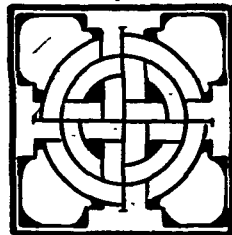


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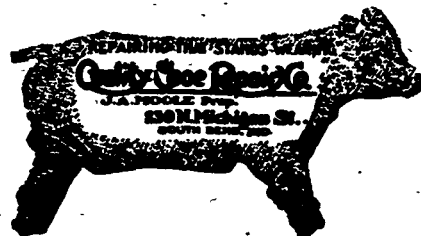
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No. 4.

Knights of the Farthest Star!

(For Arthur Hayes)

BY GEORGE SHUSTER, '15

AS desert-weary birds move home
In subtly guided flight,
Our host bespeaks this night
Ancestral welcome 'neath the Dome.
When last the silver-spinning moon
Made weavings for these ways
(Oh happy wonder-days!)
All dustless went our eager shoon:
But life's been more than revelry,
Life served her bitter years
In breaking iron fears
That stormed her inmost castlery.
Some keep away. I think a mute
Megrim of fantasy
Has lent them ecstasy—
Or death's alluring mercy-flute.
I heard their steps come through the mist
In firm familiar rhythm,
And laughter going with them
Like sword-steel, to a dreaming-tryst.
Full swift on swinging roads they went
And from the ebon sky
None answered to my cry
Though the dusk thrilled with merriment.
God speed, Knights of the Farthest Star!
With furious tourney done
You hither, too, have won
Where peace and fairest beauty are.
Though pansies love the silent tents
Men say you dwell in, dead,
All hail, O hallowed,
To this high-windowed residence.
Our low savannahs choke with dust—
You ride on kingly ways
Bestrewn with roundelays
In flashing mail that shall not rust.

The Celtic Renaissance.*

BY GEORGE DEWEY HALLER, JOURNALISM, '19.

(CONCLUSION)

THE poet who has struck the most distinctly new note of all the English poets since Swinburne—" is the judgment of Weygandt upon the place of William Butler Yeats in contemporary literature. He gives us a picture of the poet, which coming from a friend and being essentially so graphic, is too good to omit. "There never has been a poet who used better the gifts his country gave him than Mr. Yeats. The heroic legends of Ireland are in his poetry. Irish folklore is there and the look of the country, and a man moulded as only Irish conditions, of old time and of to-day, could mold him, Irish conditions spiritual, intellectual and physical, a man with eyes on a bare countryside in the gray of twilight, thinking of the stories the peasants tell and of the old legends whose setting this is before him."

Following Thomas Davis, Yeats believed that a spiritual renaissance of the Irish people was possible through art. He wished to unite all the young writers of the country in an effort to create a national culture through literature embodying the ideals and spirit of the race. He became attracted to the dialect of the peasants of West Ireland, which was first used in literature by Dr. Hyde, because it was so naturally poetic. He first used it in "The Wanderings of Oisín" (1889). This marked the beginning of the tendency in the Celtic Renaissance to make use of the Anglo-Irish dialect rather than of the native Gaelic. This tendency moved along beside the project to revive the Gaelic, which was initiated by Hyde in 1889. Yeats argued for the use of the Anglo-Irish dialect rather than modern English, because he claimed that the latter had

* Prize essay for 1919 in the annual contest for the Meehan Gold Medal, awarded for best literary essay written by a senior.

become too essentially impoverished to express thought directly. It was to him a language of lost vitality, whose words had become mere counters in what was but an imperfect algebra of thought. On the other hand, he found in the rich idiom of the West the perfect instrument of the art which was to bring about this literature, since it was essential that the literature be democratic, that it strive to approach life in its simplest and most truthful terms. The tongue of the peasants was a colloquial language, and not a literary; it was a direct expression of experience, and not standardized in its suggestiveness. It had not become vitalized to express the concreteness of life and the abstraction of thought with equal richness, because it had never been corrupted by print. Yeats said that—"before men read, the ear and tongue were subtle, and delighted one another with the little tunes that were in words," but that print killed fine-sounding words, and appeal to the ear came to be forgotten. Yeats therefore went to the peasant idiom out of life but unspoiled by print. This Anglo-Irish is a fusion of the Elizabethan English, the language of Shakespeare, and the old Gaelic; for though the Irish used the English words, they continued to think in Gaelic and to super-impose the Gaelic grammar forms upon the English speech.

Prose reaches its heights in proportion as it reveals the complete control of expression by intellect; but poetry, especially the type which voices the lyric, is the expression of an overpowering emotion, a tremendous and sublime mood. Yeats is essentially the lyricist. His is a spiritually sensitive personality, keenly responsive to the spell of beauty, whose profoundest depths have been thrilled, whose tender imagination has been quickened by the nobility and grandeur of Ireland's legendary and poetic past. The Other World is always very close to Yeats, and out of dreams he has fashioned some of his finest writings. His poems are characterized by "faint and nervous" rhythms; the images and color of his poetry are wrought out of the "greys, greens and browns and soft purples and bright whites of the Irish landscape." He deals with love spiritually—like a white flame gusting into the empyrean, he lifts our thoughts to reach his exalted mood:

"Who dreams that beauty passes like a dream?
For these red lips, with all their mournful pride,
Mournful that no new wonder may betide,
Troy passed away in one high funeral gleam,
And Usna's children died."

He is always the mystic and magician; the life of dream he holds is the only true reality:

.... "All would be well
Could we but give us wholly to the dreams,
And get into their world that to the sense
Is shadow, and not linger wretchedly
Among substantial things; for it is dreams
That lift us to the flowing, changing world
That the heart longs for. What is love itself,
Even though it be the lightest of light love,
But dreams that hurry from beyond the world,
To make low laughter more than meat and drink,
Though it but set us sighing."

All art, Yeats holds, is symbolic. He wishes to have poetry create a trance in the hearer; to have it evoke "the great mind and great memory" through symbols—"symbols that open up unending vistas through mysteries, eeriness as of the bewildering light of late sunset over grey-green Irish bog and lake and mountain." Yeats believes that the magic which such poetry arouses is real magic; that the words "have loosened the seals that the flesh has fastened upon the universal memory." It is these "dream-drenched" poems, as they have been termed, that are most characteristic of Yeats, and they are the new note which he brings to English literature. The potency of their charm is well expressed by the tribute of Stevenson who, after reading "The Lake Isle of Innisfree," wrote to Yeats saying that it cast over him a spell like that of his first reading of the "Poems and Ballads" of Swinburne and the "Love in the Valley" of Meredith.

But Yeats is also one of the greatest dramatists of the movement, and no appreciation of his art would be complete without a reference to his achievements in that field, where, as one of the finest workers, and as certainly the chiefest influence as organizer and developer, he has shown his best genius. He was thirty-four when he turned from poetry to drama, but now at forty-seven, though he has achieved a front rank as a playwright, he has never produced anything to compare with his lyrics.

Yeats built up an Irish national drama through the medium of several organizations, the last of which bears the name of the "National Theatre Society, Ltd.," but which is better known as the "Abbey Players." Yeats desired a school of Irish dramatists with visions of criticisms of life in beautiful language. He wanted the theatre to be a place where the race consciousness might become articulate, where might be established the center of an emotional and intellectual

tradition. His first three plays of permanent worth, "Countess Cathleen" (1892-99), "The Land of Heart's Desire" (1894), and "The Shadowy Waters" (1900), are the most beautiful of all his productions. His plays in general are beautiful in ideas and words, striking in a lyric and decorative way, if not all of them in a dramatic way.

But aside from his own writings his influence over the dramatic aspect of the movement is so large that Weygandt does not hesitate to say that the movement would not have amounted to much without him. Synge would not have been discovered, Lady Gregory would not have written for the stage, and the Abbey Players would not have been gathered together to influence the other playwrights of Ireland. The new movement in scenic decoration, of which Gordon Craig is the father, was due to Yeats' inspiration. Yeats demanded a certain atmosphere for the plays, and Craig was asked to prepare the physical basis. The decoration was to be suggestive and evocative of the drama's mood, but it was to function only as background to the action and the spoken line. Another development which was due to Yeats arose from the fact that Yeats noticed that in composing his poems he always had definite organ notes in mind. He induced Arnold Dolmetsch to make him a psaltery-lyre, to the music of which Miss Florence Farr recited the poems by ordinary musical notation. This elocution proved rich in rhythm and cadence, delicate in modulation, and susceptible to an infinite nuance of expression. Miss Farr, who Yeats believes has among living persons the most musical voice, taught this art to the Abbey Players. In effect, it is like the recital of Hindu poetry by Madame Ratan Devi. The Abbey Players' speaking of verse is so fluent and liquid, so veritably dramatic, that it shades the recitation of even great actors.

"The greatest dramatist in English that our stage has known for a century"—is surely great praise for any playwright. Who is it who is thus honored? A Wilde, a Pinero, a Shaw, a Barker, a Bronson Howard, a Gilbert, a Sullivan, or an Augustin Daly? No, it is the foremost figure of the Celtic Renaissance in the field of drama, John Millington Synge. Out of the mouth of one of his characters he has given us his view of life. It is his Deirdre, on whom he lavished all the ideality that was in him, because to him Deirdre was all that was queenly, speaking thus: "It should be a sweet thing to have what is best and

richest, if it's for a short time only." Though he was a "strange still man," gentle, simple, he thrilled like a youth in the presence of his first love in all natural life. There was never a writer in whom there was more joy of life. But just as basic as this exaltation, which is rare in modern literature, is his irony and grotesquerie. He exulted in primitiveness, in wildness, in the beauty of woman, and child, and landscape. The irony in his writing is also something new in literature.

"A style that is his very self, of the very color of his life, of the very color of the extravagant phases of the life of his country, a style which for the first time sets English dramatic prose to a rhythm as noble as the rhythm of blank verse—" such is part of Synge's title to greatness according to Weygandt. After he came back to Ireland and renewed acquaintance with the Irish peasant, and served his apprenticeship from 1899 to 1903, his writing improved, until with the productions "In the Shadow of the Glen" (1903), "Riders to the Sea" (1904), "The Tinker's Wedding" (1905), "The Well of Saints" (1905), and the "Playboy of the Western World" (1907), he showed his ripened power. "Deirdre of the Sorrows" (1910) he finished on his deathbed, but it is as vital as any of his writings. The life of the roads and not any writer was Synge's master. Borrow had some little influence and the dialect of Hyde's "Love Songs of Connacht" a little more, but Synge was his own master. Out of the dialect of the West, he made a great style; and where his subject, as in "Deirdre of the Sorrows," demanded, he wrought an austere epic style, full of nobility and dignity. The most striking qualities of his writing are his extravagance and grotesquerie of language and situation. Nowhere else could we find sardonic humor and poignancy of lament so blended as in "In the Shadow of the Glen." To him more than any other writer was it given to penetrate into "the pathetic humanity of ugly things"; and with this he possessed a power to realize this insight, and express it with a dignity surpassing all previous dramatic prose.

His characters, though few in number and all Irish, attain a universality unique in the drama. They are all essentially human. He tells us that "on the stage one must have reality, and one must have joy; and that is why the intellectual modern drama has failed, and people have grown sick of the false joy of the musical comedy that has been given to them in place of the rich joy

found only in what is superb and wild in reality." Those words, "superb and wild" express his chief characters. Nora, Maurya, Martin Douli, Sarah Casey, Pegeen Mike, even Deirdre in her lament over Naisi, are so. All his chief characters are unconventional, are variations, and they have been the principal object of the severe criticisms launched against Synge's plays.

Synge reacted against the tendencies developed by Yeats; against mysticism, and over-accentuated spirituality. He was both a realist and a romanticist; he wished the drama to be fixed in homely reality and to reach up to the heights of true poetic exaltation. He was most powerful in reproducing concrete impressions. His plays delineate the conflict between reality and the ideal in Celtic consciousness. He always dreamed of making something beautiful out of his experience; he aimed to read and express life.

"Mr. Moore has won his way to the position of first novelist of the English-speaking peoples." With Shaw and Wilde he shared a gleaming hardness of style, a Celtic characteristic. Moore spent his boyhood in Ireland, a land which then seemingly held little charm for him, for later he is heard scoffing at the country. He studied at Oscott College, and later, he took to art, in London and at the Académie Julian, Paris. In London he felt all the important movements in English art, formed an acquaintance with Whistler and many of the Pre-Raphaelites, and in Paris he knew the Impressionists. In 1893 he published "Modern Painting," the first adequate discussion of the esthetics of modern art to appear in England, and this is regarded by many as his greatest work. After a youth in London and his twenties spent in Paris, there followed eleven years of hard writing in London, until at forty-two he began to take a fresh interest in Ireland, its life, and its writers. The occasion was the visit of Yeats and Martyn to him in London to secure his aid in founding a national theatre. He returned to Ireland and lived there from 1899 to 1910. It was his supposititious discovery that he had a soul in harmony with the melancholy soul of Ireland that brought Moore back to Dublin, and even back to his ancestral home in Mayo. After he became intimately associated with the Irish movement there is a wistfulness of feeling and a beauty of thought in his writing that was not there before.

In "A Modern Lover" (1883) Moore was but the amateur; in 1886 "The Drama in Muslin"

shows a vast improvement, as does "Parnell and His Island" (1887). But it is not until the appearance of "Evelyn Innes" that a real mastery of style shows itself. In "The Lake" his later manner, wistful and mellow, and not the earlier "hard-as-winter-sunshine" style, is developed; "The Lake," which "is Ireland, West Ireland, Catholic Ireland," "A Mummer's Wife" (1894), "Spring Days," "Impressions and Opinions" came before he reached his maturity of style. It was the last of these which contained his articles on the drama, which provoked Mr. G. R. Sims into taunting Moore into the drama, resulting in "The Strike at Arlingford" (1893).

Mr. Moore regards "Esther Waters" (1894) as his greatest book. "Evelyn Innes" (1898), which shows his interest in the Renaissance and in which the characters reflect some of the chief actors of the movement, as it is the wont of Mr. Moore to put his intimates into his books, is held by some to be his great novel. In the first version, Ulick Dean is Yeats; in the revised one it is a composite of Yeats and Russell. Evelyn's father is Arnold Dolmetsch; Sir Owen Asher has much of Mr. Moore himself; Monsignor Mostyn is something of Edward Martyn. "Sister Teresa" (1901) is the sequel to "Evelyn Innes" and shows much less of Ireland. But again, in "The Untilled Field" (1903), a volume of short stories, Ireland is the chief interest. He speaks of "the fascination of this dim remote land" and of loneliness in foreign places, which passes when, back in Ireland, "the past is about us—we see it at evening glimmering among the hollows of the hills." In "Memoirs of my Dead Self" (1906) his return to Ireland is told of, and his wish to be buried with his ancestors, while all of the trilogy of "Hail and Farewell" was written in and of Ireland and her people. "Ave" appeared in 1911, "Slave" in 1912, "Vale" in 1914. The four principal characters of the first are Moore, Martyn, Yeats, and Lady Gregory. After this Celtic period to which Moore refers as a sort of "spiritual consumption" he returned to London. But this episode, which he seems to desire to forget, bore the fruit of the "Hail and Farewell" trilogy and "The Lake," and so has materially enriched our literature.

Mr. Moore is a great novelist because he has to so eminent a degree a Gaelic gift—the facility for being all men in all moods, the ability to enter the personality of the other man and express it, the art of the actor. He is declared to excel both Hardy and Meredith, because of his

power of standing off from his characters, of projecting them into life and of creating for them a complete psychology. All his individuals are clearly, sharply drawn. He is not indeed a great story-teller—few English writers have possessed the gift—but his emphasis is on character delineation. His great dramatic power of changing his point of view with the character he is creating is all the more surprising when we consider the man himself—a sensual exquisite absorbed with woman, looking on her as an epicure might on a banquet, continually voicing revolt against traditional morality, urging a freer outlook on sex, believing the sexual function to be as truly creative as the impulse to the production of works of art. His greatest defect was an excessive preoccupation with sex, but in spite of this he can enter fully into his characters, who may have nothing in common with him at all.

Mr. Moore has experimented with the drama, but it is hardly necessary to speak here of his place in that field. He has never thoroughly learned the art of the playwright; his best plays are but "the good journeyman work of one who is a skilled literary craftsman."

Surely the importance of the literature and the civilization of the various movements which together make up the Celtic Renaissance and which are working in unison for the re-birth of Ireland, whose voice in literature and the drama has produced work of the high quality of the three men whose writings have been thus briefly sketched, is beyond question. For any one country to produce a school of the drama, of poetry, and of prose, of such uniformly high content, whose leaders have been characterized by such high praise as that bestowed upon these three, "the poet with the most distinctly new note since Swinburne," "the greatest dramatist in English for a century," and "the first novelist of the English-speaking peoples"—is rare indeed. Greece, Rome, France, Spain, Germany, England, all these have had their golden age of literature; and if Ireland, crushed and enslaved, can still lift up so noble a pageant, marvellous indeed will be the future of the Isle of Saints and Scholars when once the foot of the conqueror is removed from the land. The Poor Old Woman shall have back her four beautiful green fields, the stranger shall be put out of her house, and once more her friends shall gather to greet her, and there will be heard many new songs on the winds of the morning.

Varsity Verse.

TO MARY.

Mary, than your eyes
No sun there is that's brighter.
Mary, than your smile
Wine makes my heart no lighter.
Mary, than your love
No chain could bind me tighter.—R. E. O'H.

A PARISIAN TRAGEDY.

I chanced to meet a maiden fair,
A roguish miss beyond compare,
Who coyly spoke to me.
Encouraged thus I passed the time
With halting French and pantomime.
I thought she loved but me
Until I begged a kiss *petite*,
Then all she said was just "*tout suite!*"
And that was Greek to me.—P. S.

FRESHMAN REFLECTIONS.

I walk around the campus green
And envy trees and grass,
My freshman air is easily seen
While theirs so soon will pass.
Each blade of grass, each verdant leaf
Doth shed its greenness now,
While I am plunged in abject grief
With greenness on my brow.—H. C.

I'VE CAUGHT A COLD.

I had such high ambition here,
I wanted to attain
A highly philosophical
And mathematic brain.
On Greek and Calculus I vowed
To get a strangle-hold
And treat 'em rough,—but now
I've caught a cold.

I longed to be a football star
And dive into the fray,
Or do the mile in nothing flat,
And help to win the day.
And on the diamond, too, I heard
My name in thunder rolled
By shouting throngs,—but now
I've caught a cold.

In local social circles, too,
I planned to take the cake.
Life looked so nice to me,—but now
I know it's all a fake.
For all these riches in our life,
Are only tinselled gold,
I think I'll go turn on the gas—
I've caught a cold.—P. G.

America—Looking Forward.

BY JAMES W. HOGAN, '21.

This is, indeed, an era of marvellous political changes. Never since the foundation of the world have men sent forth such a universal cry for reconstruction; never have they determined upon their own betterment with such determination or unanimity of purpose. The vitalizing force of civic and social freedom throbs through the peoples of all nations and their hearts are vibrant with this new spirit. Each day heralds the downfall of some age-old political state or institution, and the establishment of new forms, new laws, and new methods of government.

Republics and empires are, in fact, being made and unmade with such startling rapidity that many of the world's most astute statesmen acknowledge their bewilderment and speak of the future with marked hesitation. Even here in America where we are free from the harassing intrigue and entanglements of Europe, the minds of our politicians are in a state of turmoil, and they who are looked upon as leaders are obediently treading in the footsteps of those few fearless souls who are leading the onward march of Democracy.

Such a condition is to be greatly deplored. Certainly more is expected of this great commonwealth of the United States. During the last few years the great nations of the earth, engaged as they have been in a supreme struggle for liberty and self-rule, have turned to us at each new step for guidance and support. They have looked upon us as a mighty group of free states overflowing with wealth and abundance, possessed of an aristocracy of advanced thought and dynamic action: and now that the heavy clouds of war have lifted, they will turn to America again for leadership and assistance in the establishment of popular government.

But are we prepared for the task? Do we Americans as a rule comprehend the underlying principles and the tremendous possibilities of true democracy, or must we not admit the immaturity of our own experience and judgment? From the evidence at hand it would seem that this great, happy, care-free nation is but emerging from the boisterous period of youth: conscious as never before of its duties toward the rest of the world, cognizant for the first time of the growing powers within.

Yet the World War has done much for these

United States. A new and unaccustomed spirit of loyalty, service, and patriotism is abroad over the land. The barriers of race and nationality have been forever broken down and a deeper meaning and significance are now attached to American citizenship. America, the melting pot, has given way to America, the forge. Fanned by the flames of war and national peril the heterogeneous mass of people composing our population has been shaped and amalgamated into a homogeneous nation possessed of a common bond and a single purpose.

And as a result we have exhibited to all the world the unconquerable might and unlimited potentialities of a free people united in the cause of liberty. We have put forth a leader in the person of our illustrious President who has elevated political thought of friend and foe alike by his advanced and exalted statesmanship. "Who does not admire the genius of Wilson?", exclaimed the prime minister of Austria at the very height of the recent struggle; "who would not pay homage to the man?" Our president has in fact, crystallized the sentiments of the entire nation and proclaimed them in no uncertain terms. "What we seek," said he "is the reign of law, based upon the consent of the governed and sustained by the organized opinion of mankind."

We have, then, accomplished only the beginning of the difficult task to which we have set ourselves. We have crushed and rendered impotent those arbitrary powers whose existence was a perpetual threat to peace and a mockery to the reign of law. But we must not be content to rest upon our arms. The mission of America is to nourish and perfect Democracy, develop its richest fruits, and instill them unadulterated into the hearts of all men.

Every great nation has a mission to perform; a wrong to right or some mighty lesson to impart to mankind. Who will say that the rise and fall of the German Empire has nothing to teach succeeding generations, or deny that the glorious self-sacrifice of Belgium will illumine the pages of history? Just as the glory of ancient Greece has shone down through the centuries with undiminished splendor because of her unrivaled mastery in science and art, even as the grandeur of Rome was based upon her judicious development of law, jurisprudence, and empire, so must the majesty and fame of America ever depend upon her success in the

establishment and perfection of democratic justice. It is her task to reconcile those ever conflicting principles of personal liberty and state authority: law with freedom, and freedom with law. This is the mission of America, and upon these grounds will she be judged at the bar of history.

We must strive earnestly, therefore, to comprehend the underlying requisites and demands of true self-government in order that we may advance to meet them with the knowledge that we are upon solid ground. It is our bounden duty to enquire carefully and conscientiously into every phase of our governmental problems in order that we may abolish those systems and practices which have been the fruitful source of corruption, misrule, and extravagance in the past.

Efficiency is to be the pass-word of the future; efficiency in government, in society, and in the individual. The war has exhibited the folly of haphazard effort and demonstrated for all time the latent possibilities of system and organization in every line of human endeavor. The men returning from the front will be in no mood to condone the loose administrative methods of the past, and the same spirit has been infused into the thousands of noble women who have nursed and cared for our soldiers across the sea. For them, it is said, devastation and death have lost much of their horror, but the sight of inefficiency fills their hearts with dread. In the crowded hospitals of France these phenomena have been especially noticeable. The scream of shell overhead, or the bursting of bombs, met with the utmost indifference, but the bungling of an unskilled surgeon or the disruption of a corps of men was looked upon with fear and trembling. Efficiency and organization—these are two of the greatest lessons of the world's greatest war.

Then too we must have leaders in America who can grasp the gigantic problems of reconstruction—men of broad vision, lofty ideals, and catholicity of mind, conversant with the deeper principles of eternal justice and the inherent rights of mankind, and possessed of the ability and courage needed to give them proper application. Such an élite of profound thinkers constitute the very warp and woof of all self-government, and the growth and development of the United States depends in a direct and vital manner upon the number and quality of such men we are able to produce. "One great man," said Orestes A. Brownson, "well edu-

cated, well informed, devoting his acquirements to the good of his country, will save it, and secure it many generations of well-being; a million of half educated men without him will only ruin it." Without a Washington we might today be subjects of the British Crown; without a Lincoln there would be no United States; and without a Wilson who would have raised America to the highest pinnacle among the nations and pointed the way to a world-wide league of free states?

Such are the men we must have, and in ever increasing numbers; for 'If the blind lead the blind, both fall into the pit.' The great masses of the people have little time to devote to the weighty questions and policies of State. Occupied as they are in the manifold and exacting duties of life, they have neither the aptitude nor the training necessary for the solution of profound governmental problems. They need light and inspiration, the leadership of fearless men, firm of purpose and keen of mind, who can read the pages of the past aright and look into the future with discerning eyes. Their duty it will be to direct the current of national thought along the proper channels. Those men who are not so equipped may expect to be ground beneath the feet of the on-marching hosts of Democracy.

Onward is the cry of the advancing multitude; efficiency, the watchword; and liberty, freedom, justice, the banners thrown out to the breeze. The mists of the morning have cleared away and a new day is dawning upon the earth,—heralded by those prophetic words of Victor Hugo: "A day will come" said he, addressing the Paris Peace Congress in 1849, "when bullets and bombs shall be replaced by ballots, by the universal suffrages of the people, by the sacred arbitrament of a great sovereign senate, which shall be to Europe what the parliament is to England, what the Diet is to Germany, what the Legislative Assembly is to France. A day will come when a cannon shall be exhibited in our museums as an instrument of torture is now, and men shall marvel that such things could be. A day will come when we shall see those immense groups, the United States of America and the United States of Europe, in face of each other, extending hand to hand over the ocean, exchanging their products, their commerce, their industry, their art; their genius clearing and colonizing deserts and ameliorating Creation under the eye of the Creator."

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Departed this campus, some time between June, 1917, and October of 1919, the Notre Dame Spirit! The loss has been deeply mourned by faculty and students, and con-

Missing. lences are offered to the smart young fellows who in their tears booed the efforts of the brave few who during the first football game of the season tried to call back our all but forgotten friend of other times. The old friends of the Spirit have ardently hoped for his return. Newcomers have looked forward to making his acquaintance, for his fame is an old Notre Dame tradition that has travelled far. Before the war this Spirit was the pride of Notre Dame, loved by students, admired by priests, acclaimed by lay professors. He was on all occasions very much alive and in evidence—then he went to war. Those who knew him thought that he must have returned with the record enrollment of this year. If we may shift to the supposition that he did—he came back not the same Spirit; his health was broken. Seniors, juniors, sophomores, and numerous clubs organized in hope of restoring the feeble fellow to his old-time vigor. Coach Rockne appointed leaders to cheer him on. But the scoffers discouraged him. Some of those same scoffers have been here before and know the Spirit for what he was in the old days. Yet at our first public demonstration two weeks ago they ridiculed the efforts to revive him. Half-hearted howls, begrudgingly vented, scared him, and his friends left that Kalamazoo game chagrined. And now he goes about neglected and crestfallen. Let those

who love him help to save him before it is too late. Unanimous enthusiasm is what is needed to restore that grand old Spirit of Notre Dame to his wonted health.—C. A. G.

On November the 11th, 1918, the Great War ended. After four unparalleled years of fighting, of destruction, death, and desolation, of famine and rapine, the world was again at peace. The joyous tidings were heralded over the world, and the peoples of the Allied Nations celebrated the event with all the enthusiasm of which they were capable. The defeated countries celebrated their relief from the disasters of a losing battle. It will soon be the anniversary of that event. Within the single year, however, the American people have come to think but little of the war so recently ended. Naturally they are trying to forget those terrible days of 1918. Yet there is one phase of the struggle which should be kept forever fresh in our minds, the memory of the Americans who fought and died and won. This could be done in no better way than by making the eleventh of November, the day of the great final triumph, a national holiday. It should, indeed, be a worldwide holiday commemorating the salvation and independence of the nations. At any rate, we should see to it that this great day of democracy is held sacred among us, in commemoration of the men who turned the tide of battle and made possible for the Allies speedy victory.—J. S. M.

The workingman has certain incontestable rights upon which he is now insisting with rather complete success. Living wages, working hours allowing a reasonable period of rest, recreation, and representation in the management and profits of industry are the just deserts of the worker. These rights are fundamental and natural, but in defending them we must not overlook the rights of capital. Nor must the rights of either labor or capital injure the general welfare. Capitalists have been selfish, tyrannical, and oppressive, but they have no monopoly on these traits. There is good reason to believe that labor, given the upper hand can be as oppressive as has been its oppressor. It is axiomatic that both capital and labor are necessary for production. The capitalist deserves a fair return on his investment, just as the laborer does for his labor. Labor can, quite as well as capital, learn

important lessons from the present chaotic condition of Russia. When the worker demands "shorter hours and higher wages" he may be unreasonable. Shorter hours means shorter production; higher wages, higher productive cost. The less produced, the less to be divided. Again, small production and high productive cost make for high prices. If the capital invested does not return its owner a fair profit he will naturally withdraw it. Let the workers put in a reasonable number of hours and maintain larger-scale production. Thus, there will be more to divide and, according to the law of supply and demand, prices will drop, which means that the worker can purchase more of what he needs with his present wage. The laborers seem to be forgetting that every question has two sides, and that the use of a little common sense generally yields good results.—M. J. T.

Frequent and daily Communion is the most cherished of Notre Dame customs. It is the inspiration of the true Notre Dame spirit.

Priests and Brothers have commended us for our devotion to the Eucharist, unconscious, no doubt, of the fact that it has been their zeal which brought us this grace. Sometimes, we are perhaps a bit surprised at ourselves. But this is not a time for self-praise. Never before has Notre Dame opened her doors to so many strangers. Never before have old students been given such opportunity of showing themselves real Notre Dame men as at this time. The new men observe us, will imitate us. If we are the right kind of Notre Dame men, if we like the place, its customs, and its traditions, we ought to set an example in those things that we like best to do and those things of which we are proudest. "I saw him at Mass and Communion every day" is the finest tribute that can be paid us after we have gone out. Men will forget whether or not we were good athletes, good debaters, or just good-fellows; but they will not fail to remember us as good Catholic students if we are faithful to this most sacred tradition of "Our Lady". The old men already know and the new men will soon know that the best students, the best athletes, the best-liked men are those who go silently into the basement chapel, hear Mass, and receive Holy Communion daily. And why should it not be so? If we have faith in the great Physician, why should not His Remedy make us better?

—A. B. H.

Under the title "Blessings of Association," the South Bend *Tribune* for Monday, October 13th, had the following as leading editorial:

South Bend is beginning to realize in larger degree the benefits of intimate association with the twin educational institutions, the University of Notre Dame and St. Mary's college, in which, during all the years of their existence, it has had a local pride. Without speaking of the material benefits, which are numerous and obvious, it is sufficient to take note of those which have occurred through distinction imparted to South Bend as a university city, a seat of learning, and the reflected light in which the city is so displayed, as well as that enjoyed through the incidental presence within her borders of eminent persons drawn here from our own and foreign lands by the great schools which stand upon her borders.

Many celebrated persons have visited South Bend because of the proximity of Notre Dame and St. Mary's. Without including the church dignitaries from this and other countries who have honored the city with their presence and interest we may name such eminent men as Gen. Grant, Gen. Sherman, James A. Garfield, James G. Blaine, President Hayes, Wu Ting Fang, the Chinese statesman, and now we are to have as our guest Cardinal Mercier, who comes to America with a message of gratitude from his long-suffering people.

And without straining the subject, South Bend is also indebted to the church organization which founded these great schools for the historical interest which attaches to the city through the early visit to this vicinity of Father Marquette, the mission priest, LaSalle and other French explorers, and for the permanent interest taken in the city by Father Edward Sorin, founder of the schools, and his successors.

These distinctions are unusual and may well be envied by other American cities. They are evidence that South Bend, though devoted to industry and commerce, is not a sordid city and that its people have the vision to look beyond and above the material prosperity they enjoy and partake of the sweets of mental and spiritual advancement.

His Eminence Cardinal Gibbons is urging every American Catholic to use as his book of devotion the *Manual of Prayers*, the prayer-book compiled under the direction of the Third Plenary Council of Baltimore. This kindly suggestion by the spiritual shepherd of America should find a loyal response in every American Catholic. The *Manual* is the most complete, authoritative, and elegant compilation of the sublime prayers of the Church we have in the English language. Catholics "cannot fail to grow," as the Cardinal himself has said, "in solid Catholic piety when reading attentively and reverently the beautiful word-forms consecrated by the ecclesiastical usages of centuries and endorsed for ages by the living authority of God's Church."—L. L. W.

President De Valera at Notre Dame.

Eamon De Valera, President of the Irish Republic, spent at Notre Dame on Wednesday, October the fifteenth, what he termed his "happiest day since coming to America." From the time when the sixteen hundred Notre Dame men joined in "a big U. N. D. for De Valera" till Doctor Burns bade him *bon voyage* on leaving, the visitor smiled his satisfaction. Hon. Harry P. Boland, T. D. E., and Sean Nunan, secretary to Mr. De Valera, enjoyed their first impression of the University



PRESIDENT DE VALERA

so much that they have promised to return soon for the purpose of learning the secret of the Notre Dame spirit. Rev. Dr. James Grattan Mythen, Episcopal pastor in Norfolk, Virginia, now in the company of the Irish President on his tour of the Country, is rapidly becoming a staunch friend of Notre Dame and has signified his intention of returning within the year.

The Presidential party was met at the Oliver Hotel on Wednesday morning by Doctors Burns, Walsh, and Hagerty, and the officers of the Notre Dame Branch of the Friends of Irish Freedom. Upon his arrival at the Uni-

versity, Mr. De Valera received one of the greatest ovations that Notre Dame has ever accorded a visitor. After exchanging greetings with Very Rev. Provincial Morrissey and the members of the faculty, he proceeded to the statue of Father Corby, at the foot of which he laid a wreath bearing the inscription "From Eamon De Valera in loving tribute to Father Corby who gave general absolution to the Irish Brigade at Gettysburg." After he had spoken briefly upon the importance of the rôle played by army chaplains, he was taken to the University Library and shown the Gaelic collection, in which are the sword of General Meagher and the flag of the Irish Brigade. From the Library he went to the center of the quadrangle and there planted a tree as a memorial of his visit. This ceremony was the occasion of several witticisms which delighted the spectators.

President Burns, in introducing Mr. De Valera to the crowd that overflowed Washington Hall, called attention to the fact that Notre Dame was the first university in the country to establish a branch of the Friends of Irish Freedom.

The Irish leader, "feeling," as he said, "perfectly at home in college once more," held the close attention of his audience for a full hour, after which he went to St. Mary's College for a brief address, while Dr. Mythen and Hon. Patrick H. O'Donnell, of Chicago, addressed in turn the Notre Dame audience. Mr. De Valera's appeal for Ireland, to be printed later in the SCHOLASTIC, will go down in the annals of Notre Dame. Dr. Mythen in his few minutes of speech enhanced still further the reputation he created here last year, and Mr. O'Donnell was impressive on the subject of the League of Nations.

At St. Mary's Mr. De Valera was given a most hearty welcome. He spoke briefly to the young ladies, recalling his experiences in teaching girls in Ireland; and urged the students of St. Mary's to exert their influence for the cause of Erin. The distinguished visitor and his party then returned to Notre Dame for dinner, after which he paid his respects to the Minims at St. Edward's Hall and in response to their "nine rabs" decreed a holiday. He next paid a visit to the nuns at the Holy Cross Convent, Notre Dame. At one-thirty he left for Detroit, accompanied as far as Niles by a delegation from the University.—T. J. TOBIN.

University Bulletin.

Father O'Hara, Dean of the Department of Commence, announces that all students, regardless of their course of study, are invited to the meetings of the Notre Dame Chamber of Commerce, held every week on Sunday, Monday, Tuesday, and Thursday evenings immediately after night prayer in the basement of the Library.

The cafeteria will hereafter be closed from eight to ten o'clock every morning except on Thursday.

Attention is called to the Novena for the success of the students' retreat, which begins today and continues until the opening of the retreat.

The heads of the various organizations should make it a point not to have their meetings extend over the time for night prayer, which time is from 7:30 to 7:45 every evening, except on Wednesdays and Saturdays; nor should they schedule meetings to begin at 7:30 in the evening.

The Director of Studies announces that after this week no student will be granted any re-arrangement of classes or any change of course.

The Brownson Literary and Debating Society holds its regular weekly meeting at 7:45 on Thursday evening in the Columbian Room, 219 Main Building. All students are invited to the meetings and eligibility to membership in the society extends to all men of college standing.

FOUND:—A sum of money on the University grounds. The owner may apply to Brother Cajetan, of St. Edward's Hall.

FOUND.—The following articles have been found at the University recently: Some note books; steel pencils; two fountain pens; Ingersoll watch; two signet rings; and cuff links; keys; a sweater; tennis racket; bathing cap. Owners may apply in Brownson study hall.

The next meeting of Knights of Columbus will be held the coming Tuesday evening in the council chamber in Walsh Hall at 7:45. Following the business session Rev. Dr. Thomas P. Irving, C. S. C., will address the Knights. Davis' Orchestra will furnish the entertainment.

Local News.

—George Murphy, varsity pitcher of 1917, registered last week. George will be a big help to the varsity nine this year.

—The Iowa Club met for the first time this year on October 14th in the University Library and elected as officers, Joseph O'Hara, president; Norton Sullivan, vice-president; Richard Swift, secretary; Clement Mulholland, treasurer; and Paul Barry, sergeant-at-arms.

—The Latin-American Association held the first banquet of its social year last Sunday night in the Rotary Room of the Oliver Hotel with an attendance of fifty members. An interesting program followed the six-course dinner, at which Enrique Rosselot acted as toastmaster.

—Charlie Davis, local jazz artist, organized the University orchestra last week. The majority of last year's "Jazzeus Extraordinary" are back and a wealth of new material is showing unusual promise. The orchestra held its first practice Thursday morning in Music Hall.

—The Knights of Columbus of Michigan City gave an informal reception last Sunday evening in honor of the Reverend President of the University. Father Burns is a native of Michigan City and many friends and acquaintances took advantage of the occasion to renew old memories.

—The Sophomore Class held its first meeting in the Library last Tuesday evening. The following members were elected as officers for the year: Roger J. Kiley, president; J. P. Hart, vice-president; James Jones, secretary; A. Harold Weber, treasurer, and L. A. Mahoney, sergeant-at-arms.

—Notre Dame men who saw more than six months of service with the Army met in the University Library Tuesday night, October 1st, and formed the Notre Dame War-Veterans' Club. Harry Denny, of Bridgeport, Connecticut, was appointed chairman of the committee on rules. The advisability of forming a Notre Dame branch of the American Legion will be discussed at the next meeting.

—On Sunday evening, September 28th, the Holy Cross Literary Society met to organize for the coming year. Despite the depletion of the society by the recent re-arrangement of the seminarians' course, the members anticipate a most successful year. William C. Havey, as president, will pilot the organization through

its literary entanglements. He will be assisted by James J. Ryan, as vice-president. Frank P. Goodall was made secretary; Michael Mangan, treasurer; James Hogan, critic, and Joseph Rick, reporter. Arthur Hope, Cornelius Palmer, and William H. Robinson comprise the executive committee.

—The congratulations of the University are extended to the six brothers who made their temporary vows on Wednesday, October 8th. The profession was preceded by an eight-day retreat under the direction of the Rev. James O'Brien, C. S. C. The newly professed are Brothers Damien, Andrew, Gabriel, Ignatius, Norbert and Alexis.

—Mr. Mark Sullivan, formerly associate editor of *Collier's Weekly*, and one of the leading reporters at the Peace Conference, will lecture in Washington Hall at 8:00 p. m. on October the 25th, on "Reporting the Peace Conference." Mr. Sullivan will be glad to answer in an informal way any questions that anyone may wish to ask concerning the Conference or conditions in Europe.

—Many former Notre Dame football stars have signed to play with professional teams for this season. Cofall, captain of the famous '16 eleven, will manage the renowned Masillon warriors. He has chosen Gus Dorais to play quarter and Harry Baujan to take the end position. Gillie Ward and Gus Edwards have signed to play the guard positions on Jim Thorpe's team at Canton, O. The progress of our former stars in professional circles will be watched with keen interest by Notre Dame enthusiasts.

—The second meeting of the Brownson Literary and Debating Society, held last Thursday in the Columbian Room of the Main Building, was marked by the return of several old members and the addition of many first-year men. President Tierney's request for ex-tempore volunteers brought ready and able response from Alfred N. Slaggert, J. Sinnott Meyers, Alden J. Cusick, Leo L. Ward, J. Worth Clark, and Joseph Sullivan. Announcement was made of the program committee, which will be composed of Emmet Sweeney, Worth Clark, and Joseph Sullivan. In answer to the many enquiries concerning the society, it is announced that the meetings are held every Thursday evening in room 219 of the Main Building and that all college men are eligible for membership.

—SINNOTT J. MEYERS.

Personals.

—Jeremiah Foley, former student, of Taunton, Mass., visited here for a few days this week.

—"Freddie" Mahaffey (LL. B. '17) is now employed by the Federal Finance Co., of Indianapolis, Ind.

—John Jerome Kiley (student 1913-15) now lives at Marion, Ind., where he is employed as office-manager by the Rutenber Electric Co. of that city.

—Paul Fenelon (LL. B. '19), who is now employed in the legal department of the First National Bank, Chicago, Ill., spent last week-end at Notre Dame.

—"Big" John Boyle (former student of Walsh Hall), who was recently discharged from service, is now superintendent of Road Construction with the Hutter Construction Co. in Wisconsin.

—"Ted" Rademaker (B. S. '19) is employed in the advertising department of Butler Bros., Chicago, Ill. "Ted" was an expert pole vaulter here and was captain of last year's track team.

—Mr. Speer Strahan (A. B. '17) has re-entered St. Joseph's Novitiate after more than a year's absence, due to illness. With the return of health we expect to see evidence that the muse has not deserted our talented young poet.

* —Robert E. Vaughan (football star '08-'09) is coaching the Wabash Eleven this year. The "Little Giants" will not regret their choice if knowing their game and being able to play it are the qualifications of a good coach.

—John W. Turk, of Bardewell, Ky., formerly commander of Company No. 2, S. A. T. C., at Notre Dame, visited his "student-soldier" friends here recently. The former "loot" is now a student of Agriculture at Cornell University.

—"Larry" Doyle (M. E. '19) is now employed as assistant chief-engineer of the Conrad Standpipe Co., New York City. If "Larry" displays as much "pep" in the commercial world as he did at Notre Dame we know he will be successful.

—John J. Smith, former student of Cadillac Hall, visited old acquaintances at the University last week. John was recently discharged as Captain in the Infantry, U. S. A., after having spent twelve months with the A. E. F. in Russia. At present he is in Washington, D. C., where he was summoned to appear before the Adjutant General to report the condition of the American

troops overseas. The "flyer from Boston" expects to return soon to Hammond, Ind., where he will take up the practice of architectural engineering.

—Rev. H. C. Hengell, rector of St. Paul's University chapel, at Madison, Wis., will give a series of lectures this fall to the girls of St. Mary's College. Father Hengell has a vigorous, jolly personality, and St. Mary's students will undoubtedly enjoy his talks on the problems of student life, with which he is intimately acquainted.

—We have news that two more Notre Dame "grads", Oscar Dorwin (Ph. B., '16) and Joseph Suttner (LL. B., '19) are doing post-graduate work in law at Harvard University. There are also six of our former undergraduates at Harvard this year: Ed. Donohue, Joseph Halloran, Joseph Cole, Karl Pfeiffer, Robert Kremp and William Sherry.

—Lamont McLaughlin (student of Corby Hall 1916-17), who is now employed by the Chevrolet Motor Company, witnessed the Notre Dame-Mt. Union game Saturday. "Shorty" regrets that he is not back with "the ole gang" this year, but is too much interested in the automobile game to complete his studies. His many friends wish him success.

—The many friends of Rev. Francis M. O'Connell (varsity short-stop '11-'13) will be pleased to hear that he has almost entirely recovered from an attack of typhoid which for a time threatened his life. Father O'Connell was one of the most popular baseball players Notre Dame ever had, as his college nickname "Happy" suggests. He is at present situated in Dubois, Penn.

—Stuart H. Carroll, who was a member of the first graduating class in Journalism at Notre Dame, is now assistant circulation manager of the *Home Sector*, a magazine published monthly in New York City for the interest of discharged soldiers and sailors. "Stew" established an enviable record in Paris as circulation manager of the *Stars and Stripes* for two years, and with his assistance, the *Home Sector* can be nothing but a success.

—The marriage of Miss Angela Connors, of Wilmington, Ill., to Thomas B. Curry, of Hartford, Conn., was solemnized last Wednesday at Hartford. Miss Connors was graduated by St. Mary's College in 1914, the same year in which "Tom" finished at Notre Dame. Mr. Curry is

now practising in Hartford with his brother "Jim" (LL. B. '14). The SCHOLASTIC extends hearty congratulations to the newly wedded couple, in the name of their many friends at St. Mary's and Notre Dame.

—James A. Curry (LL. B. '14), secretary to the Mayor of Hartford, Connecticut, has been selected as vice-president for the East in the National Co-operative Re-adjustment Association. The purpose of this organization, which was formed at the convention of mayors and governors held in Washington a few months ago, is to "halt the growing trend toward extreme radicalism and that chaotic state of mind called Bolshevism, while promoting greater harmony between labor and capital."

—Six Brothers of the Holy Cross Congregation who were students last year are now doing admirable work in the field of education. They are located as follows: Brother Edmond, Central Catholic High School, Fort Wayne, Ind.; Brother Benedict, Central Catholic High School, Evansville, Ind.; Brother Edward, Sacred Heart College, Watertown, Wis.; Brothers Brendan and Camillus, Holy Cross College, New Orleans, La.; Brother Finbar, Holy Trinity High School, Chicago, Ill.

—George D. Haller (Ph. B. in Jour. '19), president of the senior class of 1919 and one of the editors of the SCHOLASTIC last year, is now professor in English at Columbia College, Portland, Ore. Previous to the acceptance of this position, he was employed on the staff of the *Cleveland Press*. George is a fervent student of Irish history and is one of the founders of the Friends of Irish Freedom at Notre Dame. He established a brilliant record as a student and Columbia is quite fortunate in securing his services.

—William Elbert Carrico, former professor at Columbia College, Portland, Ore., was recently united in marriage to Miss Rose Delaney, of Kalamazoo, Mich. The ceremony was performed at St. Augustine's church in that city by Rev. Timothy Murphy, C. S. C. Mr. Carrico returned recently from a year's service on the St. Mihiel and Argonne fronts. He is a former student of this University and is a brother to Rev. J. Leonard Carrico, of Notre Dame. The bride is a graduate of Nazareth Academy, Kalamazoo. The SCHOLASTIC extends them hearty congratulations.

—CONAGHAN-O'HARA.

Athletic Notes.

NOTRE DAME 60; MT. UNION 7.

Gone is the gloom that pervaded the air after the ragged first game of football with the Kalamazoo eleven two weeks ago. The Gold and Blue showed itself far above the expectations of the most ardent football enthusiasts last Saturday when Mount Union, the much-advertised claimants to a string of state championships in Ohio crumbled before the terrific onslaughts of Rockne's machine. At the final whistle the blond mentor's charges had to their credit a total of sixty points, one for every minute of play. Mt. Union was fortunate in scoring a lone touchdown and a goal in the first quarter, the result of one of the most neatly-executed forward passes ever seen on Cartier Field. With the week of hard work since the last game the N. D. warriors are well groomed for their hard battle with Nebraska at Lincoln this afternoon.

Mt. Union displayed a few flashes of quality in the first quarter. Then, of necessity, the Buckeyes lapsed into a feeble defensive in an effort to stay the powerful march of Notre Dame's touchdown artists. Gipp, Mohardt, Bergman and Phelan in their brilliant end runs looked in vain for Mt. Union tacklers. After the first quarter the contest developed into a combination of football game and track meet.

In the first few minutes of play, the Gold and Blue, by the agency of Gipp and Malone, blazed a trail toward Mt. Union's goal, and before the echo of the opening cheer was dead "Rock's" catapults had registered their first touchdown and a goal. Kirk, Notre Dame's star end, kicked to McKaskey, who returned the ball twenty yards, and then Cholley, the star half for the Buckeyes, succeeded with a few lucky gains in placing the pigskin within striking distance of the Hoosier goal. Next came the spectacular pass, Cholley to Brown, in which the ball went over for the enemy's only score. Furious with determination to stop further advances the Notre Dame line became adamant, and the backs slashed around one end or the other on every snap of the ball from Madigan. In the last three quarters Notre Dame staged a series of irresistible attacks, crossing the visitors' goal line eight times.

As to the stars—there was a whole constellation, in which Gipp, Bergman, Bahan, Coughlin, Malone and Mohardt were most conspicuous.

For the visitors Cholley and McKaskey were the blue-ribbon entries.

Notre Dame (60)

| | | |
|-------------|-------|----------------|
| Kirk | L. E. | Mt. Union (7). |
| Coughlin | L. T. | McBride |
| H. Anderson | L. G. | Robinson |
| Madigan | C. | Windle |
| Smith | R. G. | H. Brown |
| Cudahy | R. T. | Zimmerman |
| E. Anderson | R. E. | Cady |
| Bahan | Q. B. | L. Brown |
| Malone | R. H. | Marsh |
| Gipp | L. H. | McKaskey |
| Phelan | F. B. | Cholley |
| | | Wolf |

Summary. Substitutions: Brandy for Bahan, Bergman for Malone, Mohardt for Gipp, Barry for Bergman, Walsh for Mohardt, Pearson for Brandy, Crowley for Cudahy, Slackford for Phelan, Kasper for Slackford, Cooley for Smith, Connors for H. Anderson, Prokup for Kirk, Hayes for E. Anderson; Mount Union—Eckis for Robinson. Touchdowns: Malone, 2; Gipp, Slackford, Mohardt, Kasper, Walsh, Phelan, Bergman; Mt. Union—L. Brown. Goals from touchdowns: N. D.—Bahan, 3; Brandy, 3; Mt. Union—McKaskey. Referee: Clark, of Indiana; umpire: Durfee, of Williams; Head Linesman—Courtwright, of Michigan Agricultural College.

Notre Dame is on foreign soil today, for one of the most important games of the year. A victory over the "Cornhuskers" at Lincoln this afternoon will mean a flying start for a clean record this season and a high bid for Western honors. In fact, Notre Dame's hopes for the honors will probably be decided in this game. When Coach Rockne left Thursday afternoon with his squad of twenty-two, nearly every man was in perfect trim and ready to put up the battle of his career. The team was due to arrive at Lincoln yesterday morning, and a light workout was scheduled at Nebraska Field for the afternoon. Today's game is number five with the University of Nebraska in as many years, of which the "Huskers" have won two and tied one. Nebraska's victories were 20 to 19 in 1915, and 7-0 in 1917. The Gold and Blue shut them out 20-0 in 1916 and held them last year to a scoreless tie. Nebraska has one of the most powerful teams in her history, as suggested by the game with Minnesota last week, in which the "Badgers" were held 6 to 6.

Student subscriptions have made it possible to lease a special wire which will bring the game play by play to the Notre Dame gymnasium. The occasion will be enlivened by the Davis' Jazz Orchestra, songs, stunts, and cheers. It has been traditional many years for the Notre Dame students to gather in the "gym" while

the team is playing abroad to follow by wire the tide of battle and cheer every effort of the Gold and Blue, though a thousand miles away. Everybody should be out for the biggest "pep" meeting Notre Dame has had in years.

Coach Miller's Freshmen began their season well with a victory over Valparaiso University at Valparaiso last Saturday. The yearlings were not expected to win, but in the first quarter Coughlin recovered a fumbled punt on Valparaiso's twenty-five yard line and the backs took it over for the only score of the game. Kicking the goal gave them a 7-0 victory. A muddy field prohibited open playing and a kicking game resulted, in which Degree and Kasner did some excellent work. The Freshmen had two other chances to score but failed; the Valparaiso eleven failed to get down into the danger zone at all. The squad of twenty men who made the trip report excellent treatment. They are playing Culver Military Academy today at Culver.

The Notre Dame "Preps", under the tutelage of Jake Kline, will invade Elkhart this afternoon for a return game with the Elkhart High School. The "Preps" have won a game from the Elkhart team this year by a margin of two touchdowns. Today's game should be a closer contest, as the Elkhart team has been rebuilt since the first meet. Robin Brady, of Monroeville, Indiana, has been chosen to captain the "Prep" eleven. Games with several teams of neighboring high schools are being arranged and will be announced soon.

Badin Hall won from Sorin last Sunday afternoon the opening game of the interhall football series, after three quarters of scoreless playing. The final count was 20 to 0. Shea scored two touchdowns and Farwick one in the fourth period. The "Sorinites", led by Frank Murphy, and coached by "Hunk" Anderson, put up a game, fight for three periods, when injuries and breaks began to tell. Badin's better drilled team fumbled badly in the first part of the fray, losing thereby excellent chances to score. Murphy of Sorin was the outstanding star of the game, his defensive efforts robbing Badin of several long runs.

The Corby-Walsh game, postponed to Monday, was again put off when the question of

eligibility halted the battle just as it was about to begin. Corby refused to play without the men in question and left the field. The difficulty will probably be carried before the Athletic Board for adjustment, and the interhall eligibility rules of past years will be either altered or re-affirmed.

Interhall games scheduled for tomorrow are between Brownson and Corby in the morning, and Walsh and Badin in the afternoon. The Brownson and Corby teams will be making their first appearance, and hence their work will be closely watched.

FIELD DAY AT ST. EDWARDS.

The annual field day of St. Edward's Hall on St. Edward's Day, the 13th, was an event of great interest and much enthusiasm among the youngsters. The results in the various events are listed in the following summary:

The 60-yard dash, first grade: C. Corley, first, E. Davey, second; second grade: W. Rogerson, first, Menden, second; third grade: E. Hosinski, first, Stafford, second; fourth grade: Holleran, first, Oneto, second; fifth grade: T. Duffy, first, W. Crampton, second. Three-legged race, first grade: McNulty first, J. Reardon, second; second grade: Stevens, first, Jenkins, second; third grade: Sanches, first, Obando, second; fourth grade: H. Corley, first, Koontz, second. Backward race, first grade: Smedley, first, Textonius, second; second grade: Grant, first, Hazelmire, second; third grade, Oatman, first, Lewis, second; fourth grade: M. Hosinski, first, H. Corley, second. Sack race, first grade: Haw, first, Opitz, second; second grade: Swonk, first, Morgan, second; third grade: Connolley, first, Sanches, second; fourth grade: B. Howard, first, Donahue, second. Consolation race, first grade: Rogers, first, R. Gardener, second; second grade: Thompson, first, Mangan, second; third grade: Helmuth, first, Godor and Murphy tied for second; fourth grade: A. French, first, G. Reardon, second. Special race: R. Jones, first Oneto, second. Special backward race (for small boys): Jack Duffy, first, T. Duffy, second. Special races for non-winners in previous events, first grade: A. Howard, first, Stern, second; second grade: G. Graf, first, Visk and Oleschak, tied for second; third grade: Odom, first, Wehle, second; fourth grade: Styhle, first, Mangan, second. Bicycle races, first grade:

Textonius, first, Stevens, second; second grade: Grant, first, Hall, second; third grade: Stetaur, first, Stafford, second; third grade; Sanches, first, Worden, second; fifth grade: B. Rogerson, first, T. Duffy, second.—SLAGGERT-STARRETT.

In a recent letter from someone, signed merely "An Alumnus and Former Athlete" and posted at the general office in Chicago, the writer of the "Athletic Notes" in our issue for September the 27th was taken to task as follows:

October 4, 1919.

Dear Sir:

Your article in the SCHOLASTIC of September 27 has come to my attention. It contains very little on football, but a great deal on "fighting Irish spirit." Such characterizations do not do Notre Dame any good. Besides others have and do attend N. D. who are not Irish. If you study Notre Dame's athletic history you will find that most of her athletic prowess was gained by others than Irishmen. You have yet a long life to lead and much to learn. Better start now! And in these days, you know, we are *all Americans*.

AN ALUMNUS AND FORMER ATHLETE.

It is our rule, of course, to ignore anonymous letters of this kind, but for the benefit of our brave alumnus and any others who may think with him, if such there be, we invite replies by undergraduates of Notre Dame, to be published in our next issue.—*Supervising Editor*.

Safety Valve.

Is It?

Oh, my hair is thick and brown!
And there's not a man in town
That the pretty girls are crazier to wed;
But, my sweetheart, tell me this,
As your cherry lips I kiss,
Will you love me when I have a barefoot head?

Will you love me darling, fair,
When my head grows through my hair
And I have to wash my face clear down my back?
Will you still call this your home
When a towel, not a comb
You will always find within my toilet pack?

Did I hear you say, sweet thing,
That you'd gladly tie a string
Round my forehead so that I would always know
When I started with such grace
Every day to wash my face
Just how far up I would be supposed to go?

Did you whisper in my ear
That each morning of the year
On my unthatched dome your maiden eyes would dote
It would take from you all care
For since my poor head was bare
You would have to brush no dandruff from my coat?

If it's so I'm yours for life,
You will always be my wife;
But remember, precious darling, what you said—
That when all my locks are picked
And my pate is nicely slicked,
You will not despise my shining barefoot head.

1st. Student.—Where is Snoring Hall?

2d Student.—Why that's our English class room during the 1:15 class hour.

No, Harold, the conservatory of music is not in Rockefeller Hall, neither is the class in dramatic expression taught in the butcher shop.

The latest song sold in the Student's Office is entitled "How can I put two hundred in a half 'o dozen rooms?" or, "Will green apples make the students double up?"

WHERE IS THAT ASH BARREL?

Abraham Lincoln, we are told, dug the first book he ever read out of an ash barrel, and we'll probably have to do the same if we want a text book for our classes before Christmas.

"No," she said as she pulled an ingrown hair out of the mohair sofa and let it fall softly to the ground, "you're not the same as you used to be. You never pet me anymore and tell me I'm the sweetest girl in all the wide, wide world. You never assure me that your every thought is all for me alone and that my eyes hold all the sunshine of the world. You never—"

"Darling," he said, taking her hands in his and drawing her close to him, "our English teacher is making us read the Bible and last week I read about what happened to old man Annanias."

We were just wondering what college students ever did before the Red Book and Hearst's Magazine were published.

A WARNING.

It's time to shed your B. V. D.'s,
The days are getting cold,
The leaves are dropping from the trees,
The autumn's growing old.
The birds are flying South in beavies—
Be wise, my friend; put on you heavies.

SOAP IS HIGH.

Speaking of "black hands," we think Carroll Hall has the best collection of them in the world.

INDUCEMENTS.

We rise at six o'clock on every morning
And go to morning prayer to save our soul.
The meals are so desirous
And the classes never tire us,
For all the profs are very nice and droll.
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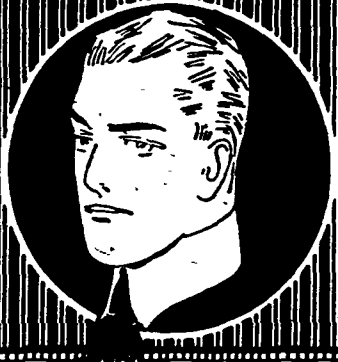
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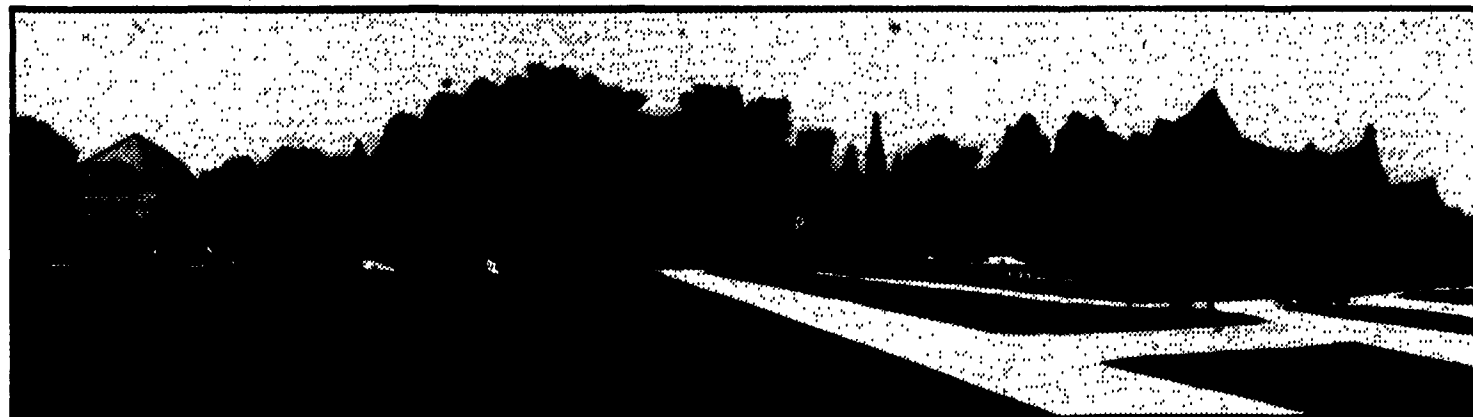
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