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A Fireside Plea.

CLIFFORD WARD, '23.

LOST·by the fireside in reverie deep,
O soul, from the fiery hearth,
Send out my fancy in fairy realms,
Free it from fetters of earth.

Give it the freedom of storm-tossed waves,
Of clouds in the blue above,
Give it the sweep of autumn winds,
The range of a mother's love.

Keep it high and unsullied in crystal skies,
A king in a bower of thought,
A psychical monarch in castle built,
'On stars of imagery wrought.

The Classic Drama.

ROBERT D. SHEA '22.

WHEN the Greeks separated themselves from their Asiatic mother-country, they also, with their love of the beautiful and graceful, separated themselves from their inherited religious beliefs and refused to picture any longer as monstrosities and demons the forces that ruled the universe. Rather, they conceived of them as most extraordinary human beings and yet as very much like men and women, having joys and sorrows of their own.

Of all the Greek gods none so appealed to the human sympathy as Dionysius, the god of wine and the giver of every physical joy and excitement. His festivals were celebrated at appropriate times of the year, as when the wine was made, and when the cask was opened. The story of Dionysius reported him as wandering about the world attended by woodland satyrs, with snub-noses, pointed ears, and goats' tails. The worshippers, desiring to enter as fully as possible into the spirit of the Dionysiac celebration, first feigned themselves as satyrs, and then let one of their number stand for Dionysius himself, or for his messenger, and relate some exploit to the chorus. Here we have the first germ of the regular drama, the narrating of this achievement of the god. The chorus would then express in song what feelings had been awakened. A hymn was sung to Dionysius called the dithyramb, from which song developed both tragedy and comedy. At the national celebrations where the more significant and artistic songs were sung, a goat was offered as sacrifice at the beginning of the celebration, and thus tragedy—the goat song—came to signify the dithyramb dealing with the deeper emotions and the more sublime subjects, and later to mean the drama concerned with a serious theme. In the various villages there were local celebrations of the vintage festival, in which a band of jolly companions in a mood of revelry would sing to Dionysius, hence, "comedy."—the village-song—came to mean the half-jesting, rollicking song of the local celebration as opposed to the great national one at Athens.

Arion first assigned the song to especially appropriate performers. Thespis, impersonating a satyr, addressed the chorus. Aeschylus, the real founder of tragedy, "the father of the drama," introduced a second actor, and thus dialogue was made possible—dialogue in which action could be represented. The dialogue soon became more important than the choral song, and the drama was comparatively mature. Sophocles, the greatest of the Greek writers of tragedy, introduced a third actor, and thus further perfected the drama. A story in action could now be shown and the conflict of human wills—the mainspring of the drama—could be presented to advantage. Euripides, the third of the great Greek dramatists, is said to be the one who started drama on its decline from the high pinnacle to which Sophocles raised it. Euripides lived to a somewhat later date than

his great rivals, Aeschylus and Sophocles, and within his years a new order of ideas and a different conception of the dramatist's art had begun to prevail.

The Dorians took the first step in the development of comedy. They dramatized the dialogue of "comic" chorus and the actor into short farces, and from that time comedy was frequently employed as a powerful vehicle of satire to ridicule whomever and whatever the poet desired. Among numerous important writers of comedy Aristophanes was the greatest.

From Greece we follow the course of the classic drama to Rome. The Roman drama originated in a lively intermixture of the elements of the dance with jocular and abusive improvisations of song, speech, and dialogue. At first the Romans were mere translators of the Greeks, then imitators, and not always very successful ones. It is due, probably, to this fact and to the spirit of the Roman that it differed so disadvantageously from the great, dignified, artistic drama of the Greeks. The drama of Rome never approached the excellence of that of Greece. The greatest Roman dramatists were Plautus and Terrence, and these two were mediocre enough.

After the period of the supremacy of the Roman empire, the barbarian invasions set in, with a consequential decline in culture, and it is not until the seventeenth century that the regular artistic drama again blossomed into greatness—this time in Spain, France, and England, and something like a century later in Germany.

Of these three great national dramas the French was the only one which adhered to the ancient classic drama as a model. The fact came about in this wise. In the time of Racine, who introduced the classic element into the French, the French drama was hampered by the unities of time, place, and action, as well as by the size of the French stage, and the small hall—with the audience crowding even up on the stage—as contrasted with the spacious stage and enormous theatre of Greece. Under the law of the unities, however, French drama of modern times could not present the simplicity, the directness, and the unconsciousness, so characteristic of the ancient Greek plays, and under the prevailing conditions of presentation the stateliness of the Greek drama was impossible.

Racine, however, cast about for some pattern of dramatic art, and so adopted for his model the Greek classic drama as the epitome of freedom and dignity. He was not troubled to any extent by the restrictions involved in the unities; in truth, he seemed rather to get along all the more smoothly under them. But dignity and correctness now became the keyword of the French classical drama, and this was pushed so far that the language employed became pompous and stilted, lacking in the simple, effective diction which shows emotions. Feeling was destroyed by the bombastic circumlocution in which it was expressed. Thus the French drama lost what little life it had, and grew more and more distant from the natural, which is the basis of all true dramatic representation. To achieve a high degree of artificiality was really the chief aim of the French dramatist who would be successful. Voltaire, the other great French classic dramatist, following Racine, was horrified at the colloquial; he strained dramatic diction to two or three turns higher and still farther from the natural.

With the fall of Napoleon there was no change in literary fashion as might have been expected, and after the revolution the so-called classic drama got the benefit of the craze for antiquity. The tendency, even mania, was for dignity and loftiness, and this deprived the drama of all interesting action, and action is the essential element in anything dramatic. Real emotion was proscribed; the grand style was the chief thing desired—to the sacrifice of all else.

About 1825, however, the conditions were ripe for a revolt against the rigid restraints and monotonous mannerisms of the classicists. A new generation had arisen, full of life, restless, and militant, with a congenital impatience of inherited authority. Wars broke out in all departments of art. Foreign artists became popular, and finally when one of the harrassed French authors, Victor Hugo, did step out of the prescribed bonds in open revolt, it was the signal for a general rebellion against the established forms of classicism, with the event that the French drama ultimately became romantic, like the Spanish, English, and German.

Where are the millions who promised to protect old King Barleycorn with purse and ballot?

What the future holds in store for you depends largely upon what you hold in store for the future.

The Innocents Abroad.

CHARLES P. MOONEY '20.

In that memorable spring of 1918 when that seemingly unending stream of olive-drab humanity was pouring into England through Liverpool and leaving for France by way of Southhampton, I had the good fortune to be in the latter city: It was not of my own volition, however, that I was there, but because the regiment that claimed me as a member was in that country awaiting transportation across the channel to Havre. Inasmuch as the British government was at the time handicapped by a shortage of available ships suitable to carrying troops and cattle, my outfit had to spend a week on His Majesty's island before it was moved.

The first three days of our enforced sojourn were passed in the suburbs of Southhampton in what the English consider a camp, but which in reality was nothing more than a barbed wire enclosure, with two water-faucets for the enlisted men and a club for the officers. On the fourth day it was announced that I had been one of the lucky twenty who had been granted a twenty-four-hour leave to the city. To us who were so fortunate this was like drawing the prize number in a lottery: it meant not only an escape from the irksome drill the regiment was being put through, but also an opportunity to buy without any fear of the vendor's arrest our first drink of beadable liquor since we had entered the service. In less than an hour we had shown our passes to a score or more of military police and were out of the camp.

Upon reaching the city I ran into Jack Wolf, who had been a crony of mine back in the States. Jack was the same as any other soldier, except for one idiosyncrasy: he enjoyed good vintages. After a warm greeting, he suggested a rendezvous with John Barleycorn. I accepted his invitation, and we sallied forth in quest of some place where the oblivion-inducing fluid was sold to enlisted men. After being ordered out of some dozen saloons, we finally recognized our objective in the form of a small "pub" on a sidestreet near the docks. It was decided that we should start and finish our sightseeing tour in this place. We had a whole lifetime in which to see cathedrals, monuments, and ruins, but only one day within which to imbibe the "equalizer." So Jack and I took possession of a table in the rear of the barroom and called for service from the establishment's best bottle.

The Scotch whiskey which the barmaid poured for us beggars description, but as the quality of the beverage has nothing to do with the story the Bacchanalian panegyric must be foreborne. Besides, who were we to pose as connoisseurs of the beverage? After spending a year in the service in South Carolina where the best a soldier can obtain to quench his thirst is a little lemon extract pilfered from the kitchen, jamaica ginger would have seemed to us that afternoon in no way different from champagne.

After buying a round or two of drinks for the "drink-moochers," who are a necessary evil in every grog-shop of the old world, Jack advised me that it would be a good idea for us to worm our way into the confidence of some British trooper who had been across the channel in the fighting pit. Such an interview, maintained Jack, would afford us considerable enlightenment on what was according to Hoyle "out there," where all men were equal in theory only. It being my friend's time to buy, I gave my assent.

Just as we were about to leave the barroom, there entered a tall, well set-up fellow, in the garb of an English sergeant of infantry. Jack nudged me to give the warrior my attention. There was, however little need for this, for I was all but spell-bound by the sight of the service and wound stripes covering his sleeves, and by the Mons medal and Victoria Cross that adorned his broad chest. After furtively surveying the inmates of the room the giant Tommy slouched over to our table.

"If that Britisher starts any of that too-proud-to-fight stuff," said Jack, already beginning to feel independent, "use the bottle on him."

Fortunately, such was not that gentleman's disposition; our late entry into the war was apparently of no concern to him.

"As you were, Yanks," said the sergeant, as Jack and I made an unsuccessful, but sincere attempt to rise, "while I buy a drink for the three of us."

"Good Lord," Jack whispered to me, "There must be some mistake. Since when did the tea drinkers get the habit of treating Americans?"

The barmaid had no sooner received our order and we had duly introduced ourselves, than we two Americans launched a barrage of

questions at the host. He answered in the best way he could. That made no difference, however, since we were doing all the talking. In the time within which it takes three men of extraordinary capacity to consume three rounds of drink, our oracle had touched upon every subject that could possibly be of interest to the neophyte soldier. He had told us that the food was no better in France than in England; that no alien could partake of the French wine and have a clear head for some time thereafter; that we would wish ourselves back at home after three months in that country; that the soldiers on leave do not go to Paris to see Napoleon's tomb: that Ypres is not pronounced "Wipers," and so on, before we slackened our attack.

"I say, Mr. Sunderland," indelicately asked Jack, calling the sergeant by name, "how did you happen to win that Victoria Cross? If I am not wrong, it is the highest decoration his Majesty puts out."

"Well, Yanks," began the "Limie," who was now modesty personified, "I hate to talk about myself, but seeing as you're so generous"—the drinks were now being paid for with coin of the United States—"I will give it to you straight. You can believe it or not, as you wish. One night last spring just after we had gone into the ditch I was sent out with a working party. The 'bevo' lieut'nant in charge of the gang was just in from 'Blighty,' and hence was not up on the rudiments of modern warfare. Well after he had walked us over what seemed to be the whole western front, this kid, what should have been home getting his 'Cæsar,' came clean and confessed that he was lost.

"Now, Yanks,—Scotch, if you please—it is not half pleasant to be wised up to the fact that you are lost out in the middle of 'No Man's Land" and that your next move may lead to a brush with 'Jerry.' So the 'lieut,' deciding that something must be done quickly, commands the platoon to stay close to the ground, and not to move, and taking me with him sets out to see if we cannot get our bearings.

"We had gone but a hundred yards before we were wise to where we should not be. We were right in front of a 'Boche machine-gun nest, manned by a dozen 'Krauts.' Well, Yanks, this is not the worst of it, for what does the crazy lieut'nant have to do but lose his head. He stands right up and blazes away at the enemy. And I, still crazier, had to follow suit and let them have the contents of my automatic. However, I managed to drop to the ground without getting hit, but the other 'bloke,' what is so used to posing in hotel lobbies, stays on his feet until he gets plugged.

"Well, after I had imitated a rise in the turf for about ten minutes, I concluded that as the Germans are on the lookout and would get me as soon as they discovered my position I had better act and act quick. So I eased out from my pockets two bombs which, since my pistol was empty, were all the weapons I had—Gimme a cigarette, Yank,—and then taking good aim, I heaved one at the 'Squareheads.' It fell a little short, but it did lay out a couple of them. Before 'Fritz' had a chance to work the 'typewriter,' I let him have the other which seemingly turned the trick. After that all you could hear was their groaning.

"Then like a crazy fool, I decided to do a little souveniring, and went forward to the crater where the 'typewriter' had been planted. Well, I had just gotten inside the big shell hole, when up springs a couple of burly fellows that had been playing dead, just to lead me on, and seeing that I was unarmed, they rushed me. Well, it certainly looked very bad at that time, for Sergeant Sunderland of the King's rifles. Thinks I to myself—all the medals that come out of this stunt will have to be posthumously awarded to my executors and administrators. However, I was too fast for the 'Heinies,' whose speed had been ruined by their fondness for *schnapps* and lager, and so sidestepped them and then ran over to the other side of the hole. Here I almost tripped over a heavy spade that was stuck in the ground. I snatched it up—gimme a match, Yank—and started to counter-attack the 'Fritzes,' who by this time were beginning to 'kamerad.'

"Well, I laid out the biggest of the pair by hitting him with the spade under the chin. As soon as he dropped, his buddie jumped out of the crater and ran hell-bent for 'Unter den Linden.' By this time I knew that my trench should be in the direction opposite to the one taken by 'Fritz' in his sudden departure. So after cutting off the belt-buckles and buttons of the dead Germans and going through their pockets, I went back to where the 'Louie' was lying. He was all right except for a few ounces of lead in his shoulder and leg. So I carried him to where the platoon had been left and then brought the whole gang in safe.

"So that's all there is to it, Sammies," concluded our candidate for the Gallery of the Immortals. "Two weeks ago they gave me the cross and a three-month's leave. So here I am. What do you say to another drink?"

"Well, believe me, Sergeant," I said in open admiration, "you are entitled to all the drinks you want. That was certainly one nervy stunt. Had it not been for your valor the whole platoon would more than likely have been finished."

"Oh, it wasn't anything at all, Buddie," returned our modest hero; "I don't deserve any more credit than the other fellows who are 'out there' where such things happen everyday but who do not get the publicity, because their deeds are unwitnessed. Besides, it was pure luck alone that caused that snake-brained lieut'nant to choose me in preference to the others. Any of them could and would have done the same thing if given half a chance."

Just as another round of Scotch was being brought forward a corporal and a private of the military police came in the door. Attracted by our American uniforms, they immediately approached us to see if they could find any grounds for complaint in Jack and me. "All right, you rookies," drawled the crustaceous corporal in an accent that was very South Chicago, "out with yer passes!"

While Jack and I were fumbling through our twenty pockets trying to find the necessary paper, the other M. P. was intently regarding Sunderland, V. C., now somewhat under the weather, which condition, in the case of Englishmen is alarming. After a few seconds, he smiled with the air of satisfaction of one who has had a doubt cleared up. He nudged his companion and the two of them drew off into a corner. Then they both looked the Englishman up and down. Finally the corporal nodded and the two gendarmes returned to our table. I had a presentiment at once that something untoward was in store for our modest raconteur. My suspicions were confirmed when the hard-boiled corporal bent over and took Sunderland by the arm.

"All right, big boy, let's go," he said in a threatening voice, shaking the quarry all the while; "you are under arrest, and don't try any funny business."

"Say, corporal," imprudently exploded Jack, "you're making a mistake. You can't arrest an Englishman."

"What's the matter with you," the M. P. asked; "wanna take this guy's place? Then lay off telling me who I can arrest. I'll admit I can't pinch a 'tea-drinker,' but I can pick up an American regardless of the uniform he is wearing. This guy comes from my home town. We have been hunting for him ever since he deserted an Alabama outfit six months ago, just before it sailed for France. His uniform and tin-ware ain't nothing but a stall to make the Americans buy him drinks. Well, I can't be hanging around here all day; so shove off, you bogus Arthur Guy Empey."

The two military policemen with the pseudo-warrior in their custody then left the room. For the next few minutes we gullible Americans were silent. Finally Jack found his tongue and requested more liquor. As soon as he was sufficiently revived from the shock, he began to laugh loudly. "Well, I guess we win the olive-drabbed trench pajamas," he said. "We should have got 'jerry' to that fellow's nationality by the way he cussed that lieut'nant. Knocking 'shavetails' is an exclusively American sport."

My Desk.

EMMETT F. J. BURKE.

When I first entered the room in Badin Hall at Notre Dame last September, which apartment was to be mine for the rest of the year, I gazed with a sorrowful eye on what was to be my table, or, as the catalogue termed it, "desk." It was nothing more than two or three old boards, some two-by-fours, and a little scattered varnish. The top was carved after true N. D. fashion. Every student that has ever used this discarded kitchen table for a desk evidently thought it the proper thing to test his pocketknife on it. Each vied with the others in the carver's art, each accomplished his part with more care and efficiency and covered more space than his predecessor. This relic of the past was my heritage and was to be the scene of my scholarship for the coming year.

In order to make the surface of this oblong box a little more regular and level, I invested ten cents in a nice pink card-board with which to cover the top of the table. The color scheme was not altogether restful to the eyes, but this cover was the only one the bookstore had in stock, and as I could not at the time obtain permission to go to town to get one of a more

subdued shade, and as I have not taken the trouble to get one since then I still have that obnoxious pink before me every night.

After I had resided in the hall for a few months, the kitchen table began to lose the atmosphere of cooked parsnips, and the once desolate room began to take on the appearance of the den of some ancient and sage astronomer. The once bare walls were now covered with objects which I had collected during my short time at the University, and finally curtains on the windows gave the room a more home-like appearance. My desk gradually became a work shop where I did my duties for the morrow's classes. Gradually this old table-desk became my pride and joy, and companion. Upon it I wrote the long letters to my father for financial aid and also the much shorter ones thanking him for the check which I had received many weeks before. Every night I wrote thereon my diary, made out my cash book for the day, studied my lesson for the coming day—all on my kitchen table. There I sat and dreamt of the future,—wondering what it held for me. There, too, I wrote the letters to my mother. There, in the center of my desk, I had her picture and every thought of my desk would include her sweet, smiling face.

One corner of the old desk was the home for the Underwood on which I was wont to pound during the day in the study periods, trying to turn out for my English professor a piece of work which might not be marked beyond recognition with his blue crayon. Often I worked hard to turn out an extra good piece in the hope that it might get a place in the SCHOLASTIC, which I could send home to my father as evidence of his son's genius.

I have often thought that I shall arrange and decorate my room in Corby next year in just the same way as this one, because I shall always wish to keep in my study recollections of my room and desk of this year. And in the few minutes I lie awake at night, I have frequently thought that, when I settle down in life and have a home of my own, I shall build a special room, of the same size and shape as the room I now have in Badin Hall and furnish it in the same style—just for the sake of the many memories which the old room holds for me.

The U. S. in our mail has come to mean "unusually slow."

Varsity Verse.

A VISION.

I stood one night by my window
  At the close of a bleak wintry day,
And I thought that the falling snow-flakes
  Were like numberless fairies at play.

I gazed on the beautiful landscape
  In its ermine so richly dressed,
And the image of one that I love much
  I could see in the snow-ridden west.

How sweet was the memory, dear Mother,
  As I thought of your goodness and love;
Then I whispered a tender, "God bless you,"
  And I knew that our hearts met above.—B. S.

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A blighted bud on an old rose bush
  Was looking quite forlorn—
A drop of dew fell on its crest,
  And lo! a rose was born.—L. A. W.

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THE GARDENER.

He works out on the campus
  All day and half the night;
He wears a leather apron,
  And hat a trifle tight.

He sets out the plants in springtime
  And takes them in at fall;
He rakes the leaves and mows the lawn
  And cleans up round each hall.

With broom and scoop he cuts a path
  Through Winter's drifted snow.
Oh, had the scholars this man's 'pep,'
  And knew he what they know.

When singing praise of Notre Dame,
  Sing loudly as you can,
But don't o'erlook, I beg of you,
Brother Philip's hired man.—H. E. MCK.

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A TRIOLET.

I was lonely today,
And my heart was not glad.
As I sailed far away
I was lonely today.
And the morning was gray
As if it too were sad.
I was lonely today
And my heart was not glad.—V. A. N.

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"THE SCRUBS."

When the Varsity comes for practice
And the husky first-team bunch,
With Larson, Shaw, and Coughlin,
And the rest, with equal "punch,"
Begin to batter down the "Scrubs,"
Who have the "nerve" to play
The men who've won their laurels
In many a desperate fray—
Do you ever think, spectator,
Of the credit that is due
To the "Scrubs" who give the practice
To that fighting N. D. crew?—W. J. D.

"Rompers and Gompers."

WALTER M. O'KEEFE, '21.

At the sound of the buzzer Helen Mary Kane snatched her notebook and pencil from the desk and crossing the room opened the door marked "Private." Once within she acknowledged the grunted "good morning" of the spectacled man at the desk, and prepared herself for the day's dictation.

"Ah,—Miss Kane,—eh—young man coming here this morning—eh—efficiency engineer—name of Reilly. I wish you'd show him over the works—too busy myself. Right?"

"Yes, Mr. Burnham."

Later in the morning while Helen Mary, her letters finished, was deep in reverie, a voice at her elbow inquired, "I wonder if I could see Mr. Burnham?"

"I wonder if you could," she said in return, and then they both laughed.

"My name is Reilly" he went on.

"Is that a fact?" Helen Mary heard herself remark. At this point the young man's self-possession and his tongue became estranged and unable to offer any further verbal bric-a-brac, he compromised with a hesitant "Ye-es."

Helen Mary's mind was the scene of a short tussle. Possessing in common with the famed enchantress of Troy the name of Helen, the young woman was fifty per cent coquettish and beautiful; and, on the other hand, being blessed with the old-fashioned common-sense name of Mary, she was fifty per cent sensible, serious, and businesslike. The two characters were often in conflict; in this instance the discretion of Mary was triumphant.

"Well, Mr. Reilly, I'm Miss Kane. Mr. Burnham told me to show you over the plant and introduce you to the foremen. Is it true that you're an efficiency engineer?" she inquired with an uplift of the eyes.

"Miss Kane, I wish when you want to ask me something that you'd keep your eyes to the side. I'm not used to having two twenty-thousand-volt lamps focussed on me, and it's disconcerting."

Helen liked this bit of bold flattery, but Mary prompted the remark: "Mr. Reilly, business hours last until five o'clock. Until then our talk must be confined to matters of business.

Wondering whether this was a rebuke or a challenge, Reilly was about to go further when he found himself shaking hands with the factory superintendent.

Time passed rapidly. The new efficiency engineer found himself half-acquainted with his new surroundings. The location of his office was far from distasteful; small, set in a corner and glassed-in, his *sanctum sanctorum* afford a pleasant sight of the back of a girl's head. It was no ordinary head, but was crowned with a huge mass of Titian red hair. Nor was its owner ordinary—and as his memory recalled the verbal tilt of a few mornings previous, he murmured something to the effect that her "tongue isn't in her mouth simply to suck lolly-pops with."

The girl gathered from the daily mail that his full name was G. Michael Reilly, That name certainly had atmosphere. "But the 'G'?"

As the days sped by, G. Michael, became absorbed in the task of organizing the labor in the plant. Conciliating here, convincing there, and debating labor issues at the evening meetings, he found his head seething with problems and ideas. Just now his time was occupied with the project of organizing the moulders of the foundry into a union, which project was sufficient task. Men whose bodies were scorched from their arduous work and whose minds were being liberally supplied with socialistic "slum," Bolshevistic "bunk," and pessimistic piffle, "were hard nuts to crack." Their attitude fairly breathed antagonism. He was confident that he would eventually band the men together, but he found a very serious obstacle in one Levinsky, an agitator. This man had been reared in Russia and graduated from Ellis Island. The young anarchist made it a practice to harangue the weary men during the noon hour. He would point to the handsomely appointed car of G. A. Burnham whisking its owner off to lunch, and with all the slimy sophistry of his ilk would preach the doctrine of common ownership.

The strained feeling between him and the young engineer reached a crisis one sultry noon hour. Reilly was standing on the out-skirts of the crowd, which was grunting approval to the theories of the oratorical youth when Miss Kane's head appeared out the window overhead. Meeting Reilly's eyes she beckoned to him. Levinsky observed the movement and at once commented on it: "and Gentlemen, not only do the capitalists get a toe hold on the working man's money, but I would call your attention

to your gallant, efficiency engineer, now starring in a noon-day performance of "Romeo Reilly's Red-Head." Encouraged by the jeers and laughter which followed his remark he continued: "There—you take this young fellow: he doesn't produce; but he's getting more money than any of you. His job is to tie you hand and foot in his union. He"—here the speaker stopped.

Reilly had left the window and was plunging through the crowd. He had not stopped to analyze the situation. This "greaser" was really up on two counts in the young man's mind: first, he had slurred Helen Mary; and secondly, he had attacked G. Michael Reilly, ridiculing him as a non-essential citizen. Charity bids us drop the curtain on what followed. One of the primary canons of any successful drama is the observance of katharsis. Hence we shall pass over the spectacle in the street. Suffice it to remark that Reilly had his victim half-way to the embalming stage when some one tore them apart and in so doing threw Jimmy from the curb in such a fashion that his legs crumpled under him and his face was shot with pain. Levinsky slunk away, and the crowd, voicing their approbation of Reilly's masculinity saw him hustled away with a broken ankle.

Jimmy, in the parlance of the prize-fighter, 'came to' in the twi-twi-twilight, conscious of a sharp, shooting pain in his left ankle. The caressing breeze and the serene hush of the hospital, however, were conducive to comfort. From the dusk of the corridor Jimmy heard some one whisper "I'll see if he's awake."

Just what happened at this juncture Jimmy could never explain; but by some miracle he found himself holding Miss Kane's hand.

"Oh," said the heavenly voice at his side, with fervor, "you were simply wonderful, Mr. Mr.—by the way what is the rest of your name?"

"G. Michael."

"Well, judging from the way you went after that fellow this noon the 'G' must stand for Sir Galahad, Knight of,—of,—Knight of Columbus," she concluded.

"So it is," he mumbled, and then conscious of the fact that the spell had not broken and that her hand was still in his he pressed on: "Oh, Miss Kane—all right, Mary, then—what do you say—what I mean is—oh, will you please,—ah—" Here he choked, and then laughed.

"Will I what, Mike?" she whispered.

"Oh, Mary, what do you say about having a union?"

"Oh!" she said impatiently, "they're organizing tonight in Mechanic—"

"No, Mary dear," he interrupted; "I mean let us start a union of our own."

And because she was fifty per-cent Helen of Troy her conquest was pleasing, and because she was fifty-per-cent business-woman, she said, "Yes, sir, the organization will be formed at once with a membership of two."

Later the night-nurse, before coughing discreetly, heard a giggle. And "Yes, Mike dear, we'll dress them up in Rompers and we'll name them after Gompers when we have a federation of our own."

The Surprise.

LEO R. WARD, C. S. C.

"Plant yourself in the saplin's just around the turn in the road," a young fellow with a surreptitious air was saying to his companion. "Then—or wait; wouldn't among those runnin'-oaks over near the Doyle Bridge be better? I think it would.—Then cock your ear for my high-sign, and say, Marty, if ever in your life, be ready for action: we're goin' to get in on this surprise."

The two lads were on a highway that ran above a cemetery at the outlet of a small town. It was Sunday evening at "good dusk."

Marty needed no encouragement, but was off at once for the spot suggested. Under his arm he carried a roll of something white. It might have been taken for a weapon: in fact, Marty intended to use it as such.

In a trice he was hid among the running-oaks, and was armed and armored from top to toe. He was there scarcely too soon, however, for his companion's signal.

"Eh-whoo! Eh-whoo!" came masculinely down to Marty at the Doyle Bridge. A moment later a buggy rattled around the turn of the road. The lad's blood tingled. In his mind he had several times rehearsed the present proceedings. Whether he carried out his plans to the letter he could never definitely say, but the result was satisfying.

"Oh, my Lord, Jerry, what is that thing in the road?" a lady screamed at the very top of a marvellously high soprano.

Marty, with one arm aloft, was standing in

the middle of the road. He was relieved by the voice—it was "Jerry and Katie." He could see that the horse had taken the corner at a good swing, but now he slackened to a snail's pace.

"For my sake, Jerry, don't go on," Katie pleaded, quite desperately employing her strongest argument first.

Jerry for his part would, of course, have walked alone and unarmed into a whole inferno of ghosts. He had, but a few minutes before, stoutly asserted as much. They had been talking about ghosts, and Katie had inwardly thanked Heaven for the nearness of the stout-hearted Jerry who defied with utter recklessness all the inhabitants of ghostdom; he was "about as much afraid of them as of that horse there." But then he had not anticipated encountering one so soon, or so suddenly, and in the dark. The ghost stood motionless, as a ghost properly should stand, and for Katie's sake, Jerry would not insist on advancing. The buggy was turned about at the instigation of the horse as it seemed, and flew back toward the town, the occupants looking in fear over their shoulders until the ghost was no longer visible. Not far beyond the turn, however, the horse, from a perilous stride, halted stock-still more suddenly than before and altogether unaccountably. Jerry's every muscle twitched as he looked back, dominated by the preconception that the pursuing demon had taken possession of the animal. Still, there was to him no ocular evidence to that effect.

But the keen-eyed Katie again caught sight of the dread spectre. "It's ahead of us again, Jerry!" she cried. "There! don't you see it? Stop! stop! Jerry, or we're all dead men." She did not regard that they were already standing still.

Now Jerry was normally remarkable for his fluency of speech on all occasions. It had even been broadcasted, and on good authority—his own—that he intended to follow in the footsteps of his loquacious brother, who was a rising auctioneer. But now something—perhaps the spirit—stayed his tongue, and the silent seconds seemed like so many hours of fearful suspense.

"Well," shrieked Katie, breaking the spell, "What are we goin' to do?" Her tone and her words both suggested just a slight impatience.

"If I had a gun, I'd shoot it," Jerry finally managed to fling out. The articulation cost.

Katie's frigidity immediately melted. "O, heroic soul!" she thought within herself; "if Jerry had a gun, he'd shoot the ghost!" And she clung to him with an increasing sense of infallible safety, even in this dire extremity.

Tomorrow, Jerry reflected, his father would virtually have to charge himself with the double murder of his son and of this beautiful maiden. For the old gentleman had sternly and consistently forbade the lad's using the family musket.

Wherefore, it came to pass that Mr. Jerry did not shoot the ghost. Instead, bravo that he acknowledged himself to be, he turned his horse, this time at no slight hazard, because of a grader-ditch at the side of the road.

As the faithful roadster again took the beaten track at a frantic speed, Katie hysterically urged it upon Jerry that there must be some possible by-road.

"None," Jerry returned blankly; and the demons themselves must have driven him to conclude; "Not unless we take the path down into the cemetery."

"Jerry!"—and Katie gave his name even more emphasis than the occasion demanded—"As long as I live"—she was far from being ready to give over, if her words meant anything,—"I'll never enter that place again alive—not even in broad daylight. I wouldn't step inside that gate for all Crocker is worth." Crocker was a local swindler on rather a generous scale.

Thus Miss Katie peremptorily closed that avenue of escape, if indeed it could have been at all better than the broad highway.

But Jerry was about to give evidence that he was coming to his proper self; he was soon to stand up to make a scattering in the world of spirits. For, this third time, Katie did not anticipate him in sighting the unwelcome visitant, which rose up on the road about half way down to the Doyle Bridge. Jerry did not hesitate to turn about.

Katie, too, was coming unto herself. She began to give her imagination a loose rein. She had an interpretation to put on the whole affair. Clearly they faced their doom. But at least it would be decidedly romantic. The reporters would get hold of it and would somehow divine the whole truth about her and Jerry, and the papers would be full of it. "Don't you see, Jerry," she began with an air of surpassing resignation and almost exultation

"it spelled out three letters—with the shape of its arms, I mean,—Y. O. U. Jerry, that's just what: it says that we are going to die together."

Katie said the last words with the utmost unction and satisfaction; but the idea somehow did not strike Jerry as she had thought it surely would. That they would die together, and soon, he never doubted; but to grasp the appalling fact tended rather to multiply his fears than to steady him for the end. As they were nearing the second scene of unspeakable horrors, Jerry proposed that, eyes closed, they whip past at break-neck speed. It was the resourceful and valiant knight's final effort to save his fair lady.

It required no inconsiderable persuasion to horse and no enviable risk to riders to put them safely past the powers that defy. An age had dragged by when someone addressed them: "My! you two got back awful quick. I thought you'd gone to the surprise at Hannam's?" It was Katie's sister that so marvelled at their speedy return.

"Oh! we didn't want to go to that old surprise," improvised Katie, coming down out of the spirit-world to homely deception. "We can have a better time at home."

Thoughts.

BY JUNIORS.

Do it well or not at all.

Happiness lies largely in making others happy.

Education removes the original dimness of the mind's eye.

The man who loses his money also loses his false friends.

A man gets up in the world only to be called down by a woman.

The old-time football man was never down till he said so himself.

Before judging others a man should give himself the "once-over."

Stop, look, listen—before you venture your "get-rich-quick" idea.

A little flattery now and then is relished by the most modest of men.

The surest way to become a pessimist is to "day-dodge" for a week.

Only a small part of college education is received in the classroom.

Many a man who thinks he was born to rule thinks differently after election.

In ignorance there is bliss—of a certain kind; in knowledge there is power.

Many sad tears are shed over living dead ones—as in current baseball.

Spring poetry is like lightning: one never knows whom it will strike next.

Don't be looking for the faults in others; you have enough of your own.

Many a sunstroke is due to a man's efforts to make hay while the sun shines.

Early to bed and early to rise, and you never meet any of the regular "guys."

Many law students acquire just enough knowledge to get them into jail.

Conduct yourself with your friend as if he might one day become your enemy.

Women are like political parties: you can't get along with them or without them.

"Drink to me only with thine eyes"—and save the real thing for a celebration.

Worldly ambition often reaches its goal only through unfair play to the other fellow.

He who has no good use for his money is as poor as he who has no money to use.

What has become of the old-fashioned reporter who had a nose for "booze"?

Some are cursed with relatives that they may the better appreciate their friends.

Some men, like the "Colonel" over at the barn, are heard when least expected.

The upper dog is willing to take the bone and let the under dog have the sympathy.

While your ancestors are no credit to you, it is possible for you to be a credit to them.

Harding contemplates a woman in his cabinet. More tempestuous meetings and resignations!

The most unkind thing that can now be said of a man is that he would make an ideal husband.

In a speedy ascent up the hill of success you can not help pushing dust back into somebody's face.

Someone has to wear the workingman's clothes, as he will not any longer wear them himself.

Conclusive evidence of an empty cranium: ownership of a leather overcoat and of a monkey skull-cap.

The strikers who are trying to build a tower to reach the H. C. L. are experiencing a confusion of tongues.

The Notre Dame Scholastic

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Daily Work.

It is not uncommon for students to make the mistake of "taking things easy" for a time after examinations. They have worked hard for a month or so and feel that they have a right to go a gentler pace for a while at least. This attitude, together with the Thanksgiving and Christmas vacations, is very likely to result in a sharp reaction from regular work and in a furious crowding in the last precious days before the next examinations. The man who manages his work thus is certainly not working in the best way. Perhaps his cramming will tide him over, or even get for him a creditable mark; but it is by no means conducive to retention of the matter learned. At the last moment he stuffs his mind with hazy and confused ideas which can serve little purpose other than that of the examination. More satisfying results are attained by the student who works regularly from the very first day of the new quarter. The only way to make sure of mental growth is to do daily work scrupulously. The loss of a week's sleep or exercise or food can not be made up of a sudden. There is a permanent forfeiture. In like manner intellectual gorging after long mental starvation is positively and seriously injurious. The daily grind, let us concede, is monotonous. Nevertheless, the professor whom we shall remember gratefully in the years to come, the man whose teachings will stand out and form a part of our stock-in-trade, is precisely he who week in and week out insists on holding forth to us for five long hours and who somehow tricks us into doing a little of something every day. The pedagogue who makes himself popular now by letting us idle along, who lets a week slip by without tangible evidence that we are at work with him, may for the moment appeal to us as magnanimous, but our opinion of his method when we come to feel the need of what we are not getting from him will not be favorable. At any rate, the proper stride for a student is that which he can keep up, and which will carry him triumphantly past the mid-year examinations with results that will be of permanent consequence.—L. R. W.

Between Sun and Sun.

Thomas Emmet Owens, the gentleman who goes through the formality of ringing the bell in the Sorin Subway every morning, reports that he had no difficulty in arousing his charges last Saturday morning. A similar report emanates from the excitators in the other halls. The fact is that at least one thousand students were up to attend an early Mass and to receive Communion on the morning of the trip to Chicago for the Northwestern game. After bolting a hasty breakfast in the refectory or the cafeteria, these early risers crowded aboard the string of cars provided by the Street Railway Company and were carried to the Interurban Station in South Bend. There the crowd, as noisy as a cottonfield of pickaninnies climbed eagerly into the two electric trains, of nine car seach, which were to convey them to Chicago. Amid multitudinous shouting and a wild waving of pennants the limiteds left South Bend, and the boys were on their way to see their team to victory.

With laughter and chatter the time passed quickly, and at a little after eleven o'clock the sons of Notre Dame were knocking at the gates of the metropolis of the West. In the street below the station, mounted on the seat of an express-wagon, stood Cheer-leader Slaggert to bellow forth directions and to call for cheers. The thundering of a "U. N. D." told the citizens of Chicago of the invasion. The men then went their separate ways in groups to seek a mid-day meal and to make arrangements for an evening of merriment after the contest. As these little parties strolled through

the streets many a hurrying Chicagoan paused to glance at the canes, arm-bands, hat-bands, and like insignia, which proclaimed their wearers supporters of the "Gold and Blue."

Soon after one o'clock the "L" began to pour hundreds of these same N. D. students into the quiet little town of Evanston. As the parade which had been planned could not be executed, the boys immediately filed into the stands. Across the field sat the tiers of Northwestern "rooters," mighty in numbers and voices. Still they seemed to sense the fact that the day was very doubtful for them. Later in the afternoon, however, when the sun had long gone down on the hopes of the "Purple" these men showed a wonderfully game spirit. to the very last whistle and beyond they gave loyally to their team the best encouragement of which they were capable, and at the end of the contest celebrated their defeat with all the good spirit of a victory. Throughout the game the supporters of Notre Dame burst forth again and again with mighty "sirens" and "U. N. D.'s," and several times the Gold and Blue stands "shook down the thunder from the sky" with their Victory March, to the accompaniment of the Notre Dame Band.

The game over, the students again broke up into small parties to spend the evening at their pleasure. A considerable number attended the banquet tendered the team by the Notre Dame Alumni of Chicago.

Midnight found many tired but happy boys wending their various ways toward the station. The calm quiet of the return trip, broken only by the occasional rustle of an evening paper, was a striking contrast to the noisy journey of the morning. The University chapels were filled for a Mass at half-past four and an hour later students rolled into bed to repair the wear and tear of a great day.—M. J. T.

Personals.

—Ed Clancy, of the 1920 cap-and-gowners, is now running a pharmaceutical shop in La-Salle, Illinois.

—Harry McCullough, (Ph. B. '20), who slept occasionally in Sorin last year, is with a bonding firm in Chicago.

—William Hanley '16, vice-president of the Central Heating Supply Company, of Chicago, examined the old pictures in Sorin a few days ago.

—Brother Florian is now shaking hands with the student body in preparation for his annual Christmas trip to Pittsburgh.

—Robert Lightfoot, secretary of the University Press Club, received last week news of the critical illness of his mother.

—Oliver W. Kuhn, who starred for Notre Dame, in the moleskins in 1918, is now repeating the role at Vanderbilt University. His year of training under Coach Rockne is evidently standing him in good stead.

—After witnessing the Notre Dame-Indiana game at Indianapolis, Mrs. Samuel Dant visited her two sons, Morris and Philip, at Notre Dame last week. The Kentucky Club helped to entertain Mrs. Dant during her stay at the University.

—Notre Dame was represented at the Inter-allied games by Eddie Meehan, (Ph. B., '20), and Francis King (LL. B., '19). The latter visited in the University in the early part of the week. The Yank who took a prominent place in the javelin throw at Paris is how practising law in Moline.

—Since Charles A. Grimes took a desk in the office of the Providence *News* last August reputations are in danger. The latest feat accomplished by the former president of the Press Club is the uncovering of a cache of 9000 tons of anthracite coal cornered by Rhode Island speculators. The department of Justice is now working on the case and Charley is enjoying all the honors that go with a coal 'scoop.' Professor Cooney now refers to his former protégé as one of Notre Dame's successful newspaper men.

—Here's an evidence of the state of mind existing among Chicago alumni prior to the Notre Dame–Northwestern game: Paul R. Martin ('09), managing-editor of *The Black Diamond*, was delivering himself of a weighty editorial for that paper on the coal supply, in which he had occasion to refer to Dame Nature's part in the production of coal. After the forms were on the press it was discovered that he had written Notre Dame instead of Dame Nature. Although as a loyal alumnus he is willing to give Notre Dame credit for about every big work, he could not conscientiously say that she is responsible for the world's coal supply. The page had to be made over before the run of the edition could be continued.

—SWEENEY–MURPHY.

Local News.

—Brother Leo, head of the University farm addressed a meeting of the Agricultural Club in Chemistry Hall last Friday evening on "The Raising of Alfalfa in Northern Indiana."

—Daniel Coughlin, head of the Round Table, in the Department of Journalism, announces the first meeting of the Table on Monday, the 29th of November, in the Library. Vincent Engels will lead off with a discussion of "Why I am a Journalist." His paper will be followed by an informal discussion of the subject.

—A School for Security Salesmen has been established by Henry L. Doherty & Company of New York. Both residence and correspondence courses are offered and the instruction is free of charge. Students or graduates interested may see Father O'Hara for further details.

—The New England Club is to hold its annual Thanksgiving banquet this evening in the Kable banquet hall, South Bend. The "Yanks" form one of the largest clubs in the school, counting more than one hundred men from the states of Vermont, Massachusetts, and Connecticut.

—A. H. Aguiling, general secretary of the Filipino Students Federation of America, visited Notre Dame recently and organized the Filipino Club in affiliation with the national organization. Pio Montinegro, student in journalism and associate-editor of the Filipino *Herald*, published in New York city, was elected president. Rafael Gonzales was elected vice-president, and Jacob Zobel, secretary-treasurer.

—A Newman night will be observed by the Forum in the Columbian Room of the Main Building on Friday, December the 4th. Professor George N. Shuster, author of "Soldiers of France," will speak on "The Influence of Newman in Catholic Literature," and Brother Alphonsus will dwell on "Our Neglect of Newman." A general discussion will follow the addresses and every member of the club is requested to prepare on the subjects.

—The Scholasticate on the north bank of St. Joseph's lake has been occupied by twenty-three clerical students of the Congregation of the Holy Cross. Rev. William P. Lennartz, who is to leave soon for the Holy Cross foreign mission field in Bengal, India, to establish a new seminary for the education of native priests, is for the time being superior of the new house. He has been succeeded as Master of Novices, by Rev. Wesley J. Donahue, C. S. C., who has spent the last eight years in most excellent work of the Mission Band of Holy Cross.

—Clifford Ward, Vincent Sweeney, Harry Flannery, Louis Bruggner, and Frank Wallace submitted copy at the last meeting of the Writers' Club in the publicity room of the library. Dr. John M. Cooney ,head of the Department of Journalism, joyfully blue-penciled the efforts of the future journalists. An article, "The Roman Woman," by Harry Flannery, president of the club, appears in the November issue of the Classical Journal, and "The Steel Heater," a sonnet by Frank Wallace published in the SCHOLASTIC last year, has found a place in this year's "Anthology of College Verse."

The latest addition to the faculty is Mr. Joseph S. Reichert, instructor in chemistry. Mr. Reichert has a degree in normal work from St. Joseph's College, Rensselaer, Indiana, and an A. B. from Miami University. He has done several years of graduate work in the school of chemistry at the University of Minnesota. During the war he was engaged in chemical warfare experiments at the American University in Washington, D. C., and since that time has been supervisor of production of edible products for the Proctor & Gamble Company, of Cincinnati. He is married, and will live at 522 East Indiana Avenue, South Bend.

—In the Sacred Heart Church on Sunday morning of November 21st eighteen young seminarians were invested with the habit of the Congregation of the Holy Cross. The ceremony was conducted by the Rev. Wesley J. Donahue, C. S. C., Master of Novices. Rev. William Connor, C. S. C., chaplain of St. Mary's College, officiated as Master of ceremonies. Many relatives of the recipients attended the ceremony, which opened the novitiate of the class. At the end of their novitiate year, the young men will go to the new Scholasticate for the completion of their undergraduate course at Notre Dame, after which they will be sent either to Washington or to Rome for their theological studies.

—Father Charles Miltner, C. S. C., addressed the Knights of Columbus last Tuesday evening on "Liberalism and its Dangers." Liberalism he defined as a mixture of private judgment,

indifference to religion, and independence in morality, and declared that its spirit permeates the newspapers, theatres, public addresses, and the ordinary lives of men. He attributed to it the injustice of the business world, the legalized adultery of divorcees, and the shallowness of the modern stage and literature. Its greatest offense, he observed, is the sin against God, and hence, Catholics cannot accept the doctrine. The Church has condemned it, especially in the form of modernism, which is liberalism applied to theology. Declaring that danger lies in the fact that we partonize all the agencies of the doctrine, the theatres, newspapers, and other institutions of the day, he urged that Catholics combat it by living plain, simple lives, by encouraging Catholic organizations and by keeping in view the real purpose of human life.

—Forty candidates answered Father Bolger's call for debaters last Tuesday afternoon. The personnel of the teams that will compete in the contests of the Intercollegiate Debating League of Indiana will be selected from these men and others that may still join the host. Lots were drawn for the first preliminaries, to be held in the library on Wednesday, the 15th of December. The winners in these trials will meet about the 16th of January for the second tryouts, in which rebuttals will be required. Notre Dame will meet Valparaiso University and Goshen College in the first triangular debate on March the 11th. The finals in the League will be held on the evening of April the 4th. The question to be debated is, "Resolved, that, waiving all questions as to transportation, the Federal government should own and operate all the coal mines of the United States, constitutionality granted." For the benefit of the candidates reference books upon the subject will be assembled in the bibliography room of the Library, which will be open from 8.00 in the morning until 10:45 in the evening.—F. WALLACE.

Athletics.

NOTRE DAME, 33; NORTHWESTERN, 7.

In a slashing, lightning attack Rockne's all-conquering juggernaut dodged, dashed, and passed its way through the big Northwestern eleven last Saturday, 33 to 7. Flushed with confidence over the Purdue victory, the Purple entered the fight with an ambition to sweep through the Varsity to a victory. In the first quarter Northwestern broke out with a number of crafty hurls, which our second-stringers promptly spoiled. In two instances the Purple attempted field boots, but each went far wide of the poles. After the racy first quarter the story for the most part concerns the Notre Dame action. Rockne benched the reserves and unleashed his ace tigers. Battering to pieces the Purple wall, circling the ends, shooting passes were the secondary defense was not, squirming along boulevards where tacklers are usually stationed, the Gold and Blue regulars stormed the Northwestern line for a succession of touchdowns.

More than twenty thousand enthusiastic spectators, making the largest crowd that ever attended a game at the Evanston field, looked on while Notre Dame trounced the third Big Ten team since the first of November. Gold and Blue supporters were there by the legion, and for the first time in the history of Northwestern athletics an invading eleven found itself backed by as many leather-lunged rooters as the home team.

Barry, Anderson, and Wynne played the best game of their brilliant gridiron careers. Twice Barry went over the top for his team, after a series of thrilling ends dashes, and twice also did Eddie Anderson bury the ball behind the Purple zero line by grabbing short, snappy passes hurled just over the line of scrimmage. Wynne's plunging was a big factor in advancing the oval within striking distance of the Northwestern posts.

Captain Coughlin won the toss and chose to receive the kick-off. The great crowd, anticipating a classic struggle, raised a mighty din as the two elevens lined up for the mêlée. On the second play Barry dropped the ball and when the pile was unscrambled it was found in the arms of a Purple man. Twice the Northwesterners tried to overturn the Notre Dame buttress, but in vain. Penfield fizzled on a place-kick and the ball went over to Notre Dame. At this juncture Castner and Lane indulged in an even exchange of punts, and on the last boot of the Purple toe-artist Brandy slipped up to the Purple forty-yard line. Szold nipped a Gold and Blue pass from the air, and this lucky leap was followed by line bucks which yielded to the Purple nothing more than inches. During the remainder of the quarter, Castner and Lane contended again with long spirals.

On the first play in the next period Lane, the scrappy back of the opposition, was badly

injured, and Grausnick took his place. Penfield tripped on receiving a Gold and Blue boot and fumbled, Coughlin recovering the ball on the Purple's fifteen-yard line. Wynne ripped through for ten yards, and a pass from Brandy to Anderson was good for the first score. Brandy added a point with his toe. On the boot-off Grausnick took the ball to his own thirty-five-yard line and a neat heave gave the enemy ten more yards. The Northwesterners, however, overestimated their ability in the passing game, and as a result Mohardt took their next forward to his own forty-five yard line. And then down the field went Mohardt, Barry, Wynne, and Brandy, straight to another seven points.

Northwestern received the kick-off which opened the second half, and by stiff plunging came to the forty-yard mark. Grausnick then tore off around the Varsity's right wing a beautiful dash of fifty yards to a touchdown, with five Gold and Blue demons at his heels. The Northwestern stands went wild with joy. Blackwood added a point with his goal-kick. After a brief exchange of punts, it was Northwestern's ball on the fifty-yard mark. Their drives were good for ten yards more; then a penalty for Notre Dame and a pass sent the McDevitt machine up to the Varsity's twenty-yard line. Here Coughlin covered a muff and another Notre Dame march towards the goal posts was on. Patterson received a toe-offering on his thirty-yard line, but the ball soon went over, when "Little Willie" Coughlin intercepted another Purple pass. Danny Coughlin grinned as he went round the right end for ten yards. Barry paralyzed the left side of the opposition and carried the pigskin to the Purple one-yard line. Three times the Northwesterners stubbornly repelled Rockne's shockers, but on the fourth down a neat short pass from Mohardt to Eddie Anderson resulted in another counter. Degree kicked goal. After another exchange of punts, Mohardt, intercepting a throw, again took the ball deep into Purple territory. The quarter ended with another touchdown imminent.

Pandemonium broke loose when Gipp went into the fray at the beginning of the last quarter. On the second play the big half sent one of his famous passes to Kiley, who richocheted through the entire secondary defense of the opposition for the fourth touchdown. Grausnick, Patterson, and Palmer were hurled back on valiant attempts to gain, and the ball went over. Gipp again let fly a magnificent pass, addressed this time to Barry, who went twenty-five yards for another touchdown. A weak attempt was made by Northwestern to stem the stampede, and nothing but the final whistle prevented the Varsity from crushing through again. The game ended with the ball in Notre Dame's possession on Northwestern's sixteen-yard line.

Lineup and summary:

Notre Dame		Northwestern
Kiley	Left End	Sheron
Garvey	Left Tackle	H. Penfield
DeGree	Left Guard	G. Penfield
Larson	Center	Hathaway
Smith	Right Guard	Magnussen
Shaw	Right Tackle	Lassler
E. Anderson	Right End	Carney
Brandy	Quarterback	Palmer
Mohardt	Left Halfback	Grausnick
D. Coughlin	Right Halfback	Lane
Castner	Fullback	Patterson

Subs—Barry for D. Coughlin, Wynne for Castner; F. Coughlin for Garvey; H. Anderson for DeGree; Prokup for E. Anderson; Szold for Grausnick; Saunders for Sheron; Gibson for Szold; Lacount for Hathaway.

Touchdowns—Barry 2, E. Anderson 2, Kiley, Grausnick.
Goals after touchdown—DeGree, Shaw 2, Palmer.
Referee—Eckersall, Chicago.
Umpire—Hackett, West Point.
Headlinesman—Lipski, Chicago.
Field judge—DeGraves, Michigan.

***

Hockey Rumors.

With the prospect of a mild winter comes the persistent rumor from the camp of the "ice-artists" of Notre Dame's first efforts to establish hockey as a permanent varsity sport. The project has found many friends on the campus, and there is little doubt that the University will be well represented on the ice this year. The Athletic Association has not formally decided to sponsor the venture, but it is almost certain to aid in other ways. Father Cunningham, who is the prime mover in hockey affairs, has plans for a regulation rink, 150 x 75, between Badin Hall and Walsh. The campaign to secure money to equip twenty men and arrange a varsity schedule is underway and some definite announcement on the subject will be made soon. All the members of last year's undefeated hockey team will answer the call for candidates, and with the wealth of new recruits that are promising to report there should be little trouble in putting on the ice a team that can fight to a standstill any university team of the West.

Safety Valve.

"Gee!" said the auto, "I can't stand on this street more than an hour, or my master will be arrested for breaking the parking law."

"Lucky boy!" exclaimed the headgear; "just think how long I've been on this block."

***

AT ENGLISH EXAMINATION.

"There is just one thing I don't know about this examination," said the truthful student.

"What's that," asked the teacher?

"Where to find it in the text book," spoke forth the youth.

***

WIFE.—I don't know much about silk, John, but I know what I like."

HUBBY.—I'll say you do, Mable, after you look at the price tags.

***

We noticed that Sammon in Brownson could find only one Gill in Carroll; so we got him a Gilmore from the Day Students.

***

Probably you've heard Anthony Bray in Sorin Hall.

***

WHY NOT GET TOGETHER?

The only Bowler in the School is in Carroll Hall and the only bowlin' alley is in Walsh.

***

Yes, we've heard Vincent Holleran in South Bend.

***

HE.—I can't get anything out of that turkey over there.

SHE.—Why surely, Robert, it can't be all bone.

HE.—Oh, I'm talking about Murphy; you don't suppose I want to eat again just after dinner.

***

"Your grades, of course, are good," declared the fair one with the knowing smile, "but they're really not a circumstance compared with the grades received by a young gentleman of my acquaintance. He had bacteriology, calorimetry, dynamics, pedagogy, and moot court, and he received a general average of over ninety-five."

"That's quite a varied course," replied the simple student, "and it must have kept your friend at his books all the time. I don't see how he escaped anemia."

"Escape it!" she retorted; "I guess he didn't; he took it last year and got ninety-eight in it."

***

There is a Bell in Walsh and a Beller in Brownson, but where is the superlative?

***

WINNIE, MAC.

It was past midnight in San Domingo but nobody cared for that because Honolulu is miles from San Domingo and besides our hero was in Jersey City looking for Winnie. No, you haven't guessed it. Winnie was not a movie queen. She had no profile or contour or carriage or demeanor or anything. She had only a basket of hot dogs which she sold to piccolo-playing pedestrians. But now she was lost and the temperature of the hot dogs had dropped—yes, dropped right out of her basket and trotted triumphantly away. A young man with a blond bass drum complexion was waiting for a phone call from Winnie. A bell rang. "Oh!" he said, putting the graphone to his ear, "it must be Winnie." It wasn't. It was Lieutenant Cohan. Another bell rang. He grabbed the saxophone and held it to his eye. It threw no light, on the subject. "Could it be that Winnie had lost caste," thought he, "and could not find another caster to roll home on. He ran desperately down to the basement and looked behind the coal bin. Winnie was not there. He flew furiously into the attic and looked out upon the roof. There was no trace of her—probably because girls do not wear traces. He walked down the stairs on his hands and looked under the rug. Though a rugged girl she was not there. Then as he was about to collapse a hand touched him on the shoulder and a voice said "Mac." He turned and falling in her face he sobbed "Winnie."

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SOME KICK.

Rock, you have a wry face,
Can you tell me why?
"Certainly," the coach said,
"I am Rock and wry."

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Corby Hall has the only Borr in the school; though the Day Dodgers have Stock who was a private in the army, not to mention Richwine—and all poor old Badin has is Waters.

***

TEN MINUTE EGGS.

Hardwood Savage and Furey are Day Students.

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Have you heard George Hugh Baldout in Brownson.

***

REMEMBRANCE.

Thanksgiving Day is gone, but oh!
I have a pain inside.
I ate that puddin' folks call plum
And now I wish I died.

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One thing that I can't stand is sitting down at a football game.

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FINANCIALLY AT LEAST.

This year's football team is probably the greatest in the history of the school. Last Tuesday evening they broke through the stone-wall conventionalism of college life and threw the University Club of South Bend for a loss.

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Miss Notre Dame and Mr. South Bend who were recently married by the Rev. Mike are spending their honeymoon in Bertrand, Mich.

***

"George," she said, looking into his amber eyes, "why don't you tell me the truth?"

"If I told you the truth, Mable," he remonstrated, "you'd know as much as I do and you'd probably want to be boss of the house."

***

It's time to put another letter (at least) on B. V. D.