

The Notre Dame Scholastic

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

Vol. LIV.

NOTRE DAME, INDIANA, NOVEMBER 20, 1920.

No. 9.

The Mountains.

J. WORTH CLARK, '22.

WHEN God made the mighty mountains
And reared their crests on high
He stamped an image of Himself
Upon the airy sky.
I miss the tranquil power,
The tall majestic mien,
The rugged austere magic
Of the mountain-studded scene.

Suffrage and the Roman Woman.

H. W. FLANNERY, '23.

IN the recent election the women of the United States voted for the first time, thus having equal voice with the men in the selection of the rulers of the nation. Most persons are under the impression that the movement which has culminated in the Nineteenth Amendment to our Constitution is an entirely modern one, a twentieth-century development. But not all the credit is due to Susan Brownell Anthony, Elizabeth Coady Stanton, and Carrie Chapman Catt. The struggle is much older. It had its beginning it seems, in Rome, as far back as the year 195 B. C.

Early Roman women, like other women of those times, were little more than slaves. By way of exception, Spartan women could inherit property, and were to that extent not subject to their fathers or husbands. But in Rome the males were the autocrats of the state and of the family. The Roman father was in a strict sense the master of his daughter and the husband was the complete master of his wife. The father could kill deformed children; he could punish his child as he pleased, sell it into slavery, and in some cases even put it to death. If he willed any of his property to others, his children could not claim that part of the inheritance. Before 245 B. C. the wife could not

claim a portion of her husband's estate when he died.

In the Roman State marriage was a purely business affair, arranged by the father of the woman and the father of the man, in which the consent of the woman was unnecessary. Then, from the bondage of her father the woman passed into that of her husband, who could inflict corporal punishment upon her or even put her to death. He was as absolute a lord over her as the father had been before her marriage. He was not obliged to wear mourning for her when she died, an otherwise strict law in Rome.

After the slaughter of the Roman legions at Cannae by the terrible Hannibal, Rome feared and shuddered. Signs of mourning appeared all over the city. The Senate left no means untried to save the state. They exhorted the populace to new efforts and enacted various laws to insure the safety of the people and to secure their cooperation. One of the measures, the Oppian Law, has to do especially with women. It aimed at the stifling of domestic strife and class feelings, and decreed among other things that no Roman matron should wear any parti-colored garment, or more than half an ounce of gold, or ride in a carriage in the city or within a mile of it. Exceptions were made for religious celebrations, and it seems that Roman women took advantage of this exception, for it is told of the wife of Scipio Africanus that "when she left home to go to the temple, she seated herself in a glittering chariot, attired in extreme luxury. Before her were carried with solemn ceremony the vases of gold and silver required for the sacrifice; and a numerous train of servants accompanied her."

When Rome had passed safely through the Punic Wars, and had become prosperous by conquest abroad, the law was still on the statute books. Roman women accordingly determined to regain their lost privileges. They found it necessary to take action themselves, because

the men failed to show sufficient interest in the matter. They succeeded in persuading the two tribunes to propose the abrogation of the law, but to insure its annulment they themselves proceeded to drastic action. The methods employed aroused the ire of many public men. Livy, the historian, says that the women would not stay at home by persuasion from a sense of modesty, or by the authority of their husbands. The women invested the city, crowded the entrances to the Forum, and besieged the voters to champion their measure. The matter became the subject of general discussion, and the capital was thronged with partisan opponents. Plautus exhibited in the theatre a sharp satire on the luxury of the Roman women who carried their estates on their backs.

Cato, the consul, schooled in the exact life and abhorring all that was unconventional, was especially denunciatory in his harangues. In the debates that ensued he was the chief opponent of the repeal of the ordinance. He speaks derisively to the women: "Are your ways more winning in public than in private and with other women's husbands than your own? Yet not even at home ought you be concerned with the laws which are passed or repealed here. Our fathers have not wished women to manage even their private affairs without the direction of a guardian; they wanted them to be under the control of their parents, their brothers, and their husbands. We by our present action, are letting them go into politics even; we are letting them appear in the Forum and take a hand at public meetings and in the voting booths. Pray, what will they not assail if they carry this point? Call to mind all the principles by which our ancestors have held the principles of women in check and made them subject to their husbands. Though they have been restrained by all these, still you can scarcely keep them in bounds. Tell me, if you let them seize privileges and wrest them from you one by one and finally become your equals, do you think that you can stand them? As soon as they have begun to be your equals they will be your superiors."

But the women were not without a champion. Lucius Valerius was one who saw that the Roman woman was not to be enslaved as much as she had been in the past. He did not see that they might ultimately gain the suffrage, as Cato pointed out, but he did feel they had a right to get what was their due. "Magis-

tracies, priesthoods, triumphs, insignia of office, the prizes and the spoils of war," he said, "may not come to them. Elegance in dress and adornment—these are their insignia; in these they delight and glory."

But speeches alone could not win the day for the women and so they continued their agitation tactics. Not unlike some leaders in the cause of equal franchise in our day, they besieged the doors of officials and did finally secure the repeal of the odious law.

From time to time the Roman women had some little share in political matters. We are told of a political poster found at Pompeii which bore the signatures of two Roman women. History records another example of the power of the gentler sex in Rome. It was during the time of the second great political ring in Roman politics, the Second Triumvirate, composed of Anthony, Octavius and Lepidus. Two revolutionists, Cassius and Brutus, were giving trouble in the East, and the triumvirate felt the need of replenishing the war chest in order to send an army against the trouble makers. They therefore issued a proclamation ordering fourteen hundred of the richest women to make a valuation of their property in order that a basis might be established for apportionment of contributions to the cause. The women were naturally opposed to such a measure. They appealed to the sister of Octavius and to the mother and the wife of Anthony, but without success. One of their own number then arose to speak in behalf of the women, and she promulgated for the first time, perhaps, for her sex the cry of "no taxation without representation." They made their way in a body to the Forum and by force went to the tribunal of the triumvirs, where Hortensia, the daughter of the famous orator, Hortensius, spoke in a firm, unquavering voice to that august body. "Before presenting ourselves to you," she said, "we have solicited the intervention of Fulvia. Her refusal has obliged us to come here. You have taken away our fathers, our brothers, our husbands. To deprive us of our fortunes also is to reduce us to a condition which befits not our birth, our habits, nor our sex. It is to extend your proscriptions to us. From the time of Hannibal Roman women have willingly given to the treasury their jewels and ornaments. Let war with the Gauls or the Parthians come and we shall not be inferior to our mothers in zeal for the common safety, but for civil wars

may we never contribute. Why should we pay taxes when we have no part in the honors, the statecraft, in which you contend against one another with such harmful results?"

The women had also their little legislative body, the *conventus matronarum*, which met in the Quirinal and settled questions of dress, precedence, and the use of carriages. The professions claimed not a few Roman women. The law entitled only a small number, but medicine counted numerous female practitioners. Roman epitaphs which mark the burial places of physicians say that one in ten was a woman. These were recognized by law, for the Code of Justinian speaks of "physicians of either sex." Soranus, writing of women-healers, says that they must have a good memory, be of robust health, know how to write, and be familiar with dietetics, pharmacy, and surgery.

The account of how those who treated the ailments of women came to be recognized by law is an interesting one. The scene of the narrative is in Greece, but the story is of moment in Roman history as well. It seems that many women were not disposed to summon male practitioners and some died because of their aversion to the male doctors. One woman, Agnondica, determined to save her sisters the embarrassment, cut off her hair and donned the apparel of a man in order to study under the great man of medicine, Hierophilus, after which she began to treat the diseases of her sex. Her success was unusual, and it excited the envy of some of the physicians of Athens, who preferred charges against her. When she appeared in the Areopagus she revealed her identity to the judges, whereupon her accusers placed against her the charge of having violated the law which forbade women to practice medicine. She would have suffered a heavy punishment if the women she had aided had not intervened and secured the repeal of the law.

At the Cinema Show.

L. A. W.

I'd kill myself, sweet love, if you
Should ever prove yourself untrue.
"Then end thy life," she calmly said,
"I love another man instead."
A lady entering bade me rise—
He killed himself, I should surmise.
But how I wish he'd nobler be,
And slay the dame that bothered me.

I'll Bet You.

HAROLD E. MCKEE, '22.

In the heart of the Wisconsin timber belt near the place where Sault Creek flows into the headwaters of the Wisconsin River and at the very spot where the Chicago and North-Western trains make an occasional stop, to take on water or to throw off a "hobo," is the famous sawmill center of Rhinelander. The natives are divided in opinion as to whether Rhinelander's saw mills lead the world in the production of sticks, and blocks, but they are unanimous in their decision that the greatest stick and the biggest block ever produced in Rhinelander is Hendricks Alvan Bumps.

Although having the figure and the features of a scarecrow, the wit of a Britisher, and the wisdom of a South Sea Islander, this Hendricks was nevertheless, envied by all who knew him. He was the direct descendant of the historic and wealthy house of Bumps, and in consequence had fallen heir to the vast Bumps estate. The Bumps' millions, however, were not the results of a world war, nor the achievements of a few hours of labor; they had developed from a lone silver dollar which the original Bumps, the great-great-grandfather of Hendricks had brought over from Holland. And it is a favorite story among the natives that Hendricks has that identical dollar to this day. The great-great-grandfather had not only planted in American soil the seed of a mighty fortune but had also instilled into the souls of his offsprings the great lesson of thrift and economy. The tradition had come down through the line of Bumps, gathering emphasis with each generation, until it now manifested itself in Hendricks not merely as a rule of life but as an instinct. Because of this Hendricks would undoubtedly have found warm favor in the eyes of his great-great-grandfather, but the natives, who evidently had little faith in the Bumps' philosophy, pointed out Hendricks to all strangers, as "the tightest tightwad in these parts."

Tightwad or not, the reigning Bumps or rather his gold was considered by the parents of the marriageable daughters of Rhinelander as "a good catch." As a consequence he was dined, house-partied, and picniced; daughter flirted with him, father slapped him on the back and called him "son," and the mother on the

occasions of Hendricks' visits, worked the ovens and frying pans overtime. The hero, however, did not accept these invitations and the flattery because of any infatuation with any of the fair daughters, or because of any ambition to become a social lion. If I should say merely that it was the product of the ovens and the frying pans and not the charms of a mere woman which attracted him irresistibly I should imply that he was a gorging glutton or a fanatic for home cooking, but the fact is that he was not such—except on these occasions when the meals were free.

Tourists who may be fated to sojourn in Rhineland over night will select as their stopping place the Emporium, the "best" hotel in the state and the only one in Rhineland. Here the lumberjacks and the sawmill hands gather on the winter evening to exchange stories or to play cards. Here too Hendricks may usually be seen at meal time, loitering near the telephone, hungrily awaiting an invitation to a free meal from one of his prospective fathers-in-law.

It was a crisp evening in the latter part of October. The whistles of the sawmills had just blown six o'clock and the mill hands were hurrying home to supper. In the lobby of the Emporium sat Hendricks, enjoying the free heat, and anxiously waiting for the invitation which would save him from spending his money for such a luxury as food. But the seconds ticked themselves into minutes and the minutes into an hour, and still there was no "call for Mr. Bumps." He was getting "deucedly" hungry; he had had nothing to eat since the evening before, for the simple reason that no one had happened to offer him anything. Another half hour dragged by, and still there was no call. The pangs were becoming unbearable. He would suffer them no longer, and so with an expression of agony, caused not so much by his hunger as by his mental vision of himself actually throwing money away for a meal, he rose from his chair, thrust his hand into his hip pocket, and drew forth his wallet. Carefully shuffling the 'tens' and 'twenties,' he found among them at length a one-cent piece, with which he walked over to the cigar counter and purchased a stick of chewing gum. "There," thought he after he had munched the gum for a few minutes, "That's as good as a supper, and it's much cheaper."

He had just reseated himself when a small

newsboy came hurrying through the lobby. Seeing Hendricks he rushed over and, shoving a paper into the millionaire's hands, asked in business manner, "Paper, Mister?"

Without a word Hendricks took the paper and began to read. The boy stood by impatiently for a few seconds and then touching Hendricks on the arm said in a half apologetic tone, "You forgot to pay me, didn't you, Mister?"

"How much do you want for it?" gruffly demanded Hendricks, without taking his eyes from the paper.

"Three cents."

"Three cents, for a newspaper?" cried the millionaire, half rising from his chair; "Who ever heard tell of paying three cents for a newspaper? Why, I kin buy them from the other kids for a cent."

"But this is a Chicago paper."

"It don't make no difference; three cents is too much and anybody is a fool to pay it,"—but he did not offer to give the paper back to the boy.

"Say, mister, I've got to go! I've got to sell the rest of my papers. Kin I have—?"

"Say, kid, are you going to be around here after while again?"

"Why, I think I'll be back this way in about half an hour, but—"

"Well, I'll tell you what you do; I don't want this paper; I wouldn't pay three cents for no paper! I just want to read it, and I'll give it to you when you come back."

Having won his point with a saving of three cents, Bumps sank back into the chair with an air of self-satisfaction and continued his reading.

"Hey, Hendricks," shouted a lumberjack, who with several others was seated at a table in one corner of the lobby, "Sit in on a little game of black jack, will ya?"

Hendricks looked up from his paper and smiled: "Sure," he called back cheerfully, as he rose from his chair and threw the paper on the floor; "I might take a hand or two," "You know fellows," he said seating himself on a stool at the table, "There is nothing like a little old game of Black Jack to pass a dreary evening, which reminds me of—"

"We're sweet'nin' the pot fer a jit," cut in a blue flanneled, bewhiskered backwoodsman, who was dealing the cards; "of course it's all right with you, ain't it Hendricks?"

Bumps felt a cold draft on his feet, a hot blast on his cheek, and his fingers clutched at

the edge of the table as he arose unsteadily: "I do—do'n't believe—I—I care to play this evening m-m-men; never did like the game. Anyway I haven't much time now—really must be going—some other night perhaps," With these excuses he scrambled back to his old seat and buried his face in the pages of the newspaper.

The man in blue flannel chuckled. His brown hand dove into his trouser pocket and brought out a half-dollar, which he tossed to another jack across the table, "well, I guess you win, brother." He grinned; "I thought you were just goffin' me about him bein' so infernal tight. Gosh, did you see that look when I asked him to kick in with a jit. That was worth the half-buck."

Just then the bus, which meets every train that ever stops at Rhinelander drew up at the curb in front of the hotel and a drummer from Toledo got out and came into the lobby. After the formality of registering and of paying for a room in advance, he fell into conversation with the clerk. The talk soon developed into a discussion and presently the drummer and clerk were in the pitch of a heated argument.

"If you don't think so, then why don't you cover my bet?" cried the drummer, rapping his knuckles on the register.

"I tell you I'm broke," whined the clerk, "I would—" he broke off as he spied Hendricks and in his face there appeared a gleam of hope. "Oh, Bumps!" he called, trying to restrain his excitement, "Come here a moment, will you?"

"What do you want?" growled Hendricks, peering at the two men over the top of the paper.

"Come here just a second."

Hendricks mumbled something under his breath, got up slowly from his seat, and moved over to the desk. "Well, what do you want?"

"Say, Hendry, can you lend me ten bucks until tomorrow?"

"Ten bucks?" asked Hendricks dissentingly; "I ain't got ten bucks on me," and he started to walk away.

"But listen, Bumps, old man," excitedly whispered the clerk catching hold of Hendricks wrist, "I'll get my pay tomorrow and I promise I'll pay you then sure."

"But I tell you I ain't got ten bucks on me. What do you want ten bucks for anyway?" and he cast a suspicious eye at the drummer.

"I want to bet this fellow here—"

"Oh, you want to bet my money for me, eh, and lose it? Not much, if I know myself," and again he started back to his chair.

"But I got a sure thing," insisted the clerk, pulling Hendricks back.

"There ain't no such thing as a sure thing," snarled Bumps. "Let loose of me, will you?" and he tried to jerk away from the persistent clerk.

"But listen, Bumps; let me tell you what the bet is ab—"

"I'm not interested! If you want to bet your own money, go ahead, but you can't have any of my money for your fool bets. I don't believe in it."

"But just let me tell you what I'm betting on," pleaded the clerk.

"Well, make it quick—but you can't have any of my money. Remember that."

"Well, this fellow here," explained the clerk, pointing at the drummer, "wants to give me two to one that Notre Dame—You've heard of Notre Dame, haven't you, Hendricks?"

"That's the—"

"Yes, that's the place," yelled the clerk, grabbing the lapels of Hendricks coat. "Well this guy says that Notre Dame's football team is all crippled up and that tomorrow they are going to get trampled on, 'cause he says they're playing—"

"I don't care who they're playing," Bumps broke in excitedly, as he rushed over to the drummer, "have they got eleven men left?"

"Why, yes, of course," smiled the drummer, lighting a cigar.

"Then I'll bet you—" said Hendricks enthusiastically, as he jerked out his wallet and poured its contents on the desk—"I'll give you ten-to-one odds for any amount you want to lay that Notre Dame whales the——"

"I thought you didn't believe in betting," grinned the whiskered lumberjack in the blue flannel, who had come over to the desk to hear the argument at close vantage.

"Aw, Hades!" retorted Hendricks, "this ain't no bet, it's an investment."

Thoughts.

Will Hayes will admit, no doubt, that without Mr. Cox's help he might have failed.

A woman may forgive a man for breaking her heart, but never for making her seem ridiculous.—J. T. D.

Varsity Verse.

WHY PANCHO CAN'T PLAY.

Oh, but I'm tired of sittin' around
 An' wishin' that Pancho would play;
 But my mumsie won't let me go over an' see
 Why Pancho can't come out today.

Pancho an' me is two little boys,
 An' we play together all day
 At fire, soldier, an' railroad train,
 An' have loads of fun that way.

But now I have to stay in my yard
 An' play by myself all day,
 'Cause Pancho can't be here just now—
 But why, my mumsie won't say.

The last time that Pancho was over,
 He didn't feel very good;
 So we played just a while an' then he went home
 An' said he'd be back when he could.

But next day he didn't come over at all—
 I wanted to play with him then;
 But mumsie said he was sick in bed
 An' couldn't be over again.

An' one day we went over to see him
 An' I thought I'd play with him then;
 But I didn't see Pancho, the house was so full
 Of quiet women an' men.

When we came home, Mumsie an' me,
 Mumsie was quiet an' sad;
 Just why she was I couldn't see,
 'Cause I wasn't spunky or bad.

So I ast my mumsie again and again,
 "Can't Pancho come over an' play?"
 An' sadly she said "Oh no, dearie,
 At least not right now today."

"But some day Pancho can play again,
 If you'll only be good," she said;
 "An' then you can play for always and always,
 An' won't even be sent off to bed."

"Oh, won't that be dandy, Mumsie?" I said,
 An' she smiled at me in her way;
 But I can't understand it at all, you see,
 Why Pancho can't come out today.

—LOUIS BRUGGNER, '22.

SURE BETS.

If I were Rockefeller's son
 I'll tell you what I'd do:
 I'd bet ten thousand "plunks" to one
 We'll trim Northwestern's crew.

If I were old man Rothchild's kid
 And Dad's fat purse could find,
 I'd wager an enormous "squid,"
 We'll crush the Aggies' line.

If I were Henry's only boy,
 I have a certain "hunch"
 I'd bet ten "Fords" to one, with joy,
 On Rockne's fighting bunch.—J. F.

The Ethical Aspect of the Drama.

BROTHER THEOPHILUS, C. S. C., '21.

"Every art," says Brander Matthews, "can make us feel and think: the epic poet tells us a story; the sculptor fills our eyes with beauty of form alone; the painter gives us an impression of the visible world; and the musician charms our ears with rhythm and with harmony." The drama avails itself of all these means: it tells a story and at the same time charms the ear with the rhythm and harmony of its poetry; it impresses the eye with the beauty of form and gives an impression of the visible world. It is, therefore, the most complex and complete of all the arts.

Every art, however, has an ethical aspect in so far at least as it deals with the passions of men. "Man has more than the power to be charmed by the beauty of the arts, or intellect whereby to interpret their meaning. He has a soul which is the seat of various and contradictory passions—he has a heart," and since the drama most completely displays the life of man, by that very fact it addresses itself most thoroughly and effectively to the whole man. In it there is beauty for his senses, truth for his mind, and there is that which appeals to his heart, that is, to his passions, and this brings the drama more completely than any other art under the domain of ethics.

The drama has an ethical aspect because it is concerned with human conduct. The purpose of this art is to teach man the knowledge of himself. The very essence of the dramatic art consists in presenting a conflict of wills, and this conflict is possible only when the passions of men are given rein in the pursuit of a definite object. Hence love, hatred, pride, jealousy, and all the other passions are the inevitable themes of the drama. The freedom of the will makes possible the yielding to one or another of these inordinate appetites, and the conflict between inclination and duty, between passion and right reason, constitutes the subject-matter of dramatic art. It is the exercise of free will that makes man responsible for his conduct and makes possible the science of ethics. By viewing the results that follow the pursuit of one's passionate inclinations, and by comparing such conduct with the rectitude prescribed by the moral law as imprinted in the heart of every rational being, man is to

acquire the necessary knowledge of himself.

This was well understood by the masters of Greek drama. They used the theater to lash vice and to wield political influence as a political weapon. Their stage was their preacher. The Morality and the Mystery Plays had a like purpose; and Shakespere asserts that the purpose of playing "was and is, to hold, as 'twere, the mirror up to nature; to show virtue her own feature, scorn her own image, and the very age and body of the time his form and pressure."

Every act which man performs with attention, with knowledge of the end, and the consent of his will to the act affects him for good or for evil. His concrete conduct cannot be "unmoral," and, accordingly, a writer's work is either moral or immoral. So does also his relation to the work fall within the moral law, and his object is likewise either moral or immoral.

The object of a drama, then has an ethical aspect, that is, it must be moral, and by the object is meant the impression which the dramatist seeks to produce on the minds of the audience. This intended impression is in the dramatist's mind long before the drama is constructed. If the total effect of the drama is to incline the audience to view divorce with sympathy, excuse crime, or justify murder or suicide, then most assuredly is the object immoral.

From this it is evident how grave a responsibility rests upon the dramatist. Those who witness the performance of his play will be made either better or worse thereby. Most people attend the performance of a drama to beguile an idle hour or to enjoy a legitimate distraction. Most of them have neither the time nor the requisite knowledge necessary to weigh in the balance of truth all that is presented. The dramatist must not avail himself of the confidence placed in him to insinuate anything which excites evil passion, inculcates false principle, arouses illicit sympathy for a bad cause, diffuses hatred, or makes attractive what should be dispised.

It is not as a rule so much the subject-matter of the drama as the manner of treatment that is of ethical consequence. Passions of men are the subject-matter of the arts and especially of the dramatic. Suppress the representations of vice and its consequences and you will suppress practically all of the world's drama.

Everywhere in the drama there are met delicate situations, but the test is the effect produced. Shakespere and other masters handled incidents of the greatest delicacy, yet we do not for that reason list their works in the category of the immoral. They never exalted vice or justified crime. Moreover, such situations are often essential to the play. Who could appreciate Magdalene the saint if he knows nothing of Magdalene the sinner.

The time-honored doctrine of poetic justice does not necessarily fulfill the requirements of ethics. According to this teaching virtue should be rewarded and vice punished. Yet, in actual life this does not always happen. To be true to life, therefore, the dictates of this doctrine cannot be literally followed out. The dramatist must, however, show at least that virtue is its own reward and that vice is always and everywhere abhorrent. To satisfy the demands of ethics, the dramatist does not need to preach directly. By doing so he will most likely fail of his own purpose as artist. Men must be taught as if they were not taught, and things they disregard must be presented as if they were only forgotten. The moral purpose must not be paraded, or obtruded. It must be connoted rather than denoted. Art that undertakes direct inculcation of morality is no longer art, and it does not make for literature that lives. "The artist must control the preacher." If the artist presents life with that inveterate unconcern with which nature presents to us the beautiful and the ugly, the important and the trivial, the chaste and the obscene, the moral is evident. The vast majority of people usually recognize the intended moral by reason of the natural law within them. Shakespere does not preach directly, and yet no one fails to see in all his tragedies the evil consequences begotten by evil obsession. Moreover, a persistent blackening of an evil character in a drama will have the contrary effect of drawing the spectators' sympathy for him as a victim of unjust persecution, and the result will be an undoing of the very good object which the dramatist has in view. How a too evident moral has an effect contrary to that intended by the dramatist is well illustrated in the play entitled "Welcome, Stranger." It is an ingenious work of dramatic art and had a spectacular "run" in our American theaters. A Hebrew is there presented in so favorable a light, as possessed of so many virtues, that an aversion is engendered for the

hero of the play. The propaganda purpose is too evident.

The dramatist must also avoid reducing all life to mere sentiment. With such writers love is a sentiment merely; so also are religion and all that men usually hold sacred. The result is that the most sacred institutions of humanity, and especially is this true of marriage, become unreal, something that can be cast aside like an old garment when one's sentiment toward it changes.

In defence of those who bring the indecent into drama some cite the excuse of "art for art's sake" and also contend that "to the pure all things are pure." On the grounds of such pleas the thousands who flocked to witness the performance of "Aphrodite" and the "Blue Flame" excused themselves. Ruskin condemns all indecency as injurious to tastes and morals, and to every Catholic the duty in this regard is plain. It is true that what is meat for one person may be poison for another, yet is it equally true that the majority strike the right key-note in this regard, and that what they acclaim as immoral is really so.

To produce a work of art in the dramatic field, the writer must be a man of broad experience and deep sympathy for his fellowmen. He must understand that life is a warfare and he must grasp accurately in what this warfare consists. He must not be satisfied in finding the reasons for a man's downfall and then leave him in the mire; he must also show the finer side of human nature, and show that this higher element is capable of recalling man to his duty. The writer must be a man of high ideals of life, one who understands the sublimity of man's destiny, and he must constantly point to that sublime vocation of which man so often loses sight. Such a man was Sophocles among the ancient dramatists, and such is Shakspeare in the modern drama.

The disgrace of the modern theater is the musical comedy. It is as a rule not art nor can it be said to exist for art's sake. "In such performances is there a single good thought inspired, good feeling aroused, or good object attained?" Its plot is a mockery of the artistic plot: "it is simply a display of dress, or rather the lack of it; crowds of girls set in array and posturing so as to bring out every turn and play of limb. Throughout it is simply a parade of indecency in display, moving in harmony with the alluring strains of an orchestra. The

effect is the inticement of the spectator into that very quagmire of vice from which true artistic drama aims to save mankind."

The question is often asked, Who is to blame for immoral plays? In the first place the public is to blame. The theatrical public demands to be amused and interested, and cares little just how. Within certain limits it will take what is offered. Only the minority looks for thought, observation, and emotion in the theater." But, in the second place, we must hold the author more responsible. The evil tendencies make themselves manifest first in the creative, not in the receptive, mind. It is his privilege to "hold the mirror to nature," and from this right springs the duty to be true to life and to the art.

The Marriage of Mary.

LAWRENCE A. WALLACE, '21.

Last summer while spending a part of my vacation at a New England summer resort at which a sorority convention was being held, I was sitting one evening on the porch of the hotel talking to some friends who were delegates at the annual meeting of the Sisters. Not having seen one another since the end of their college days five years before, they were each in turn giving an account of their doings in the meantime. All four of the women in the party were married and they were anxious to tell about "the eventful day." Three of them had told how they had captured their husbands, and it was now Mary Kelly-Walker's turn to give account of her marriage to Don Walker, a football star in his college days.

"Well, it was like this," she began; "my first year out of college was spent at home. Mother was not feeling well and I felt it my duty to stay with her instead of continuing with my studies in music as I had planned. Being very lonesome that fall, I spent a great deal of my time giving instruction in music to a few children of the neighborhood and in knitting socks for the soldiers.

"The time passed quickly and during the holiday season Don spent a few days at my home. Although Don and I had become engaged before I finished school, my mother and father knew nothing of it. In fact, they had never met until he came to see me at this Christmas. Both mother and father liked him, but I thought

it best not to tell them yet of our engagement. Shortly after Christmas mother and I left for California, where we were to spend the winter. Don and I wrote to each other daily. He told me in detail of his plan to settle after his graduation from the dental college in a mid-western city where he would practice his profession. I of course encouraged him, and we arranged the time of our marriage for a few weeks after his commencement in the following June. I insisted on returning from the West sooner than we had intended, as I wanted to spend the Easter vacation with Don. After much coaxing I succeeded in getting mother home on Palm Sunday. I wired Don immediately to come and spend his Easter with us, and he, of course, accepted my invitation.

"Whilst we were away one of the large jewelry stores at my home had gone into the hands of a receiver. The local bank took over the stock after settling up the business. My father, being a director of the bank, was assigned to the management of the store. When he came home to dinner on that evening before Easter I knew from his manner that something had gone wrong. I asked him what had happened.

"McWilliams, the head salesman," he explained, "sold a diamond on credit tonight. He wouldn't tell me the person's name, and for that reason I think the man is a perfect stranger."

"Surely he knew the man, didn't he?" I asked.

"I don't know whether he did or not. There's seven hundred dollars that's a total loss. I will find out in the morning who bought it and I will do my best to get back either the stone or my money."

"While father was raving on about the transaction the 'phone rang. I answered it. Don was calling to say that he had arrived in town that afternoon, but was with friends and couldn't come out sooner. I insisted upon his coming immediately. Shortly after dinner Don arrived. We had not seen each other since Christmas and naturally we had much to talk about. After a time father and mother went to the library, leaving Don and me to ourselves in the living room. Father was still in a very bad humor about the sale made by McWilliams, and every now and then I could hear him mumbling his displeasure. I did not say anything to Don about the affair. In fact, he knew nothing of my father's connection with the store.

"As we talked over our future, Don took from his pocket a small box, opened it, and put a beautiful diamond on my finger. I was beside myself with joy. 'Oh, where did you get it?' I asked.

"At a store down town," he replied.

"I looked at the box and saw that it was from father's store. I told Don that before I could accept it he must ask my father's consent. He agreed to do so, and we went to the dining room to see my parents. Don was rather fussed at first but he soon regained his self-possession: "Mr. Kelly," he said, 'I have asked your daughter to marry me. She has consented, and I want your permission to let her wear this ring.'

"Well, my boy," said my father, 'Mary is the one to be satisfied, and I think that I can trust you.'

"I think you may trust me, Mr. Kelly; the jeweler did."

"Needless to say, we were married in June."

Thoughts.

BY JUNIORS.

Our faults finds us out.

Sin is after all the only real failure.

Genius without hard work is in vain.

Self-denial is a condition of progress.

Wisdom begins where knowledge ends.

Death is the doorway to the higher life.

He cheers best who cheers first and last.

The best opportunities are home-made.

Great men do not compromise with error.

The talkative person has no time for thought.

The sure incentive to virtue is the love of God.

A wise man knows nothing and knows that well.

"Jazz" is to music what the billboard is to art.

Clothes no longer make the man, but break him.

Man makes his thoughts, which in turn make the man.

Popular saying of the ballplayers: "Why did I do it"?

Many a student is learning with sorrow the law of averages.

It takes money to get into "society" and brains to keep out.

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. NOVEMBER 20, 1920. NO. 9.

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 | J. W. HOGAN, C. S. C., '22 |
| LEO R. WARD, C. S. C., '23 | FRANK WALLACE, '23 |
| R. M. MURCH, C. S. C., '23 | H. W. FLANNERY, '23 |

Last year the Players Club of Notre Dame came into existence and flourished vigorously under divers discouragements, but thus far this year there has been no sign of its continued activity. It is remarkable that there should be in a university like this no recognized, well-established organization for dramatic effort. Such an organization is indeed a necessity, just as a football team, a glee club; or a debating league, and for the same reasons. Every student experiences the longing to have part in some campus activity during his college career, whether it be on the gridiron, in the debating team, at the editor's desk, or what not. A dramatic club would be for many the fulfillment of this desire, as it would give the student with ability to act, to write plays, or to direct dramatic productions, a chance to distinguish himself before his fellows. This field would be open to a larger number of aspirants than many other campus activities and would interest a relatively greater number. This is not a trivial matter. The more opportunity a college offers a student the stronger will be the life bond binding him to his school. A well organized dramatic club under authoritative management would be an asset to the University in that it would attract outside attention, and in a greater degree than almost any other student

activity, with the exception of athletics. The public is always interested in college students and their doings, and this interest is enhanced when it observes the college men in a worthwhile undertaking, such as a good play. There are but few colleges and universities in the country that do not boast flourishing dramatic clubs. Why should Notre Dame be in this matter one of the few?—A. C. S.

The recent endowment of a school of journalism at Northwestern University by the Chicago *Tribune* is another notable evidence of the faith placed in the college by the metropolitan newspaper. The same foresight which in 1912 prompted the *Tribune* to purchase 144,000 acres of Canadian pulp timberland in anticipation of the print paper shortage, now an alarming reality, has no doubt actuated it in the establishment of the Medill School of Journalism. The days of the bovine cub and of the barking editor are gone with the cab-horse. The modern newspaper is first of all a strictly business enterprise; as a training-school for apprentice writers it is admittedly a failure. Metropolitan journalism today has its sign out for college men school-trained in the science and art of newspaper-making, and at the same time men of all-around education and of facile personality enabling them to associate with the commercial kings, the political barons, and divers other personages, who furnish most of the material for the newspaper "gist mill." The idea of the *Tribune* in founding this school is no doubt to have constantly within its sure reach a number of hand-picked college journalists from which to man its editorial staff. It was with this same idea that the representatives of the United Press two years ago signified their willingness to give places to all the graduates from the Notre Dame course in journalism. The fact that the University program in journalism is for the most part cultural did not by any means deter the investigators from a favorable decision. Mere technical expertness is not esteemed by the practical editor as the most important qualification of the graduate in journalism. That qualification will surely come with practical experience if the graduate is an otherwise well-developed man. The action of the *Tribune* is proof of the fact that the printing trade and the professional journalism are very distinct.—E. W. M.

Book Review.

THE NEW MERCHANT MARINE, by Edward N. Hurley, author of "The Awakening of Business," etc. Century Company, New York, 1920.

The New Merchant Marine, by Dr. Hurley (LL. D., 1918) may be ranked without prejudice with the best volumes in the rapidly growing literature on the American merchant marine, and it will doubtless live as a classic handbook for Americans following the sea. It has come at the psychological moment, when our nation finds itself embarrassed with a wealth of fifteen hundred new ships, and its author's sane judgment on the future of American shipping will act as a point of orientation for both the over-sanguine optimist and the panic-stricken pessimist who have been theorizing for us on the future of our merchant marine.

The book may be divided roughly into two parts, one dealing with the history of the organization of the Shipping Board, of which Mr. Hurley was for two years chairman, and the building of the Shipping Board vessels, and the second presenting a consideration of fundamental shipping problems, such as the economic operation of ships, marine insurance, the reaction of ships upon industry, and the difficult question of personnel. We should be very grateful to Dr. Hurley for his intimate story of the activities of the Shipping Board, because that institution was so characteristically a gigantic American undertaking and was so directly responsible for the winning of the war, by its actual accomplishment of placing a fully equipped army of 2,000,000 Americans on a European battlefield, and by its shock to German morale through its miracles of achievement. Mr. Hurley took over the Shipping Board and Emergency Fleet Corporation after these institutions had threatened to destroy the purpose for which they had been established. His story of the German tonnage acquired after the war for the repatriation of American troops gives us an interesting sidelight on the armistice. In his observations on the future of our shipping, he shows conclusively that the United States is now in the best possible condition to resume in ocean transportation the leadership which was lost during the Civil War.

We can, now that we have the shipyards and the most intelligent labor in the world, build good ships more economically than any other nation in the world, and we can apply, as we have applied on the Great Lakes and as we did apply in the French ports we took over during the war, devices that have worked the greatest economy in the operation of ships. Dr. Hurley traces a full set of the most economical shipping routes and shows how these can be operated for a rapid turnover that will give all the benefits of large scale operation. All the time that a ship is at sea carrying cargo it is an asset, and all the time that it is in port is a liability. We can more than equalize the difference in the cost between foreign labor and native, resulting from our effort to give our seamen decent quarters and respectable wages, through the resulting efficiency of the men and careful planning of operations. The chapter on marine insurance is a

very frank but constructive criticism of the shortsightedness of American underwriters and is the wisest word of advice these gentlemen have as yet received.

The American shipping world and the nation in general owes to Dr. Hurley a debt of gratitude for this illuminating book. Notre Dame feels especially gratified in conferring felicitations on the author, because, in addition to his being an alumnus of Notre Dame, Doctor Hurley is honorary dean of our Department of Foreign Commerce.

Personals.

—Robert O'Hara, of Indianapolis, is now in the advertising department of the *Indiana Daily Times*.

—Arthur P. Hudson, a Litt. B. man in 1895, and who is now in Charleston, W. V., was just one more Republican who gained office when that party stepped hard on the opposition on November 2nd. Hudson ran for judge of the circuit court of Clay and Kanawa counties, and received a majority of about 3400.

—Paul Mallon, who was in the Freshman journalism class last year, when he wasn't abusing the keyboards of an Underwood and perpetrating effusions for the *News-Times* and the *Louisville Courier-Journal* Sunday feature section, is now with the United Press Association, if the letter head he used to send clippings on the Army game is evidence.

—Fred J. Baer, who received his E. E. from Notre Dame in 1905, has since that time travelled all over the United States and much of South America in the interest of the Automatic Telephone Company, with whom he is now established as a manager in the Chicago office.

—Edwin A. Hunter, (Ph. B., '18), who since leaving school has been secretary of the Chamber of Commerce at Winner, South Dakota, is now married. Within the last week Edwin journeyed to Omaha, Nebraska, where he and Miss Mayme Smith, of South Bend, were made one. They are to live in Winner.

—Thomas J. Welch, ('05), attorney-at-law in Kewanee, Illinois, who attended the homecoming game of Notre Dame here against Purdue University on the 6th of November, writes on the 10th to the editors of the SCHOLASTIC concerning the occasion: "Your great football team received many congratulations for its excellent playing in the Homecoming game. Congratulations are also due Cheerleader Slaggert and his loyal rooters. That which made many of us old-timers feel prouder

of our Alma Mater than the winning of the game was the fine sportsmanship shown by the Notre Dame student-rooters. The reception tendered the Purdue team as it arrived on the field, the rendering of the Purdue yells, and the cheering given to each individual member of the visiting team as he left the game, was the best exhibition of good sportsmanship that I have ever seen. The continuous display of such spirit will make Notre Dame and its teams popular wherever they go. The Home-coming was a big success. Make it an annual affair!"

—Dr. Charles P. Neill, (A. M., '93, LL. D., '08,) former U. S. Commissioner of Labor, visited the University last Sunday. Dr. Neill is at present manager of the department of information of the Southeastern Railways. In 1887 and 1888 he was one of the editors of the SCHOLASTIC and secretary to Rev. Thomas E. Walsh, then president of Notre Dame. From 1891 to 1894 Dr. Neill taught mathematics in the University. His day at Notre Dame was spent pleasantly in the company of his old classmate, President Burns.

—Father Cavanaugh, former president of Notre Dame, says in a recent letter to a member of the faculty: "The SCHOLASTIC is very creditable. Art Hope's paper on Father Petit was excellent, and the editorial on MacSwiney's death was a little gem. Nothing better ever appeared in a college paper."

—The Hon. Albert J. Galen, (LL. B., '96), member of the firm of Galen and Mettler at Helena, Montana, was elected by the Republicans for associate-justice of the supreme court of the State by a majority of 40,000. Mr. Galen was attorney-general of Montana for eight years, and was during the war time judge-advocate-general of the A. E. F. in Siberia.

—Three fearless students of journalism from St. Mary's outraged tradition a few days ago by coming over to Notre Dame when Daniel Hiltgartner, manager of the out-of-town classified advertisement section of the *Chicago Tribune*, and a graduate in journalism of the University in 1917, came back to talk to the journalism students of classified "ads" and of things in general in connection with the *Tribune*. The very interesting and instructive address was appreciated by the hundred or more of journalists who attended. After the talk Mr. Hiltgartner answered the questions of the inquisitive.—H. W. FLANNERY.

Local News.

—Lost: On the campus a brown kid glove. Finder please return to Printing Office.

—The Director of Studies announces that the following class penalties will be imposed for infringement of the rules concerning the Thanksgiving recess: 5% deducted from the bulletin mark in each class for the first day of absence either before or after the recess; 4% for the second day; 3% for the third day, and finally 2% for every day thereafter. The Thanksgiving recess begins at noon on Wednesday, November 24th and continues until noon on Friday, November 26th.

—The Minnesota men met at noon on Tuesday last and elected their officers for the year, making Cyril Kasper, of Fairbault, the president, Daniel Coughlin, of Waseca, the vice-president; Paul Castner, of White Bear, secretary; Linus C. Glotzbach, of Sleepy Eye, treasurer; James Swift, of Waseca, chairman of the general committee, and Ed Degree, of St. Cloud, the publicity man.

—A week ago Wednesday evening Madame Zarad, a soprano in the Chicago Grand Opera Company, gave a delightful concert in Washington Hall. Her rendering of the "Ave Maria" of Schubert was especially appreciated. Among several numbers well received were "The Last Rose of Summer," "Carmen," and Tosti's "Goodbye." Three excellent songs written by Professor Becker, head of the Department of Music at the University, were given by Madame Zarad.

—Last Saturday evening the student body toured the Hawaiian Islands, guided by Miss Mildred Leo Clemens and accompanied by five native Hawaiians,—all without leaving Washington Hall. The cinema pictures of the islands were nearly as good as a trip thereto. To avoid monotony, the five natives entertained most successfully with songs and dances characteristic of their home land.

—Father Paul Foik, the University Librarian, who is president of the college section of the Indiana Library Association, travelled to Indianapolis a week ago last Wednesday to address the Association on "The College Library in Relation to College Work." Father Foik, in discoursing on the scientific method of using books, observed that "the place of the library in the university may be described as that of an

organic teaching unit, coordinate with all schools, departments, museums, and other separately organized teaching units." He urged that pressure be brought to bear on students to make them realize the value of the library in their work.

—The "Commercial Art Students," having decided that the name of their club is too much of a mouthful, have re-named themselves the Palette Club.

—Now that the national election has become matter of history, members of the Notre Dame "Forum" must look for other issues for argument. A week ago last Thursday evening John Briley and Joseph Rhombert took the stand that "Legislation should be enacted to permit the sale and manufacture of light wines and liquors," but Frank Tschudi and Joseph Sullivan were able to show that the Eighteenth Amendment is justified.

—It is possible for a limited number of men who have been in the service of the United States during the recent war and who are residents of the State of Indiana to secure partial scholarships from the Y. M. C. A. All those interested in these scholarships may obtain detailed information regarding them from the Director of Studies.

—Early this morning the South Shore Electric trains took a thousand of the Notre Dame students to Chicago for the Notre Dame-Northwestern game at Evanston this afternoon. Most of the conveniences for the trip were made possible by the Students Activities Committee, who arranged for the special service to town, for the special cars to Chicago, and for direct connection with Evanston by way of elevated—all for \$3.25. Coach Rockne was primarily responsible for the special rate of fifty cents for reserved seats. After the game the Notre Dame Alumni Club of Chicago will give a banquet to the team and to the students of the Elevated—all for \$3.25. Coach Rockne at the Auditorium Hotel. The special trains are to leave the Randolph Street station for the return trip at 12:30 o'clock.

—A crowded Washington Hall was more than pleased last Monday evening with Mr. Frederick Warde in his lecture "Fifty years of Make-believe." From the moment of his appearance the charm of his personality held the audience. His graphic reminiscences of famous actors and actresses, the favorites not

only of our fathers and mothers but even of an earlier generation, were most entertaining. The crowd was with him from the time of the reproduction of his own first appearance on the stage as the Second Murderer in "Macbeth." No doubt if the "canny old Scotchman" were to see now that same second murderer, he would certainly agree that the timid novice has become a "mon o' parts." Then he related vividly his adventure with the intense Adelaide Neilson. He spoke with affectionate intimacy of men whose names are almost as well known to us as those of Washington and Lincoln, men who raised the standard of the theatre to a very high level, Henry Irving, E. H. Sothorn, and Edwin Booth. Many and interesting were the stories told of these geniuses, who achieved their fame chiefly by long, weary hours of study and work. Everybody who heard the speaker admired his clear diction and natural, masterly elocution. Mr. Warde is a venerable survivor of the old and genuine school of actors, and his lecture suggested to the thinking members of his audience the lesson that the life devoted to the cultivation of one's tastes and talents is infinitely richer than the one spent in the thoughtless pursuit of wealth and pleasure.

—TIERNEY-STEVENSON.

Gridiron Gossip.

A CRIMSON VICTORY DEFEATED.

It was the old story again. Notre Dame's great football machine proved its metal, its traditional courage and spirit by coming from far behind, after being hopelessly outclassed and beaten, as it seemed, and winning a great game from Indiana University in Indianapolis last Saturday. The score of 13 to 10 summarizes the contest with exceptional accuracy.

The game was replete with sensational plays, "Jumbo" Stiehm's eleven furnishing most of them during the first three periods. The score does not tell, however, the story of the mighty struggle in the opening periods, in which the Crimson eleven astonished the 15,000 spectators by holding the Notre Dame men scoreless, while they themselves scored ten points by means of one of the most brilliant offensives which Rockne's men have faced this year. Rockne had not underestimated Indiana, but the public, the press, and the players had, and it took the "Rockmen" nearly half the game to realize the size of their task.

Early in the game the Indiana defense demonstrated itself by wrecking every combination in which Gipp figured. This great star did not feature the afternoon's performance in his wonted way, because he was a marked man, so surely marked that before the first period was over he had been so severely punished by opposing tacklers as to render him useless on defense and very weak in offense. He fought on, however, till the coach called him out for a rest. Indiana's joy knew no bounds, but it subsided of a sudden at the beginning of the fourth period when George returned to the game and immediately crashed through the weakening Crimson line for the first touchdown, to which he added a goal score. Barry's entrance into the battle marked the turning of the tide of that strenuous day for Notre Dame's followers in Indianapolis and at home. The wearers of the Gold and Blue saw the Crimson line of stone crumble as Smith, Anderson, Shaw, and Coughlin battered it full of holes, through which Mohardt, Barry, and Wynne dashed for ever-lengthening gains. They saw Smith, Garvey, and Shaw on the defense wade through, and down in their tracks the heretofore invincible backs of the opposition. The hysterical cheering of the "Howling Host" from Bloomington ceased, and many of the Crimson supporters left the grounds before Brandy had tricked his way through the sullen center for the second touchdown, thus missing the two brilliant but unsuccessful attempts of their team to tie the score, attempts which failed only by a hair's breadth. Even the band of Indiana was silent, and some of its members no longer present, not caring to witness their team in its losing fight.

It was in the late afternoon towards the end of the third quarter that the real quality of the Gold and Blue began to show. The first half of the game had been a battle royal, with the advantage for the Indiana men. They had stopped the widely heralded George Gipp; they had smothered the Rockne aerial attack, they had time and again broken through the line which expert critics had called "a stone wall," they had sailed boldly into the third period and scored a touchdown by the conversion of an intercepted pass and several line plunges. At this desperate stage came the change. Barry was substituted for Mohardt and Mohardt for Gipp. There was a brief consultation and perhaps a prayer, and then

the "juggernaut" got underway. Seven slashing runs around end, fierce off-tackle pushes by Barry and Mohardt, interspersed with plunges by Castner did the work. At the end of the third period the ball rested on the Crimson one-yard line. The light "Rockmen" were very visibly pushing their opponents back play by play and opening convenient holes for every play called. At this crisis the Indiana rooters began to forsake the field. Gipp was returned to the game in the last period. Wynne took Castner's place and the machine moved on relentlessly. On the first play Gipp, despite a fractured shoulder, crashed the Indiana line for a touchdown, after which he kicked the goal. A few minutes later Wynne received the kick-off and started the second parade for the winning score. He fumbled in receiving, but rescued the ball, returned it thirty-two yards, and was all but clear of the field when he was downed by a lucky diving tackle. The Notre Dame stands then rose and pleaded for the much needed touchdown—and the "gang" responded, by driving off the tackles, circling the ends, and completing several running lateral passes, to the utter bewilderment of the Indiana defense. The march did not stop till within a few yards of the goal line, where Indiana held twice, and then were surprised to find Brandy lying over the line with the ball in his arms. George had "Gipped" them again.

The kick for goal failed, thus leaving the Crimson a chance to tie the score by achieving three points. Twice they tried the chance, but failed to register on placement goals, for Rockne's forwards were crashing through and spoiling each attempt. Few Indiana followers remained to cheer the valiant efforts of their team to save the honors which a few minutes before had seemed so surely theirs. At this juncture Rockne threw several of his best reserves into the fray just to enliven the occasion. Needless to say we shall not soon forget how they performed in staying the last desperate effort of the great Indiana team.

In no game in recent years has a Notre Dame team taken such punishment as did the men last Saturday, and never has any team taken punishment more courageously or perseveringly while waiting for the turn in the fortune of battle. Although blocked in every strategy and foiled in every trick, they fought on till their time to roll back the foe. George Gipp, with his fractured shoulder, the object of every

attack and effort of the opposition, Hartley Anderson with his ribs cracked and his face lacerated, Maurice Smith, Larson, Shaw, and Coughlin, buried for three quarters under an avalanche of opposition—all fought through to the end and won. Kiley and Anderson conducted the aerial attack in the face of opposition trained to the second in defense against every play; they downed in his tracks every receiver of punts and gave one of the most remarkable all-around exhibitions ever witnessed by the men in the press boxes. The backfield men hammered away with the grind and grit so characteristic of Notre Dame backs, and finally overran the Indiana defense. Hats off to Barry and Mohardt who set the pace to victory when all seemed lost, to Wynne and Castner who hammered the line and then crashed through for the necessary gains, and to "Joe" Brandy, the little general, always encouraging, urging, and fighting, until finally his skill, faith, and persistence achieved for Notre Dame the greatest triumph of the season. This victory was the seventh step towards the Western and national honors.

Lineup and summary.

| | | |
|-----------------|----------------|--------------|
| NOTRE DAME (13) | | INDIANA (10) |
| Kiley | Left End | Bell |
| Coughlin | Left Tackle | Risley |
| H. Anderson | Left Guard | McGaw |
| Larson | Center | Pierce |
| Smith | Right Guard | Mumby |
| Shaw | Right Tackle | Leonard |
| E. Anderson | Right End | Haney |
| Brandy | Quarterback | Mathys |
| Gipp | Left Halfback | Thomas |
| Mohardt | Right Halfback | Minton |
| Wynne | Fullback | Kyle |

Score by periods:

| | | | | |
|-----------------|---|---|---|-------|
| Notre Dame..... | 0 | 0 | 0 | 13—13 |
| Indiana..... | 0 | 3 | 7 | 0—10 |

Notre Dame scoring: Touchdowns, Gipp, Brandy. Goal from touchdown—Gipp.

Indiana scoring: Touchdown—Haney. Goal from touchdown—Risley. Field goal—Risley.

Substitutions: Notre Dame—Hayes for Kiley, Garvey for Coughlin, Mehre for Larson, Dooley for Smith, Mohardt for Gipp, Barry for Mohardt, Castner for Wynne.

Indiana—Boggs for Mumly, Williams for Thomas, Cravens for Williams, Maynard for Minton, Raymond for Maynard.—E. M. STARRETT.

The Greater Northwestern University News Service has sent out the following on the Notre Dame-Northwestern game of this afternoon:

The Coaches of the Northwestern University football team expect George Gipp, Notre Dame's sensational halfback, to be in the game at the Purple arena, and

work this week has been pointed toward line-strengthening more than offensive manoeuvres, which Coaches McDevitt, Sawtelle, and Putnam already have worked out fairly well. The bear stories from the big school near South Bend are not given full credence, although it is felt that Gipp probably was given a thorough shaking-up by the husky Indiana tacklers last Saturday. McDevitt, head coach of the Purple team, has not stopped coaching because of rumors that the fleet "Georgie" has a broken collar bone and a variety of other disabling afflictions. "Gipp will gallop out on the field Saturday at the head of his bunch," is the stuff the coaches are handing out to the Purple gridders, and the fellows put on extra steam every time they hear it.

Demands for tickets for the game have about exhausted the supply and the big show will pull a record-breaking audience to the Northwestern field. Various dignitaries of the Catholic Church of the Chicago district have been invited to be present by President Walter Dill Scott of the university and the reservation of a number of boxes has been tendered to Archbishop Mundelein and staff. Thousands of Catholics and other thousands of non-Catholics will go to the game for the pleasure of seeing Gipp and his companions do their football stunts. It is not, however, expected to be a runaway match for the Gold and Blue.

Gipp in 1916, as a member of the Freshman team at Notre Dame, established a drop-kick record of 62 yards, a mark which still stands. He specializes, too, in dodging opposing linesmen, evading the fastest tacklers, and cantering over the prostrate forms of his foes almost at will. Captain Frank Coughlin, a 215 pound tackle, is a resident of Chicago, and Kiley, end, and Barry, half-back, also hail from this old town. Their friends will be present next Saturday with bells on. Northwestern coaches are not saying anything, but they rather feel that the Purple will have a bit more pepper next Saturday than they did last Saturday against Purdue.

BASKETBALL SCHEDULE.

Coach Halas announces for the Notre Dame basketball quintet games with the following:

- Dec. 20—Purdue University, at Lafayette.
- Dec. 21—The Em-Roes, at Indianapolis.
- Jan. 3—The Rayls, at Detroit.
- Jan. 4—St. John's University, at Toledo.
- Jan. 5—Mt. Union, at Canton.
- Jan. 6—The Firestone A. C., at Akron.
- Jan. 7—The K. of C., at Fort Wayne.
- Jan. 8—The Huntington American Legion, at Huntington.
- Jan. 12—Armour Tech., at Chicago.
- Jan. 18—Kalamazoo College, at Notre Dame.
- Jan. 21—St. Mary's College, at Notre Dame.
- Jan. 22—Michigan Agricultural College, at Lansing.
- Jan. 28—Wabash College, at Crawfordsville.
- Jan. 31—Western State Normal, at Kalamazoo.
- Feb. 1—Michigan Agricultural College, at Notre Dame.
- Feb. 2—Depauw University, at Notre Dame.
- Feb. 10—Western State Normal, at Kalamazoo.
- Feb. 11—Armour Tech., at Notre Dame.
- Feb. 16—Marietta College, at Notre Dame.

Safety Valve.

OUR REMEDY.

We would suggest that on account of the lack of steam in the South wing of Badin hall, each student sojourning in that section of the building put a steamer trunk under his bed.

Some men are like footballs. They always have a kick coming.

OUR ZOO.

Fox of Brownson, Gorilla, Leach, and Roche of the Day Students.

SIGNS OF THE SEASONS.

Where are the shakey old screen doors

That opened on our stoop?

Where are the flies that used to do

A tail spin in the soup?

Where are the June bugs that so oft

Beneath our transom flew?

Where are the cotton B. V. 'Ds—

They've vanished P. D. Q.

We suggest that Cabel of Carroll and Carr of Washington get together for old times' sake; also that Hunger of Brownson look up Miehl in Badin.

WHY NOT?

"Please, Raymond," she said in a soft vaseline voice, "won't you stop that horrid habit of drinking tea out of your saucer?"

"Why, what are you worrying about," he replied; "this tea isn't hot enough to break the saucer."

Time 2:30 P. M. Place: South stand on Cartier Field.

SCENE I.—*The crowd have nearly all arrived and are seated beneath large streamers of gold and blue. Both teams are on the field going through signal practice; the band is playing on the side lines and everything is in readiness for the game to start. Enter a Saint Mary's girl and a Notre Dame student.*

SHE.—Goodness me, these seats are simply terrific! They're as cold as can be and there's absolutely no place for one to rest one's back.

HE.—*(Thinking of the good six dollars he has paid for the seats and looking very funereal).* They're not so very bad. They are near the centre of the field, and as for your back—well, you won't know you have any when the game starts. They didn't warm the seats to-day because they feared the heat might bring the rosin out of the boards and that would ruin your dress.

SHE *(peevish)*. Just look at my seal coat. I've been here only six minutes and you'd think I had lived all year in a cigar store. Why it's positively covered with ashes.

HE *(rubbing the soft fur, as if to soothe her)*. True enough, deary, but these fellows behind us don't know it's a real seal-skin coat. They think it's imitation. As soon as they find out it's the real article, not another puff will they take.

SHE *(disdainfully)*. Well, I should say it's not imitation. The very nerve of them to think I would wear anything but the real article. Papa bought me this in Paris.

HE *(confidentially)*. That's just the trouble, deary. These fellows have been watching seals with grey fur eating fish at a circus and they think all seals are the same. They haven't sense enough to know the Paris seals have black fur.

SHE *(disgustedly)*. You are actually the most stupid man on earth. Don't you know seal is dyed?

HE *(surprised)*. No. I always thought they killed it.

SHE *(more disgustedly)*. I'm not talking about seals dying. I'm talking about dying the skins.

HE *(knowingly)*. Yes, yes, I understand. They dye them to keep ants and mice and moths out of them.

SHE *(skying her nose)*. There isn't much use in your going to college. You're—

HE *(slapping her on the back)*. They're off—look at 'em. look at 'em—No, missed him! He's down.

SHE *(with nose still pointing heavenward)*. Do you know you, silly diot, that you have torn my hair net all to pieces? Most of it is hanging on the sleeve button of your coat. Are you or are you not going to stop this insanity?

HE *(just realizing she was addressing him)*. Why certainly, dear. What's the matter now? I didn't—whoop!! look at 'em go—that's Gipp. Go it, old boy, go it! Down! *(Time out.)*

SHE *(with fury in her eyes)*. Once more I ask you maniac, lunatic, madman, or whatever you are, do you intend to stop this everlasting asininity or will you stay here and enjoy it by yourself. They're putting men in Matawan every day who could sell you the Singer building, you poor, inconsequential, half-baked, vacuum-topped freak.

HE *(smiling)*. I fear you have been tautological in your speech, dear, and if the boys find out you have been guilty of such a terrible offense they'll—

SHE *(furiously)*. I never did any such thing in my life. You are all a lot of calumniators and detractors. There is not one of you who has manhood enough to—

HE *(soothingly)*. Don't be angry, dear. *(Puts his arm around her.)* It's really all a mistake. It's all my fault, because I misunderstood you. You know, darling, I thought that you were hinting that my conduct was not in conformity with the rules of gentlemanly etiquette and it worried me. I might have known you wouldn't ever think such a thing.

SHE *(casting his arm away from her)*. You are just—

HE *(jumping to his feet)*. There they go again—wow! go it! go it!—faster!! faster—rah! rah!—touch-down!

(He throws both arms around her and kisses her. A sharp slap is heard and while the excited crowd is throwing hats and canes and banners in the air, she leaves the stand to look for a policeman.)

NAMES AND ADDRESSES THAT SOUND LIKE HEADLINES.

Thomas Emmett Owens Sorin Hall.

George Herman Slaine in South Bend.

Burns Christian Cook in South Bend.