



*Straight and ascending, memorably fair,  
You mount a tireless guard. Serene and gray  
The lake the treasure keeps which dying day,  
Her lover, strewed like kisses on her hair.*

# The Notre Dame Scholastic

OCTOBER, 1923.

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## CONTENTS.

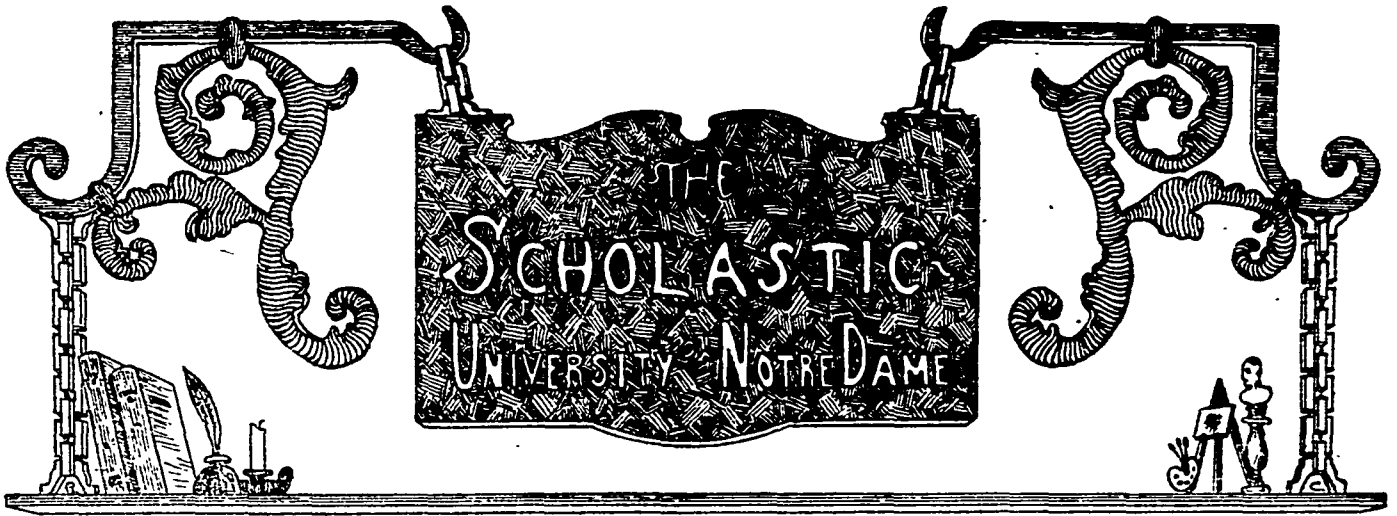
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St. Thomas and Football .....	67
St. Thomas: The Perennial Philosopher ..... <i>Rev. Chas. C. Miltner</i>	68
The Clown ( <i>A Story</i> ) ..... <i>James F. Hayes</i>	72
God Makes Night ( <i>A Poem</i> ) ..... <i>G. Holland</i>	74
Tetanus ( <i>A Sketch</i> ) ..... <i>C. R. L.</i>	75
Solitude in the Midst of Feasting..... <i>J. LeBeau</i>	78
Truth is Charity ( <i>Excerpt</i> ) .....	79
Stories in Words ..... <i>William H. Bucknell</i>	80
The Shining Warrior ( <i>A Poem</i> ) ..... <i>James F. Hayes</i>	83
The Interim ( <i>A Story</i> ) ..... <i>John S. Brennan</i>	84
Did It Matter? ( <i>A Sketch</i> ) ..... <i>Clifford Ward</i>	87
There's Something In It ..... <i>Harry W. Flannery</i>	89
Franciscan Influence on Francis Thompson ..... <i>Vincent D. Cavanaugh</i>	93
The Graveyard at Notre Dame ( <i>A Poem</i> )..... <i>Joseph C. Ryan</i>	97
Song of the Mississippi ( <i>A Poem</i> ) ..... <i>J. J. C.</i>	98

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Editorials—On a Very Trite Subject; The Hike Song; Our Old Friend Apathy; Enthusiasm; A Salvo for Salvi.....	101
Lunar Log—September Summary; An Impression of the Mission; Trailing No. 1477; The Student Activities Committee; The Scribblers.....	104
Reviews .....	111
Education Elsewhere .....	112
Holy Smoke .....	113
What's What in Athletics—Ambling Through the Army; Taming the Tigers; Uncommon Comment .....	114

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## SAINT THOMAS AND FOOTBALL.

**T**HIS year we are observing the sixth centenary of a great professor and philosopher, Saint Thomas Aquinas. Articles in this and next month's issue of *THE SCHOLASTIC* will set forth some of the many reasons why the doctrine of Saint Thomas still forms the basis of our studies in metaphysics and ethics. Everywhere the Catholic world will be diligent this year in formulating its homage to a towering thinker, a noble poet, and an ardent saint. But it is not so usually remembered that Saint Thomas was primarily a wonderful teacher; that his class-rooms attracted the best minds of the time; and that what he wrote is largely a compilation of the notes he had made for his lectures. He often served as something like an exchange professor, going from one university to another quite as if there was nothing inconvenient about the travel methods of his day.

And so it is sure that Saint Thomas must have entered into contact with many a student-body. They swarmed around his desk and asked him to listen to their arguments. He sometimes smiled at their impetuosity and delighted in their promise. We may suppose that he was voted

a regular fellow and occasionally invited to attend some student festival. It is interesting to think of Saint Thomas in this way.

Now what would he have thought had he come across a school like this in the midst of a football season? Would he have been thrilled at the prospect of a game with Princeton, or would he have turned up his nose—as some persons do—at the unphilosophical aspect of the thing? Remembering who Saint Thomas was, we can hasten to say that he would have been quite excited. He believed in social solidarity, not in being aesthetically individual, and he would have seen how the feast of football harmonizes men—how it makes them play and struggle together in the first place, and hope and shout together in the second place. Saint Thomas was a democrat who believed in creating the one thing which democracy vitally needs—leadership; and like the Greeks whose philosophy he loved and understood, he felt that athletic leadership was a thing no society could afford to spurn, but which it must celebrate and sing fearlessly and without stint.

Seven hundred years ago Saint Thomas was born. Ten years ago this fall, Notre Dame first defeated the Army. The relation between these two is not so distant as you might suppose.

## SAINT THOMAS: THE PERENNIAL PHILOSOPHER.

REV. CHAS. C. MILTNER, C. S. C., PH. D.

"Felix qui potuit rerum cognoscere causas  
Quique metus omnes et inexorabile fatum  
Subiecit pedibus, strepitumque Acherontis  
avari."<sup>1</sup>

"Happy the man who doth the causes know  
Of all things; serene he stands, above  
All fears; above the inexorable Fate,  
And that insatiable gulf that roars below."<sup>1</sup>



HE poet Virgil was not thinking of Saint Thomas Aquinas when he penned these lines, nor was Francis Bacon when he quoted them. But surely if philosophy be rightly defined as the knowledge of all things through their causes, then of the Chief of the Scholastics, more truly than of most men, it may be said: "Serenely he stands, above all fears; above the inexorable Fate---" Within his School, now, after six hundred years, he is still the undisputed leader. There is no fear, because there is little danger, of his losing that leadership. Outside of Scholastic circles, in the camp of those who, by all the arts known to intellectual warfare, have tried to undermine his prestige, there is evident, if not agreement with his views, a growing interest in and respect for them. The seemingly "inexorable Fate" that has cast so many noted thinkers first into discredit, and then into oblivion, appears to have passed him by. For the sixth centenary of his canonization, now being commemorated, finds him with a greater following, and exercising a more widespread influence,

in theoretical as well as in practical matters, than at any other period since his death. This fact can scarcely fail to be of interest to thoughtful minds. We shall attempt in a modest way to account for the fact.

One feels a certain diffidence both in attempting an appraisal of the character and an analysis of the work of great men. There is always a painful consciousness of being unequal to the task. If, as has been said, "It takes a Saint to understand a Saint," it would seem no less true that it would take a genius properly to appreciate a genius. Obviously, we can make no pretense of being either. But as one standing in the valley may point out beauties on the heights which he is unable to scale, so one may fittingly call attention to human perfections which he cannot fully comprehend.

Amidst a world of change, the unchanging, even relatively, claims attention—not precisely because of its immobility, but because of the qualities which enable it to resist the persistent tearing down process of time, and to maintain a footing while all else is mutilated or swept away. Gibraltar is not admired because it does not move, but because of the qualities which make it immovable. It is not attractive because it does not change, but because it has the stamina to resist change. And so it has become the symbol of stability and security, and hence of power and genuine worth. But what is symbolized in this work of nature is actual in the works of perfect art and the monuments of the highest science. True art expresses types of beauty that are perennial; and such

<sup>1</sup> Phil. Works, Ed. by Robertson, p. 72.

beauty is perennial because it is but the "splendor of truth" ingrained in nature by the hand of God, and given palpable form by the genius of man. Lesser forms pass; but it defies alike the incessant clamors for novelty and the pelting pens of critics, great and near-great. Such types become classical, standards of excellence, criteria of value, a pleasure to behold, and a stabilizing force against the excesses of passions and the blind boltings of ignorance.

Art, however, presupposes science. Right understanding precedes right doing. Thought comes before expression. Monuments of thought are more enduring than monuments of brass. A philosophic system is essentially a monument of thought, and, like every other human edifice, it is as strong as its foundations. And must it not be because the Angelic Doctor sunk the foundations of his system deep,—down, in fact, to the bedrock of truth, that it has been able to withstand the storms of six hundred years, and to gather new strength from the very shocks it has sustained?

What are these foundations? The two pillars of every system of philosophy are its theory of reality and its concept of knowledge. For, after all, science of any kind—and philosophy is a science—is nothing more or less than human knowledge. To know is to know something; mind apprehending and object apprehended, and if rightly apprehended, then certain knowledge, truth; and if ultimate truth, then philosophy.

In these problems of reality, of knowledge and of truth, St. Thomas simply took as fundamental, what cannot, without intellectual suicide,

be gainsaid, the universal dictum of common sense, that by the very fact that we consider the problem of knowing, we are able to know;<sup>1</sup> that because the natural object of the intellect itself is truth, it must be able to attain truth;<sup>2</sup> that reason has power to apprehend, and to apprehend rightly—though not always adequately—external reality,—to know something about everything. He did not attempt the impossible, to do what Doctor Leacock has facetiously called "Getting behind the beyond." For him there was neither need nor desire of laying a foundation for or attempting to demonstrate the evident. The objectively evident was fundamental. And to him, as to all who have not first clouded their mental horizon with some kind of illogical smoke-screen, it was evident that reality could not be identified with its opposite; that external reality might not somehow be all internal; that the individual thinking subject could not be itself and still but a transient aspect of a whole in which there were no selves; that the thinking, willing

<sup>1</sup> Realism, says Walker, speaking of the Thomistic epistemology, is a philosophy which recognizes the laws of common sense as in the last analysis the source whence flows all certitude and truth. (*Theories of Knowledge*, p. 677.)

<sup>2</sup> Frankly dogmatic, the scholastic philosophy considers human intelligence to have been created to know the truth, just as fire was made to burn. To be sure, the philosophers of the thirteenth century believe that human intelligence has its limits,—it knows all things in a very imperfect manner—but within these limits they give it full credence; it is for them a spark lighted at the torch of eternal truth. (DeWulf, *Phil. & Civil. in the Middle Ages*, p. 136.)

## THE SCHOLASTIC

individual was free; that right ordered thought could ever defeat its own purposes, or that thought or anything else could be without a purpose.

It is not in the least surprising that rightly understood a philosophy so anchored should be perennial, satisfying to the human mind. For it respects the mind's spontaneous impulses and appeases, in all essential matters, its legitimate cravings. One cannot say of Thomism what has been said of another philosophic system, "Soaring to the greatest heights it falls below the level of common knowledge." Rather, one must say, it is because Thomism perfects rather than distrusts, elevates rather than destroys, common knowledge, that it retains its vigorous hold upon succeeding generations of thinkers.

It is this inherent optimism of Thomism, this trust in the intrinsic worth of our God-given faculties, and reliance upon the fundamental judgments of common sense, coupled with intellectual modesty and moderation, that has made of it the impregnable fortress of Christian thought, wherein Popes and peoples alike have found, and still find, invincible weapons for defending the Faith, and towers of vision for obtaining a rational outlook upon life and its perplexing problems. It is these qualities in the *Summa Theologica* which has led Cardinal Mercier to call it "the synthesized and reasoned response of revelation to the problem of human destiny." There is a passage from Lucretius which, considering the remarkable stability and unfailing fruitfulness of St. Thomas' teaching as compared with the systems which have come and gone since his time, may fitting-

ly be applied to him: "It is a view of deilght to stand or walk upon the shore side, and see a ship tossed with tempest upon the sea; or to be in a fortified tower, and to see two battles join upon a plane. But it is a pleasure incomparable for the mind of man to be settled, landed, and fortified in the certainty of truth; and from thence to descry and behold the errors, perturbations, labours and wanderings up and down of other men."<sup>1</sup>

In applying this passage to Aquinas there is no intention to insinuate either that his is merely a partisan view of things, or that his synthesis is a closed system, or, certainly, that it leaves no room for progress or development. Partisan it is, to be sure, as every other system must be that is not a "body of compromises." But it is not partisan in the sense that it is blind to truths discovered by other thinkers, or so narrow as not to build upon and complete the old, and incorporate and collocate the new. "Philosophy," says DeWulf, speaking of Scholasticism, "is not something essentially mobile, some dazzling chimera, which disappears or changes with the succeeding epochs, but it possesses a sort of perenniality. It forms a monument to which are always added new stones. The truth of the time of the Greeks is still the truth of the time of Thomas Aquinas and of Duns Scotus. Truth is something enduring. Of course, there is left a place for progress and extension in human knowledge, there are adaptations of certain doctrines to social conditions \* \* \* But the princi-

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<sup>1</sup> Quoted in "Philosophical Works of F. Bacon." p. 73.

ples which rule the logical, ethical and social activities remain unchanged; they are like human nature of which they are the expression, and which does not change, or like the order of essences which is ultimately based on divine immutability. Nothing is more contrary to the spirit of scholastic philosophy than the modern temper of displacing preceding contributions with one's own, doing away with tradition, and beginning *de novo* the upbuilding of thought.”<sup>1</sup>

Hence Thomism is by no means, as some would have it, a petrified body of medieval thought, but a system, one of whose essential characteristics is progress towards ever broader and deeper philosophical knowledge. It seeks impartially to combine ancient and modern wisdom in that timeless, because eternal, structure, Truth.

It would be interesting to show in some detail in just what way Thomism has made progress; how some of his fundamental principles have been developed and applied to modern problems; how those principles, and especially his metaphysical and epistemological principles, facilitate the refutation of certain extravagant views of current philosophy; how nearly some of his solutions of the profoundest problems accord with

modern scientific theories. But all this is beyond the scope of this essay. Enough, we hope, has been said to give the reader an explanation of the unfailing vitality, and extraordinary stability of the system,—enough to show why, though centuries old, it retains the full vigor of its youth.

We may therefore fittingly conclude our appreciation of its greatest exponent with the words of possibly his greatest patron: “With his spirit at once humble and swift, his memory ready and tenacious, his life spotless throughout, a lover of truth for its own sake, richly endowed with human and divine science, like the sun he heated the world with the ardor of his virtues and filled it with the splendor of his teaching. Philosophy has no part which he did not touch finely at once and thoroughly; on the laws of reasoning, on God and incorporeal substances, on man and other sensible things, on human actions and their principles, he reasoned in such a manner that in him there is wanting neither a full array of questions, nor an apt disposal of the various parts, nor the best method of proceeding, nor soundness of principles or strength of argument, nor clearness and elegance of style, nor facility for explaining what is abstruse.”<sup>1</sup>

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<sup>1</sup> DeWulf, op. cit. p. 145.

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<sup>1</sup> Ency. Letter, *Aeterni Patris*, of Leo XIII, Eug. tr. p. 48.



## THE CLOWN.

JAMES F. HAYES.

**M**Y GUIDE made a gesture to the right and stopped me in front of one of the iron gratings.

"-----And here sir, is a very pathetic case. All day long he sits as you see him now, his back to the wall, his hands grasping the edge of his cot, and he stares out between the bars, seeing nothing, listening, listening all the time. You think he sees us now, but he looks far beyond us! All the time he is listening to foot-steps that he hopes some day will come towards him, but never do. If you are interested, and have the time, I will tell you the story. It is not very long. Let us sit here on this bench where we will not be seen by these poor people.

"His name is Anton Kernva. He was born in Russia. All his childhood days were spent travelling with a circus, a one-night show, carrying perhaps six performers who doubled in many roles. Anton, as he grew older, became the clown, and a very good one he was. How the little children would laugh and shout as he circled and tumbled about! The manager of the circus, Boles, who was a very shrewd man, valued Anton highly and never asked him to double in any other role. Always Anton was the clown! And then he fell in love. Tasya was her name and she was the songbird of the show; the lark that sang before Anton's tent in the morning and the nightingale that thrilled him in the long evenings. She was very small and very pretty, and it is said that when

she was dressed in her gypsy costume, with a flower in her dark hair, Anton would forget his role, until the manager would call out angrily, "Stop mooning, clown, she is not for you at any rate!"

"But Tasya noticed Anton and his attentions and the rogue in her heart determined to make a real clown of him. This she confided to the other performers. For days then she showered attentions on him—every night she tossed the flower in her hair at his feet. Every day she talked to him and put her tiny hands on the reins as she rode beside him in the covered wagon. And Anton was in a heaven of delight. Poor, simple fellow, his tongue was tied when Tasya was present and he could do nothing but look at her—from the little wooden boots on her feet, to the mass of black hair on her head, so disordered in the daytime, but so beautiful and sleek at night. Is it not strange, sir, that a man who was so jovial, so full of wise words and banter in his part as clown should be dumb in the presence of this girl? But so it was with Anton. Perhaps silence is a sign of love, but Tasya noticed it and chided him, laughing in his face and calling him "old moon." Anton would only smile and twist his thick fingers in embarrassment.

"It was well known among those of the troupe that Anton was rich. He saved continually and spent only enough to keep himself clothed. His gold he kept in a belt which was strapped around his waist at all times. He even slept with the belt on. Many were the guesses how much this belt contained, but no one attempted to prove his guess, for it was

## THE SCHOLASTIC

well known that where the belt was there was also a sharp knife; and already Anton had proved his ability to use it.

"Now Tasya was young, and she loved pleasure, with all her wild young heart. Many times as they sat on the hard wagon seat, jogging along the country roads, Tasya would put her arm around Anton and her fingers would caress the thick money belt around his waist—the belt that spelled pleasure and dresses and flowers to her. Then Anton would chuckle and say, 'All that will be for you, my little flower, if you will say one little word.'

"There came the day when Tasya did say the little word and Anton was happy. The little children had a great treat that night, for Anton was truly a great clown. His grimaces and his mouthings, his cheery banter and his wild twistings and turnings all spelled the joy in his heart. Only one thing troubled Anton. Tasya would not name the date for the marriage. She had put him off with a smiling, 'Tch, Anton, you must wait. You cannot expect me to be married in this!' and she pointed to her gaudy costume. 'As well in that as in any,' replied Anton, 'But----' Then Tasya smiled to herself, for Anton took gold from his belt and gave it to her. 'Use this, my little flower, and please your heart in the selection, for there is more here,' and he patted the belt which bulged under his velvet shirt. And Tasya did come back, and with smiles and her coquetry, she took more and more from the money belt, although all the time Anton believed that he was giving it to her and that she was reluctant to accept it. And the troupe laughed, for Anton was

not popular and they were glad to see the clown in his unsuspecting role. And Anton was blind in his love.

"Finally Anton told Tasya there was little of his wealth left. He asked her to marry him soon; 'surely your preparations are complete now little one and you are ready to fill my heart with joy.' But Tasya smiled and said, 'Only a little while longer, dear Clown.' She called him 'Clown' when no other in the troupe dared to; but from her lips the name was a fond one to Anton's ears.

"And now comes the sad part of the affair, sir. On a wet autumn night the circus arrived at a little seaport town in Russia. Only a few ventured to watch the performance that night. This saddened Anton, the Clown, for it was to the children that he made his appeal, and from their laughter that he gathered so much for his own heart. The show closed early and Anton was not asked to stand at the entrance and bid all good-night, as was his custom. He was hurrying back to his tent, when he saw Tasya approach Boles, the manager of the show, hand him a note and hurry away in the direction of her tent. Anton was about to go on, thinking nothing of what he had seen, when Fate, the inscrutable controller of our lives, stepped in. Boles, after reading the note, thrust it into his pocket but failed to make it secure. As he stooped to the ground for his coat, the note dropped and lay face up on the floor. Straightening up, he disappeared into the night, just as Anton picked up the little sheet of paper. He read it at a glance for it was only a trifling little wisp of a note:

## THE SCHOLASTIC

"Sweetheart—

'Tonight at the wharf.

'Your Tasya.'

"For a few moments Anton stood still, gazing at the paper in his hand. Then quietly he thrust it into his pocket and set out after Boles. He had not discarded his costume, and a weird sight he was, hurrying off into the wet night, his face painted, and his many-colored clown's suit flopping soggly in the rain.

"Now, sir, this wharf that Tasya spoke of is a lonely place. It is a long wooden pier, one side of which is built up with little warehouses for the merchants of the town. It is a very dark spot and the water beside the pier is as black and still as oil.

"It was on this pier that Boles met Tsaya. They embraced and spoke to each other of their love. Tasya gave the rose in her hair to Boles and as she did so she whispered: 'Yours from now----every night it shall be yours----.' And they talked as lovers talk for a few minutes. Then Tasya screamed in fright and Boles turned to meet a knife in his throat. It went clear through his throat and the red blade came out on the other side. He fell back in the water, and as he fell, Anton withdraw the blade and the blood spurted forth, eager to be free. As Boles fell, Tasya screamed again and ran far down the pier, her little wooden shoes sound-

ing sharply in the quiet night. Anton cried out her name, and the footsteps ceased. He called her again, he called her his little flower, and told her to come to him. He said that he loved her and wanted her and that nothing else mattered. Slowly then, the sound of the little wooden boots advanced, then stopped, then advanced again, and then there was a little cry from the darkness and the footsteps were running-----.

"Anton held out his arms in the darkness and there was a smile on his face. Then, as the footsteps stopped, the smile vanished. There was a fearful scream, and a splash, and the ripples which were going out from the place where Boles fell were met by ripples coming in—and when they met there was a little splash and the water talked angrily for a few moments before it was silenced and then it was as black and still as oil.

"When they found Anton the next morning he was sitting on the pier, his clown suit bloody and disheveled, a soiled blade by his side, and his face, streaked with paint and blood, held eyes which looked beyond us. He was listening, listening to the sound of little wooden boots which advanced and stopped and receded and advanced again. When they took him away he did not complain, but talked all the while to Tasya, whom, he told us, was following close behind."

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### GOD MAKES NIGHT.

G. HOLLAND.

I sprinkled the sky with star dust,  
And planted a lily moon,  
And splashed the earth with shadows  
In a light that was born too soon,

## THE SCHOLASTIC

### TETANUS.

C. R. L.

**H**E WAS twelve, had a Polish name and a red head. He was placed in the hospital, because of lock-jaw, which came from a neglected wound caused by a rusty nail. The Sisters called his affliction tetanus, which impresses the lay mind and thickens the smoke screen surrounding the medical profession.

His room was on the second floor, his bed in the middle of the room. He had a bell with which to call. But he saved the electricity and did his own calling. He got better service that way.

"Nurse, I want water." The nurse always came even if the water did not.

"How are you?" we said to him one evening as he lay on his left side.

"I'm not very good and I'm not very bad," he answered, evidently bored.

"What are you shouting for?" we persisted.

"Water."

"Do you like water?"

"It cools me when I am burnin'," he answered between his teeth.

"Is there anything I can do for you?" we asked sympathetically, meaning to be serviceable. There was a pause. Then,

"Yes, move me over on to my belly."

We tried to move him.

"You're hurtin' me."

"I didn't mean to."

"But you are."

"Well, of course, I must hurt you a little, but if you try to hold up I think we can manage it."

We tried again.

"You're hurtin' me. I'll stay on my side."

The nurse, a small person in blue, with a white cap, came in and presented Tetanus with a glass of water.

"I'm cool again," he sighed contentedly, after the water had disappeared.

"Move me over on to my belly."

The blue person did so without effort and with no protests from Tetanus.

"I wonder why I couldn't do it that way?" we sololiquized in disappointment.

"It takes three years' training to learn the profession of nursing. *Anybody* can't change the position of a patient."

The Lady of the House was speaking from where she stood in the door like a picture in its frame.

"I thought it could be done," we asserted modestly.

"Of course it can be done, and done rightly when one knows how."

"Give me more water," cried Tetanus. We were glad Tetanus was thirsty again.

"Not any more just yet," the Lady of the House said sweetly.

"But I'm burnin'."

"You can not have any more for awhile." Tetanus subsided. The professional persons left and I confronted the patient again.

"Do you sleep well?"

"Yes, when it ain't hurtin'."

"Can I do anything more for you?"

"Gi me a drink?"

"I'm afraid more water wouldn't be good for you."

"I'm hot. I'll holler if you don't."

"I'm afraid they won't give it to

## THE SCHOLASTIC

me. It's not good for you."

"Nurse gi me some water," he shouted. The nurse was at his side as if obeying the wave of a wand. "What is it?" she asked without irritation.

"Gi me some water."

"But you had some. We must do what the doctor tells us."

"I don't care for the doctor. I'm hot all over." His left cheek rested on the backs of his extended palms, and his red hair seemed to grow out of the pillow.

"You must not have any now," she repeated.

"Ain't there none?"

"There is, but the doctor said you should not have any more."

"Water, water everywhere, but not a drop to drink," we quoted so as to seem erudite. The erudition passed off unnoticed.

"The doctor ain't sick."

"Well, you can't have it, that's all," said the person in blue, with asperity.

"I'll holler."

"Wait, I'll get some."

The small person capitulated and Tetanus was supplied.

A week later the little nurse in blue wheeled Tetanus on to the sun porch in the early part of the day. The sun in the southeast was generous and the red-headed convalescent had no need to call for light and warmth.

"Are you getting better?" we asked, just to begin conversation.

"I don't hurt any more like I used to, and I can bend back my head. See?" We saw.

"Can you walk?"

He did not answer at once. When the nurse had gone he whispered discreetly.

"I can, but I don't tell um."

"Like to be wheeled, eh?"

"Huh, huh. I like it 'cause they put a blanket 'round my legs, and I don't have to put on my pants."

There was a silence. Then:

"Do youse want to try my puzzle?"

We did.

"I'll holler for the nurse."

"No, that's not nice. Just rap on the arm of the wheel-chair."

Tetanus rapped. Very feebly, it seemed to us. The nurse, who was in the chart-room, did not hear.

"Nurse!" It was a titanic shout and the little nurse tripped in.

"See!" exclaimed Tetanus at us.

We saw.

"Gi me my puzzle."

She did.

It was an affair of three rings, one within the other, in some mysterious manner which we cannot diagnose.

"Take the middle ring out," commanded Tetanus, handing us the puzzle. We worked long and conscientiously. We turned and twisted the rings in every way that suggested possible solution. Tetanus eyed us in that sort of detached way that makes one uncomfortable. The nurse brought him some milk which he drank, watching us over the rim of the glass. We surrendered, asking no conditions. He set the puzzle on his lap.

"Don't youse have to teach to-day?"

"I do."

"You better go. It's after 8 o'clock."

"Work the puzzle for me first."

It was humiliating. But what would you?"

"But I ain't goin' to."

"Yes, you are."

## THE SCHOLASTIC

"Nuh."

We must go. There was no reasoning with this arch tyrant. Just as we were leaving he hinted:

"The small nurse can do it!"

"All right," we answered, feeling we had circumvented him. "I'll ask her to show me on the way out."

"She can't show you."

"You said she could."

"She could, but she can't, for she ain't got the puzzle."

One forgets details so in the striving to overreach.

"Will I get her?" he asked.

"Yes, surely."

"I must holler, an' you don't want me to holler."

"Well—just this once."

"Nurse!"

He shouted in the superlative degree.

"You musn't shout so. It is disturbing the other patients. You are getting worse at it," said the little blue woman rushing in.

"He said I could," said Tetanus, making us the defendant.

"Show it to him," he commanded, handing the puzzle to the little nurse.

"He can't do it," he nodded pityingly at us.

"You can't!" cried the little blue person with an air of knowledge.

"So simple," she exclaimed triumphantly, as she separated the rings.

"See?" she asked.

"See?" asked Tetanus.

We didn't see at all.

"I must be going," we uttered.

"See? So simple!" And the little blue person did it again, we eying furtively.

"See? Nothing to it!" cried Tetanus.

Notwithstanding, we did not see.

"Well, the time is passing. One must be away to the serious work of life."

We left slowly.

"See! Nothing so simple! The hand is quicker than the eye. Watch!" It was done, and the little blue one smiled sweetly.

"See?" she asked with a sympathy that irritated.

"See?" echoed Tetanus out of his wheel-chair.

Nevertheless we did not see.

\* \* \* \*

A week later Tetanus was going home, straight-necked and erect of spine. There was rapid movement to his limbs and one could see that the little blue person had worked heroically to make a line of division in his red hair. There was bright autumn gold and deep green on the maple leaves out on the lawn, and a daring robin, she should have been away this long time, listened over the cut grass for some unsuspecting worm. There was gentle sunshine and September odors everywhere.

"Here's your puzzle," cried the little blue nurse holding up the interlocked rings to Tetanus where he sat in the hall waiting the machine.

"Look! So simple!" She laughed mockingly at us. The rings were all apart again.

"See?" asked Tetanus, taking the divided rings. Like magic he re-joined them anew.

"See?" he asked.

"See?" laughed the little blue nurse as the machine rolled away.

However,—between you and me,—as between one and another,—we did not see notwithstanding.

SOLITUDE IN THE MIDST OF  
FEASTING.

(From the French of M. Barrès, by John  
Le Beau.)

I RECALL that one day when the patron feast of the village was being celebrated, I entered, during the afternoon, a graveyard. The waltzes of a public hall died out against the tombs. What a contrast between that clamorous gaiety and these silent hillocks! No word could exhaust the indefinite feelings, the echoes, awakened by this impotent summons to pleasure. It seemed to me that two, perhaps three, thoughts, from the cavern of ages, came to knock at my heart, thoughts, fastidiously repeated like the three notes according to which these rustic dancers moved. They were questions, always the same, always unanswered, to which only the dead could have made reply. These themes, these monotonous motifs, in the midst of the clamorous feasting, enveloped me in solitude. That you are silent, O dead, matters not! In spite of your reticence, I shall go to the church for your mass. One is so comforted under the eternal plaint of the Latin songs.

It is the custom, in fact, among our Lorraine villages, to celebrate at the parish church, on the morning after the feast, a requiem for the dead. Does one not owe them such homage, after one has caroused and used the good things they amassed? Who could wish to be absent from this yearly rendezvous, when the bell began to say, "Defunctos ploro?" Everybody finds himself then in the company of those he has lost. And

often times (I got the story from their own lips,) good people who come home late at night from the festival, have seen the dead taking their silent journey to the church.

Although, for my part, it has never been my fortune to meet the funeral cortege roused by the noise of violins, I accompany it with all respect. These dead come back into our streets to look on with the eye of a master. I understand them and bow to their persons. Hail to those who remain, in their tombs, the guardians and keepers of the city! . . . But from where does the anguish come which penetrates to the marrow of those who see them pass? What icy penitence do they keep for frozen hearts? Old, old theme for the fantasy, ancient, popular air ground out by the organs of Barbarie, and taken up and worked out intricately by all the Paganinis. It fills us with a thousand musings which seem, always, just on the verge of becoming clear ideas.

The dead, grouped close to the city they have builded, still command, from the depths of their graves, the living. But all together, living and dead, are we not under the menace of nature's immensity, which we restrain only with great difficulty?

The world is filled with occult powers which lie in the graveyards and in our consciences, in the prairies and in the forests. We do not really live until we perceive, momentarily, by reason of suffering, or terror, or love, these palpitations of the soul and of nature. . .

I know from childhood that the fairies, little irritable people, whimsical, mischievous, swear to secrecy those who come upon their dances or



their dwellings, and that to speak, either well or evil, about these capricious individuals, is to invite their rancour. Still, if I shall keep from saying more about the mists that hover, of a lovely evening, over the depth of the deserted valley, it is not because of prudence, but on account of the difficulty of compressing into definite forms my sentiments of pleasure and peace. An infinite tenderness for the gods of the soul and of nature still dwells in our hearts. It seems asleep, some say it is dead. But a prairie on the fringe of woods under a clouded sky, a poem half

closed over which phantoms flutter, suffice to awaken it. This stream which springs up, then moistens the grass, then takes up its active course, these thoughts which are born eternally from the genius of the race, to refresh our souls and to receive from them a slope, stir in us primitive emotions. Ancient forces approach noiselessly, as a barque glides, as snowflakes fall. Far from incomplete and gross realities, in the shelter of this mist, we entertain with affection the dreams which straighten the soul. Shadows are the most lucidly solid of things.

### TRUTH IS CHARITY.

"The Thirteenth Christian Century!" The very phrase calls up a vision of beauty in our dusty, somewhat ugly civilization. But, "The Twentieth Christian Century,"—would not that have a fine sound, too? In order that our century should go down to history as a Christian century, it needs that more individuals should devote themselves with Christian seriousness to the business of their lives, as St. Louis devoted himself to the business of his life. Just that. It is not likely that the details of government or lazaret-house appealed to the artistic side of the Saint, nor was there anything peculiarly romantic about those poor dead scraps of humanity that he was at such care to bury with reverence. We can hardly suppose that he was primarily occupied with beauty when he built the Sainte-Chapelle; rather

were all his thoughts intent upon the sacred relics and with what they signified, and his heart was set in all simplicity upon a fitting shrine for them. Beauty, after all, is a by-product. Gothic cathedrals were by-products; and yet Froude, that skeptical historian, declared, "the Gothic cathedral is, perhaps, on the whole, the most magnificent creation which the mind of man has as yet thrown out of itself."

Well, the reality which impelled the mind of man to produce the Gothic cathedral exists still, in all its pristine power and freshness. If a very small percentage of those who profess the Faith were to begin "doing the truth in charity," we should not need to look back so wistfully to the Thirteenth Century. "Seek ye first the kingdom of God, and His justice, and all these things shall be added unto you."

—E. M. Walder, in *The Ave Maria*.



## STORIES IN WORDS.

WILLIAM H. BUCKNELL.

**R**EPLYING to a critic in the British House of Commons some time ago, Mr. Reginald McKenna used a word which caused his opponent to wince and other members to hold their breath. "The question is impertinent," he said. Angry voices were raised in protest and the statesman hastened to explain. He used the word, he said, in its original sense of 'irrelevant.' Whether the peeved questioner was placated by this explanation is not on record. "Impertinent" certainly means "not to the purpose," but it also connotes "absurd" and "insolent" nowadays.

Here then we have an excellent illustration of the point that with lapse of time words alter their significance, and that not always for the better. The philology of a language from its cradle to its grave is the social history of the people who have used it. We may mark the rise, progress and decay of civilizations by attending to the changes of meanings in words. Emerson spoke of language as "fossil poetry." By this term he implied that just as relics of vegetable and animal life are encased in stone for thousands of years and then once again brought into the light of day, so thoughts and ideas long since outgrown and generally discarded are preserved for our interest in commonplace phrases on the lips of all.

But language is not merely "fossil poetry." It is concentrated ethics and crystallized history as well. Unsuspected and unheeded, enshrined in

the elements of our mother tongue are bygone customs, long-forgotten habits, and otherwise unrecorded events in the experience of those who lived before us. Let us take a peep through the portals of the temple of speech and here and there remove a tiny portion of the dust that the centuries have accumulated about its venerable pillars.

Most of us have smiled at the foolish boast of certain aspirants to social distinction that their ancestors came over with the Conqueror, or, it may be, the Mayflower. With much more justification the claim might be made by scores of words. Certainly pedigree is more easily authenticated in regard to words than men. As the starting point of our investigation must necessarily be an arbitrary one, with the Conquest let us begin.

The death struggle of the Saxon Harold is recalled if we think of the contemptuous place reserved for "harness" after the Battle of Hastings. Before the proud Norman set his conquering foot on English soil "harness" was the honored protection of man, but afterwards it was fit to be applied only to the trappings of his steed. "Armor" took its place. Francis Thompson in our day has revived the older word in its original usage:

"My harness, piece by piece, Thou hast hewn from me."

The versatility of the English tongue consists largely in the remarkable duality of words that has resulted from the blending of Norman-French and Old English. Every schoolboy is acquainted with the shades of meaning that differentiate such terms as "deer" and "venison," "cow" and "beef," "calf" and "veal,"

"room" and "chamber." The social history of medieval England is contained in them—fossilized, as it were.

The whole pagan worship of the Saxons passes in review before us as we mention the days of the week. They remind us of Freya's fruitfulness, of Thor's thunder, of Woden's wisdom, of the hate of Tew. So obvious is this that the early Quakers refused to employ these terms and substituted the cumbrous and commonplace "first day of the week," "second day," and so forth, as though by naming Wednesday, for instance, they might be supposed to pay homage to the pagan god of thunder!

The names of the months take us in spirit from the damp and foggy north to the clear skies of Italy, to the age when "the grandeur that was Rome" enthralled the world and the wealth of three continents was poured into the lap of the Queen of Cities. For June still speaks to us of Juno whose special care was the new-wed wide. Is not June still the month of marriage? July recalls the astounding career of world-conquering Caesar, and in August we should think of cold, proud Octavius—surnamed Augustus—who ascended the imperial throne over the body of Rome's voluptuous idol, Mark Antony.

At election times the word "candidate" may perhaps remind us of the Roman politician, who *candidis vestibus* literally "went around" *ambitious* for power and fame—soliciting the goodwill of the voters. Before the ballot our candidate is doubtless "jovial"—bluff and cheery like Jupiter—and "sanguine," his blood tingling with the zest of combat and the hope of victory. But if defeat is his fate,

he is apt to be "choleric" or "melancholy"—and every student of English knows how a whole world of philosophy is involved in such expressions.

We will gather up a few more "story-words" at random. Take this group of four: Samphire, petrel, saltpetre and petroleum. At first sight they seem to have no connection at all. Nevertheless, they are closely related by derivation. They all come from "petra," a rock; and indeed one of the most significant moments in history was that in which our Blessed Lord called Simon the Rock-Apostle. "Samphire" is a corruption of Saint Pierre and the word is applied to a medicinal herb that grows by the sea. It was thought to be specially dear to the Prince of Apostles after whom it was accordingly named. Shakespeare spelled it "sampire," a form of the word more in line with its derivation. Referring to the white cliffs at Dover he says (in *King Lear*):

"Half way down  
Hangs one that gathers sampire,  
dreadful trade!"

Petroleum is rock-oil, and salt-petre means salt-rock. But what of "petrel"? This is a "little Peter"; the name was first applied to the bird whose habit of flying close to the surface of the sea suggested that it actually walked on the water, as did St. Peter on the Galilean lake.

A word with a veritable flood of associations is "maudlin." It is the old pronunciation of the surname of St. Mary Magdalene, who was always represented in sacred art as weeping. As people were very familiar with the weeping "Maudelaynes" certain

individuals were jestingly and irreverently likened to the paintings. These were the tearful creatures who had reached a certain stage of inebriety. As regards the pronunciation "maudlin" for "Magdalene," it may be pointed out that both in Oxford and in Cambridge there is a Magdalene College whose name is pronounced as here indicated. In more than one English city the tourist will come across a Maudlin Street and in Chaucer's Prologue we have the well-known line referring to the sailor whose

"Barge ycleped was the Maudelayne."

Mention of Cambridge reminds me of "tandem," a word which every classical scholar will recognize as meaning "at length." In consequence of a university joke "tandem" came to be applied to a special method of driving. A couple of centuries or so ago a brainy student conceived the idea of driving his steeds "lengthwise" instead of side by side. This became the fashion with those who could afford to ride behind more than one horse. A conveyance drawn thus was said to be driven "tandem" and the atrocious pun gained common currency. The University statutes still forbid the "driving of horses tandem" in the streets of Cambridge.

Words, like persons, are known by the company they keep. Slang is responsible in the first instance for many of our most familiar terms. Thus, gipsies and others who stole children were said "to kidnap" them. The term "kid" needs no elucidation; "nap" was originally "nab." While on the subject of kids, is it not strange that the slang phrase "act the goat" should be equivalent to "caper"? For that is just what the

word means. The same root is found in "capricious" and "capricorn."

A person whose mental capacity is below the average is vulgarly termed "half-baked." Polite ears prefer the word "precocious," yet the more high-sounding expression means essentially the same thing, namely, "one cooked before his time." Precocious infants are often said to be "in hot water." Whether there is here a further analogy to cooking I do not presume to determine.

Most of us are flattered by an invitation to become "sponsors" while we should be indignant if we were dubbed "gossips." Yet originally these words meant the same thing. A gossip was in olden times a sponsor in baptism, and it would be interesting to know whether women were more zealous in their attendance at such functions—as they still are in many good works—or whether baptismal ceremonies provided special opportunities for small talk. We have a host of words which, like "gossip," have deteriorated—a fact which goes to show that, unlike wine, words do not always improve with age.

A very amusing word is "supercilious." Signifying one who lifts his eyebrows, it is surely one of the most expressive terms in the language. The haughty person shows his contempt for others by raising his eyebrows. Again, "to insult" a man means literally to leap upon his prostrate body, while "to affront" him is to strike him in the face.

I have said that words are affected by the company they keep. For example, "sovereign" should never have been so spelled. Its proper form would be "sovrán," the "superanus"

## THE SCHOLASTIC

or overlord—a form which is frequently met with in Milton and Shakespeare. The more familiar spelling has passed into common usage through mistaken association with “reign.”

Similarly “rhyme” is a mis-spelling tolerated through confusion with “rhythm,” a Greek word. There is no reason why the Old English form, “rime,” should have been so generally superseded. The word “forth” legitimately expands to “further” and “furthest.” False analogy has given us “further” and “furthest.” False analogy has given us “farther” and “furthest.” False analogy has given us “farther” and “farthest” from “far.” The “th” in these words is a trespasser on private preserves. Chaucer uses the correct form in his description of the benevolent Parson who visited even “the ferreste (farrest) in his parish.”

Here is another quaint pair. A man’s “companion” is literally “one who shares his bread with him.” The significance of the word is wholly good. But the citizens of Athens were credited with a suspicious na-

ture, a fact which is exemplified in “parasite,” their equivalent for “companion.” In the Greek tongue “he who eats with you” is a “parasite.”

“Tribulum” is the Latin for a “threshing implement.” When heavy blows of misfortune fell on the hapless sons of men they were said to be “in tribulation.” The practice of plowing has given us another interesting word. It is important for the farmer “to keep his furrows straight.” When a person’s mind was distorted by illness and “ran out of groove,” so to speak, the likeness to irregular plowing was too obvious to be resisted. Thus the term “delirious,” meaning “out of the straight line” came into use.

Perhaps enough has been said to indicate the historical interest, the legendary lore and the quaint charm that reside in the terms of our common speech. Words, after all, are just the buds of knowledge which require but the warm sun of thought and inquiry to unfold petals of a color like those “by the cunning hand of nature laid on.”

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## THE SHINING WARRIOR.

JAMES HAYES.

Look you with me and see what beauty lies  
Where morning’s sun first stands up from his sleep  
And brightens all about him and the skies  
With shafts of gold full bowed from the deep.  
And see the splendid archer slowly creep  
Above the distant woodlands and ascend,  
His shining arrows trailing, end on end.

## THE INTERIM.

JOHN S. BRENNAN.



HE hero of fiction who leaves home always follows a prescribed formula. He is wrongfully accused of some misdeed; he goes to a far country and, years later, after the real culprit has been discovered, he returns, the possessor of fame and fortune, to the girl who always believed in him.

McDevitt's case was different; he had left, not under a cloud, but highly recommended, to accept what the *Mercury* called "a responsible position with the Yucatan Railway Company." What friends he had bade him a casual good-bye, and there was no girl to wave tearfully until the train disappeared.

That was three years ago; since then a great many things had happened. It had all begun when he was discharged by the directors for gross incapability, and when he had been fool enough to try to forget his misfortune in a long accepted way.

The members of the American club shook their heads sadly and said, "Too bad about McDevitt. He's a nice fellow, too." Then old Bender, who had been in the tropics for more years than anyone knew, and for more years than even he cared to remember, took his cigar from his mouth, and flicked the ashes over the rail of the verandah. "It won't be long before he will be down and out altogether. I've seen it happen before. It doesn't take much to make a man lose his grip anywhere, but down here it seems to be easier than

in other places. I give him just six months."

"Did you hear that he has given up his room here?" This was the pink and white Davis, who landed a month before. "Nobody knows where he is staying. He left his clothes and everything here."

McDevitt was not bothered by what people thought. Sleeping out of doors was pleasant enough, and he could always get something to eat. If the worst came to the worst, his former friends would not let him starve, although they no longer associated with him.

He stood before the cantina, peering in at the cool depths, fingering a peso in his pocket. The man who shuffled towards him took his order sullenly. With a shaking hand he raised the glass to his lips and sipped the contents. A door in the rear slammed and the proprietor entered. He was not as obsequious as he was to Davis, nor was he as polite to McDevitt as he had been in the past.

"There is the matter of the bill you owe me——" he began.

"I know," said McDevitt. "I can't pay you now."

"I can't give you credit any more, either. I'm a poor man."

"That's all right," nodded McDevitt. "I don't expect you to." He laid his last coin on the table, waved the change aside, and went out into the glaring street.

He was at the end of his tether; his money was gone, he was an outcast, and what was worse, he did not care. He had no desire to regain his lost position and his self-respect. He felt that it was next to impossible; he knew his shortcomings only too well.

The sun was plunging below the horizon as McDevitt wandered to the outskirts of the city along the white, deserted highway. A turn in the road brought him to the beach. The tide was out and the setting sun behind him tinted the waves as far as he could see. Some distance from the shore was a large rock which the retreating tide had uncovered; he could reach it without wetting his feet.

As he scrambled to his perch, McDevitt pondered upon the depths to which he had fallen. Even if he could rouse himself from his lethargy, there was no one who really cared. He had no family; his friends—such as they were—had forgotten him. He had not received a letter in two years, for his friendships were of the casual sort which cease when the friends part.

The murmuring of the waves lulled him to sleep, and the moon had risen when he awoke. The incoming tide was washing about the base of the rock, cutting him off from the mainland. The sea became rough, interspersing the breakers with whitecaps which broke over his head with increasing fury. With a little effort he could swim to the shore, but he remained passive. He could not see what he had to live for. "What difference does it make?" he wondered. The future held nothing, the past was not pleasant to reflect upon.

The water rose higher and higher, finally submerging the rock. He clutched it grimly, determined to drown. The waves washed over his head, and in spite of his resolution, his hold was loosened.

He seemed to be buffeted about for an eternity. Eventually the buffet-

ing was succeeded by a steady, soothing motion; the singing in his ears was like music from afar. The lulling movement stopped and only the music continued, growing louder and more distinct.

McDevitt opened his eyes slowly, for even that simple operation pained him. He was lying on the bed in his own room at the club. The music was coming from the floor above where a ball was in progress. The salt water bath he received had not improved his alcohol-racked frame and he rose stiffly, but sank back upon the bed in anguish.

The paroxysm passed and he went to his wardrobe; his things were as he had left them, and he certainly needed a change. He shaved with care, luxuriating in the hot water. His suit he selected with care, he adjusted the tie, and he admired his highly polished shoes. The difference in his appearance pleased him as he stepped back to survey the entire effect in the glass. "Not so far gone as I thought," he muttered, "but gone too far. It's pretty late in the game."

He snapped off the light and started down the corridor. A girl, who was hurrying down the stairs from the floor above, almost collided with him. "My fault," McDevitt bowed.

"Will you please take me home?" "I — my escort." She stopped. McDevitt looked upward in time to see a man who had been peering over the rail dodge out of sight.

"With pleasure," he returned. "But don't you want me to find some of your friends?"

"No, no! Please don't. I can go home alone. You needn't bother."

"Just a minute until I get a hat."

They descended to the street and as they did so, McDevitt stole a look at his companion. He immediately decided that she was beautiful, and he felt that she was a lady, regardless of her unconventional behavior.

He glanced up and down the empty thoroughfares in search of a carriage.

"Shall we walk?" she asked. "It isn't far."

"As you like, but your slippers were not meant for walking."

"Neither were yours," she smiled. "So we are even."

A flood of moonlight fell upon the uninhabited street, shedding its rays upon the white stone houses, delineating them in sharp contrast to the black trees that surrounded them.

"You are Mr. McDevitt, aren't you?"

McDevitt nodded.

"Don't you remember the ball Ramon de Vega gave? I met you there. I remember you were called away because something had gone wrong with your railroad."

"It's not my railroad any more," he said shortly.

"So I have been told. Are you going back home?"

"I haven't a home. If you mean, 'am I going back to the States,' I'm not going there, either."

"You don't seem to care much what you do."

"I don't; neither does any one else."

"My dear Mr. McDevitt, how do you expect any one to care when you don't, when you are so indifferent to what happens? Make somebody care."

"Who, for instance? You?"

"Anyone. Yucatan isn't the only place on earth."

"It's the one place on earth where I am likely to be for some time to come."

"Here's my home." She stopped before one of the most pretentious houses flanking the Calle de San Luis Rey.

McDevitt was about to bid her good night when she said. "I know my father is waiting for me. Come in and I will have him send you home in the carriage." He protested, but noting her insistence, and not indifferent to the shooting pains in his feet, he submitted with a deprecatory gesture.

The room to which she took him was large, and lit by myriads of crystalline candles whose mellow glow was reflected by the prismatic chandeliers which diffused it into a thousand colors, only to have it absorbed by the dark rich tapestry on the walls.

An old man, with gray hair which fell almost to his shoulders, rose to meet them. McDevitt was sure that if he cudgelled his brain long enough he could call his host by name and remember where he had seen him before.

"Father," said the girl, "José was detained at the dance, and Mr. McDevitt was kind enough to take me home, although I don't know what he thinks of me for asking him."

The man's thanks were so profuse that McDevitt raised his hand to protest, but he continued, "You must spend the night here. I couldn't think of turning you out at this hour." Again McDevitt protested, and again he submitted as gracefully as he could. While he did not mind sleep-



ing under the trees, neither did he object to occupying a comfortable bed.

"I will take you up myself; the servants have retired." So saying, he took a candle from the table and led the way to the room which McDevitt was to occupy. It was so spacious that the single candle scarcely served to illuminate the corners. A patch of white on the floor showed where the moon shone in at a large window.

Left alone, McDevitt threw himself on the bed without bothering to undress and thought of the occurrences of the evening. Perhaps the girl was right, perhaps he was too indifferent, and perhaps if he tried, he could make her care. If she did, he would have some incentive to mend his ways. For the first time in years, he was genuinely happy. He had a very

positive idea. He would make himself all that he should be.

Almost an hour passed before he fell asleep. A moment later he was aroused by a creak on the stair. He saw his door open slowly and his host tiptoe into the room. By the aid of the moon he could see that he carried a small knife in his hand. McDevitt attempted to rise but his muscles refused to obey his brain. The man drew nearer and stood over him. He made another attempt to rise and ward off the up-raised hand, but could not move, and he was terribly cold. The knife descended.

He lay far up on the beach where the incoming tide, with its tempestuous rush, had left him. The tide was going out again, and only a few recalcitrant waves washed over his inert body.

## DID IT MATTER?

CLIFFORD WARD.

THE decadent conscience of Alabama Red was making its last stand. With the strength of a last agony, it fired at elusive targets that grew and faded away before its eyes. Would it hit? It didn't matter to Red. He wasn't interested. Leaning against a lamppost, realities were boring Red. Life was irksome, perhaps mysterious, but certainly—repulsive.

The rain was coating a soot-covered snow of several days with a veneer of ice. The street was aglow with blazing tungstens, but nowhere—with human kindness. Well-mean-

ing matrons shot by in taxis, hurrying to their weekly meeting for the aid of the underprivileged, the blind, the sick, and the halt, but not for helping Red. Red didn't want their help—these meddling women who practiced charity for self-satisfaction. Life meant nothing to him, except lamp-posts, chilly rains, and morbid cynicisms of his own outcast mind. Red wished to be an outcast, but an outcast solely from himself. He detested existence. He loathed his benign. He desired some magic wand that would detach him from his deformed self. If the innocent smile of that passing girl could only have been for him! If only someone would take him as he was, and caress that misshapen thing he called "him-



self," with a bit of understanding and Love. Aw, he didn't want love, bosh,—who'd love him? Maybe his mother might have loved him, yeh,—but not for his sake—only because he was part of her, her flesh and blood. Hers was a selfish desire also, a sort of insane wish that he might be all that she pictured him in her youthful, girlish dreams. Sort of a person who would have nagged him for what he was, she would have been. "Foolish sentimentality," sneered Red, "this love stuff."

The rain falls a little harder, but Red doesn't care. What did it matter? Might catch cold, but didn't he have a cold now, hadn't he been coughing since he was a youngster? He might die from the effects of it, but what did it matter? Things couldn't be worse—he had lived, and was satisfied. Life had extended nothing—he had taken it—

Red moves onward. A policeman is eyeing him suspiciously. Red will walk. Where? It doesn't matter, perhaps just aimlessly toward nowhere. Flakes of snow are beginning to fall, and more heavily until the rays from the street lamps blend in a soft sheen of whiteness. Not a sound is audible now on the deserted street except the crunching of Red's footsteps in the snow. His crouched

figure darts along in the shadows, his face almost covered by his upturned collar. His eyes have a nervous twinkle to them, not unlike that of a maniac. The only object in his pockets is made of glistening steel which Red's hands caress lovingly. Why shouldn't he love it? Hadn't it been his best friend? Hadn't it gained for him the means of food and shelter? Hadn't it kept him from "going over."

Around the corner a bob-sled comes filled with noisy young persons, boisterously,—yes, irritatingly happy. A look of bitterness crowds into Red's eyes as a picture from the long ago closes in upon his mind. It is the picture of a boyhood sweetheart. His lips twitch into a chuckling sneer, and Red laughs. The echoes of it fill the air of the quiet winter's night, suddenly joining the echoes of a shot, reverberating through the night's silence until they lose themselves in nothingness. The street is again deserted save for a huddled figure lying in the shadow of a lamp-post, and again all is silent except for the crying out of a dog in the distance. Somewhere Red is wandering home. I see him sneer,—I hear him mutter—Well, what did it matter?



## THERE'S SOMETHING IN IT.

HARRY W. FLANNERY.

**L**AUGHING at the new art is a fad, as much a fad as admiring it. While the many look at famous pictures like "Nude Descending a Staircase," and get an impression that either a drunken fellow, a fake, or a fool, has painted what to them appears to be an inconsistent conglomeration of legs, arms, planks and rays of light; a few look and cry out an admiring "Ah!" or "How beautiful!" Of those who admire there may be some who understand—very few, it is likely. The most of us laugh and do not try to understand; it seems to be too absurd to bother about.

One can hardly believe, however, that da-daism, the most exaggerative of the modern forms of art has more than one purpose—the heaping of ridicule on the fakes in modern art, and possibly, the discouragement of the whole movement. Da-daism produces compositions like those by Tristan-Tzara—mere ink blots on a piece of paper, or dotted strokes on a piece of ruled paper, with titles like "Leila," and the "Conflagration"; and photographic compositions like those by Man Ray, "Composition of Objects Selected with Eyes Closed," the composition including a screw and bolt, a razor blade, a chain, an electric light globe, a glass tumbler, a clay pipe and a pin—about which *Vanity Fair* comments, seemingly seriously: "This suggests the modern artistic passion for machinery." Other pictures by Man Ray include, "A Comb Entering a Gyroscope," and "Imitation of the Gyroscope by the

Magnifying Glass, Assisted by a Pin." Jean Cocteau, French critic, writes of the prints that they are "meaningless masterpieces in which are realized the most voluptuous velvets of the aquafortist. There has never been anyone else who has been able to produce anything like this scale of blacks sinking into each other, of shadows and half-shadows! He has come to set painting free again. His mysterious groups are infinitely better than any of the ordinary still-lives which attempt to conquer the flat canvas and the elusive mud of the colors."

But aside from da-daism, the extreme, one finds more in the new art than in inane *Saturday Evening Post* cover designs of lifeless girls—girls who never lived, who express nothing, and suggest nothing but clever handling of the brush by an artist whose soul is occupied not with art but with the thought of the money to be made by the cover and by his next design for a silverware manufacturer. The new art is, in an age of industrial and monetary fever, the cry of the soul for notice. It is an emphasis on speculative and intellectual emotions, and it avoids representative portrayals of things in an attempt to make men realize that there is a soul, a mind, in art.

The material has occupied modern America so much that real art is being neglected. Men are too busy making and spending money to even count it. They are too busy with movies and Rotary Clubs to remember that they have a soul. The commerce courses in our large universities are attracting ten men to one attracted by the liberal courses. Americans are too busy to remember that

## THE SCHOLASTIC

they have souls, souls to worship God, souls to produce or to appreciate works of art.

The new art is a warning, a cry to remember that which makes men more than animals—the soul. Because it has its emphasis on the soul, the new art has to do with abstract representation. Art, in itself, may take various forms. It may be classic, dealing with representative portrayals; it may be expressionistic, cubistic, futuristic, or any of the modern forms; or it may be a mean—impressionism. In its methods, the new art is best compared to music. Music is an expression of spiritual reality. Some of it does not resemble the new art, but rather resembles the old—the classic. Such music expresses what is external, what is heard in external life, the sound of rivers in Russian river songs, for instance; while that with which the new art is to be compared is music that is the notation of harmonies in the soul of the creator, Beethoven's Ninth Symphony, for instance.

The matter is concisely stated in a recent work called "*Expressionismus*," the author of which is Hermann Bahr, novelist and dramatist. In the new art, Bahr says, "the mind is strongly asserting itself. It is turning away from exterior to interior life, and listening to the voices of its own secrets \* \* \* Expressionism is the natural successor of Impressionism, again one-sided, again denying one side of human nature; again half truth." He makes it plain that each is an exaggeration, the one an excess of external influences, the other an excess of internal influences. One kind sees with the eyes of the body, Impressionism, and the other

with the eyes of the mind, Expressionism. They both lack, he says, "the ever-living tie that unites the eyes of the body with those of the mind," an ideal combination that has existed only in individual great masters.

Bahr explains the attitude of the public toward the new art. "When," he says, "painters in whom the eyes of the mind are dominant present their work to a public that is accustomed to rely upon the eyes of the body, or vice versa, there results an inevitable confusion. Those who have never observed their own visions are inclined to regard the eyes as windows through which the world penetrates. Furthermore, we have been educated in classic art, an art which is turned outwards and draws into itself the exterior world." And the result is that, since we are not used to expressionism, we cannot understand it at all, and we laugh at it as absurd.

Cubism is possibly the most simple of the new arts. Cubist pictures are skeletons, representations of things by means of their basic structures in much the same manner as the beginner in art is taught to construct his figures in the fundamentals, cubes, spheres, cones and cylinders, being taught that all things are made up of combinations of these forms. But cubism, as it has developed, is more than this. It expresses the mind's image, not the image resulting from external influences but the one existent there without outward influence, in cubical form. "The subject is important only as a means; either as a means of provoking the mood the artist is to express; \* \* \* or of suggesting the form in which the artist

can express a pre-existent mood," says Clive Bell in *Vanity Fair*. He continues: "Only the other day, Vlaminck was categorical on this point. 'I wake up,' said he, 'with a mood and I look about me indoors until I have found an equivalent. \* \* \* and I express my mood in the terms of the equivalent."

"In theory there is nothing the matter with cubism; only in practice, there are very few painters who can express themselves completely in abstract form. There are plenty of artists who can so express themselves, but they become musicians, architects designers of furniture, etc., etc., but precisely what makes a man turn painter is, as a rule, a desire to express himself through what he sees outside him and not through what goes on inside his head. Picasso, and perhaps Braque, expressed themselves completely in cubism; Metzinger, Gleizes, Gris, Leger, Hayden and Marcoussis have all expressed something worth expressing; nevertheless, the best cubist pictures are, for the most part, sensibly poorer than they need be, while the bulk are mere frauds."

A necessity for artists to concern themselves with documentary representation no longer exists, say the defenders of futurism; the camera and moving pictures can fulfill that obligation to posterity. It is their contention also that documentary representation is not true—as far as the mind's manner of seeing is concerned. One never really sees a horse going

over a fence, as the orthodox painters represent it, they argue. The classists picture the horse suspended in air, above the fence. This is absurd—they declare—for we really see the horse not as so painted, but in motion. The horse in the air is only a phase of the whole picture, an untrue phase. Futurism tries to picture motion, activity, and oftentimes tries to picture even the thoughts of the subject as well as of the artist. An understanding of this theory explains the pictures of scrambled body parts and shafts of color.

Impressionism, less violent of these forms, is simplest of all. It increases to the maximum our faculty of external vision while suppressing as much as possible the faculty of interior vision. It can be understood and appreciated, for its representations, quick glimpses, impressions, are common to every one, while few think in cubes or suppose they ever see motion. Impressionism is accepted by almost everyone, even some conservatives; it is seldom faked.

Much modern art is fraudulent. The difficulty is to determine the frauds, for who is to know just what is in the creator's mind, or whether he has successfully pictured his mood? Modern art forms can hardly last, but as long as they do last they are interesting because of their novelty. Even though they do not last, however, there is something in it, the basic thought, and more, a message—a cry of warning, a cry for recognition of the soul.

## FRANCISCAN INFLUENCE ON FRANCIS THOMPSON.

VINCENT D. CAVANAUGH.

"Therefore who follow him as he enjoins,  
Thou mayest be certain, take good  
lading in."



O SANG Dante; and of no one more truly than of Francis Thompson. Rich was the lading which he received from the Franciscans, and the Franciscians had indeed, much to give. The romantic spirit of the middle ages reached its culmination in the thirteenth century. The crusades fired the hearts of men with glorious achievement, filling Christian lands with soldiers who were saints and with sanits who were soldiers. Cathedrals indicated with lofty spires the Source of all that was perfect in art and noble in life.

"Learning, like a stranger, came from  
far,  
Sounding through Christian lands  
her trumpet."

Thousands of students gathered at the feet of scholars who made the very philosophy of the schools glow with warmth of poetic language, so that the ceremonies of Inception into the Doctorate became the ceremonies of scholastic knighthood. The newly received doctor was presented with a ring in token of his knighthood and was as eager in intellectual combat as his brother, the knight-errant, was eager for physical combat.

Along with the traveling student one met the troubadour, journeying from court to court as the student journeyed from school to school. A welcome guest at hamlet, inn or castle, the troubadour led a gay and

care-free life. He it was who immortalized the glorious deeds of knighthood. He sang of the beauty and charm of woman, the tenderness of love, and his songs vibrated with the thrill of battle as well. For this reason he was at home before the thrones of kings and in the cottages of peasants. Thus did he bridge the gap between social classes and learn life from every side, the prime necessity of the true artist. The general temper of the middle ages and particularly of the thirteenth century was a joyous one. They were happy with the happiness that comes from a consciousness of faith in God and charity for man.

In Italy, the land of flowers and song, Francis of Assisi was born in the latter part of the twelfth century. He grew into manhood a true son of romantic Italy. His early life was filled with dreams of chivalry and ambition. Constant longing for the glory of knighthood, for love and adventure, permeated his life and made him the gayest of the gay, the leader in all kinds of merrymaking.

When Francis was converted to a life of holiness, the chivalric impulses of his ardent temperament were transformed into a higher sphere of action, but they were not atrophied by the transformation. The essential poetic spirit which had found vent in earthly song, now soared to a higher and a truer sphere. From a troubadour of this world he became a troubadour of heaven. The song of carousal gave way to hymns in praise of God, and so intense was his new-found happiness that the folk of the surrounding country thought him mad—not knowing that the madness of saints is true sanity. To Francis,

in his new chivalry, all nature seemed bursting with song in praise of the Creator. The sun wheeling in its majestic course through heaven partook of the music of the spheres. The song birds, which Francis especially loved, warbled their adoration in strains of exquisite harmony. The trees and flowers seemed to express thoughts "too deep for words." All the beauties of nature were but mirrors of the infinite beauty of God. Thus to St. Francis the things of nature were brother worshippers and he felt toward them a genuinely brotherly affection. In the "Canticle to the Sun" he addressed these inanimate beings as "brothers," and he was so considerate of their welfare that he would not allow harm to befall them when he could prevent it. Many are the stories in "Little Flowers" that illustrate this tender compassion for his "brothers." He would not permit a tree to be felled near the houses of his order and he was solicitous about the manner in which beasts of burden were treated. So great was his regard for his fellow-worshippers that it was with reluctance he quenched the very fire with which his rethren cooked their food. These tender feelings could come only from a heart essentially simple and poetic.

The companions whom he attracted by his holiness and by the joyousness of his temperament became imbued with the same spirit of poetry, and as the order expanded it became impressed with a poetic character which it retains to the present day.

The tendencies of the age drove the Franciscans from the fields and villages into the great universities. Yet amid scholastic disputes and intense

intellectual excitement the friar managed to preserve the simple, poetic spirit of the founder of his order. So in the life and writings of St. Bonaventure we find a perfect ideal of the Franciscan spirit. The keen intellect of a learned doctor is linked with the sweet, poetic nature of an humble friar. There is no better example of the effect of the Franciscan spirit upon the thought of the thirteenth century—and consequently upon all succeeding centuries—than the transformation of the theology of the schools into the sublime mysticism of Bonaventure. Not only in the turbulent universities did the spirit of the Franciscans assert itself with vigor: in the fields and in the villages the friars were to be found working with the peasants, joining in their innocent mirth and mingling their voices with the songs of the people. They caught up the joyous spirit of the times and redoubled the mirth and jollity of the peasants.

The effect of this mingling with the people was very significant. The friars and the peasants sang their songs in the vernacular. Francis himself used the language of the people. This gave to the vernacular a new dignity and paved the way for that great inheritor of the Franciscan spirit, Dante. If the Florentine master was not actually a member of the Franciscan order, as many have supposed, he was at least indebted to them for his use of the vernacular, as he acknowledged in *Convito*, and he drew largely from the mysticism of St. Bonaventure for many of his theological opinions. His last request was to be buried in the Franciscan

habit and he refers in the *Inferno* (XVI-106) to the cord of St. Francis which he wore. Dante attended the schools of the Franciscans after the death of Beatrice (*Convivio*). Thus the great poet was essentially Franciscan in spirit and fervor. Through him Francis might be said to speak to the entire civilized world. And the influence of Dante upon poetic thought is, of course, inestimable. Here Francis touches in a general way every poet that has been born since Dante. Hence Francis Thompson must share in the heritage of the ages. And then there are Petrarch and Boccaccio, direct literary descendants of Dante. Boccaccio touched romanticism and it bloomed like a gorgeous flower. His influence upon English literature was tremendous; through Chaucer and Shakespeare he peers, like a smiling face through delightful, latticed bowers.

The poetry of Francis Thompson is distinctly Franciscan in tone. It everywhere proclaims the poet to be a follower, in spirit, of the poverillo. The characteristics of the Franciscan spirit are, as we have seen, four in number: (1) a burning love for God; (2) a love for the creatures of God; (3) a sense of deep humility and (4) poverty in spirit. If we examine the poetry of Francis Thompson we will find that these four characteristics predominate and over and over there glows an indefinable spirit of medievalism that proclaims kinship with St. Francis even more strongly.

In the "Hound of Heaven," the Franciscan love of God is evident in the pursuit of the soul by "Him whom thou seekest." The poem is literally throbbing with the love of God for the soul of man, "Thou dravest love

from thee who dravest Me." The love of the creatures of God is clearly evident in the frequent allusions to the things of nature. Thompson calls them the servitors of God; he speaks of laying his heart upon the throbbing sunset; he calls things of nature his foster brethren, much as St. Francis addresses his "brothers." Humility runs like a fine thread throughout the entire poem, "strange, piteous, futile thing," "of all earth's clotted clay the dingiest clot" are words that display the deepest humility of spirit. A true Franciscan love of poverty is evident in the poem, "naked I wait thy love's uplifted stroke" and in the words "all which I took from thee I did but take, not for thy harm, but just that thou mightest seek it in my arms."

So much for the "Hound of Heaven," it is clear that Franciscan influence has been at work there and this influence is even more evident in some of the longer poems.

The "Ode to the Setting Sun" would seem at first sight to be pagan in scope, but a closer examination of it makes evident the same sweet qualities that abound in the "Hound of Heaven." "For Rome, too daring, and for Greece, too dark." After describing the majesty, the power and the glory of the sun-god in words of exquisite beauty and strength, Thompson hastens to assure us that Apollo is but a "type memorial" of Him "who hang'st in dreadful pomp of blood," thus bringing before us the supreme drama of love—The Crucifixion. In this poem, too, is evident that great love of nature that Thompson inherits from the Franciscans. Nearly every line vibrates with praise of nature's beauty. The



description of the "splendid rose, saturate with purple glows" is very striking. The stars are "night's jewels" and the earth is a "living and a radiant thing." The reference to Death, the mystical twin of Birth, and the fairer of the two, recalls St. Francis' reference to "his sister Death." Altogether this poem reflects Franciscan sympathy with nature more strikingly perhaps than any other of Thompson's poems.

In the poems collected under the title of "Sight and Insight," there are apparent a joyous love of nature, a sense of kinship with the things of nature and a realization that the visible things of Him speak of the invisible. "We are too near akin that thou shouldst cheat me, nature, with thy fair deceit." Yet the joy is tempered with a sort of a religious awe, a realization of the majesty that sways the universe. "Exult for thou *darest* not grieve," and again, "I, a *wingless mortal*, sporting with the tresses of the sun." Even more clearly is this evident in the "Orient Ode" where the poet likens the Sun to the sacrament—an "orbed sacrament" he calls it,—and the day becomes a dedicated priest. The figure is very expressive and touching. It recalls vividly the poor little man of Assisi with his affection for his "brother, the sun"; "my splendid brother, the sun," Thompson says further on in this same beautiful poem. The joyous love of nature is perhaps more evident in the "Ode After Easter" where the poet sees all nature rejoicing upon the coming of spring. He speaks about the liberal laugh of the earth, the gladness of all things "made young with young desires," yet through it all he hears "a

higher and a solemn voice." There is something quite different in the attitude which Thompson takes in his poetry towards nature and in that which other poets who have been more directly influenced by the Romantic movement have taken. There is none of the pantheism of Shelly, or the nature worship of Wordsworth, or the pessimism of Byron, who loves "not man the less but nature *more*." In those poets nature seems an end in itself, they all but identify nature with God. Thompson sees in creatures merely the reflection of the Creator—just as the Franciscans had seen them as symbols of the Creator. And it is this attitude that identifies Thompson with the Franciscans more than anything else does. It sets him apart from the ordinary current of Romanticism though of course that, too, felt the influence of the Franciscan love of nature to some degree.

In the beautiful lines of the "Ode After Easter,"

"Look up, O mortals, and the portent heed!  
From sky to sod,  
The World's unfolded blossom  
Smells of God."

the true Franciscan note is reached. There is a wide difference between the philosophy of nature so strikingly expressed here and running all through the poetry of Thompson and that expressed, for instance, in "Lines Above Tintern Abbey," in which nature becomes "the guide, the guardian of my heart, and soul of all my being"—mistaking the symbol for the reality, deifying nature, at least in practice. Not so was Thompson blinded by the beauty of the "Visible things of Him."

"O imagery of that which was the first  
and is the last,"



## THE SCHOLASTIC

To him nature is a step-dame who cannot slake his thirst. It might be urged that this is Catholic teaching and it is as a Catholic that Thompson speaks, not as one influenced by Francis of Assisi. But it must be remembered that it was St. Francis who brought back to us the love of God's creation after this love had been strangled by an exaggerated asceticism and that the Franciscans gave an impetus to the Romantic movement.

The same tender sentiments, and love of nature that are apparent in the longer poems of Thompson are found in the shorter poems as well. They are too numerous to consider in detail but their very names are suggestive of Thompson's intense love of God, his humility and his love of nature. "Of Nature: Laud and Plaint" is full of beautiful allusions to nature as a symbol of God. "Field-Flower," "Laus Amara Doloris," "An Anthem of Earth," "The Narrow Vessel," "Passion of Mary," "Little Jesus,"

are all tenderly expressive of the poet's simple, ardent love of God, and of nature as a symbol of God.

The last years of the poet's life were spent in close contact with the Franciscans. It was to their friary that Thompson went for peace as Dante had gone long before, and the friars received him as they would a brother. They cheered him with their thoughtful companionship and, above all, they left him to the consolations of his beloved solitude when he would. They gave wise and careful criticism to his work and opened for him the treasures of their spiritual life.

To the Franciscans Francis Thompson owed much, he was one of them in spirit and his song was sweetened by the same burden of love that graced their teachings. He was

"Surely born to them in mind  
Their youngest nurseling of the spirits  
kind."

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### THE GRAVEYARD AT NOTRE DAME.

JOSEPH C. RYAN.

An air of peace lies on this silent place.  
Remote the gruesome dread of death. The awe and fear  
Men have of life's decline seem far from here.

The frenzied dash towards fame, the constant race  
Towards goals of eminence, for which we strive,  
Are nothing here, where only memories live.

Beneath these oaks great saintly men now sleep,  
And men whose deeds live on in countless ways  
About us, deeds begun in distant days.

Half-heard the gentle autumn breezes weep  
They seem to sing a faint and ancient psalm  
Above the graves and leave a holy calm.

# THE SCHOLASTIC

## SONG OF THE MISSISSIPPI.

J. J. C.

**O** H RIVER of my country,  
Like a vein through the heart of my country,  
River of homes, hills, towns, farms and plantations,  
Rocking young lovers upon the moon's long pillary shadow,  
Cooling the old who look across you prairiewards to children grown and gone,  
Where shall my song of you begin?  
I have gone arm in arm with you, Mississippi.  
You have stealthy moods, like a woman, are full of a man's swagger, too—  
River forever restless and always seeking a corner to dream in!

\*\*\*\*\*

We meet to the north where you leap, a quick-weaned first-born,  
From the cradle Ithasca curtained in pines.  
You scramble and whistle through the snarl of mill-runs  
Where stubble-chinned men chant, leaping over logs in a jam,  
Logs poking their noses now this way, now that, like a herd frightened.  
And here in the cold, wide morning  
I will listen to the lumberman's song,  
The mighty, innumerable, muscular lumberman of days gone,  
Gone with his wages, jokes and moroseness:

"Come along winter, come along snow!  
And give me a jaw-ful o' whiskey  
Before the cold winds blow.  
For I'm a darned good loggin' man  
And chop is the thing I know I can!"

"Good-bye, good folks, I'm off today—  
The snow is fallin', the woods are still.  
You've got me, you've got my pay,  
For I'm a darned good loggin' man  
And I'll be back as soon as I can!"

\*\*\*\*\*

I go with you farther, you like a hastening horseman,  
A horseman galloping, galloping,  
Faster and faster, faster, faster and faster,  
Through timbered country, to either side rocky mounds, desolate swamps;  
Through open land, where wild strawberries are thick in June;  
Till quickly you halt, as a lover meets with his bride,  
By beautiful, lace-wrapped, wistfully smiling Minnehaha:  
Minnehaha, gentle and always steadfast,

## THE SCHOLASTIC

Minnehaha, child-like, though grown and knowing,  
Girl-mother Minnehaha.

Then once more I depart with you, River of my country.  
Your fingers are twined round cliffs, shadowy, amorphous,  
Where birch and basswood glow like flowers in Pueblo urns—  
The bluffs of Wisconsin and Iowa.  
On these the black-robe feasted his eye when first he came;  
And I hear the voice of Marquette, frail in the tenebrous distance:

“Oh father of mighty waters, I bring the Father of all,  
His peace and benediction, his manifold battle call.

“I sail a ship that sinketh, the hope I bring is despair,  
But the Cross of Christ goeth with me, pitiful and fair.

“My life is slain for death’s sake, the hills are tombs to me  
But joy, great joy is in me—the dead shall risen be!

“Then welcome, ye mighty torrents, ye steepes of aged stone,  
For the love I seek is anguish, the word I covet a moan.

“And others may bring ye riches and comfort ye merrily,  
But my task is to lead all men to terrible Calvary.”

\* \* \* \* \*

We are off, past fields in the darkness.  
Great owls hoot in the darkness, the frogs sharply sing,  
The sun rises on the boundless, emerald, fragrant, munificent  
Home of the corn—  
Corn on which cities are built and families,  
Corn that settled the plains, unlocking a continent’s secrets,  
Corn undulant, chaste of figure, gold-and-coral damsel of the fields.  
And there, with his stomach protruding, in overalls,  
Is the American farmer,  
Twinkling, practical, something of a mystic withal—  
Still on we go, River, you and I, sauntering, slowly,  
Through the unhurried afternoon.  
Past populous hills taking a languid siesta,  
Through illimitable fields, where the sun is gold on cotton,  
The white fur of earth dressed virginally.  
But something there is on the air like whispered music on strings  
half-broken,  
Something fierce and tender, gone and yet hungrily present. . . .  
And on the wharves are hoards of muddy cotton  
To be carried shipward on the ebony backs of negroes sweating—  
Earth’s day and night weirdly commingled.  
And the blackman, stomach and flickering spirit, clutches and gropes,

## THE SCHOLASTIC

Ooze of the marsh and voice of the marsh-hen,  
Riddle darker than his phrasing,  
To unshackle whom kings were slaves and were beaten.  
And this is the plaint I hear:

"Whah am de road to de hill-top?  
Massa, whah am de road?  
It's hot in dis ribbah valley,  
It's hot whah de watah's flowed.  
*Massa, whah am de hill-top,*  
*And whah am de shinin' road?*

"I'se heard a big bird singin',  
I'se seen de wing ob de dove—  
Massa, when'll yoah drums beat,  
To carry us all up above?  
*Massa, de bird am a singin',*  
*And dar am de wing ob de dove."*

\* \* \* \* \*

Go we on southward, with the sea's salt in our noses,  
Like the breath of a sea-nymph risen far from shore.  
Here is gloom of the cypress and the cane's scintillant bending,  
Are placid lowlands like dark eyes dreaming;  
And rains are the sky's long tresses.  
Yet there is laughter, and dancing lightness—  
With pain like a stiletto flash under the moon—  
For the Creole has builded him here a country  
Where the Cavalier La Salle brooded and perished for glory,  
As far to the north the grandee De Soto  
Hunted the drink of youth, and by night was stealthily buried  
On your breast, O River of cynical silence.  
But the Creole whispers, whispers, and this is his music;

"Manon, come with a kiss  
For now the moon is low,  
My dear!

"Never could a fire hiss  
As dreams in my veins flow  
Of you.

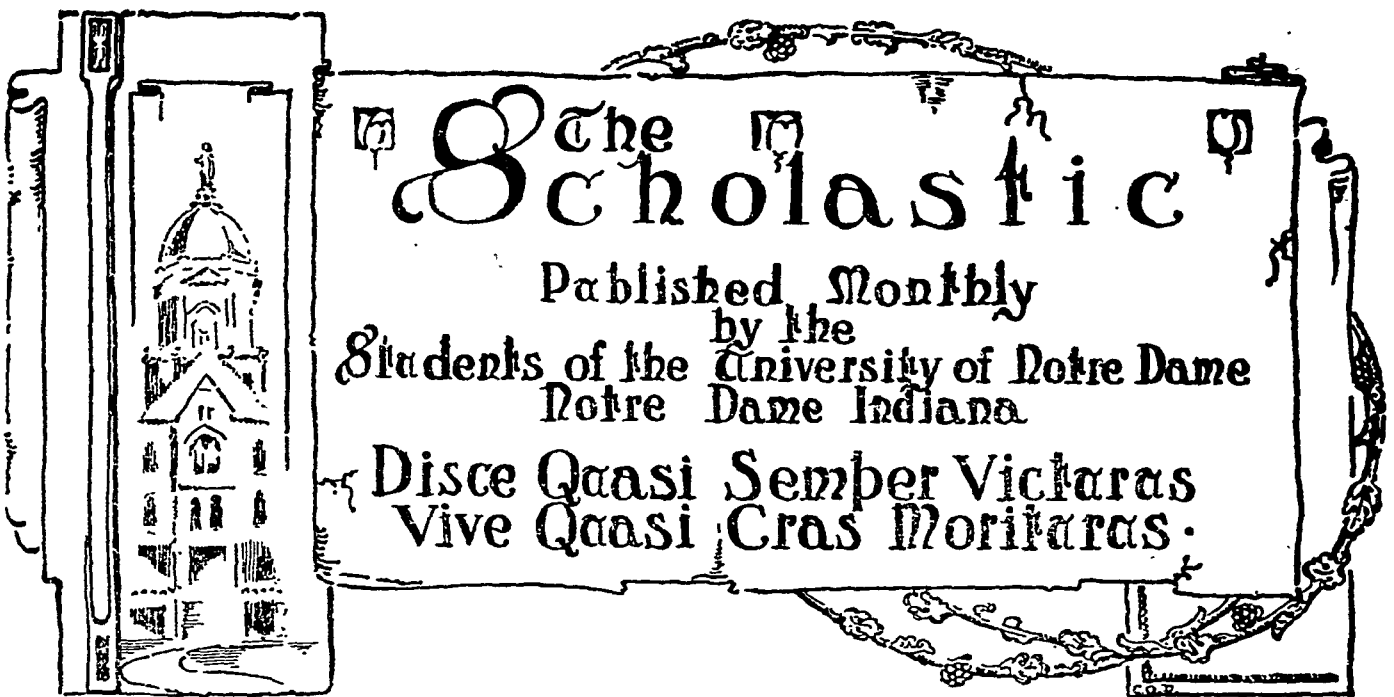
"Night is soft on the River,  
Great birds sleep in the trees,  
My own!

"Be mine till leaves shiver  
And death rides on the breeze,  
Manon."

## THE SCHOLASTIC

But I'll not listen to old romances,  
Nor to the homeless heroic laughter born on these bayous.  
Neither will I look into the sorrowful eyes of the Statesman  
Who learned here what men are.  
I will bid you good-bye, O Mississippi,  
First citizen among waters,  
As to Eastward and Westward you finger the menacing mountains,  
Plucking snow-flowers from Rockies and blue Alleghenies,  
Melting them together on the Southland's delicate bosom.  
Ships nuzzle into your skirts, your pockets are crammed with treasure.  
What are the hopes you carry, the songs you find?  
What is that mud on your face?  
You have glory and beauty, you have turbulent, sinister vengeance,  
River of my country,  
River I love and River of the land I cherish.





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### ON A VERY TRITE SUBJECT—

The other day we were walking about the grounds with a friend who owns nearly half of a prosperous mid-Western community. This friend is a fine chap; his heart is in the right place and his automobile is the most comfortable thing imaginable. His bank-account would vouch for his intelligence if we didn't. And yet, he put a question, a straightforward inquiry on a rather trite subject, which stirred us to the—well, the quick is the usual name for it.

He pointed to the Dome, our famous, commonplace, beloved and domesticated Dome, resplendent now in its new robe of gold. "Why do they waste all that?" he demanded. "Seems to me there are lots of places where the money—" Just then we didn't explode. It isn't quite proper to explode in public, and besides we felt the least bit sad, as if the heart had somehow been jumbled up with shoes. Later, however, we gave vent to our feelings and this is what we said:

"Remember the woman who broke the box of ointment and lavished it on the Saviour's feet? The disciples grumbled, didn't they, and asked the reason for the waste. But He thanked her with a wreath of immortality in His name, a wreath which has sat upon her nameless brows from that day until this minute, and which even the gates of hell shall not singe.

"This robe of gold which is renewed periodically at Notre Dame is the symbol of our beggar's reverence to the Lady whose crown the stars must be. It is true we can ill afford the cost. We know very well that with the money we could house someone, or buy a microscope. But we live because

## THE SCHOLASTIC

we keep the faith. We are rich because we are beggars. There is nothing on earth, neither evil nor wealth nor the heel of hate, which can keep us lower than our golden Dome, gathered like a burnished heaven under the feet of our Queen."

### THE HIKE SONG.

About a year ago many of us felt the need of a new college song. "The Victory March," it was thought, was in danger of becoming too trite. Our constant desire to sing our appreciation of Notre Dame demanded another melody. As a result "The Hike Song" was composed.

There is something appealing, something collegiate, about the "Hike Song," that instantly attracts one. The tune is militant; the words are alive with the zest of the gridiron. Almost unanimously the students gave the new anthem their approval. Yet rarely did we hear it. Apparently, it was being reserved for a formal debut this year. And so we waited.

We are still waiting. What has become of the "Hike Song" with its swinging melody and buoyant words? Nowhere on the campus is it now played. Nor do we sing it at the games. The new men are in total ignorance of it. Surely it has not met so early an end as this. If we are going to cheer the team with "Hike, Hike, Hike," let's start now.

### OUR OLD FRIEND, APATHY.

Everyone is afflicted to a greater or lesser degree with apathy. A strong desire to put off until tomorrow what should be done today overwhelms us and we become indolent. There is always something more interesting to do than the work at hand. If it is possible to defer a task, nine times out of ten we do so. The work that should be done can wait. And even when we are occupied our attitude is too often careless. The most zealous experience the urge of laziness and indifference. It attacks everyone.

Apathy is the reason why many college students fail to "get anywhere" at school. The ability is not wanting. They have the power to excel in many fields. But the go-and-get-it spirit is absent. If someone pushes them on they succeed. Relying on their own initiative they attain nothing. Were it not for laziness and lack of interest, more poets, scholars, artists, orators and athletes would be developed. No branch of school activities is so crowded that it will not benefit by recruits. The "Let George Do It" attitude is a powerful obstacle that every college man should combat.

There is something in college life besides classes and books. Participation in student activities is an excellent preparation for a career. Those who are prominent in school affairs will in all probability be leaders after they graduate. The laggard in college will be the laggard in business.

At the present moment the future editor or poet is writing; the future artist is sketching; the future business or professional man is occupied, not only with classes, but also with student activities; the future success has begun to succeed.

## ENTHUSIASM.

"Nothing great was ever achieved without enthusiasm;"— when Emerson gave utterance to this thought, he expressed one of the broadest truths of human experience. It is equally true of a military campaign or the writing of a novel. It applies with equal force to physical or intellectual endeavor. It is a fact disputed only by those who fail to understand the true meaning of enthusiasm.

Too often we credit a man with enthusiasm for his work when he is merely displaying some of the exterior signs of that emotion, while in reality he is actuated by self-interest, the pride of achievement, or some other sentiment wholly apart from love of the work itself out of which alone enthusiasm can spring. To fight enthusiastically for a cause, one must love that cause; to be enthusiastic in one's work one must love the work; and loving it, enthusiasm will increase readily as the work progresses.

Webster defines enthusiasm as, "eagerness on behalf of a cause or a subject." While we subscribe to Doctor Cavanaugh's belief that "the art of definition is the most difficult of all arts," we shall hazard this definition of enthusiasm for one's work; it is a love of that work, born of a faith in its worth and a hope of its successful accomplishment. If this definition be accepted and applied to the endeavor of those under observation, the truth of Emerson's statement becomes readily apparent.

## A SALVO FOR SALVI.

Notre Dame needs a better lecture and entertainment course.

The appearance of Mr. Salvi in Washington Hall recently, and the enthusiastic manner in which that inimitable artist was received by the faculty and the student body, indicates that Notre Dame has a deep appreciation for good music as it is rendered by artists. Notre Dame always responds heartily to the best music, but in too many instances it has not been favored with the best.

Washington Hall has too often been a place where mediocre artists have made Notre Dame audiences the victims of their mediocrity.

It costs a large sum of money to have Mr. Salvo here, but it is almost needless to say, judging from the effect, that the expense was justified. Those who heard him will always cherish his music in their memories; and it follows that they will be grateful to Notre Dame for having invited him.

It is true that an artist demands more than ordinary pay. It is also true that his services are worth more.

The best available is the most economical in the long run, whether it be a suit of clothes, a book, a concert, or a lecture.



## LUNAR LOG.

### SEPTEMBER SUMMARY.

**O**CTOBER always ushers in a month, full to the brim with activities, dances, games, and a thousand other things to keep the student's mind from his books. This October was no exception. Already, with the month only half gone, and with examinations only a few weeks distant, there are enough activities past, present and looming up in the immediate future, to keep one wondering just how classes can possibly be given any attention. And hovering over our every move is the new cut system, where excuses are not excuses, though "pins may still be pens."

A short glance back over the last two weeks of September gives a kaleidoscopic view of frenzied registration, students playing "hide and go seek" with classrooms and professors, students changing classes and courses, organizing clubs, football practice (mostly secret), the disappearance of "Hullies," the appearance of the Daily. "Hello" week, and the appointment of Ed Luther as Cheer Leader. Of course there are other events which stand out more conspicuously. "The Scribblers" have undertaken a book of Notre Dame Verse; Dr. J. Lewis Browne comes here to make Notre Dame as musical as it is athletic. The Honorable Thomas F. Konop takes up the gavel (or is it the cane?) of the Law school, and a new Board of Publications is formed to make Notre Dame publications sound, financially and otherwise. Badin and Sorin halls received with warmth, the news that

the University is putting \$55,000.00 into new boilers. To round out the month fittingly, "Red" Maher, assisted by other members of the team, defeated Kalamazoo, 74-0.

October is a month of hope. For Notre Dame it is a month of victories and activities. Three victories, five dances, and at least three hundred meetings, embracing everything from the Italian Club to the venerable S. A. C. meetnig, hold forth noon, afternoon and night in the North, South, or Brownson rooms of Notre Dame. The victories, for which Lombard, the Army, and Princeton paid the price, will receive enough mention elsewhere in this magazine. Dances, held by the Junior Class, the Band and the Knights of Columbus, on the evenings following the games, crowned the victories fittingly and harmoniously. Two Scholarship dances, given under the same conditions as last year, were well attended—particularly by the freshmen. Of the dances we will say little, of the victories we will only join with Mr. Grundy (of the Daily) in a loud exclamation of glee.

The Students' Missions—missions because there were two of them—occupied most of our time, and all of our thoughts the first weeks of October. Father Donahue's sermons will long be remembered by the campus students, and Father Finnegan's talks to the Day Students were equally well appreciated. Father O'Hara proclaims the Missions a great success, and so we are all satisfied. Even Mission week was not without its activities. Salvi—harpist extraordinary, received a veritable

salvo of applause from a Notre Dame audience, in Washington Hall. "It is a triumphant refutation of all old ideas," said Dick Lightfoot, and one is inclined to agree with him.

Tabooing any form of hazing, or green caps, the Department of Education inaugurates a series of lectures for the freshmen, as a form of mental stimulation for these wild young men. The Juniors, ambitious youths, make great plans for financing their Prom. The date of the gladsome event is set at May 2nd. A mixer, sometime in November, will be one of the many features which the "Ways and Means" Committee hope to use to bring the class together. The Seniors have meetings every week—the Senior Ball, canes, formerly the mark of the lawyer, are likely to be part of the raiment of all seniors. Graduate students may use their own discretion.

Two important changes in the faculty this month are to be noted. Father Wenninger succeeds Father Nieuwland as Dean of the College of Science, and Father Miltner will assume the duties of Dean of the College of Arts and Letters relieving Father Carrico, who will devote all his attention to graduate work. Father Nieuwland will apply himself to research work.

The Scholastic, and all the student body are glad to know that Father Cavanaugh has returned to the University, almost entirely recovered from his recent illness. It is with glad heart also that we note the return of Karl Arndt to enter the Holy Cross Order. Success and good wishes are yours, Karl! . . .

As yet we have not seen an issue of the Juggler, but Dan promises a

real treat in the Freshman number, to appear about October 25th. Jack Scallan, editor of The Dome, is making great plans for the book, and has all senior photographs snapped by the Russell Company, of Chicago. Pictures are taken in tuxedo outfit, with cap and gown, and everyone is pleased. Pictures of Joos, Noon, Oberst, Ray Cunningham, and Jim Egan are put on display by the photographer, along with beautiful campus views, and Follies girl portraits.

One of the first social events of the year—a Dinner Dance at St. Mary's, for the active crusaders, who took part in the Summer School celebration. Ray Cunningham is of the opinion that the afternoon and evening could not have been improved upon.

The S. A. C. begins to "club the clubs," demanding action or death. Wild plans ensue in which banquets, dances, receptions to the alumni, etc., etc., will be used to denote action. The following men, appointed during the month, will be responsible to their club, for keeping the S. A. C. from the door: Orchestra, John Petrich; Band, Jim Egan; Kentucky Club, Russell McClure; Ohio Club, Danny McGowan; Fort Wayne Club, Jerry Arnold; Rocky Mountain Club, Harry McGuire; Texas Club, R. Conroy Scoggins; Indianapolis Club, Tino Pogianni; Chemists Club, George Ludwig; Michigan Club, Tom Coman; Dante Club, Charlie de la Vergne. Bill Sheehan will guide the 1924 base ball team, and Bill Greavy, author and actor, will put on the vaudeville program at Homecoming.

During the past month, news has been received of the marriages of the following old Notre Dame men: Wil-

liam Castellini, Leo Mahoney, Clarence McCabe, John N. Clancy, Thomas B. Champion, and Dillon J. Patterson.

Like the puzzle with the missing part, the Log would not be complete if it did not record two events which caused great tumult during the past month; the fire in the stables at the far end of Cartier field, and the fact that Bill Brown made a hole in one of the Studebaker Course. After a little consideration I think that this last should be first.

—JAMES HAYES.

#### AN IMPRESSION OF THE MISSION.

New England housewives are supposed to be the incarnation of the time-honored belief that cleanliness is next to godliness. How they achieved this reputation it is impossible to say; whether or not they are living up to it we will leave to someone who is less Middlewestern. At any rate, they have it, and with a vengeance. No New England household is conceivable in which there is not an annual period of near chaos. The dragging forth of dusty furniture, the lusty beating of innumerable rugs, the sweeping, scouring, and ripping down, are but a few of the crimes committed in the name of housecleaning.

Now everyone of us who cares to recall the days before he discovered his budding genius can remember his first Mission, labelled proudly and conspicuously "a spiritual housecleaning." And justly so, it seems to me. No New England housewife could hope to match the thoroughness with which dark and dreadful pasts were there exposed to pitiless

light, or the fervor that painted the future in store for him who was—well, not what he should be. It was an unforgettable experience of a plastic age.

All this is by way of prelude. The point we want to make is that the Mission at Notre Dame was not of this type. Perhaps styles in Missions have changed, if Missions may be said to have styles. It does not matter much just what the explanation is; the fact remains that our Mission was distinctly different. It was thorough but not chaotic; order was its keynote. It interested without sensationalism; it appealed without sentimentality. It was a different kind of housecleaning, if you will, but none the less potent. The necessary scrubbing and scouring was done in private, the sermons and instructions being devoted to removing from the Christian virtues the tarnish of infrequent use. The practice of religion was presented positively rather than negatively. The question the Mission answered was "What shall I do?" not, "What should I avoid?"

Running through the entire discourse was woven the consideration of God's love for man. Each separate sermon, one might say, was a variation on the theme of that infinite Love. It colored every thought and glowed in every word.

Notre Dame was particularly fortunate in having Father Donahue as its missionary. He is, of course, a man who understands men; perhaps that explains his being the students' favorite preacher. His message is a vital one; to say he makes it live is the highest praise that could be given him.

The effects of the Mission? It is impossible to say. Probably it will always be impossible to say, unless someone discovers how to make statistics of spiritual growth. Father O'Hara may detect an upward trend in the graph of daily Communions; Father Crumley may report that seeming impossibility, an increase of questions in his sophomore Religion classes. These are immediate manifestations. Later and less direct results will not be distinctly traceable but certainly the effects will be there. From a spiritual experience at once so stimulating and so encouraging a vast amount of good must come.

—JAMES WITHEY.

## TRAILING NO. 1477.

Truly, "history is but the biographies of great men." Great men mould generations upon generations into the distinctive forms of their personalities. Even the men without the geniuses; they are but extra spokes in the strong wheel of a dominating mind.

Augustus was one of the foremost men in the Roman empire at the age of eighteen; and despite what some critics say, it appears that he was one of the outstanding figures of all history. It is true that he was aided by Agrippa and Maecenas; yet Agrippa and Maecenas were counsellors and aids chiefly because there was a great man whom they could counsel and aid.

From Rome to the Knights is no long journey of the imagination—particularly so when at the end of our flight we find ourselves beneath the statue of the Blessed Virgin—to be exact, in the council chambers of

Notre Dame council, No. 1477. We will for a moment glance at the recent trend of that organization's affairs.

Last year, according to the power behind many a Grand Knight's throne, Chaplain Father Foik, was one of the most successful the local knights have ever known. And that was because their leader proved to be a remarkable and tireless executive. Were it securing Mayor Dever for a banquet speech, wiping dust off the chairs and tables, or facing an ugly question with a tactful front, Henry Barnhart handled the matter with the ability of a born statesman and the initiative of a Caesar. Around him were grouped a ring of brilliant and capable men—Willson, Flynn, James, Egan, Ray Gallagher, and many others. Now these men did not make Barnhart a great Grand Knight; he made himself that. Rather, these men were drawn into a finely organized machine that operated in effective unison around a powerful central cog, and got results as surely as Mr. Ford's factories turn out cars.

This year Barnhart was forced to take the reins of K. C. government again. Perhaps the enthusiasms of his first reign are a little tempered by the counsel of experience—and properly so, for the dashing eagerness so necessary to any up-and-doing organization is supplied this year in the persons of such new officers as Cunningham, Nolan, Bischoff; and John Hurley, Egan and James throw into the melting pot of opinions and endeavors, the shrewdness that follows a year of accomplishment. And Father Foik, wise, conservative, sure of his ground, guards over these

## THE SCHOLASTIC

fledgling knights as he guarded many a nest in years past.

The program for the year, while still somewhat dim, is formidable even in its outlines. Because of flocking applicants there will probably be three initiations; and this means three banquets. The "Tiger Trot" has already passed; and there will most likely be three more dances—one formal and at least one or two for the sole enjoyment of council members. The program of speakers, so admirably inaugurated by Father Irving and Mr. Green, is daily taking on more dazzling names. Extensive plans have been laid for the Building Fund's growth, under the direction of George Bischoff. A committee of energetic members has since October been carrying on boy welfare work amongst the poorer South Bend youths. The council will take an important part in the observance of National Education week, November 18 to 24. In short, gentlemen of the jury, (and since addressing a Notre Dame audience it is understood that we are addressing a jury)—in short, when the attorney for the prosecution charges Notre Dame council with having laid a fruitful conspiracy against lethargy, self-satisfaction, and dullness, you will do well to answer, "Guilty!"

—H. A. M'GUIRE.

### THE STUDENT ACTIVITIES COMMITTEE.

The infant clubs, the teams, the band; what is, what wants to be,—must put its case, some time, some place, before the S. A. C. The many weighty matters set before these men appear in this attempted resumé of what's been done this year. Their wise decisions, fine results, are cam-

pus history, in what is done and will repeat in what is yet to be. Another pleasant duty of the body is to fix the campus disagreements when the rulings seem to mix. The messages the students wish to send the faculty must be considered carefully;—more work for S. A. C. But on the whole, the clever way these gentlemen connive, is evidence enough for me that they are bound to thrive.

When this year came, the S. A. C. most thoughtfully took pains to form the new Blue Circle from the Booster Club's remains. This club now stands behind its founders ninety-nine per cent (the K. K. K. "one hundred" might create some discontent). The Freshman handbook also was promoted with their aid; the campus is familiar with the great success it made. The student trip, the grid-graph, the concessions at the games, a well-compiled directory of all the student names; a standing dance committee that apportions certain dates for which the campus bodies may plan dances on their slates; the smokers that unite the halls in friendly fellowship; the many publications with their news or clever quip; o'er all of these the S. A. C. is called to supervise, and keep the trend of college life beneath their watchful eyes.

And now the Tytas Tynee from the far Pacific coast, must plead the case of his state with more than western boast. No longer can the campus gleam with solitary light, where some club "sine ratione" talks away the night. But other meetings take their place, with clear and forceful aim—as Freshmen convocations for new men of Notre Dame. Concerning celebrations, those gone by and

those to come, it seems to be the S. A. C. that makes the movement hum. When South Bend celebrated the decease of toil and care, (they say the 'hundred first' are hardest) Notre Dame was there, with band and lettered warriors, and warriors painted red, to help the town to praise the quick and eulogize the dead. And our own Celebration, when the old grads come back, is going to have whatever celebrations shouldn't lack. Already the committees have the plans well under hand, and we are promised great results if things go off as planned.

For fear our life, as it is lived, might work some of us harm, the S. A. C. is strong for music and its well-known charm. The Glee Club and the Orchestra are urged to take the stage and in the history of the school to place a vital page. The N. D. band has had to stand the stress of many storms, but now success seems to be reached and with it—uniforms. A profit tax of ten per cent on all concession tills, will lend a hand and help the band to foot the heavy bills.

I haven't told you half the tale that I would like to tell, of how the S. A. C. has worked, so carefully and well. But what I fail in saying here I'm confident you'll find, if you'll but look about you and before you and behind. The omnipresent influence that this committee wields has made its beneficial power felt in all its fields. And the opinion of the student body seems to be that campus life is better with the busy S. A. C.

—JAMES ARMSTRONG.

## THE SCRIBBLERS.

Jack Scallan is writing a book. He has already written three chapters.

The seraphic secretary of the Scribblers received a rising vote of thanks for the style which made the minutes fly.

He has written about the seven new members, who were elected in at the first meeting of the year. How James Armstrong, his collaborator on *The Dome*; Paul Funk, sports writer on the *News-Times*; Dennis O'Neill, a Sophomore Board member on THE SCHOLASTIC; John Brennan, the literary and dramatic critic of the *Daily* and SCHOLASTIC; Gerald Lyons, Daily Board of Control member; Joseph Ryan, Managing Editor of *The Juggler*; and James Hayes, Business Manager of the *Daily*, how each of these were requested to give a dollar, and a speech, to the club, at its second meeting, and, particularly, how the naive Mr. Brennan surprised everyone with a two-minute speech, his longest, and the best.

At the second meeting, Mr. George Shuster reminded the Scribblers that THE SCHOLASTIC was their paper, emphasizing the virtues of the overflowing waste basket. Mr. Shuster, who was elected honorary president for the year, not only thanked but promised to help, the club.

At the next meeting, Cambridge, its traditions, its history, and its beauties, was explained by Mr. Bucknell, who attended Christ's College. The Cam that horseshoes about the university and town, crossed by beautiful bridges; King's College Chapel, the most beautiful memory of Cambridge; and Milton's elm in the garden of Christ's College, all of these were described by Mr. Bucknell. He explained the degrees, the University's authority, the tutor's charges, the proctors and their bull-

dogs, and the different examinations. He stated that, even if Oxford did claim King Alfred as their founder, Cambridge could name a better one—King Arthur.

Only one paper was read to the club, up to the third meeting, Mr. McGonagle gave the club a short history of the editorial in America, comparing the present day articles to those of the days of "personal journalism."

The principal activity of the club has been directed towards the printing of "The Scribblers' Book of Notre Dame Verse," which will be an anthology of the best verse printed in campus publications. Of course it is a sequel to "Notre Dame Verse," an anthology edited by Speer Strahan and Father Charles O'Donnell, which selected from the previous fifty years of SCHOLASTICS. Edward Lyons is chairman of the committee to edit the book, those helping him to select the poetry and prepare it for publication being Dennis O'Neill, Gerald Holland, and James Hayes.

In conjunction with the book, or rather the immediate cause of the book, was the poetry contest conducted by The Scribblers. The contest closed October 14th, and the poems were sent to the judges, Mr. T. A. Daly, Mrs. Aline Kilmer, Mr. George N. Shuster, Father Thomas Crumley, and Father Charles O'Donnell. The winning poems are to be featured in the anthology, which will be on the campus before the Christmas vacation.

The Scribblers are now wearing green gold pen points with black N. D. monograms. This design, submitted by the pin committee of Robert Riordan and Raymond Cunningham, settled a very good argument. Anse Miller was appointed to take charge of the Scribbler stationery, which will be sold to the members. Joseph Burke and Paul Funk were put in charge of the advertising campaign for the book of verse.

—GERALD HOLLAND.





## REVIEWS.

## AN APPRECIATION OF "THE TRIUMPH OF FAILURE."

In making an attempt to pass judgment on any one of Canon Sheehan's literary works, the critic must remain well aware of the fact that to the parish priest of Doneraile his writings were the merest adjunct, an accident, however fruitful, of his priestly calling. True it is that the reputation of Father Sheehan in the world of letters arises from the fact that he has written some attractive novels and scholarly essays. But the one thing for which he was ever most remarkable, and to which he attached far more value, was the art of being an excellent priest. To him the pen seemed but a weapon wherewith to propagate truth and of absolutely no value unless it served to bring men to know and love God better. The keen, far-sighted eye of the pastor was not slow to see that in order to elevate the consciousness of the Irish race to the realization of their high destiny, religious instruction in all institutions of educational endeavor would be absolutely necessary. The clergy must emphasize religion as a requirement of efficiency in connection with a high standard of intellectual culture in the schools and colleges. Thus an effectual barrier would be placed against the strong materialistic tendency which was beginning to dominate the schools.

But in order to battle successfully against this foe it was necessary to warn the educators themselves. It was with this purpose that he wrote and published "Geoffrey Austin." The doubtful reception accorded to his first attempt at fiction no doubt suggested the title "Triumph of Failure" of the sequel, and perhaps caused him to modify his theories slightly. What he strives to demonstrate in these two stories is that moral or religious training must be the groundwork of the intellectual structure in education, in order to foster growth of character. This alone leads to real success in the struggle of life. He wishes to show that if Greek or Ro-

man classics are studied, they should be used only as a means to emphasize the excellence of Christianity. Geoffrey Austin's entire career is to illustrate the utter spiritual helplessness of a youth leaving college and facing the world without being able to add the light of Christian faith to his knowledge of history and literature. The Canon himself calls the "Triumph of Failure" a series of essays on the futility of human sciences as compared with the great central science of the Church, linked together by a narrative.

Notwithstanding the fact then that the avowed purpose of the book is to convey a practical lesson and that it falls short of being a work of fiction noteworthy for the technique of its plot, some critics have thought "The Triumph of Failure" the best of Canon Sheehan's literary efforts. He himself is said to have inclined that way.

In order to submit a just appreciation of "The Triumph of Failure," a summary of the plot that runs through the two sequel stories is here given: A young lad, anxious to make his way in the world, is sent by his guardian, who is a priest, to a private Catholic school in Ireland. The boy, being of a highly temperamental disposition and exceptionally talented, completes his course at college with credit after having assimilated all the ideals of the ancient classics, but fails in the Civil Service test. Thus he finds himself at the end of his college career thrown completely upon his own resources.

It is thus we find the youth in the first chapter of "The Triumph of Failure." He obtains board and lodging in a room "with a southern aspect," in a cozy little home in one of the suburbs of Dublin. We find him musing on his own personal condition in which he tells us that to his credit he can place youth and strength, a splendid constitution, a fairly liberal education, a love for learning and 80 pounds. But on the debit side are listed his complete failure at the examination, entire inexperience of life and a faith theoretically intact, but practically undermined and shattered. With the strokes of a master hand the situation is set before the reader and from the very outset of the story it becomes apparent that here is a problem of life demanding solution.

## THE SCHOLASTIC

Next the story goes on to relate Austin's attempts to obtain suitable employment.

"It was with sinking heart, after a few dismal failures, that I put on my overcoat one morning, drew on my faded gloves and stepped into the dripping streets in search of some decent employment that would yield me a competence."

With a realism characteristic of Sheehan the disappointment of our hero at being derided and turned out of a large mercantile establishment with ridicule is depicted. He turns to his favorite philosophers for consolation but their platitudes rather irritate than soothe him. He goes out again dissatisfied with himself and all the world. Leaning on the brass railing of a bookseller's window, giving vent to his feelings of bitterness, he turns to see a little girl, not more than four years old, looking wistfully into his face. Her hand nestles confidently in his.

"'Please sir,' she said, 'take me home.'"

"She was a dainty little woman. A small oval face lighted up by two dark brown eyes, where the peace of heaven shone; and her black hair, with some curious streaks of red or purple gleaming through it, fell in even curves upon her temples \* \* \* I know not what she saw in me to seek my confidence, for I am sure hell was pictured in my face. But then angels are not sent to angels. Even in this, God's eternal law, the law of contrasts, which is the law of love, was maintained."

A miracle is wrought in him. The touch of that little child sweeps from his soul the foul fiend that seems to possess him. Throughout his subsequent career the recollection of little Ursula remains a noble inspiration. Although he does not long enjoy her innocent company, her angelic spirit hovers about him guiding him back to the haven of faith. It is one of Canon Sheehan's favorite themes to show the influence a child may exercise upon the formation of a man's character and his entire life. How well he has succeeded in developing this thought in "The Triumph of Failure," the subsequent career of Austin proves.

The character of little Ursula cannot be dismissed without touching on the pathetic

event of her death. In depicting this weary scene of sorrow Sheehan is at his best.

"'And, Mamma,' she said, making her last will, 'you'll div Doff my-my prayer-book and my beads; and—and—'"

"The little mind was wandering now, and my heart was tugging away, like a wild beast in its cage. Good God! What a load of sorrow lies in this weary world! There was a deeper hush in the house when I entered. . . The Angel of Death had come and stood by the Angel of Sorrow. Yes, I needed not the tears of the sorrow-stricken mother, nor the blank white face of Hubert Deane, to know that the child who had rescued me from sin, and who had been sent from heaven to teach me some of the deeper meanings of life, was now resting on a safer and sweeter bosom than mine. . ." The writer of such exquisite pathos as this is undeniably a master of the highest rank.

The author traces the subsequent checkered career of Geoffrey with realistic vividness. He is taught by the most bitter of experiences the weakness of his insupportable pride and of his pagan philosophy. He is found in turn to be law-clerk, tutor in a small family, from which pride and bad temper procures his dismissal; copyist to an author; framer of catalogues; in one or two professions too humble to be mentioned, and, finally, thrown on the bed of fever and delirium. Then begin five years of misery and vicissitudes, of want and plenty, of wild joys and sombre distresses; contact with the noble and with the vile; exaltation and humiliation, recalling the career of the prodigal son, until finally he stoops to utter degradation. At this stage Canon Sheehan, with artistic skill, unexpectedly lets him come in contact with a former fellow-student, by the name of Charles Travers—a young man who is sacrificing all the joys of life to the cause of moral reform. The figure of Charlie, who, next to Ursula, influences the career of Geoffrey most, shines forth from the story like a guiding star in the heavy darkness of night.

Charlie has been prepared for his life of devotedness to a great cause by a stern yet loving master who has striven to develop all that is bright and holy in this young man and to harden and anneal all

that is weak and sensitive. Charlie Travers is to be the agent in establishing a system of lay-coöperation throughout Ireland, extending to all works of charity and religion, and is by this means to bring about a revival of the monastic spirit. Geoffrey meets Charlie who is filled with the highest enthusiasm for his mission and begins to compare his own life with that of his friend. He finds the difference is one of day and night. If he has been surprised and delighted to see his dear old chum, he is filled with shame on recalling the gulf that separates them.

"He had gone beyond me, higher than an archangel over a mere mortal; and I was compelled to admit that he had done so, and touched his exalted destiny by the sheer power of faith. I probably knew twenty times as much as he; but my knowledge weighed me down to earth, and was a leaden burden to my feet, whilst his beautiful faith raised—elevated him on wings of light, and lifted him into those regions of serene and exalted thought where I could not follow."

With a sort of sullen pride Geoffrey finally lays bare to his friend his callousness, his coldness, his disbelief—in a word all the secret mechanism that has jarred and jiggled within his turbulent soul. With truly artistic skill the author describes that pathetic scene of humble confession of a proud man to his spiritual-minded friend. Geoffrey goes away asking himself:

"What, then, is all poetry of Greece? Immortal songs embalming corruption, and enclosing for the centuries records of the degradation of the race, sprung from the loins of the gods?"

Charlie's words involuntarily come back to him:

"There is a duel to the death between you and Jesus Christ. And He'll beat you, Geoff, beat you to the ground."

His disillusionment, commenced many years ago, is reaching its end. Step by step he is led nearer to God. Buoyed up by the realization that his friends have not lost confidence in him he feels himself softening towards all things, Nature and men; and as a consequence, towards God. Travers dies at the very time, when after seeming failure and unrequited struggle, the work he has fostered reaches its ze-

nith of success. He takes no part in the triumph on earth, whilst the fruits of his victory are reaped by others. Geoffrey asks himself the question, "Has that life, fair and beautiful in all its lineaments, been a failure?" He realizes that there is no such thing with God. The death of Travers is the last of many proofs which Geoffrey has witnessed, that the triumphs of the saints, though failures in the eyes of the world, are the only real and lasting things, whereas the victories of classical lore are only ephemeral and temporary and cannot satisfy the longing of the human soul for peace.

Geoffrey Austin has found the priceless pearl of which no one can rob him. He seeks and eventually finds a success such as the world cannot offer—the success of the peace of Him who called Himself the Prince of Peace. This peace he finds in the seclusion of the cloister.

The "Triumph of Failure" is a beautiful story, told with all the literary grace of a devoted scholar of the classics. Although humor, a characteristic element in most of Canon Sheehan's work, is almost completely wanting, the pathos of certain scenes, such as the meeting of Austin and Charlie and the death-bed scene of the latter, is exquisitely beautiful. As is the case in many of Sheehan's works of fiction, the plot is completely subordinated to the character development, or rather the leading character is developed by the plot. This causes "The Triumph of Failure," although not firmly knit in structure, to be one of Canon Sheehan's best psychologic novels. The minor characters, such as Ursula and Helen, are real and life-like and portrayed in such a realistic manner that they are not easily effaced from the memory of the reader. Above all Canon Sheehan is a realist who never wrote to create but to warn against present dangers. He dared to show clearly that to educate youth for actual life does not mean to fill their minds with knowledge and with admiration for classical lore, but rather to impress them with the fact that there is something deeper and diviner than high thought and artistic expression and that man, and not merely man's work, is the highest achievement under heaven.

—SISTER ALBERTIS.

# THE SCHOLASTIC

## EDUCATION ELSEWHERE.

RAY CUNNINGHAM.

Headline in a college publication: "Bunn Will Not Cut."

They must have had some information about the Notre Dame refectory.

\* \* \*

## A LIFE-LONG OCCUPATION.

A "Kiss Hunt" was a feature of a "hop" given at the Ohio State University recently. We supposed it would have been the purpose not a feature. Of course, all Notre Dame men will be anxious to know when that will start around here—that is, at a dance.

\* \* \*

## VISITORS.

The students at the University of Michigan and those at St. Olaf's College will be honored in the near future by visits of two distinguished literary personages. Robert Bridges, poet laureate of England, is preparing to come to the United States, and he has expressly stated his desire to see the educational center at Ann Arbor. Then the prominent Norwegian writer, Johan Bojer, who has written various treatises on the subject of politics and its relation to labor, novels of social criticism, and such works as, "Our Kingdom," "The Power of Life," "The Great Hunger," is scheduled to deliver a lecture to the students of St. Olaf's. John Galsworthy comments on John Bojer thus: "On our English imaginative literature only three foreign schools or currents of fiction and drama had influence during the last half century—the French, the Russian, and the Scandinavian. Johan Bojer, with "The Great Hunger," now accessible to English readers will assuredly swell the stream of Scandinavian influence on English fiction."

\* \* \*

## WHAT SIZE SOCKS?

Lady: "I want a pair of trousers for my husband."

Clerk: "What size, please?"

Lady: "I don't know, but he wears a 14½ collar."

—The Technique, Georgia.

## A GOOD POLICY.

Many students in one of the western universities have taken out insurance against failing in any of their classes. The quarterly premiums must make it rather expensive for some of the fellows' Dads; but how much cheaper it must be in the end?

\* \* \*

## AND STILL MORE—

Emerson, when philosophizing on this peculiar romantic sensation of love, says that it is the radiance of a person, but never the person himself. He meant that it is only natural for man under the spell of love to automatically subdue his other natures and worship the beauty in woman, feeling an unworthiness to be in her presence. "From exchanging glances," he says, "they advance to acts of courtesy, of gallantry, then to fiery passion, to plighting troth and marriage." But Emerson never mentioned that women are also endowed with the traits of foolishness, as the *Torch* maintains they are. It says, "God made woman beautiful and foolish—beautiful that the men might love them; foolish that they may love the men." Be that as it may, "All mankind love a lover."

\* \* \*

## IN THIS GAME, IF YOU WIN HER YOU LOSE HER, MAYBE.

A sport that has become very popular at Kansas University among the eds and co-eds is playing poker with automobile license tags. The other day both parties of a walkin'-home-from-school date, were indulging in this game. They were working it on the "you-take-this-one-and-I'll-take-that-one" plan, and the stakes for every two license tags was a dime. A pair of nines was on the first tag belonging to the fellow. As the next card appeared the young lady jumped out to the street and excitedly cried: "Three nines! Three nines! I win the dime!" She won, as usually they do. But that is not the point. If these college youths participate so freely in such petty gambling games while in school, they may, before they have been graduated, become professional gamblers—hunting licenses to play the matrimonial game.

# THE SCHOLASTIC

## HOLY SMOKE.

Thick: And how were the Follies this year?

Thin: Figuratively speaking, in great shape.

\*\*\*

Reports have it that the "Certainly, Our Banana Supply Is Nihil," song is raising the price ten cents a bunch.

\*\*\*

And also ear muffs have gone up.

\*\*\*

Bad business to spend so many notes advertising an article that seems to be extinct.

\*\*\*

We dedicate this verse to the freshman who thought that watch dogs were raised in Elgin—

You're green when you first come to N. D. U.

And though you're green, you always seem so blue,

But though you're green and blue you are real pink

When some sweet dainty Miss hands out the wink.

And so you're green and blue and pink—a sight,

Still, when exams are held you grow dead white.

Thus green and blue and pink and white, my dears,

You certainly have colorful careers.

\*\*\*

Spic: I have a couple of blisters on my hands. What can I do to get rid of them?

Span: Date 'em up with a Freshman.

\*\*\*

## OR A NICKLE.

Prof. What was wool worth in 1880?

Wise One: A pauper.

## THE VICTOR.

When Willy Booth faced Johnny Jones  
The path was rough with sticks and stones  
And Willy tripped and lost two teeth;  
And so he got the laurel wreath  
For Johnny lost but one, poor youth—  
Willy Booth won by a tooth.

\*\*\*

Tribune: Street Car Wrecked by Falling Tree:

Another demonstration of speed.

\*\*\*

## TRY THIS FAST.

Wisps white of wasps' nests whisk past.

\*\*\*

Flip—"I've had a headache for a full week."

Flop—"No wonder."

\*\*\*

## THERE'S A REASON.

"That girl over there is sore at me."

"Why?"

"I didn't ask her to the dance, and introduced her to a football player, and she must be sore for she hasn't spoken to me since."

\*\*\*

## THE PRIZE.

At a talk fest  
In Walsh Hall,  
A Freshman said  
That he had made  
Eight Thousand  
Miles  
With his car  
This summer  
And that  
It had never  
Heated up  
Once.  
He said he had  
A moto-metre on it  
That cost thirty  
Dollars.  
He said the car  
Was a  
Franklin.

—KOLARS.

## WHAT'S WHAT IN ATHLETICS.

THOMAS COMAN.

### AMBLING THROUGH THE ARMY.

The Notre Dame football team decisively whipped the veteran West Point team, 13 to 0, on Ebbets field, Brooklyn, N. Y., Saturday, October 13.

Opening up a whirlwind attack that mixed passes with terrific off-tackle smashes, the Hoosiers' eleven, light and fast, drove their way through the Pointers' defense for two touchdowns.

The westerners' speed and deception in the execution of twenty-seven different plays from two formations was a revelation of premier football strategy to the 30,000 people that packed the stands of Palmer stadium in wild excitement for a glimpse of the Notre Dame football team in action.

Deception was the keynote of the attack and the downfall of the great Army eleven. The Irish scored their first tally in the second quarter, on the merits of this new form of gridiron warfare developed by Rockne, when Harry Stuhldreher passed to Layden, who received the toss over on the far side of the field with not an Army player within twenty feet of him.

The fake kick formation was another powerful medium by which the Rockmen made long gains through the line, as the Cadet tackles were being drawn out, anticipating a kick.

Going East to meet the Army team that had the year previous held the Rockmen to a scoreless tie, the Fighting Irish were on the low end of the betting odds which figured the Army to win. Eastern critics had proclaimed the Pointers from up the Hudson as the greatest and most powerful team in the East for the 1923 season and minus the services of such notable performers as Castner, Lieb, Carberry and Degree and Cotton, the experts held little hope for the Hoosier eleven.

Added to the already veteran Army machine was "Tiny" Hewitt, the plunging full back who had been the mainstay of the Pitt Panthers for the 1922 season. Breidster, the 225-pound tackle was graduated from the Army line but critics were of the opinion that Ellinger would hold down

that position to the approval of the dopsters.

Behind the masterly offensive power of the Irish forward wall, Layden, Crowley and Don Miller ran, passed and kicked their way through the Army ranks till they had the ball down on the Pointers' 7-yard mark and Miller dove through the line for the second touchdown. Crowley failed to make the goal kick and the score stood, 13 to 0, in favor of Notre Dame.

Harry Stuhldreher, playing at the pilot position for his second year, gave a wonderful exhibition of defensive and offensive football. Displaying the keenest judgment, he outwitted the Army eleven by putting into play the unexpected.

In Elmer Layden, of Iowa, Rockne has a superb full back, in every sense of the word a triple-threat man and whose performance against the Pointers merited the attention of the football experts who for the past ten years have followed the fortunes of Rockne's football teams.

Don Miller, the fifth of the famous Miller brothers whose very name has booked defeat for some of the best football teams in the country during the past ten years, proved to the world that he is one of the greatest running backs in the history of the sport. Quick to pick holes in the line, Miller has the remarkable ability to elude tackler after tackler and once getting into the open field, his speed overcomes any difficulties offered by the opposition's secondary defense.

Jimmy Crowley, Rockne's Ace, as he has been called by eastern writers, was another stellar performer in the triple-threat department. Teams on the defense have experienced great difficulty in tackling Crowley because of his peculiar style of running which is executed with a quick side-step and a twisting motion that whirls him out of the arms of a would-be tackler.

Joe Bach, playing his first game at tackle for the Irish proved to be a brilliant find and the logical successor of "Buck" Shaw, Notre Dame's greatest tackle. Adam Walsh was a shining light at center and was the main factor in stemming the terrific drives of the mighty Hewitt, through the line.

Statistics gathered from the running

## THE SCHOLASTIC

plays reveal the superiority of the Irish attack in every department of the game. The Army tried 12 passes of which none were complete. The Irish tried 9 passes and completed 5 for substantial gains, one of which led to the first touchdown.

In straight football the Army gained a total of 39 yards against 136 for the Rockmen. The Hoosiers gained a total of 108 yards on their completed forward passes. The Cadets kicked a total of 333 yards averaging 37 yards a punt, while the Westerners booted the oval for 336 yards averaging 47 yards.

Although the world series games were being played at another part of the city, the crowds that stormed the gates of Ebets field were great beyond enumeration; and after 30,000 had succeeded in gaining admission, thousands had to be turned away as not even standing room was available within the park.

### PLAY BY PLAY.

#### FIRST HALF.

Notre Dame won the toss and chose to defend the west goal. Mulligan kicked off to Miller on the 10-yard line; he ran the ball back to the 25-yard line, where he was tackled by Ellinger. Crowley failed at left end. Miller was stopped at center. Stuhldreher punted to Smith on Army's 20-yard line. Smith was stopped on the 30-yard line, on the next play. Wood lost five yards at left end. Stuhldreher made the tackle.

Wood made it first down on Army 45-yard line. Smythe then kicked to Miller on Notre Dame's 10-yard line. Layden on the next play punted to Smythe on the 30-yard line, and was downed by three men. Gilmore went around right end and was stopped by Bach. Mulligan went through center and was stopped by the line. Smith attempted a forward pass, but it was batted down. Fourth down two yards to go.

Notre Dame penalized five yards for off-side, making it first down for the Army, on Notre Dame's 20-yard line. Wood attempted a pass, but it was incomplete, second down ten yards to go. Wood made five yards around left end, and was stopped by Walsh. Garbisch attempted a drop kick from the 15-yard line, but failed. The ball

went to the left of the goal post. Notre Dame's ball on her own 20-yard line. A fake forward pass from the left side of the line to the right side of the line was completed. Crowley to Stuhldreher. First down on Notre Dame's 40-yard line. Miller stopped by Storck. Time out for a conference.

Walsh was hurt on the last play and is still lying on the ground. He returns to the game. Miller made five yards around left end. Doyle made the tackle. Miller lost six yards at right end. Storck made the tackle. Layden kicked to Smythe on Army's 18-yard line and the ball was returned to the 32-yard line, Bach and Walsh both making the tackle. Wood hit the line and was stopped by Vergara and Walsh. A forward pass, thrown by Wood was intercepted by Crowley; Notre Dame's ball on 20-yard line. Stuhldreher made three yards through the line by zigzagging back and forth. A forward pass, Layden to Stuhldreher, made 20 yards. Notre Dame's ball on the 40-yard line. Quarter. Score: Notre Dame, 0; Army 0.

Second down, eight yards to go. On a fake kick Layden drove through the line for three yards. Miller went around left end, stopped by Mulligan. A forward pass by Layden was grounded. Layden punted to Wood on Army's 20 yard line. Wood was downed in his tracks by Brown and Walsh. Smythe punted to Stuhldreher on N. D.'s 42-yard line. Crowley made five through the line. The ball was called back and N. D. was penalized five yards for offside. A forward pass, Stuhldreher to Miller made it first down on Army's 20-yard line. Time out, both teams getting sponged. Layden was knocked out on the next play; he returned to the game, however.

Rip Miller replaced Oberst at right tackle. Miller on a fake kick dashed through the Army line for ten yards. N. D.'s ball on the Army's 10-yard line. Miller was stopped at center by the heavy Army line. Time out for the Cadets. Doyle was hurt in the last play. A doctor looked him over and he returned to the game shortly. Mack replaces Mulligan for the Army at left tackle. Miller was stopped by Mack on a line plunge. Layden was stopped by Ellinger on the next play through the line. A forward pass. Stuhldreher to Layden gave



## THE SCHOLASTIC

Notre Dame a touchdown. Score: Notre Dame, 6; Army, 0. Layden kicked goal. Score: Irish, 7; Army, 0.

Notre Dame kicked off. Crowe replaced Collins at left end for the Irish. Layden kicked to Smythe, who caught the ball on the Army 18-yard line. He was downed in his tracks by three tacklers. Hewitt failed at center. Gilmore failed at left end. Smythe kicked to Stuhldreher, who caught the ball on N. D.'s 30-yard line. He was downed in his tracks by Farwick.

Miller lost a yard at center. Notre Dame was penalized 15 yards for rough tactics, making it second down and 26-yards to go. Crowley made six yards around left end; Farwick making a pretty tackle. Layden punted to Smythe, who fumbled, but Wood quickly recovered for the Army. Army's ball, first down, in midfield. Storck, injured, but returns to the fray.

Wood made ten yards around end, placing the ball on the N. D. 42-yard line. Crowe made the tackle. Reese replaced Stuhldreher at quarter. Ives replaced Gilmore for the Army. A forward pass thrown by Smythe was intercepted by Layden on the Notre Dame 30-yard line. He was tackled immediately. Crowley made four yards through the line. Reese made two more through the line. The half ended with the ball in Notre Dame's possession on her own 38-yard line. Score: Notre Dame, 7; Army, 0.

The play during the first half was decidedly in favor of Notre Dame, as all their plays were deceptive and had the Cadets puzzled. The Army gains were made through the line for considerable ground, but they didn't count in the score.

### SECOND HALF.

Mulligan kicked off to Bergman, who received it on the N. D. 5-yard line and ran it back to the 19-yard line. Bergman made two yards at right end; stopped by Mulligan. An attempted forward pass by Stuhldreher was smothered before he could get started. D. Miller was stopped at left end by Ellinger. Layden kicked to Smythe in midfield. He was tackled, following the catch. An attempted forward pass by Smythe was knocked down by Layden. Smythe made two yards at center; Bergman

making the tackle. Another forward pass, to Wood to Smythe was incomplete. Wood punted out of bounds on the N. D. 20-yard line. On a fake kick, Layden made 10 yards through the Army's line.

Miller lost a yard at left. Layden made six yards through the line on another fake kick. He was stopped by Garbisch; this was Garbisch's first tackle of the game. A forward pass Stuhldreher to Layden, placed the ball in midfield. Layden was tackled by Hewitt and Gilmore. Stuhldreher went through center for five yards on a fake kick. Ball is now on N. D.'s 35-yard line. Layden carried the ball around left end on a fake-pass formation for six yards. Layden was injured but returned to the game. Stuhldreher went through the line for five yards. Layden added one yard through the line.

A forward pass thrown by Bergman was grounded. The ball went over. Wood made three yards at left guard. Gilmore made two yards at left tackle. Wood punted to Stuhldreher, he signaled for a fair catch on the N. D. 30-yard line. Bergman made two yards through the line. Time out for both sides, Wood and Bergman hurt. Both returned to the game. Miller made four yards through the line. Miller made two at center. Bergman kicked to Smythe on the Army 20-yard line he returned it to the Soldiers' 45-yard line, where he was stopped by Bergman.

Hewitt failed to gain around left end. Gilmore made three yards through left guard. An attempted pass by Smythe was smothered. Wood punted to Stuhldreher on the N. D. 15-yard line. Storck was injured in making the tackle and had to be carried from the field. He replaced by Baxter. Crowley replaced Bergman. An attempted run by Layden resulted in both teams piling up on the side line and he was forced out of bounds. Quarter ended. Score: Notre Dame, 7; Army, 0.

Layden punted to Smythe on Army's 45-yard line. Smythe was stopped by Crowe. A forward pass by Wood was knocked down by Rip Miller. Wood attempted the play again, but the pass was knocked down. A fake kick by Smythe gained two yards. Wood punted out of bounds on N. D.'s 10-yard line. Crowley made a yard through center. Crowley

## THE SCHOLASTIC

failed at right end. The ball in midfield. Miller zigzagged back and forth through a broken field to first down, from a punt formation. Crowley lost five yards. Miller made five at left end. A forward pass by Stuhldreher was knocked down. Time out for Walsh. Army penalized 15 yards for slugging. Notre Dame's ball on Army's 41-yard line, first down.

Walsh returns to game. Noppenberger replaces Bach. A forward pass, thrown by Crowley, was intercepted by Garbisch on the 30-yard line. Wood made two yards at right end. Smythe failed at center, Weibel replaced Brown at left guard. A forward pass thrown by Wood was intercepted by Miller, who ran to the Army's 25-yard line. Crowley made 18 yards on an end run. Ball on Army's 7-yard line. D. Miller ran through a broken field for a touchdown, from a fake forward pass formation. Score: Notre Dame, 13; Army, 0. Crowley failed to kick goal.

Noppenberger kicked off for Notre Dame to Smythe on the Army 10-yard line. He returned it to the 29-yard line. He was stopped by Vergara on the next play. Hewitt made five yards through the left side of the line. Wood was thrown for a 2-yard loss at right end by Crowley. Hewitt was tackled behind the line by Walsh and Vergara for a loss.

Cerney replaced Layden. Wood threw a forward pass, which was incomplete. Wood kicked to Stuhldreher on N. D.'s 45-yard line. He was stopped by three men. Cerney made five yards at center. Miller fumbled on the next play and Garbisch recovered for the Army on her 40-yard line. Wood tried to pass twice, but both were grounded. Wood then punted to Cerney on N. D.'s

26-yard line. He was downed in his tracks. Time out for both teams as for sponging. The Cadet rooters are still whooping up their cheers. Friske replaced Crowley and Maher replaced D. Miller. Maher made one yard at left end. On an end run, Maher made 18 yards as the game ended. Score: Notre Dame, 13; Army, 7.

### Lineup:

Army	Position	Notre Dame
Storck	.....l. e. ....	Collins
Goodman	.....l. t. ....	Bach
Farwick	.....l. g. ....	Brown, Capt.
Garbisch	.....c. ....	Walsh
Ellinger	.....r. g. ....	Vergara
Mulligan, Capt.	.....r. t. ....	Oberst
Doyle	.....r. e. ....	Mayl
Smythe	.....qb. ....	Stuhldreher
Hewitt	.....l. h. ....	Crowley
Gilmore	.....r. h. ....	Miller
Wood	.....fb. ....	Layden

Officials—Referee, Thorpe, de la Salle; Umpire H. Costello, Georgetown. Field Judge, A. C. Tyler, Princeton. Head Linesman, Walter Eckersall, University of Chicago.

Substitution—Rip Miller for Oberst, Crowe for Collins. Reese for Stuhldreher. Stuhldreher for Reese. Bergman for Crowley. Crowley for Bergman. Nappenberger for Bach. Wiebel for Brown. Cerney for Layden. Friske for Crowley. Maher for Miller. Army—Mack for Milligan. Ives for Gilmore. Milligan for Mack. Baxter for Storck.

Touchdowns—Layden and Miller. Try for points—Layden, 1 in 1; Crowley, 0 in 1.

### TAMING THE TIGER.

The Notre Dame grid warriors crushed the hopes of the Princeton colorful eleven, when the Irish defeated the Jungletown fighters at Palmer stadium, 25 to 2, Saturday, October 20.

With national honors at stake, the master mind of Rockne connived a mixed running and passing attack that completely

blasted the championship aspirations of the Princeton school.

The Notre Dame-Princeton game was by far the most important attraction on the grid schedule for that day. Football critics from all over the country, awaiting the outcome of the now historic conflict, debated the merits of the two teams which so ably represented the standards of football as played by two different sections of the country.

## THE SCHOLASTIC

Just a week previous, K. K. Rockne made his first invasion of the East when the Irish defeated the much-heralded West Point eleven at Ebbets field, New York. The remarkable work of the Rockmen on that occasion left an indelible impression on the minds of the football critics who saw the fleet Irish backs run circles around the heavy, slow-starting Army ball-toters. Eastern sport authorities, unable to account for this seemingly miraculous performance, eagerly anticipated the meeting of the Irish and the Princeton Tigers on the following Saturday. They waited not in vain.

Uncorking the most deceptive attack ever seen on an eastern gridiron, eleven men from the Hoosier school raced and passed their way to an overwhelming victory against a team of well-schooled football warriors that represented the championship hopes for thousands of Tiger followers.

Before the game, Coach Roper and his men were not as confident of stopping the Notre Dame attack, as were the great majority of the Princeton adherents. But the Tiger gridders went into the game determined to give their best and if possible beat Notre Dame with the very weapon that was conceived by Knute Rockne.

Princeton resorted to a passing game during almost the entire struggle only to arrive at a heart-breaking finish, when Layden, playing full back for Notre Dame, intercepted a Tiger pass and raced 48 yards for the last touchdown of the game just as the final whistle sounded.

Princeton, boasting of an intercollegiate fame for brilliant comebacks when the tide of the battle was crushing them down, met keen disappointment in the Irish conflict, when from the dead standstill to which they had been beaten, only one spark of hope flared up. Crum, at right half for the Jungletown eleven, scooped up Crowley's fumble on the Princeton 5-yard line and made a beautiful run through a broken field for 76 yards, only to be stopped within 19 yards of the goal, by Frank Reese, who made a long drive for his opponent and brought him down in a spectacular tackle.

The Fighting Irish had come out of the West twice this year to perform in the East and by the strategy and cleverness of their

work built for themselves a monument of fame in the hearts of their worthy opponents. They will return the third time to meet the fast Carnegie Tech team in Pittsburgh and if the Rockmen are playing up to form, they will leave the East for the season of 1923 with their football reputation on the Atlantic seaboard, a lasting memorial to the strategy of K. K. Rockne.

\* \* \*

### FIRST HALF.

Emery kicked off for Princeton to Layden on Notre Dame's own 7-yard line. He returned it to his own 24-yard line where Rutan brought him down. Notre Dame's ball, first down that line. Bergman lost 5 yards at left tackle, tackled by Rutan, second down 15 yards to go. Layden kicked out of bounds at midfield. Croft failed to gain at center, second down, 10 yards to go. Croft made a yard at left guard, Vergara tackled VanGerbig out of bounds on Notre Dame's 20-yard line. Notre Dame's ball, first down, own 20-yard line. Don Miller ran around right end to 35-yard line. VanGerbig making tackle. Bergman made 9 yards around left end, tackled by Snively, second down 1 yard to gain.

Layden went off left tackle for a yard for a first down, VanGerbig tackled him. D Miller made 7 yards around right end, tackled by VanGerbig. Second down 3 to gain. Layden went off right tackle for first down on Princeton's 39-yard line. Bergman went off left guard for 8 yards, tackled by VanGerbig, second down, 2 to gain. Layden went off left tackle for a first down on Princeton's 20-yard line. D. Miller went off right tackle for 20 yards and a touchdown. Layden's kick was blocked.

Layden kicked off for Notre Dame to VanGerbig on Princetons' 3-yard line. He returned it to his own 20-yard line where Layden tackled him. Princeton's ball first down. Bell went in for Hills. Dinsmore lost a yard at right tackle, tackled by Oberst. Dinsmore failed to gain at left tackle, Bach tackling him. VanGerbig punted to Stuhldreher on Notre Dame's 30-yard line. Stout brought him down in his tracks, Notre Dame's ball, first down, that line. Bergman went off left tackle to 45-

## THE SCHOLASTIC

yard line, tackled by Emery, first down on that line. Stuhldreher failed to gain at center. Second down, 10 to go. Time was taken out by Notre Dame. D. Miller made 2 yards at right tackle, third down, 8 to go. Bergman lost two yards off left tackle, Rutan making tackle. Layden punted to Dinsmore on Princeton's 22-yard line. Vergara made tackle. Princeton's ball first down.

VanGerbig went off left tackle for 9 yards, tackled by Bergman, second down. Dinsmore went through center for two yards for first down, Layden making tackle. Dinsmore went off left guard for six yards, tackled by Bergman, second down, 4 to gain. Walsh was hurt on the play and time was taken out. VanGerbig made a yard off left tackle, third down, 3 to gain. D. Miller intercepted Snively's forward pass on his own 44-yard line where he was immediately downed. Bergman's forward pass was intercepted by VanGerbig on Princeton's 45-yard line. Princeton's ball, first down. Croft failed to gain at right tackle, downed by Emery. Second down, 10 to gain.

Snively's pass was grounded, third down, 10 to go. VanGerbig kicked out of bounds on Notre Dame's 10-yard line, Notre Dame's ball, first down that line. Layden kicked to Dinsmore on Notre Dames' 43-yard line, where D. Miller forced him out of bounds. Princeton's ball first down that line. Regan replaced Walsh for Notre Dame at center. Snively's forward pass was grounded second down 10 to gain. Snively's second forward pass was grounded, third down. Croft missed Snively's forward pass, fourth down. VanGerbig punted over the goal line for touchback. Notre Dame put the ball in play on own 20-yard line. First down, D. Miller failed to gain at center. Bergman was thrown for loss of 7 yards, Drews making tackle. Princeton was penalized 5 yards for off side giving Notre Dame first down on own 25-yard line. D. Miller made six yards off left tackle, second down 4 to go. Bergman went off left tackle to own 47-yard line for first down. Layden made a yard at centre, second down 9 to go. Layden on a fake play went through center to Princeton's 32-yard line, for first down. Bergman lost 3 yards at left tackle. Rutan and Drews throwing

him. Drews was hurt on the play. Mayl went in for Murphy for Notre Dame at right end.

Drews resumed play. D. Miller made 2 yards through right tackle, third down, 11 to go. Tackled by Emery. Bergman's forward pass was grounded, fourth down, 11 to gain. Layden tried a drop kick from the 45-yard line but it went to left of the posts. Princeton put ball in play on own 20-yard line. Smith replaced Drews at left end for Princeton. VanGerbig made 2 yards around left end, tackled by Bergman as the period ended.

The teams changed goals for the second period, Princeton defending north goal. Princeton's ball, second down, 8 yards to gain on own 22-yard line. On next play, Princeton was off side and penalized 5 yards, third down 13 yards to gain. Croft failed to gain at center, fourth down 13 to gain. VanGerbig punted to Stuhldreher on Notre Dame's 41-yard line where Stout got him. Notre Dame's ball first down. Crowley replaced Bergman for Notre Dame. Crowley made 6 yards around left end, Drews making tackle. Crowley to Mayl forward pass gave Notre Dame a first down on Princeton's 48-yard line.

On next play Notre Dame was off side and penalized 5 yards, second down, 15 to go. D. Miller went around right end to Princeton's 21-yard line where he was thrown out of bounds. Layden went through center for 6 yards but Notre Dame was penalized 5 yards off side. Second down, 15 to gain. Crum replaced Croft for Princeton. Crowley went through right guard to Princeton's 12-yard line where Snively brought him down. Chagin took Bell's place for Princeton. Crowley made 4 yards off left guard, tackled by Crum. D. Miller went around right end to Princeton's 3-yard line. Here he was thrown and fumbled ball, VanGerbig falling on the ball for Princeton. Princeton's ball, first down on own 3-yard line. VanGerbig punted from behind his goal line to Stuhldreher on Princeton's 45-yard line. He returned it to Princeton's 43-yard line where VanGerbig brought him down. Notre Dame's ball, first down. Layden went through center for 3 yards, Snively tackled, second down 7 to gain. Crowley made 4 more through left tackle, Rutan stopping him, third down,

## THE SCHOLASTIC

3 to gain. Layden made two more at center, VanGerbig making tackle, fourth down one to gain. Layden went through center for 2 yards for a first down, second down on Princeton's 26-yard line. A forward pass, Stuhldreher to D. Miller, made a first down on Princeton's 10-yard line. Layden made 6 yards off right tackle, second down 4 to gain. Layden hit center for two more. Layden hit center, put ball on the line about a half foot from the line. Stuhldreher hit center for a touchdown. Crowley missed a drop kick for extra point, Stout blocking it.

Miller went in for Bach. Noppenberger went in for Vergara. Noppenberger kicked off to Dinsmore on Princeton's 20-yard line. He returned it to his own 32-yard line where Crowley tackled him. Princeton's ball, first down that line. Crum failed at left tackle, second down 10 to gain. VanGerbig punted over Notre Dame's goal line for touchback. Notre Dame put ball in play on 20-yard line. Maher went in for D. Miller and Cerney for Layden for Notre Dame. Maher failed to gain at left tackle. Smith blocked Crowley's punt. It went over Notre Dame's goal line and Crowley fell on it for a safety. The ball was put in play on Notre Dame's 30-yard line. Notre Dame's first down that line. Cerney hit right tackle for 8 yards, Emery making tackle. Cerney hit right guard again for two yards, tackled by Emery, second down, 8 to gain. Crowley failed to gain at right guard, Emery making tackle third down, 8 to gain. Crowley punted to Princeton's 44-yard line where it was declared dead. Princeton's ball first down that line, VanGerbig failed to gain at right guard. Noppenberger making tackle. Gorman went in for Dinsmore for Princeton. Second down 10 to gain, Snively was thrown for 9 yards by E. Miller, third down, 10 to gain. Maher intercepted Snively's forward pass at mid-field, returned it to Princeton's 45-yard line. A forward pass, Crowley to Maher, put ball on Princeton's 10-yard line. VanGerbig intercepted Crowley's forward pass on own 5-yard line and ran it to own 36-yard line. Princeton's ball first down on own 31-yard line. Snively's forward pass was grounded, second down 10 to gain. Gorman made 3 yards around right end, but was forced out of bounds as the first half

ended. Score Notre Dame, 12; Princeton, 2.

### SECOND HALF.

Legendre for VanGerbig, Reese for Stuhldreher, Newby for Snively. Emery kicked to Crowley on N. D.'s 5-yard line. Returned to 20-yard line. Rutan tackled him. N. D. ball, first down. Crowley went through right tackle for a first down on own 40-yard line. D. Miller went to own 48-yard line where he was forced out of bounds.

Crowley made 5 yards around left end. Crowley lost 5. Crowley went around left end to Princeton's 44-yard line and Princeton was penalized 15 yards for holding, giving Notre Dame first down on Princeton's 25-yard line. Reese failed to gain. D. Miller went around right end to Princeton's 14-yard line for first down. Crowley made two yards. Cerney failed at center, third down, 8 to gain. Princeton off side, penalized 5 yards. Crowley fumbled on Princeton's 5-yard line, Crum ran it to Notre Dames' 19-yard line, Reese finally getting him. Princeton's ball first down on Notre Dame's 19-yard line.

Legendre failed to gain, second down 18 to gain. Newby made 2 yards. Beattie for Newby. Third down, 8 to gain. Beattie made 3 yards, fourth down 5 to gain. Gorman's forward pass failed and it was Notre Dames' ball on own 14-yard line. Crowley knocked ball down. Reese attempt to punt was blocked by Smith. Cerney fell on it for Notre Dame on own 20-yard line. Notre Dame's ball first down. Crowley made 1 yard. Reese made a first down on own 28-yard line.

Crowley made 9 yards at left guard, Reese failed at center. Third down one foot to gain. Reese again hit center, Notre Dame given a first down on 38-yard line. Crowley made 2 yards at left tackle. Miller went around right end for 7 more, third down 1 to gain. Cerney made a yard and first down on own 47-yard line.

Gates for Hill, Princeton. Crowley made 2 yards off left tackle, second down, 8 to gain. N. D. was penalized 5 for off side. D. Miller went around right end for 5 yards, fourth down 8 to go.

Time out by both teams. Reese punted to Gorman on Princeton's 20-yard line, down on own 20-yard line, Maher making

## THE SCHOLASTIC

tackle. Princeton's ball first down that line. Legendre thrown for a yard by Bach. Crum failed to gain. Legendre punted to Reese on Notre Dame's 27-yard line where Bedell tackled him after he had slipped.

Notre Dame's ball, first down that line. Cerney had his knee bandaged and time was taken out. D. Miller went around right end to own 45-yard line for a first down. Cerney made 3 yards and forced out of bounds.

Snider for Gates, Princeton. Reese went through center for six yards. Layden replaced Cerney and Stuhldreher went in for Reese.

Layden punted over Princeton's goal line for touchback. Princeton put ball in play on their own 20-yard line.

Princeton's ball first down that line. Legendre made 5 yards, tackled by Vergara, second down 5 to go. Legendre punted to Stuhldreher on Notre Dame's 41-yard line where Smith tackled him.

The third period ended with the ball in Notre Dames' possession on own 41-yard line. Score, Notre Dame, 22; Princeton, 2.

Notre Dame now defended north goal. Crowley made 2 yards at right tackle and Princeton was penalized 15 yards for holding, giving Notre Dame a first down on Princeton's 41-yard line. Miller failed to gain around right end. Maher took D. Miller's place at right half for Notre Dame. Layden made two yards.

Stuhldreher was thrown for 6 yards loss by Stout but both teams off side and ball was brought back.

Layden's pass was intercepted by Beattie on Princeton's 20-yard line. He returned to own 30-yard line where Mayl tackled him.

Beattie was hurt on the play and Croft replaced him at left half for Princeton. Princeton's ball first down on own 31-yard line.

Gorman lost two yards when Bach threw him for two yards. Croft hit center for 11 yards, tackled by Stuhldreher, second down 1 yard to gain. Croft hit center for a yard and first down tackled by Vergara. Kiser replaced Vergara for Notre Dame.

Croft made 1 yard at right tackle, Oberst making tackle. Gorman made two more through right tackle. Layden intercepted Legendre's forward pass on own 54-yard line. He returned it to own 45-

yard line, where Rutan brought him down.

Notre Dame's ball first down that line. R. Miller replaced Oberst at right tackle for Notre Dame. Maher went off right guard for 8 yards. Stuhldreher hit center for 2 more and a first down on Princeton's 42-yard line.

Crowley failed to gain at center, second down 10 to gain. Stuhldreher made 3 yards at left tackle, Legendre making the tackle. Crum was hurt on the play and time was taken out.

Crowley failed to gain at center, second down 10 to gain. Stuhldreher made 3 yards at left tackle, Legendre making the tackle. Crum was hurt on the play and time was taken out.

A forward pass, Crowley to Layden put ball on Princeton's 22-yard line for first down, tackled by Legendre. Layden made 3 yards at center, tackled by Crum, third down 7 to gain. Crowley failed to gain.

Bergman went in for Crowley. Maher went around right end for a touchdown. Layden kicked goal.

Weibel went in for Kiser, Hunsinger went in for Mayl for Notre Dame. Tillson went in for Stout and Hills for Snyder for Princeton. Layden kicked off for Notre Dame to Gorman on Princeton's 15-yard line. He returned it to own 28-yard line where he was downed by Bach and Brown. Farrell replaced Crowe at left end for Notre Dame. Princeton's ball first down on own 28-yard line. Legendre's forward pass was grounded, second down 10 to gain. Another forward pass by Legendre was grounded. Third down 10 to go. Legendre punted to Notre Dame's 33-yard line where a Princeton man touched it and it was declared dead. Notre Dame's ball on that line. Maher was thrown for 3-yards loss, by Rutan, second down 13 to gain. Bergman made a yard around left end tackled by Rutan. Third down 11 to gain. Layden punted to Legendre on Princeton's 15-yard line, where Farrell tackled him. A forward pass, Gorman to Legendre failed to gain when Layden threw him. Second down 10 to gain. A forward pass Legendre to Smith put the ball on Princeton's 32-yard line and a first down. Crago went in for Howard. Another forward pass, Legendre to Drews was grounded. Third down 10 to go. Forward pass Legendre to Crum



## THE SCHOLASTIC

for Princeton, a first down on Notre Dame's 49-yard line, Stuhldreher tackling him. Snively replaced Crum for Princeton. Snively's forward pass to Gorman was grounded. Second down, 10 to gain. Snively's forward pass to Legendre made 4 yards, Layden making tackle. Third down, 6 to gain. Snively's forward pass was grounded. Fourth down, Legendre punted over N. D. goal line, it was a touchback and Notre Dames' ball in play on own 20-yard line. First down Maher was

thrown for 5-yards loss by Aldrich, second down 15 to gain. Bergman made 4 yards, third down 12 to gain. Layden punted to Gorman on Princeton's 43-yard line. Princeton's first down. Bach knocked down Snively's forward pass, second down, 10 to gain. Legendre failed, third down 10 to go. Layden intercepted Snively's forward pass on Princeton's 48-yard line and ran for touchdown. Score: Notre Dame, 25; Princeton, 2.

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BY BILL CUNNINGHAM.

(*In the Boston Post.*)

Hopelessly outclassed, completely outplayed, and on the defensive after the first five minutes of the game, Princeton didn't have as much chance as a blind man trying to walk a tight wire, as the Westerners had already taken the Tiger apart to see what made the wheels go round before the 28,000 customers had all got comfortably seated.

Notre Dame scored once in the first quarter, again in the second and twice in the fourth. Every score but the last came as a brilliant march down the field, with Layden, Miller and Bergman ripping the Tiger line to ribbons, and circling the ends for 15 and 20-yard gains. The final touchdown came in the last five minutes of play, when Layden intercepted a forward from Legendre smack on the 50-yard slat, and breezed the distance through the entire Tiger team to score standing up.

Princeton's lonely marker came in the closing moment of the third chukker, when Ken Smith blocked Reeses' kick on Notre Dame's 5-yard line, and Miller recovered behind the goal line for what the officials called a safety.

Notre Dame lived up through the last letter and semicolon to all the glowing reports that had come East concerning its prowess. It played hard, heady football with a finish never before seen in the East at this time of the year. Its defense was as tight as a window in a Pullman car, and its offense was a revelation.

Its backfield shift was the true poetry of motion. There was no lost energy, no halting, nor stumbling. Every man was assigned to a particular task and every man took care of his job. Its attack was a knifing attack rather than a crashing one. Its interference formed in a flash and the runner never came out from behind it. One of its outstanding features was that no matter how far the carrier got through the line, nor how far he got down the field, there was always still one man in front of him for protection.

On the off-tackle dives that Princeton tried all afternoon to stop and never could succeed even partially, the runner picked his hole rather than forced his hole. His linemen and interference always swung a gate open for him somewhere and the flash of a second was enough for him to slip through the aperture.

Once through it usually took half the Tiger team to stop him. One man wasn't enough. Two seldom did the job. It took one man to hold his feet and another to hold his head into the dirt. Even then if reinforcements didn't hurry over and pile on, the Irishman would get up and run. The Rockne backs are gymnasts and contortionists combined. They writhe and twist and side-step like reflections on the ripple of a lake.

One of the pathetic things about this game was to see the earnest Tiger players taking bellybusters on the grass all afternoon in their fruitless dives at the empty space the Notre Dame backs had just left.

In vain Bill Roper tried to dam that off tackle leak. He moved up replacements



## THE SCHOLASTIC

and threw them into the spillway like a major-general trying to brace a faltering division. He used five men, Emery, Hill, Gates, Snyder and Booth at right tackle and he threw every end on his squad into battle in an effort to stop those sweeping end runs.

He might as well have sent all the boys home to dress for a Sunday school picnic. Those Indiana backs would have been running yet, if the game had lasted this long. This Notre Dame team that yanked the fangs from the Bengal would have beaten the Harvard team that played Middlebury a week ago 100 to 0.

And the score might possibly have been that large here this afternoon if Rockne, with due cognizance of the Western scouts that peppered the stands, hadn't yanked his regulars after the second touchdown and placed the team under wraps so far as its real scoring plays were.

To football fans, this brief salad of statistics will speak volumes. Here they go. Notre Dame gained 28 first downs to Princeton's 4. Notre Dame gained 455 yards from scrimmage to Princeton's 95. Notre Dame hurled 7 forwards for a gain of 67 yards. Princeton tried 22 passes for a total yardage of 38. Of the Princeton passes 13 were grounded and two intercepted, one of these for a touchdown. Notre Dame grounded only one and had two intercepted for no gain.

The only two phases of the game where the battle was on anything like even terms were in the matters of kicking and the down the field game of the ends. Vangerbig and Legendre for Princeton slightly out-kicked Layden and Reese of the invaders, and Stout and Smith, the veteran Tiger forwards covered the kicks beautifully. They were so completely buried time and again by the Notre Dame scampers around end from scrimmage formation, however, that their glory for the day was sadly dimmed.

Rockne had announced before his trip East that Stuhldreher, his quarterback, was the man who'd make the fans forget the lamented George Gripp of two years ago and brilliant Johnny Castner of last year, but this game wasn't five minutes old when the stands began to realize that D. Miller, the husky right half back, was the one chap

on Princeton's hands too rough for cold cream to remove.

A punt swapping left Notre Dame with the ball on her own 22-yard line. Then this Miller turned loose. Bang!—he blew off 13 yards at right end. Socko—came Bergman, the other half, around the same way for 10 more. Layden smashed Howard for 10 right through guard, and Bergen took another 10 at right end.

The Hoosiers with their dainty little hop shift, didn't lose a second, however, and Layden smacked that fatal right tackle hole for 12 more, bringing the ball to the 20-yard line.

Here Miller took the egg on a wide end run to his left. All afternoon the Notre Dame backs circled deep back toward their own goal line on these plays and so it was now. Miller went deeper and deeper until Bud Stout made a dive for him. Miller rubbed his nose in the grass with a grin and cut straight for the scrimmage line. Once by it, he reversed sharply, annointed Craft in the mush with a handful of fingers and skitted across the Princeton goal standing up. Bergen blocked Layden's try for point, which took the form of a drop kick.

Princeton was unable to do anything with the Notre Dame line after the kickoff which she received, and so she booted. Bergman, starting from his 30-yard line, tore off another 15 yards around Drew, but Princeton braced and Layden booted to Dinsmore, who took the ball on his 10-yard line and came back 12 yards before he was dumped by Vergara. On a delayed line buck, VanGerbig brought Princeton partisans up wildly by crashing Vergara for 12. Dinsmore took three through Walsh and Croft circled right end for 7, bringing the ball to the 42-yard line.

VanGerbig was nailed for no gain on the next play—the same delayed buck that had served him so nobly three plays before, and the Tiger march was halted when Bergman intercepted Snively's pass on Notre Dame's 46-yard line and was downed in his tracks. This 35-yard march was the longest sustained parade Princeton achieved all day.

A few moments later when VanGerbig punted over Notre Dame's goal line the ball was brought' out 20 yards and with that same terrific tackle and end bombardment she marched from that spot to Princeton's

## THE SCHOLASTIC

32-yard line in four plays, two of them being 15 and 20-yard dashes around right and left end respectively by Miller and Layden. The Notre Dame interference on both these plays was of the most elegant variety. Layden here missed a shot at the Princeton cross-bar by the mere matter of inches.

Early in the second quarter Miller took the ball at midfield and ran 30 yards around Stout. Crowley, who'd gone in for Bergman, picked a hole in the line and traveled nearly 20 yards between Bergen and Howard. At the 10-yard line Princeton tightened and Rutan recovered the ball when a Notre Dame back dropped it in a crash at the line.

Princeton kicked to midfield, but a perfect forward, Stuhldreher to Miller, placed the ball right back on the 10-yard line, and

Layden in three plays carried it to the chalk, although in his attempt to go over he crashed the goal post head on and almost knocked it over. It quivered and trembled for seconds after Stuhldreher had crawled the necessary six inches through his center's legs for the touchdown. Again Layden's kick was blocked and the extra point was lost.

Many new faces were in the Tiger frame when the team came out for the second half. Legendre had replaced VanGerbig. Newby stood in for Snively at left half and Bedell had Crago's job at left guard. Hills—the giant Bruno, was to make a mighty effort to stop those tackle dives on the right side of the line, and the play got under way.

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### *(The Daily Princetonian)*

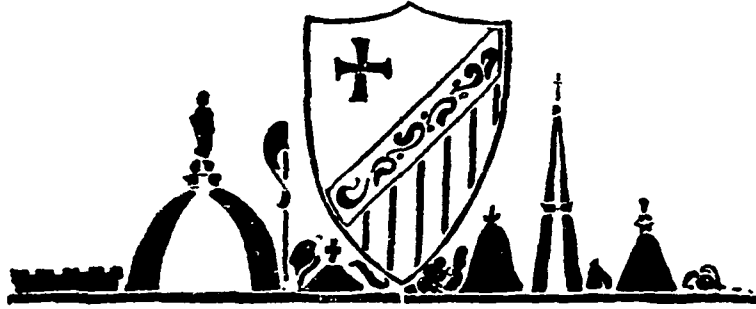
It is no easy task to attempt a criticism of a team after it has come up against such a perfect combination as that which Notre Dame brought to Princeton last Saturday. The dazzling brilliance of the Hoosiers in almost every department of the game is apt to blind the observer to both the good and bad points of the Tiger eleven, so that the reaction to Princeton's playing is merely neutral.

There were naturally, however, good and bad points, some of them more apparent than others. First among the encouraging features of the game was the decided superiority of the Varsity's punting over that of its opponents. Against any other team this fact would have counted heavily, but the ability of the Notre Dame backs to take the ball time and again from deep in their own territory right up to Princeton's goal line discounted the advantages

usually accruing to good punting work.

Another bright spot in the play of the Tigers was their ability to break through and block the visitors' kicks, particularly in the try-for-points. The Orange and Black's only score of the game testifies as to the value of such ability. Last among the encouraging features was the way the ends went down under punts and prevented the receiving back from gaining any considerable distance on the run-back.

The final glaring fault in the Princeton team was the ragged tackling. Allowing for the speed and side-stepping ability of the Notre Dame backs, there were, however, entirely too many ineffective attempts at tackling. The number of clean tackles made by the Tigers could very nearly be counted on the fingers of one hand. Had they been able to hit their man hard and clean when they had opportunities and no one near to take them out, the score might have been different.



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