touchdown from midfield in the third and fourth periods. Brandy's alertness in recovering fumbles and intercepting passes was almost uncanny. He made the touchdown for Notre Dame, going low into the line between Knight, a veteran who

played stellar football for the Cadets, and Horr, a green end on the right side of the Army line.

THE KANSAS CITY STAR.

Whipped by a wind that zipped the Catskills miles-a-minute, handicapped by a slippery field on which the speedy Notre Dame backs sprawled, the Westerners not only whipped the Army, but did it through unexpected tactics. The Indiana eleven ripped and tore the Army with smash after smash. Only twice did they throw their vaunted aerial formations into the fray, and once it worked for a 10-yard gain.

THE NEW YORK AMERICAN.

All through the game Notre Dame executed her plays faster and cleaner than the Army, and with better judgment. . . In only one department of the game was Notre Dame outplayed and that was in punting.

THE NEW YORK EVENING JOURNAL

The West leads the East on the gridiron to-day. The well-deserved win scored by Jesse Harper's Notre Dame pupils over the heretofore unbeaten Army team gives the lads from beyond the Western slope of the Alleghenies the edge over their Eastern rivals for the premier honors of the gridiron season. West Point with its long string of victories stretching over more than two seasons, constituted the best team the East could have nominated to uphold their honors. Notre Dame's victory left no doubt as to the merits of the Western style of game over the best in the East.

THE NEW YORK TRIBUNE.

For almost three periods the Army's surplus of weight held Notre Dame's pony backfield out of dangerous territory, but eventually the dancing dervishes from Indiana got started, and after Brandy had intercepted a forward pass along in the third period, the shifting, dancing backfield of the Hoosiers began a march that took the ball to the Army's 8-yard line. Then the whistle blew, ending the third period. On the very first play in the fourth period Brandy knifed West Point's right tackle for the necessary eight yards, and the Catholics were out in front, 7 to 2, a margin of advantage which they grimly held to the final whistle. . . By contrast, the Hoosiers presented a shifty, well-ordered offensive in which every man was to be found in his ordained place. The weight of the Army line upset Harper's offense in the early stages of play, but the dash and precision of the Catholics' attack overcame the handicap of mere poundage, and at the end of the game the Army was a disorganized, demoralized unit, while Harper's men were still fresh. . . As it was, there was no doubt that Notre Dame had the best drilled team and that it deserved to win. The precision of its attack was a pleasure to watch, contrasted with the halting, uncertain movement of the Army eleven.

THE NEW YORK GLOBE.

Notre Dame showed a good young football team that had been well coached, and which was smart enough to take advantage of its one good chance to score a touchdown. The line charged hard and fast, the backs

were quick to find and take the openings created for them, and quarterback Allison proved a capable field general. The forward passes with which the Hoosiers were expected to dazzle the Cadets did not materialize, Harper's team depending almost wholly on a running attack that was commensurate to the occasion without being in any way brilliant.

THE NEW YORK EVENING TELEGRAM.

The outstanding observation of the game between Army and Notre Dame was the fact that the Cadets were fortunate the Indiana eleven did not pile up the score much higher. The Cadets were outplayed at all angles. They were not outgamed nor outfought. . . Army's material physically was far superior to that of Notre Dame. From end to end Army had the better of it. The backfield too was more robust.

THE NEW YORK HERALD.

The Indiana lads went about their work with a relish and an individual sureness in their position play which were good to see, and their victory makes it incumbent upon the East to do something in order to buttress claims for superiority in the fruitless, but inevitable disputes touching on the intersectional question. . . Allison, the Notre Dame quarterback, had the most restless feet a quarterback ever had. He teetered on one, then on the other as his centre was about to pass. The idea was apparently to keep the other side guessing. The wonder of it was that he didn't get in his centre's way. He didn't, however. The Notre Dame centre, also Captain, Rydzewski, was a slick performer. He was a skillful passer. Direct pass to the runner, pass to his quarterback as a feeder, or long pass for a punt, he was as accurate as a sharpshooter. The ball came from him light as a feather and in a groove, and his was concentration without effort, was such that there wasn't any opponent around as far as he was concerned. That is, until the pass, then he was in the play and very much in it. A talented pivot, Rydzewski. One practice the Notre Dame backs had was new to most of the spectators, if they observed it. It wasn't done so often as to be a habit, but it was done and was a striking, if not consequential, detail. I noticed a back, I don't know which one—the dark age custom of not numbering the players prevailed—toss the ball back to the referee so quickly after being downed that it seemed as if he threw it while in the act of falling. He wasn't losing any time. If there was any virtue in keeping the attack going, he had the right idea.

THE NEW YORK SUN.

There is no doubt that on a dry field Notre Dame would have made a much better scoring showing, particularly in the first half, when its backs floundered about on the soggy turf. It was Miller's slipping that led to the Army's two points on a safety. Once it got started in the third quarter the pony backfield of the Hoosier's ripped things up.

THE NEW YORK TIMES.

The game was a high tribute to the physical condition of Notre Dame; for it went through the game without making a substitution. A few weeks ago they did the same thing against Nebraska.

Safety Valve.

A PASSAGE FROM HER LETTER.

O Cyril, you have no idea how your last letter worried me. I could picture you "dashing madly," as you said, "into the other team's line, against big brutes of men weighing over two hundred pounds each," and the thought came to me that perhaps, in the excitement, you were out in the cold biting air without your mittens.

A PASSAGE FROM HIS LETTER.

You asked me in your last letter if I wasn't afraid the prefect would report me for writing letters during my study hours. Now for goodness sake, Viola, get the thought out of your head that I'm a baby. Why should I fear any prefect? Actually, I think no more of telling a prefect what I think of him than—

I broke off this letter last night because Father—knocked at my door. I slipped the writing paper in my desk and had my geometry book out when he entered so everything is O. K.

Now that the price of postage has advanced, we hope that these pink envelopes full of calf sentiment which students receive daily will come less frequently.

Since Zoia's brilliant playing in the Army game, the Greek waiters at the N. D. Café go about humming: "Zoia mau, sas agapo."

WISE SAYINGS OF STUDENTS.

"Really now this war time economy isn't so bad. Why I can take my girl out and spend a nickle and have just as good a time as if I spent fifty cents." Maybe better.

NELLIE, THE SOIVANT GOIL.

Nellie was a soivant goil and hardly she did woit,
In spite of her infoimities no labor would she shoik;
Now anyone to look at her with compassion he would melt,

For Nellie she did look like what a sick man said he felt.

Her feet went in, her eyes went out, her knees were widely bent,

Her shoulders dripped, her teeth were false, her color it had went,

And yet poor goil she struggled on to make the both ends meet,

And as the floor she wildly scrubbed, her hair it met her feet.

One day though, Nell she did too much—her strength it all was spent

And as she slumbered on the coal she spoke this here lament.

CHORUS.

Oh goodness me! oh goodness my! Ye gawds but I am tired!

Yet I'm afeard as I sleep here the coal and me is fired.

T. B.

ANOTHER SPECIES.

We have with us this year the student who has to go to bed to think.

THE FIRST EVENING SUIT.

And they tell us of early martyrs who were persecuted and who suffered bravely! Well they haven't got anything on us. They knew they were being persecuted, they could wear a persecuted look and sigh and folks would grieve for them, but we're actually supposed to smile and appear gay when we are being buried alive in these concrete shirts, when our neck is being clamped in a vice-like arrangement called collar, when the last breath is being squeezed out of us in an endeavor to make us lose our senses and carry some girl for hours over a slippery dance floor. The stocks were mild compared to this form of persecution, the straight-jacket a regular lounging robe and yet people looked upon them in horror and never dreamed of asking one within them to bubble over with pure joy because he was having the time of his life. Here I am for the last ten minutes trying to button this collar and haven't got both ends to meet yet. I know what's coming—sister will call dad in and have him put his foot on my neck and then the whole family will pull until my adam's apple looks like a boil on the back of my neck. They'll have button hooks and clothes-ringers and lemon squeezers and all the other murdering improvements and I'll emerge from the struggle with my epiglottis between my front teeth and my tonsils somewhere between the collar button and the back yard. And I'm to be delighted, mind you, and laugh and joke and say clever things and—

The morrow eve I'll be at School two weeks
I might have stayed all year but for her cheeks
Which like two ruby roses flamed on me
Until my studies I could hardly see.
She has the cutest nose—took years to grow it,
I'd love to sit all year and hear her blow it.
And her bright eyes are like great pools of light
Her teeth are large, I like to see her bite
A piece of fish in two. She has an ear
That's so filled up with wax she cannot hear.
Her little feet are like the whitest roses
And each one terminates in five small toes(es)
I love her as I never loved another.
She has only one papa and one mother.
O I have walked the ceiling day and night
I could not sleep a wink, oh they did bite,
And every time I rose I thought of her
Then would I sob like an old rocking chair
That squeaked for ages in some family old
Before to some junk dealer it was sold.
I think that I shall ne'er be well again
For that girl surely does give me a pain.

DEAR VALVE:

No wonder Congress voted the Army dry. Look at what Brandy did to West Point.

C. G.

All right, Cyril.