

The Notre Dame Scholastic

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

VOL. LIV.

NOTRE DAME, INDIANA, OCTOBER, 9, 1920.

No. 3.

Song.

V. E.

WHEN Fall comes winging
Adown the breeze;
Drying the meadowlands,
Stripping the trees,
Sing, softly, muse, of May and June—
Dusk, the shadows, and a half-pale moon.

Sing of a stream and of branches o'erhanging,
Croon of the soothing forest shade—
Swell to an echoing outburst of sweetness,
Fade, to a whisper, gently, fade.

When Fall comes swooping
O'er hill and stream,
Blowing the end
Of a summer's dream
Sing, softly, muse, of May and June
Dusk, the shadows and a half-pale moon.

The Refractory Art of Being a Young Man.

EUGENE M. HINES, '23.

THERE are not many things that one can say hold true for all men: among these few universal remarks none is so profound, so awe-inspiring as the fact that every man was at some time or other young. Julius Caesar was once a mere stripling who cast dice elsewhere than over the Rubicon; Napoleon upon a certain occasion was no more than eighteen years old, and it is asserted on the best authority that Abraham Lincoln was once not old enough to vote. Beardless males have been dubbed everything from "pride of my old age" to "silly ass"; they have inspired more praise and more profanity than the British Empire ever received. Plays have dealt with them from "Hamlet" to "Seventeen"; essayists have gravely discussed them, from Plato to Montaigne; good advice has been hurled at them from every soap-box and pulpit in the world. It is not strange, then, that one who is a mere young man should survey the prospect

with some misgivings. A creature who is so much harangued must be important to an extraordinary degree. Mere grown-up man is forgotten; he is only the "tired business man," the target for hair-tonic advertisements, and the much-needed Chancellor of the Exchequer. Once in a while he may be expected to growl; occasionally his private stock will lend him a most amiable hilarity, but in general he is laid aside for reference as "dear old dad." Of very necessity, therefore, the young man regards himself as the center of the attraction; for him thousands upon thousands of young ladies are dutifully powdering their noses, myriads of jobs are waiting to be filled, and unexplored gold-mines are yawning for the day when he will come round.

However, the thoughtful young man must needs view the situation with certain perplexity. What do folks want him to do, anyway? Times have changed. One is thankful that the old Indian system of having the young brave run the gauntlet has been discontinued. Most youths are happy that there are no knights in need of squires, and that it is not regarded as essential for the second son to join the army or to raise sheep in Australia. And still, the twentieth century has not improved much on these methods, for the old advice holds good. For instance, it is inconceivable that a modern youth should not be togged out in regal splendor. The literature of the clothing advertisement has been written emphatically to express this truth. So, for the purpose of drawing a smile from sister and a kiss from Susan, the youth hies himself to a perfectly respectable establishment for the concealment of the human form. During a period of several hours he buttons himself into coats, turns dutifully round in front of critical mirrors, and listens to a volume of Ciceronian oratory whose courtesy and deference have never been surpassed by the Shah's most subservient prime-minister, goes color-blind before the prismatic compounds

of sundry shirts, and perverts his cranium with the latest development of capillary concealment. And finally, his arms filled with dazzling raiment, he finds out that after all the words of Scripture have been fulfilled and he has fallen among robbers. Yea, even again has black-eyed Susan proved a man's undoing. But after all, the clothes are fine and a fellow needs a girl.

Scene: a parlor in a fashionable suburban home. Enter young man with pocket handkerchief tucked properly in upper left hand pocket. Sits down and admires the environment, especially a statue which—fumbles for tickets to the show, wonders whether taxicab driver charges by the hour or the minute. Regards watch with air of bewilderment; silence reigns supreme. He begins to feel hungry, tired, desperate, foolish, poetical, prosaic, and like a fisherman on a day when they will not bite. At this hour enters a sweet young thing, attired in nothing concrete, with an odour of violets, bath-soap, and Wrigley's Spearmint that would send a spaniel into hysterics. She murmurs something, he murmurs something. Whirr - - goes the taxicab. They promenade down the middle aisle and squirm past a half-dozen elderly persons, whose avoirdupois is not all essential, into a seat from which they can eat caramels and express their sentiments without wasting too much time on the stage furniture. Down goes the curtain, exeunt young man and his source of desperation. Whirr - - goes the taxicab, to her chamber goeth the fair maiden, to his home goes the young man, and to pieces goes "dad." About a month after, another Cleopatra appears on the horizon. Sweetness No. One is discarded for saccharine No. Two. And finally the young man goes insane and—but wait.

Father summons the young man into his serious presence. Along the wall are Shakespeare and Dickens, the 'Great Galveston Disaster, and the Unexpurgated Edition of Euclid's Arithmetic. The patriarch mutters something about "getting an education." He is not sure whether it ought to be manual training or a school for defectives, but this he keeps to himself. The young man says a word, a feeble word, about going to work, and decides to take up football and dancing. After a week or so it is discovered that there is a vacant coal-bin in Walsh Hall. Off goes the train, and the young man is confronted with the rules of discipline. Some insignificant amoebas whom the general

multitude dubs "profs" insist that they are running a University, that newspapers and poker are not in the curriculum, and that classes are the only things that begin on time. At night he is confronted with one table (rheumatic) and one bed (asthmatic) along with Father Sorin's chair and a key. The young man is bewildered and wonders whether or not he is Robinson Crusoe. Of course the man Friday has gone on a strike and that re-assures him. In due time he discovers how to keep study out of daily life and how to mesmerize the faculty. In fact he begins to like it just a little. At certain intervals he is led out to the football field for vocal training; Washington Hall proves to him that the Father of his Country was right when he said, "Keep out of foreign affairs." The young man admits it but what's the use?

By this time the young man, who hitherto has been as impractical and unpractical as a polar bear on the Atlantic City beach, suddenly develops into a veritable model of efficiency. Those magazines and books which tell him how to get on in the world are his constant companions. With avid eye he scans the life-story of men like Thomas Geldhaufen, who left the village grocery for stocks in LaSalle Street. The reporters that hang round the bedside of Mr. Geldhaufen and praise his cigars, jot down the epoch-making information imparted to them so generously. Tom's theory is that anybody can make money by getting down and working hard for somebody. Why, every business is in need of brainy fellows who can show that they have the "stuff" in them. Accordingly, the young man decides to get down: he resigns himself to fate and a bald head, scans the market with knowing eye, and wants to get out and do something. Poetry makes him sick, and metaphysics exhausts his vocabulary. The benevolent spectator may well ask, Why?

Somewhere along a bumpy boulevard dwells the descendant of Juliet, together with her poodle. She is an expert in the art of making eyes, a genius at the gentle process of making "dough" fly. Despite these virtues she has captivated the young man. Upon a balmy evening in late June, when the robins are eating cherries and the ghetto is seriously thinking of taking its annual bath, the young man sinks to his knee. He arises beknighted, minus one diamond ring and plighted a member of the

ancient order of flat-hunters. But not for a moment does the young man doubt that he is the most highly favored mortal in the world. If his thoughts run more to money than to poetry it is simply because of Annabelle's preference.

After this, college life moves on swiftly to its inevitable conclusion. Friendship for the lads he knows is really the finest reward the young man draws from it. "Matt" and "Bill," "Tom" and "Dick"—who could ever forget them? Perhaps, too, some teacher may be voted a regular fellow, who "knows his stuff" and would make good if he chose to work for Armour rather than for a University. When, at last, sheep-skin time arrives with Baccalaureate Sunday, valedictory, and a general packing of trunks, the young man awakes to the startling fact that after all something has been vouchsafed him. His impression of this is wierdly confused: in it is a touch of beauty and sadness, a flicker of truth and holiness, all of those things which another college man, Rupert Brooke, has termed "the heritage of man." What he does with these things in his future life will depend entirely upon himself, and we ring down the curtain on what we do not understand.

So far as we can judge, this is the history of the refractory art of being a young man. It is amusing if one is not more than a mere spectator, but when one is one's self—what is a fellow going to do about it? Perhaps the art of being a young man may best be defined as the task of mixing the ideal with the real. If days of hard work are necessary, may they not be termed the angels of daily bread? If the chains of duty must tie us down, can we not fancy them the arms of love? There are so many things to do besides making a living that anybody who concentrates on the last matter only is neglecting ninety per cent. of life. Chesterton calls chivalry "the baptism of Feudalism"; ought it not to be for us "the baptism of getting a salary?" Over in France they tell a story about a graduating class at St. Cyr, the national military academy. The men were pledged to wear white gloves into battle against the Germans, and never to surrender. Neither did they. Only one out of the fifty-seven survived and he is blind. The chivalry of France thus signed its death-warrant on a warm, peaceful day, but it stepped no less confidently to the music of the drums of death. Surrender of the ideal is the shameless thing:

neglect of the real is the foolish thing. The education we are after will, we hope, teach us the difficult art of keeping one eye on the road and another on the stars, an art which is equivalent to the obligation of being a young man.

The literature we read seems to carry out this idea on every page. King Arthur's knights got up from the round table to chase the heathen from his tyranny. After a while Cervantes showed that the knight, after all, was frequently given to confusing the heathen with a wind-mill. The joint activities of Brutus and Cassius came to naught because they could not succeed in getting half way between heaven and the bottom of the world. Even David Copperfield made a mistake and married Dora. If, then, the masters of thought have anything to say to us, it is the lesson already drawn. Nor do the statesmen, the politicians, indicate any other conclusion. Anybody can see stars, but they are not always the kind to hitch one's wagon to. The present international muddle is the direct result of such astronomy. American history preserves the lives of three great men: Lincoln, Lee, and Washington. The first saw the problem of preserving the ideal of American government and solved it by applying the mathematics of Euclid. The second was the highest type of Christian gentleman that ever wore an army uniform, and yet he planned his campaigns with the amazing skill of a hard-headed Napoleon. The last became the father of his Country because he knew how to fight and how to say his prayers. The historical lesson is taught also in the schools of art and religion. Everywhere man's success has been due to the fact that he brought to work his tools and a dream. We are interested today more than ever before in the vision of Democracy. Young men who have been in the army know how much it cost to pronounce that word in public. They do not believe that the effort was unsuccessful but they are sure that muddled heads have robbed it of half its effectiveness.

With this we shall drop the matter. If when we are old we shall be reddened with toil and given to laconic remarks on the toughness of steak, it will be sufficient consolation to reflect that once we were young. The possible heir of the family will then be in the same fix we were in. Also we trust that by said advanced stage on the road of three-score years and ten we shall have garnered sufficient wisdom to spend the earnings of our hands on another N. D. man.

Varsity Verse.

TO THE LAST SEMOLEON.

Abide with me, ignoble kale
 Whose brothers all have flown!
 I'm not in Dutch, I'm not in jail,
 But I'm in love with you, last bone.
 Lest I on Studie's should be thrown
 Hungarian kibosh to inhale,
 Or ask old Isaac for a loan,
 Abide with me, ignoble kale!
 There was no missive in the mail,
 No mercy from the natal throne;
 The rain of manna and of quail
 Is not in these parts known.
 My girl is sitting all alone
 And shedding tear-drops by the pail;
 She thinks my heart has turned to stone—
 But stay with me, ignoble kale!
 My collar, sure, is turning stale;
 My socks, like islands of Kilhone,
 Are mostly sorrowful detail
 And one clean shirt is all I own;
 What though the buns have turned to stone
 And water takes the place of ale?
 By all the gods on 'Lympus grown
 Abide with me, ignoble kale!

Envoi.

This ballade I shall now postpone,
 A letter came, this morning's mail—
 Gazooks, rah-rah, I'll now intone
 "To h—l with you, ignoble kale!"—M. E. W.

MISTRS

Just when the sun is setting in the glowing golden west,
 And birds are all returning to their homes in feathered
 nest,
 A misty—silver,—glowing cloud arises from the ground
 And covers up the Sins of Man with out a move or
 sound.
 When souls cry out in anguish, for those who are not
 here,
 And waiting,—longing—for a word to bring them hope
 and cheer,
 They saunter forth into the night, as if to seek repose,—
 Then the mystic mist envelopes them, and calms them
 in their woes.
 When hearts are crossed with flames of love, or burning
 with delusion,
 While Memories' pulse with quick'ning note is beating
 in confusion;
 When Life is at its lowest ebb, when Friendship's
 naught but folly,
 The mystic vapor beckons them and soothes their
 melancholy.
 And so my friend, if Fate is cruel, go forth into the
 night,
 Walk you along sequestered vales; behold the wondrous
 sight!
 For though your sins be many, or though your sins be
 few,
 Returning from that silv'ry mist you'll start your life
 anew.—K. W. K.

The Inadequacy of Sensism.

Dockweiler Prize Essay.

WILLIAM C. HAVEY, '20.

Philosophy, inasmuch as it is a working basis of conduct, is somehow reflected in the representative endeavors of a people. For just as ends mark the limits of all operations, so philosophical principles underlie all aims and acts. These principles may be obscured in the whirl and turmoil of living, but their existence can never be doubted. Accordingly, by a scrutiny of such phases of national life as literature, art, education, and social doctrines and practices, the current philosophy can be detected and the tendency of the times perceived.

What is the prevailing philosophy? What principle has the greatest sway? What theory the widest appeal? To answer those questions exactly is indeed difficult, for popular and philosophic fickleness was never greater; never was it harder to foretell the coming caprice. Some, therefore, will say that there is no current philosophy, but only a potpourri of philosophical fatuities—a commingling of all the false systems of all times. And to confirm their contention it will be pointed out that philosophies are now either fashioned for show or rehashed for expediency. "In every editorial office there is a poor Richard to write philosophy to suit any taste. It is all laid before the reader—opinions of all kinds—and he is free to take his choice." Convenient modifications of pragmatism for the entrepreneur; the nebulous symbolism of the Orient, or the muddling mysticism of Rabindranath Tagore, for the pretentiously speculative; eclectic spiritism for the susceptible; hedonism for the pleasure-seeker; and so on—one to suit every type and temperament.

True there are multitudinous philosophical "fads," but our contention is that all these are merely Protean forms of a single system which is pouring its poison into all the passages of modern life, and in such a way that if the flow is not soon checked at the fountain-head, society will be seriously infected. To establish this contention, it shall be our first purpose to indicate that today the ideal and the intellectual are made secondary; that the spiritual sense in man has been dulled by an excessive engrossment with things earthly; that there is an ever-growing tendency to magnify the material, and

to minimize the spiritual—in short, to show that Sensism is predominant.

First, let us understand precisely what Sensism signifies in this thesis, so that in pointing out its trend and demonstrating its danger no reference to any aspect or modification of it may be mistaken. Sensism is that philosophical doctrine which alleges that all knowledge starts at sensation and *stops there*; so that for us the supra-sensible must be synonymous with the unreal, or at least with the unknown. The substantial, the spiritual, the eternal—in fine, the whole of the subject-matter of Ontology lies beyond the province of knowledge. Evidently this system is general and embraces every system which repudiates the super-sensible. And our charge is that men are now actuated greatly by sensistic principles, notwithstanding the clairvoyant craze and the ouija-board whim, and we will endeavor to substantiate that charge before proceeding to a formal criticism.

In recent literature the Sensists' influence is strongly marked. Poets and story-writers have disregarded any recourse to intellection; they have attempted mainly to project sense-images, and the consequence has been that anything beyond the treatment of phenomenal reality is wanting in their writings. Surface qualities are emphasized at the expense of essentials. The diction, which ought properly to embody the idea, is itself accentuated, so that the general impression conveyed does not even intimate the intellectual. It is undeniable that sense-imagery judiciously employed adds a charm to style, but when it is made paramount the effect is a one-sided materialism. And even a cursory glance at the work of present-day poets will show that Sensism runs riot through all their work. Rupert Brooke, Alan Seegar, Ernest Dowson, are frankly sensistic, and the widespread demand for their writings is an indication of the trend of modern taste. The best-known minor poets are imitative of the major. A representative few of the former are: Amy Lowell, who has exploited *vers libre* for strong sense-appeal; Edgar Lee Masters, whose materialistic verse has been made much of; Edith Wharton, who occasioned the comment that "there is surprisingly little poetry that is distinctively Christian being produced nowadays." And the following words are applicable to most modern singers: "He (Rupert Brooke) clings to mortality; to life, not thought; or as he

puts it, to the concrete—let the abstract 'go pack!' His muse knew only earthly tongues." That some work of these poets may be imperishable is a matter of no concern in this thesis: it is enough to point out the extension of Sensism, and anything, be it a poem or a picture, which emphasizes the sensible, and has considerable vogue, will further that purpose.

The novel is just now the most significant of literary prose forms. It is obvious that in the bulk of "best-sellers" lamentably little intellectuality is found either in the style, the characters, or the literary methods. Merely a mention of some contemporary popular authors will substantiate the statement that recent fiction is saturated with Sensism. Theodore Dreiser, whose novels traffic in immorality, both in the upper and lower social strata; Jack London, whose characters are never governed by aught above primitive passions; Louis Vance, Zane Grey, Harold Bell Wright, Robert W. Chambers, Blasco y Ibanez, Edith Wharton—whose principles are pagan—these and many more are popular prose exponents of the prevailing philosophy.

In art many movements, or more definitely "schools," have appeared of late, the whole object of which is to set forth the sensuous. "Painting, or art generally, as such with all its technicalities, is nothing but a noble and expressible language, invaluable as the *vehicle of thought*, but *by itself nothing*," says Ruskin. But recent artists have been either invincibly or crassly ignorant of the necessary inclusion of the intellectual. Millet and Breton always put into their pictures a suggestion of something beyond the domain of sense, for the "Angelus" and the "Song of the Lark" are immeasurably more than a commingling of colors and technic. Compare Renaissance painting, developed during the "Dark Ages," and perfected by Rafael, Titian, and da Vinci, with "Impressionism"—the "reproduction of what is seen at a rapid glance"—and the distinction between real and sensistic art will be apparent. "Good art is nothing but a representation of life." But the fantasies of Futurism prove that painting can parody, as well as represent life, and it proves, too, that the Sensist principle carried to its extreme makes art absurd. It is not necessary to labor the proposition that modern illustration work, as exemplified on magazine covers, does not appeal to the intellect.

Plainly it does not take a highly trained artistic talent to appreciate that the "Discolubulus" is the Greek ideal or canon of the human figure, or that the "Thinker" is not Rodin's but all mankind's notion of the man of thought. Yet modern sculptors are careful to label their carvings. The "Risen Christ" of Jacob Epstein—"The Christ he had fashioned out of his imagination"—lately exhibited in London—was repellant because the spiritual—that subtle something imperishably fixed in marble or bronze by the masters—was absent. This was an example of how far even in irreverence the sensistic goes when it strives in sculpture to produce art without the ideal. And that Sensism is being emphasized in sculpture is demonstrated by the general criticism that modern art is neglecting the ideal. "Culture today is not only degraded, but also declining in what may be called mere mechanical skill. . . . We have not one to model a great bit of sculpture. . . . They (modern artists and writers) avoid the commonplace in poetry and sculpture, to fall into the fantastic." It is true that the intellectual and the spiritual must be embodied in sensible things, but when the sensible features are so pronounced that the former are obscured, then the superiority of genius to instinct is trifling.

Popular modern music is utterly devoid of any kinship with the fine arts. For obviously there is no "musical thought" or spiritual feeling or expression of harmonic beauty in the syncopations of popular composers, but rather a strenuous appeal to the animal passions. The new kindergarten psychology, the new theories of pedagogy, the proclivity in secular colleges and universities to do away with the classical course in favor of technical and specialized studies, the substitution of the Bonet-Simon system of measuring intelligence for the traditional entrance examinations in some leading educational institutions, the code of ethics adopted by the American Federation of Teachers at their 1920 meeting,—these all point to the prevalent practice of repudiating whatever lies outside sensuous observation, and of magnifying the material in education.

Sensism forms the foundation of the social theory now menacing all America. For economic determinism is the corner-stone of the modern Socialist movement. And economic determinism is a cognate of philosophical materialism. "A priori he (Karl Marx) believed that all that ex-

ists is matter. . . . he seems to have concluded that economico-material forces *ultimately* and *necessarily* dominate and determine all social processes, ideas, and institutions. . . . Because of its a priori materialism the Socialist philosophy is fatalistic, as expounded by practically all its prominent advocates. . . . it excludes the *reality of spirit*," declares Father Ryan.

And the materialism of modern commerce has become so frank as to call forth such intense and impressive satires on "big business" as Tarkington's "The Turmoil."

Other criteria of the general tendency are the motion picture, the theatre, sociological doctrines, and "fads." A mention is sufficient to remind anyone that the "screen drama" does not stimulate the formation of ideas. Not sensuous but downright sensual scenes are oftentimes shown, and with what detriment to the mind and morals of American children is manifested by the increasing number of morons and juvenile delinquents. The theatre, according to foremost critics, has reached a deplorably low standard. So strong has become the inclination on the stage to reject any intellectual element that it has been declared that the "American people are caught up in a wave of incredible folly." And the evidence for this is found in the character of plays produced at the leading show-houses of the country, and how popular they are can be gauged by the crowds which attend them. Shakespeare has been supplanted by the problem play; Sheridan by vaudeville "patter" and burlesque obscenities.

The appalling number of divorces shows that marriage is largely no longer a deliberate partnership but a sex association entered into on impulse. Eugenics is the culmination of the social tendency to deify the flesh, and the widespread acceptance of this revolting creed is proof enough that Sensism is a social force. The wane of Browning societies and the like, the augmenting allurements of the dance-hall and the musical-comedy extravaganza and the character of the most popular periodicals indicate unmistakably the decline of the intellectual before the "fad."

We have been at pains to point out that all those modern processes by which a trend can be ascertained are permeated with Sensism in its broadest signification. If this prevailing system is inherently good, then the tendencies are directed toward a salutary condition; if it is inherently bad and false, then the drift is

toward disaster. But whatever makes men unhappy and makes men worse; whatever is an inadequate explanation of knowledge; whatever eventuates in Scepticism; whatever induces the impossibility and vitiates the validity of truth; whatever destroys belief in God and assurance of immortality; whatever annihilates ethics, is really and inherently bad. But Sensism is a system of this kind. It has ever shown its putridness in practice. The demonstration of our case can be clarified and confirmed by a resumé of the history of Sensism.

The doctrine that all beyond the world of objective reality was unknown and unknowable had its inception in the writings of Empedocles and Protagoras. Materialism, an offspring of Sensism—for all materialists are sensists—is first found in the works of Democritus and Leucippus. The former was the founder, the latter the most capable expounder of Atomism, the consequences of which are summed up in the sentence: "It was Atomism which more than any other of the pre-Socratic systems prepared the way for Sophism and the consequent contempt of all knowledge." Metrodorus of Choïs, a disciple of Democritus, drew from the sensualism of his master "sceptical inferences," and thus was the way made ready for Pyrrhonic-scepticism.

Sensism received its first systematic development under Thomas Hobbes (1588-1679) who led out further the empiricism of Francis Bacon. John Locke is deservedly known as the father of all modern doctrines denying supersensuous cognition. His *Essay on the Human Understanding* is "the fountain-head of modern sensism, empiricism, materialism." In England Locke's philosophy took two forms, one an objectivist sensualism, or materialism, and the other subjectivist sensualism. Although at first these theories dealt exclusively with problems of epistemology, theories bearing on moral and religious questions gradually grew out of them. David Hume (1711-1776) reduced all things to an aggregate of expressions and "further regarded the existence of God as incapable of proof. . . . The baneful consequences of his teachings in matters of moral, natural, and social law laid his system open to the charge of scepticism and atheism."

It is noteworthy that this ending in scepticism is parallel to what took place in Greece when the teachings of the Atomists were pushed to their logical limits. A reaction was brought

about, but not of the right kind. For out of the reaction developed the Cambridge School, one of whose members illustrated the "ethical temperament of a civilized age" by declaring that "vice lost half its evil by losing all its grossness."

Sensism in relation to ethics and economics was applied in the "altruistic utilitarianism" of John Stuart Mill. It is significant that Sensism influenced the beginnings of political economy, and with what disastrous effects can be learned from a study of the *laissez-faire* doctrine in English industrial history. The reason is manifest. Sensism does not consider objective standards of justice or charity or moral responsibility—so that the strange situation can arise of having antithetic policies like ultra-conservatism (England, first half nineteenth century) and rampant radicalism (Russia, 1919-1920) thriving upon the same principle.

(Conclusion next week.)

Thoughts.

BY SENIORS.

O Cigarette, where is thy charm?

Hold-up tactics gain little for sweet charity.

It takes more than looks to make a "movie" actor.

To study without ideals is to build without a purpose.

The optimist is the man who still carries a corkscrew.

Fallen are the mighty—Cicotte, Jackson, and Company.

Life is a dream for those who make no more than that of it.

Spend and the world eats with you; save and you eat alone.

Can you imagine the genial Mr. Taft arguing with an umpire?

Jack Dempsey says that it is better to give than to receive.

It is not what we say we can do, but what we do, that counts.

"Campus togs" and tortoise glasses do not make the scholar.

A pretty girl in short skirts is never run down at the crossing.

Lend a man some tobacco and he will come around soon for a match.

The Notre Dame Scholastic

DISCE-QUASI-SEMPER-VICTURUS-VIVE-QUASI-CRAS-MORITURUS

Entered as Second-Class Mail Matter.

Published every Saturday during the School Term at the
UNIVERSITY OF NOTRE DAME.

VOL. LIV.

OCTOBER 9, 1920.

NO. 3.

Board of Editors.

ALFRED N. SLAGGERT, '21 M. JOSEPH TIERNEY, '21
WALTER M. O'KEEFE, '21 EMMETT SWEENEY, '21
MORRIS STARRETT, '21 EDWIN W. MURPHY, '23
HENRY STEVENSON '21 VINCENT ENGELS, '23
EDWARD B. DEGREE, '23

That history repeats itself is borne out by the way that the clouds of the stone age are hovering over the political horizon of Michigan.

Muddling in Michigan. On Nov. 2 the citizens of Michigan will ballot on the abolition of the parochial schools throughout the state. The fathers of

the Republic penned their signatures to the honored document which is now the organic law of the land with the understanding that such issues were closed forever. It remained, however for the Wayne County Civic Association to avow the contrary by dragging into politics a question of purely religious import. This organization circulated a petition among voters asking the legislature to submit to the electorate the proposition that "all residents of the State of Michigan between the ages of 5 and 16 years shall attend the public school." The required signatures were secured and despite the adverse opinion of the Attorney General Groesbeck as to the constitutionality of the proposed amendment, the Supreme Court ordered the bill placed on the ballot. The decision was based on the theory that the court could not properly pass on the constitutionality of the amendment prior to its adoption. Opinion differs both as to the motives of the men who sponsored the movement and the soundness of the legal reasoning which permitted the inclusion of the bill on the ballot. As to the proper disposition of the measure, there is no room for doubt. The press of Michigan, the pulpit, Protestant as well as Catholic—and men who are influential in public affairs unite in condemning it in unmistakable terms. "In

conflict with the Federal Constitution," "religiously narrow," and "deserving of overwhelming defeat" are a few of the decisions of unbiased authorities. To one thoroughly imbued with American traditions these opinions appear extremely mild. The proposed amendment should be rejected by every voter as opposed in letter and in spirit to the Federal constitution. It should be rejected on the grounds that its adoption would constitute a crime against the rights of loyal citizens. It should be rejected as certain to involve the state in a tremendous and needless financial outlay. And finally it should be rejected as the project of prejudiced citizens who have disregarded authority, rights and reason, and attempt to enact a law that will breed hate and discord. The greatest objections to it are coming, not from Catholics, but from non-Catholics of all stations in life who see in the amendment what it really is—a product of unfair, undemocratic and anti-American fanaticism. Every power of pen, platform and ballot should be invoked to administer to the sponsors of the measure a deserved rebuke.—E. S.

Why does the history of Europe, simply as a story, possess so much dramatic interest? How does it happen that a continent inhabited by people of such divergent "Europe and the Faith." opinions and of so many factions should seem the center of the world's life?

In these days of the League of Nations, Bolshevism and the Superman, America has become more concerned than ever before with the cradle of Columbus. Men and women everywhere are trying to get an idea of what Europe actually is and how it came to be thus; they are seeking a key to the riddle of modern civilization, are guessing at the ghoulish forces that have raised the sword of War. We are glad to draw the attention of our readers, therefore, to Hilaire Belloc's recently published "Europe and the Faith." The continuity of the European narrative is there succinctly stated, with little rhetoric but much force. That the Faith and European civilization are identical, that the salvation of the latter depends upon the revivification of the other, has been said often. But Mr. Belloc does vastly more than say this; he demonstrates it by developing a novel historical thesis and by nailing a good many of the stupid errors which encumber historical text-

books. "Europe and the Faith" will rank with Chesterton's "Orthodoxy" as a timeless product of the brilliant journalism which in England has spoken vigorously for Christendom.—J. M. J.

Education does not consist entirely of head-gears and megaphones. It is primarily a battle of the books;—books of all sorts, ages and sizes;

books for everybody. The University library is the arsenal, **Books for Everybody!** and yet how many of us realize that its importance cannot be

over-estimated? There is stored the best that has been thought by man since history was opened; it is the shrine of laughter for all the ages, the living proof of Emerson's ringing sentence: "The world is builded on ideas—not on cotton and iron." Notre Dame is fortunate in that her library has adequate and highly satisfactory arrangements for reference work and for general reading. Yet, when the student nose is close to the scholastic grindstone, all these matters are easily forgotten. We do the work assigned in class and let Shakespeare and his glorious company go hang. However, the world is not to be satisfied with text-book learning, and the elevator boy who reads wisely during the hours when the cage is empty will be voted a wiser man than the college graduate who didn't bother himself with anything but elementary manuals. Books are for everybody; you're somebody. Think it over.—E. B. D.

Coach Rockne's squad is on its way to another successful season. Last year, scores of papers from Tampa to Vancouver commented upon

the success of the nineteen-nineteen men as they marched through their schedule without

a defeat. This year comments will be even more numerous, and will include those of a score of new publications. Every Notre Dame student should watch his hometown papers for comments favorable or otherwise. The writers of sport for the SCHOLASTIC want quotable clippings. You want to see the team as others see it. Send your gleanings to the Editor of the SCHOLASTIC, Notre Dame.

—E. M. S.

WHEN tempted to tell your neighbor's faults count your own, multiply them by ten, substract your neighbor's, and then—if you must talk—talk about the remainder.

The Welcoming Hand.

Everybody who has been around Notre Dame lately has surely met Brother Florian. He really needs no introduction either to visitors who wish to admire the masterpieces of art in which the University abounds or to Freshmen



who insist on using the faculty stairs. Still, we wish to assert publicly that since his retirement from the prefect's tribune Brother Florian has conducted with the utmost decorum some thousands of tours at Notre Dame; has set to glowing words the marvelous history of the Van Dyke; has waited expectantly every day for some of the old boys to "show up," and knows exactly what has happened to every one who lived in Saint Joseph's hall. He is the official welcoming hand, and on home-coming day will prove triumphantly that hand and heart are one.

Orate, Orators!

Perorations and passionate appeals to the universe are going to be numerous at Notre Dame this year. That ancient interest in haranguing the general public which used to be as characteristic of us as football, will regain its antique vigor shortly. The state oratorical contest will be held at Notre Dame next February! Since time immemorial the seven Indiana universities and colleges concerned have gathered in Indianapolis for the fray; last year, however, the faculty committee, at the instance of Rev. William A. Moloney, C. S. C., decided that the battle ought to be staged at the various colleges in succession. Notre Dame will be the first amphitheatre.

Only twice have oratorical combats of such magnitude been held here. The Interstate Oratorical Contest was staged at Notre Dame

in 1904, and the State Peace Contest, conducted in Washington Hall, in 1911, was won by Joseph Quinlan, A. B. '11, of sacred memory. The present occasion ought to arouse all the enthusiasm we can muster: we must be creditably represented in this contest. It brings back memories of great Notre Dame speakers like Flynn and Milroy, and recollections of men like Kanaley and Gushurst who took just as much interest in the deeds of the rostrum as they did in affairs of the field. It is the business of everybody with the right kind of brains and lungs to develop fervor immediately.

Generous Gifts.

"It blesseth him that gives and him that takes."

We don't intend to chronicle here all the donations of which the University has lately been the recipient. The attitude of the public has never been more kindly towards Notre Dame; and in mentioning the following large gifts which have come to its notice, the SCHOLASTIC wishes to thank all who love the school.

The great modern lathe now in the machine shop is the gift of Mr. Miles W. O'Brien of the South Bend Lathe Works, who gives hereby only another proof of his interest in Notre Dame.

The J. Sinnot Meyers Burse, given by Mr. A. P. Meyers of Paducah, Ky., in memory of his deceased son of the class of nineteen-twenty, will provide thirty dollars annually, to be given for excellence in journalism. The conditions of this award will be announced later.

Father John Talbot Smith, LL. D., who by long continued platform associations has become almost a member of our faculty, gave to the University Library a valuable collection of books, including many standard biographical and historical works as well as recent fiction.

As an incentive to the youthful Gael struggling with the history of his native isle, Mrs. Ellen Ryan Jolly has given one hundred dollars in gold, to be awarded for the best essay written by some student in the Irish courses on a subject drawn from Irish history or literature. Mr. O'Hegarty announces that the papers must combine three or four thousand words with exceptional vigor and charm.

Our cheer-leader, says the Society Editor of the News-Times, has "wild hair and beautiful teeth." See him in action on November sixth.

Antwerp in Terms of Notre Dame.

BY "GUS" DESH.

"How does it feel to take your event in the Olympic prelims and tie the world's record, all in one day?" a press-club man demanded of me a few days after my return from Antwerp three weeks ago. Not knowing I would be the one who might be called to answer such a question, I did not at the time think to analyze my emotions. It took a while to figure out a reply.

Well, at first, I felt just as exhausted as any off-campusser feels after he has succeeded in catching the Hill street car, over-coming the handicap distance lying between Father Sorin's monument and the fifth telegraph pole. Then, after a while, when I could breathe without the cutout effect, I began to ask myself how I ever managed to win out, when at the last hurdle Andre, the Frenchman, was leading by at least a foot. The more I pondered over my good fortune, the more I commenced to understand why it is nobody gets killed in the rush for the gates after football games on Cartier field. Some people say there is no such thing as luck, but I have still to be convinced.

My reverie, at this point, was interrupted by the thunder of applause coming at the moment when Frank Loomis in the semi-final heat hit the tape just three hurdles in advance of his nearest contender, Christierson of Sweden. Coming out of the stadium at the close of the contests, the first one I met was no less welcome a figure than Johnny Murphy. His congratulatory hand-clasp, and gripping greeting, preceded a glowing review of my part in the lately concluded 400 meter hurdle tryout. With respect to his own fortunes, he explained the story less enthusiastically, in the tone of one victimized by the jinx.

That day, in the heats, he had failed to leave the bar up at 5 feet 9 inches, having barely registered 5:8 officially. Not since the Harvard finals, in July, had Murphy an opportunity to show class. No practise on the fourteen days' trip across, with but a few days in which to get into shape, he was handicapped at the start. The high-jump pit had a grass take-off, which being dotted with tufts and rises, only partially concealed by a thin layer of sand, was an impediment rather than an aid to high-class performance, especially in the case of one used to sand flooring.

Protests signed by practically all American jumpers were turned over to coach Moakley, but, it seems, he could not get a hearing. Most remarkable, it seemed to me, was Murphy's philosophical attitude as he saw a chance for international prestige, pass out of reach—all because of the stupidity or negligence of the officials.

"It sure is tough luck, but I am going to do my best, although I know I cannot show up to form," he confided to me just before the finals. It was not Murphy's hard luck that caused his mediocre showing; it was somebody's hard head. His achievement at Cambridge where he 'sailed the bar' at 6 feet 4 and 1-4 inches, establishing a new national record, and doing 1-8 of an inch better than Landon, Olympic winner, is sufficient to show he still has a big future ahead.

Concerning the board prepared for the Olympic team, and conditions of living, there has been much publicity here in this country. A good deal of it is true, although a cer-

tain amount of pessimism was sure to be spread by the "grudge-holders." Also there has been mention of unfairness, especially in connection with the tryouts on this side.

The claim that the preliminary heats held in Cambridge were so fixed as to eliminate the less likely of two pedigreed competitors is false. While there was some misunderstanding, the affair on the whole was straight. The conditions of travel and the long voyage to Antwerp was what caused the loudest wail.

According to arrangements, the team was to have shipped on the Finland, which had already been fitted up to accommodate the athletes. Three days before date of sailing, it was published that the Princess Matoika would be the transport, the chosen Finland being out of

commission due to engine trouble. The hold of the Matoika was improvised with berths; and the deck fitted out with a canvass track running around the deck.

All during the prolonged voyage the ship's hold was unusually close, and sleeping always uncomfortable. During rough weather, the port-holes were closed, while in a storm even the hatches had to be shut, leaving only the narrow stairways for a draft of air. On some nights the atmosphere in the lowest part of the hold was unbearable, especially on the first nights out when so many of the fellows suffered from sea-sickness. Fortunately, my berth was near a passageway, from which issued a current of untainted sea-air.

Food, for the first week after landing in Belgium, was a miserable imitation of army hash, extended over a period of six days. During that time many of us visualized in miniature the experiences now being endured by McSwiney. Finally Admiral Mayo, commander of the transport, took



"MURPH" IN ACTION.

the management of the commissary out of the hands of the American Olympic officials, and thereafter, we gained considerable weight physically and had a heavy load lifted off our minds.

Although I succeeded in holding my own until the finals, I was eventually passed by Loomis. In that race I did my best under all favorable circumstances, and I concede he is the better hurdler. As to whether I could win against him in another meet, I must admit the odds would be against me. He has won two out of three times, at Philadelphia and Antwerp, and has the edge.

Coach Rockne admits we will be outplayed November 6th—before the game—by the Purdue band—unless a miracle happens.

In Memoriam.

We regret to make known the death on September 4, of Mr. John Margraf, the father of Rev. John Margraf, C.S.C., who is now assistant rector of Holy Cross Seminary. The deceased lived at Tawern, near Trier, Germany. The happiness of seeing his son a priest was not vouchsafed him in the flesh, but it is the prayer of Notre Dame that it may be part and parcel of the vision of heavenly peace.

From the Mt. St. Joseph's Ursuline Motherhouse, St. Joseph, Ky., comes the sad news of the death of Rev. Mother M. Aloysius Willett. Many Sisters from this community have attended Notre Dame during past summer sessions. To them and to the entire Sisterhood we extend sympathy in the name of faculty and students. *Lux aeterna luceat ei.*

**

Last Monday evening Edward J. Kelley of Walsh Hall was called home to Lincoln, Nebraska by the deaths of his father and mother. Mr. and Mrs. Kelley were instantly killed in an auto accident. Edward and a daughter who was in Texas at the time of the sad event are the only children. All Notre Dame offers its sympathy and its prayers to the bereaved.

Campus Comment.

—All Notre Dame except the inhabitants of the infirmary and Rockefeller Hall gathered in the village theatre to take the first inoculation of loyalty and pep, Thursday night. "Cheer King" Slaggert put the crowd through their pieces for the benefit of the freshmen, and urged the newcomers to study the yells and to use them. Father Walsh showed that he knew other branches of history besides the famous chronicle of Western Europe. Coach Rockne's story of the substitute pants will never be forgotten by 1,567 students. Frank Coughlin, Hunk Anderson, Joe Brandy, Norm Barry, Ojay Larson, Roj Kiley, Father Carey, and seventeen others also expounded the theories of moral support to the enraptured assembly.

—Cigarettes and fun, was the password at the Chamber of Commerce smoker in Walsh Hall Sunday night. Father O'Hara's innocents proved the excellence of the meeting by spreading envy-exciting reports all over the campus. The crowning event was Father Carrico's

address. Consequently, the Engineers, the Chemists, the lawyers, the doctors and the Friends of Irish Freedom are planning parties which will stimulate the germ of jealousy to attack the business man.

—The Senior class looked over its roll call and decided that Frank Coughlin was the man to lead the Ball in June. Cy Kasper was elected vice-president, and Joseph Maag won the secretarial job. David Hayes was made treasurer on the supposition that a football man would be just the person to hold down the bullion for the class of '21.

—Ethel Clayton and Enid Bennet appeared at Washington hall on the screen last week. Nobody noticed the title of the film, as is usually the case when these two N. D. favorites are showing.

—The throne in Brownson Hall continues to look like a haberdashery establishment. All caps, neckties, collars, etc. which are left behind in the dining room are held for recovery at the study-hall desk. Brother Alphonsus also announces that he has two fountain pens which the owners may reclaim at the same place.

—"Blotter, Blotter, Who wants a blotter?" The campus was flooded with big blotters Monday. Leonard Call, B. S. '20, who is now an advertising man, was the generous distributor.

—The Notre Dame Forum believes in advertising. As a result, seventy three enthusiastic would-be orators gathered for the meeting Friday night. You could tell them by the way they yelled. When Pio Montenegro, our friend from the Philippines, while speaking about his travels, described the sensation of sea sickness, his audience laughed; when he described the Montmartre café in Paris, they screamed; and when he compared the wild men of Borneo with those of Chicago, the shout which followed threatened the stability of the building. Al Slaggert made a pleasing extemporaneous speech, impressing upon his listeners the value of the Forum's new slogan, "Our name is Pep." Joe Tierney, and Vincent Engels also spoke.

—Invidious rumors of corrupt practises and political cabal, came to a head at the first gathering of the university Press Club Tuesday, when it was revealed that the election had been previously "fixed" by an active 'boss' whose machine was in a position to sweep everything before it. However Andrew Wallace, the only candidate for president, became executive of

the organization without contest. J. J. McKee's election as vice-president was a vindication of the insinuations of graft attached to his candidacy. Dan Coughlin became secretary on unanimous vote, while Claude Lightfoot was the logical selection for guest-master.

—The engagement of Robert G. McGuire, old student and member of the 'Varsity football squad, to Miss Gertrude Quinlan, has been announced.

—After several years of subservience, the men who depend upon the Hill Street car for tardiness excuses, have asserted their rights as an integral part of U. N. D. The smoker which they held Friday night in Walsh Hall was one of the snappiest ever conducted in that venerable building. The members of the faculty who reside in the city were also present, giving the party a touch of dignity. Professor Cooney, however, admitted to smoking a cigarette.

—The Knights of Columbus may be certain that the home established by the order at the University of Missouri will bring many dividends. F. H. Sweeney, another journalist, is the Secretary-Manager. Frank was married recently.

—Mr. Louis P. Harl, Journalism, '16, is winning fresh laurels for Professor Cooney's veterans as city-editor, etc., of the Owensboro, Ky., *Messenger*.

—Father Thomas Crumley, C. S. C., has returned to the rescue of the much harassed English department, which lost heavily by the changes of last summer. He will teach the Sophomore program, and also psychology. Fathers Thomas Burke and Broughall are expounding the mysteries of Genung.

—The installation of officers for the coming year for the local council of the Knights of Columbus will take place Tuesday evening. Mr. Earl S. Dickens, district-deputy, will have charge of the ceremony. During this meeting definite plans in regard to the Gibault Home will be discussed. Although the Council is at present a bit below normal in numbers it is expected to be larger than ever after the great number of new Knights have transferred.

—In accord with a long standing tradition of campus politics, a Badin haller, Travis Donohue, was elected president of the Freshmen, at their first rally, held in Washington hall Tuesday night. Calvin Kasper, brother of the athletic "Cy" was the choice for vice-president, probably on the strength of his Republican namesake.

For secretary, Williams received the majority of votes; the session adjourned with the selection of James Vignos for money-changer.

—The last week in October will mark an epoch in campus history, for then Rev. B. J. Maloy, C. S. C., of the Notre Dame Mission band will open the annual student's retreat. It will undoubtedly be one of the most fruitful ever undertaken.

—An agricultural journal devoted exclusively to the interests of the farmers in St. Joseph County is the latest plan to enlist the energies of Walter L. Clements, LL. B., '18.

—"Chet" Grant, the whirlwind quarterback of the '16 eleven has just returned to his position at the receiving end, and is recalling the old steps very rapidly. After the War he spent some time in Akron, Ohio, helping the rubber tires of that village to live up to the five-thousand mile guarantee.

—On September 22, George Shanahan—Chem. E. '17—was united in marriage to Miss Muriel Madigan, at St. Rose's Church, Lima, Ohio. George will carry out the "live happy ever after clause" in the same city, where he is manager of the Consumers' Coal Company.

—The Marquette Club, a prominent association of young people in New York City, has announced its intention to be present at the game at West Point.

—An unusual set-to will develop in the old John Brown district this year, at least where football enters into daily life. Jim Phelan, of Notre Dame fame, has coached the Missouri University hopefuls to fame last year, and will probably repeat the performance. Charlie Bachman, our historic all-around strong man, is drilling the Kansas Aggies for victory only. The two teams will clash soon.

—On last Monday Father O'Hara addressed the South Bend Chamber of Commerce on the subject of trade conditions in South America. He emphasized the demand for American products which is very strong there and assured his hearers that South Bend would become a household term. It is evident that the exchange of students will prove of great value.

TIERNEY-ENGELS-MURPHY.

Purdue has won three, Notre Dame five, and two have been tied.

There will be a new President in Ohio and an old "gang" at Notre Dame on Nov. 6th. Anyhow, you'd rather be present than president.

Gridiron Gossip.

NOTRE DAME, 39; KALAMAZOO, 0.

Notre Dame met and defeated with ease the Kalamazoo College eleven in the season's opener last Saturday. Elated by their sensational victory over the ever formidable Michigan Aggies, the Wolverines entertained fond hopes of further securely establishing a lofty gridiron reputation by taking the Rockne men into camp. From the very beginning of the contest, however, the result was inevitable. The Gold and Blue backs, aided by the titan work of the line, skirted the foe's ends and shredded the defense at will. Kalamazoo staged a tenacious battle right up to the final whistle, only to be hopelessly out-classed by the Notre Dame machine. Rockne poured a veritable Niagara of second string men into the fight after victory was assured, and the recruits were equally successful in walking over the visiting squad.

The work of Gipp and Barry was beautiful to watch. Each pierced the Kalamazoo defense at will for long gains. Coughlin, Anderson and Smith were towers of strength on the line. To mention the men who showed up to the blond mentor's expectations would be to state the personnel of the entire team. Needless to say, the 1920 outfit is one of the most promising that Rockne has developed, if we can judge from the splendid early-season form demonstrated Saturday.

In the first quarter Gipp kicked to the Kazooites who failed miserably in attempting a march towards the Notre Dame posts with a series of end runs and short lateral passes. Thompson was forced to kick to midfield, the ball being returned substantially by Gipp. Gipp made eight yards through tackle on two slashing attempts and then punted. The enemy made valiant efforts to advance the ball but Thompson was again forced to punt and Brackett recovered the oval for his mates on their own thirty-five yard line. The Kazoo backs were then called on to pierce the Notre Dame wall but were thrown back on every charge. Thompson again kicked to Gipp on the fifty yard line. Rockne's battering backs then thrilled the stands by advancing the pigskin forty-five yards in four lunges, Wynne carrying the ball over for the first touchdown. Gipp failed in the goal kick.

In the second quarter, Gipp again kicked to Thompson who returned with a snappy twenty-

five yard sprint. Kalamazoo was, however, forced to kick, being foiled on the next three attempts to advance. At this juncture, the Gold and Blue backs again began to evidence their greed for yardage. They went forward with no apparent effort, and Gipp registered a beautiful thirty yard dash around the Kazoo left flank, planted the ball behind the post in two more short drives. He failed at goal. Kalamazoo uncorked a series of short forward passes on the next kickoff, all but one, a ten-yard heave to Brackett, being promptly spilled. Rockne injected Mohardt and Coughlin into the back-field, and these two stellar catapults figured prominently in Notre Dame's march to the Kalamazoo four yard line. The half ended at this moment.

The Gold and Blue warriors began an overwhelming offensive in the early part of the second half. Gipp smashed through on an off-tackle dive for thirty yards and then passed to Kiley for twenty-eight more. Barry and Castner split a ten yard gain between them and Barry went over on the next drive for Notre Dame's third ringer. After having received the ball on the next offering from Gipp's famous toe, Kalamazoo again resorted to heaving tactics. Castner intercepted a throw on the foe's forty yard line, and aided by Kasper and Barry, the punting fullback advanced the ball to within striking distance of the Wolverine goal. Brandy smashed through for six yards and his second touchdown. Brandy registered the first successful goal kick.

Kalamazoo took the ball to midfield on two pretty passes only to lose it when Kasper picked up a fumble and ricocheted back for thirty five yards. "Cy" went over on an end run and Castner kicked goal.

In the fourth quarter, Kalamazoo again attempted to work toward the Gold and Blue posts via the air route. The ball went over on downs in midfield and Shea, Dooley and Mohardt crashed through the weakening Kazoo line. Kane took the oval over on a straight line smash and Voss kicked goal.

The Summary:

NOTRE DAME (39)		KALAMAZOO (0)	
E. Anderson	Left End	J. Thompson	
F. Coughlin (C)	Left Tackle	Mischica	
Smith	Left Guard	Doyle	
Larson	Center	Clay	
H. Anderson	Right Guard	Learned	
Shaw	Right Tackle	Lampke	
Kiley	Right End	Brackett	

Brandy Quarter Back Casteel
Gipp Left Half Back Starke
Barry Right Half Back McKay
Wynne Full Back G. Thompson

Score by periods:

Notre Dame 6 6 20 7—39
Kalamazoo 0 0 0 0—0

Touchdowns—Barry 2. Gipp, Wynne, Kasper, Kane
Goal From Touchdown—Brandy, Castner, Voss.

Substitutions—Notre Dame: Hayes for Anderson,
Garvey for F. Coughlin, DeGree for Smirh, Mehre for
H. Anderson, Carberry for Kiley, Vose for Shaw,
Thomas for Brandy, Kane for Thomas. Mohardt for
Gipp, Kasper for Mohardt, D. Coughlin for Barry,
Phelan for Wynne, Dooley for Castner, Shea for D.
Coughlin, Prokup for Hayes, Wilcox for Mohardt.
Kalamazoo: Van Zandt for Lampke, Taylor for
Starke.

Referee—Thomas (Chicago). Umpire—Courtwright
(Michigan Aggies). Head Linesman—DuBois (Dart-
mouth).

Time of quarters—15 minutes.

LEST YOU FORGET.

Reservations for seats in the new west stands
on Cartier Field are now open to the alumni,
old students and friends by mail. Three full
sections, at least five hundred of the best mid-
field seats are held for an indication of
what Notre Dame men want. See that your
club arranges for a block of seats or send in
your check for yours. Don't take a chance on
being disappointed. General admission will be
\$1, reserved seats \$1.50 and \$2, box seats \$3,
six seats in the box. Checks and money orders
will be acknowledged till November third.

NEBRASKA DREAMS.

Coach Schulte of Nebraska announced to the
football world that he would "gladly suffer
defeat from Washburn and the Colorado
Aggies," if he could feel sure that those defeats
would in any way aid him to victory over
Notre Dame this year. The same clipping
announced that Nebraska had thirteen letter
men on the first squad this year and that the
line would average over 200 pounds from tackle
to tackle. The team average will be around
198, with the greatest veteran backfield the
"Cornhuskers" have had in a decade. Their
sole ambition is to beat the "Rockmen" on
the 16th. Let 'em try it.

CROSS-COUNTRY POPULAR.

Cross-country running seems to be the king
of outdoor sports this fall. Walter Sweeney,
the veteran distance star, has sixty-five en-
thusiasts on his list. This record easily doubles
the record number of any previous year. Most
of the men out are new men and Coach Rockne
has great hopes of uncovering some valuable
distance material before the cold weather sets
in. Plans for the annual varsity free-for-all
handicap over the regular five mile course are
underway. Prizes will probably include the
first ten finishers if a large field starts.

INTER-HALL FOOTBALL.

In the first inter-hall football game of the
season Brownson's doughty warriors vanquished
the "Association of Students Living off the
Campus" eleven by a score of 29-0. Captain
Walsh of the defeated team, who starred per-
sonally, found his men powerless against the
fierce onslaughts of Riley, Smith and Logan,
the Brownson backs. When Father Cuninghams
men tried offensive tactics they merely battered
themselves against the proverbial immovable
body. "Kaintuck" Oberst constituted by him-
self a veritable wall of China.

Despite the heroic struggles of Carroll Hall,
Corby came from Cartier Field the victor last
Sunday afternoon. Lew Walsh, the plucky
Carroll end broke up play after play of the brainy
Corby backs. "Jerry" Hoar and "Triple-J"
James did very good work for the Sophomores,
the latter scoring the touch-down and the for-
mer kicking the goal that won the game 7-0.

Captain Seifert's scrappy Badinites trimmed
"ole" Sorin last Sunday by the slight margin
of 7-6. The game was well played, Badin's
touchdown being gained by an illegal forward-
pass from DeGurse to Hunsinger which escaped
the eagle eye of Referee "Jim" Dooley. Seifert
contends that the play was good inasmuch as
his men were competing against a half-dozen
varsity men who skirted the side-lines donating
advice to the Upper-classmen Eleven. All
three games indicate a closely-contested season
of inter-mural athletics.—SLAGGERT-STARRETT.

Notre Dame's "Home-Coming is an assured success.

The reserve seat shortage and the "last minute" rush is our only concern. See that you
apply early and get a place to sit down. Mail your letter, with check enclosed, to K. K.
Rockne, Athletic Director, Notre Dame, Indiana.

Safety Valve.

A LEGACY?

She was sweet as powdered sugar
And her bright eyes fairly danced,
And the sunlight fell in puddles
Everywhere the maiden glanced,
On her lips a sweet smile lingered
No one ever saw her frown—
But believe me! She had bow legs
For her wish-bone had dropped down.

You'd not meet a fairer maiden
In a day's walk through the Loop
But her legs! "Could she have swallowed"
Said her friends, "a barrell hoop?"
She was tidy as a pansy
In a spotless winter gown,
But the bowl kept on a bowling
For her wish bone had dropped down.

**

GANGWAY!

Local sportsmen are arranging a race between the Chevrolet used by the prefect of Discipline and the Rockefeller Hall meal cart which makes three trips daily between the kitchen and the hall.

**

What has become of the old fashioned country gentleman who used to pick his teeth with the can opener?

**

Sorin Quarterback (*after the third down*): We have a pretty fair team here but we should have made up some signals before the game.

**

A pair of horse hair B. V. D.'s with patent leather trimmings will be awarded to the Carrollite who brings back our sense of humor which we lost while reading a copy of the rules. No questions asked.

**

Do you remember the old time student who used to call oat meal stir-about?

**

As far as we can find out from the rules governing dances at the University, the Freshmen can't have any dance except St. Vitus'. Are we right?

**

No, Father, I'm not the liar you thought I was. I'm an altogether different one.

**

"Will you let me," said the student
As he quickly doffed his cap—
But the maiden with a right hook
Handed him an awful slap;
And the student's face was crimson
As he stood before the lass,
But he finished out his sentence
"Will you kindly let me pass?"

**

FROM THE NECK UP.

Now that Edison has invented a machine which will enable him to communicate with the dead, we presume that many of his messages will reach Sorin Hall.

The hand painted ice tongs go to the student of Brownson hall who finds out where the heat in the dormitory is hiding.

**

Harding is *fixed*, and Mr. Cox
Just echoes Wilson's voice.
How in the world can any man
Attempt to make a choice?
Just how to vote, I must confess,
Has caused me much alarm—
By Hek! I think I'll vote for Debs—
He can't do any harm.

He's locked up tight in jail, and that's
Where all the rest should be,
And yet folks say our country is
A pure democracy;
Each candidate would sell us out
To England if he could,
So I believe I'll vote for Debs—
He can't help being good.

**

We were just wondering if the gambler's syndicate hadn't bribed the Freshmen to lose their class marks. Otherwise how account for some of the answers given in class.

**

MR. DEMERITS.

When busy prefects bat you and try to get your goat
Don't listen to a word they have to say,
Just smile a great big smile at them and never breathe a sigh

But turn around and walk the other way;
And just around the corner you will find me all dressed up

I'll take you by the hand my little boy—
To live with rules and prefects is a bother and a care
To be with me is merriment and joy.

**

HOW COULD YOU?

"If I were to fall out of an automobile down a steep stony bank into a river, what would you do?" she said, as she looked pleadingly into his large white ears and stroked his massive hand.

"I'd probably feel sorry for you," he replied with all the feeling of a mud hen about to take another dive.

"And wouldn't you come to help me?" she asked, feeling hurt that he was so unmoved over her great tragedy—"Wouldn't you do every last thing in your power to save me from death?"

"I certainly would," he returned. "You could depend upon me. I'd probably throw you a line before you hit the water."

"But," she responded, "where would you get a line and what kind would it be?"

"Pretty much the same line as I'm throwing you to-night," he chuckled, "and I'd very likely manufacture it on the spot."

"I'll never speak to you again," she sobbed, wiping her face on the table cloth. Now I know you don't love me."

"Neither do I," he said, as he reached for the bag of salted peanuts he had bought her and thrust them violently into his pocket.