~ Che ~

Notre Dame Scholastic

DISCE-QUASI-SEMPER-VICTURÚS - : VIVE -QUASI- CRAS-MORITURUS-

Vol. L.

NOTRE DAME, INDIANA, NOVEMBER 25, 1916.

No. 10.

The Cost of Victory.

THE rifles bark, the cannon roar,
The kings curse at their play.
The crashing shells spread horror round
The warships in the bay.
And on the field ten thousand men
Must meet their death to-day.

For three red years the battle raged
With neither foe ahead.
All thoughts of peace, of love, of God
In those three years have fled;
And the final cost of vic'try will
Be measured by the dead.

D. E. H., 17

The American Modern Drama.

BY D. E. HILTGARTNER, '17.

HE one encouraging statement that is to be made about the American drama is that it has a future rather than a past. The division into "high-brow" and "low-brow" expresses the two extremes that dominate the product of the American dramatists. The former is boldly copying foreign masterpieces without imitating their daring form of expression. The latter is as industriously following the fashions of Broadway and producing a play so "up-to-the-minute" that a delay of three months is the difference between success and failure. On the whole, the "lowbrows" are correct in maintaining that the most valuable contributions to the American drama are to be found among those plays that please the rural supporters of the theatre. The playsof George Cohan and George Ade are right from American life and true to it alone. Europe, while asserting a superior manner in regard to serious American literary efforts, has always been quick to recognize what was actually distinctive of America—Mark Twain, O. Henry

and Bret Harte and so forth. So it is with the American comedies that have represented American drama abroad. George Cohan is now one of the most-sought-after dramatists in London theatres. Miss Mayo's "Baby Mine" was recently acted in Paris, and the Parisians liked it. Serious American plays, however, have with few exceptions failed in Europe.

Nevertheless, serious plays frequently come from American life, if not in spirit at least in material form. Charles Klein's "The Lion and the Mouse," doubtful as it is when regarded as a work of art, was really a praiseworthy achievement because it was looked upon at the time as a serious reflection of the American social conscience. Since then there has been many vigorous plays expressing the trend of public opinion on matters of politics or business.

Perhaps the most able of the serious American dramatists, in point of execution, is Eugene Walter, who in "The Wolf" and "The Easiest Way" wrote plays that might be classed with the best European dramas. No American playwright can equal him in the writing of realistic dialogue, which is dramatic and still true to life—natural.

Charles Rann Kennedy, though born in England, has written most of his plays in America. He is a "high-brow" in the real sense of the word and is the author of "The Servant in the House," a box-office success. This play is a memorable one in American stage history not alone because of its nearly perfect dramaturgy but because of the sermon that it contained.

Edward Sheldon has written a number of plays in which a thorough knowledge of the stage has saved from failure what is technically known as an absence of artistic and ethical conscience. Augustus Thomas has injected some of the native American spirit into his plays and is especially proficient in the construction of dialogue, which is the usual weakness in most of our plays in this country. He is one of the

American playwrights who understands and respects French plays. In addition to this comprehension, his zealous sincerity in his attempt to say something in his plays has often been the cause of his failures.

Of a different kind, though no less sincere, is Joseph Medill Patterson, whose plays, "The Fourth Estate," "Dope," and "By-Products" combine critical thought and observation of life with a considerable amount of dramatic ability.

In Percy Mae Kaye and his life of failures there is a story of persistent and stubborn refusal to concede to the tastes and demands of the average theatre-goer. Some of his realistic comedies have been mildly successful on the stage, but his dialogue is not natural and his plots are arbitrary in the extreme. He is a master of a certain sort of whimsical humor and his verse is often inspiring, as in "Sappho and Phaon." This stolid dramatist is to be chiefly admired for the rare quality of being himself, even in his works.

Considered as a dramatist, Upton Sinclair, the "unproduced playwright," and author of "The Jungle," "The Machine," and "Prince Hagen," deserves high rank notwithstanding that he is a socialist and that all he writes is devoted to the exposition of the proletarian philosophy. This fact has no doubt prevented his work from achieving success on the stage.

In the discussion of what is and what is not a play, Granville Barker's curt statement stands out as a conclusion of the whole matter: "A play," he says, "is anything that can be made effective upon the stage of a theatre by human agency. And I am not sure but this definition is not too narrow." Dramas were first made and then the "laws of drama" afterward.

My Ambition.

It's not great fame, nor a golden name
That I work for here below;
It's not for gold, not ambitions bold
That I strive and struggle so.

Just the slender fame of having the name
Of being a friend of man!
A humble task? Yet it's all I ask!—
Just doing the best I can.

Yes, all I ask, when—through my task—

I've gone to my endless nod,

Is that men will say, "In his humble way,

He served both man and God."—H. E. S.

Those Mournful Chimes.

Those mournful chimes, those awful chimes, I' faith, they should be tuned betimes.

They jangle early round my head

As dreamily I lie in bed.

Aside all thoughts of work

And buns and classes shirk.

Would it jar your poise,
Could you stand that noise,
If 't had been in your ears
For the last ten years?
(So it seems to me,
Though it cannot be
Above a month or two
Since the chimes were new). . . .

Does this verse seem lame and broken,
To've lost all sign of rhythm,
Becoming a wearisome succession
Of verses, jumbled so you can't stay with 'em?
Then you "get" my battered feelings
As those bells repeat their pealings.
And do you wonder that I wish on them
-A sojourn long at Camp Perdition?—
Those mournful chimes, those awful chimes,
Here's hoping they are tuned betimes.

H. R. P.

The Modern Miracle.

BY HARRY E. SCOTT.

"I think she's working the rube, myself," said Louise Elizabeth Arnold as she wound a long braid of blond hair, of the drug store hue into a chic coil on the top of her head.

"Same here, Lizzie," agreed Margaret Murray, who always made her remarks short because long speeches interfered with her gum-chewing.

"And lisson," suggested Geraldine Hughes, who was tall and skinny and of the gossipy kind, "if this show ever goes on the rocks, watch her drop him like as if he was a hot potato."

The three then nodded their heads, satisfied that all were correct in their conjectures because all agreed to them.

"Actresses" of the spear-carrying kind always have their own private opinions on all the affairs, both personal and otherwise, of the leading lady. They know her innermost thoughts and intentions. They glory in the prophecy

of her actions. And the Misses Arnold, Murray and Hughes were no exceptions.

Each of the three had a speaking part in "The Modern Miracle," the play that was to be viewed by the public of Columbus, Ohio, for one night only before opening an indefinite run in Chicago. L'ouise took the part of a maid in the first act; Geraldine was the stenographer in the second; and Margaret was the nurse girl in the third, her line being: "My God, Mrs. Kocker, the baby is dying." So you see, because of their constant association with the leading lady in rehearsals, they should know her most secret thoughts.

Their conversation was cut short by the announcement of the call boy, who poked his head in the doorway of the tiny dressing-room that the three shared and yelled:

"The stage manager wants to see youse up on the stage before the show starts."

The one referred to as "she" in the three-cornered gossip was Dorothy Mackey, who four months before, in addition to singing in the chorus, played a small part in one of Broadway's big revues. "She" was now leading lady of "The Modern Miracle" company.

The one referred to as "he" was William Barret, late of Eternity, Ohio, more recently of New York, and author of the play in which "she" was to be starred.

The story of the young dramatist and his affair with the Mackey girl was common gossip among the rest of the cast. It was as if all the details of the recent lives of each had been printed and a copy presented to everyone in the cast.

William Barret had come to New York from Eternity, Ohio, armed with the hope of Moses, the patience of Job and the manuscript of "The Modern Miracle." He was young, not yet twenty-three, tall and slender. His eyes were blue and in them was the innocence of the country, while his face looked no older than when he was eighteen. Since his boyhood he had been a dreamer and never took to his father's command that he should forget the nonsensical books that he was always reading and take to the business of making money. When he was ready to enter college, his father insisted that he should study law, and finally enter that profession. The son refused to go to college on this condition, and so, after both had held out obstinately for over a month, young Barret was allowed to enter a small

western university and take up the study of English and literature.

Four years later, on the night following the graduation, there was a stormy scene between the father and the son.

"What do you intend to do now, William?" the father had asked.

"I have written a play. I intend to sell it, and then write another."

The father became enraged, called his son a fool, and finally threatened to throw him out of his house unless he got down to business and stopped all such tom-foolery as writing plays.

The boy was his father's son and had in himself some of his father's obstinacy and independence; so, packing his suitcase, taking what money he had, left Eternity and went to New York.

"He can't stand a year's failure," said his father. "He'll be back begging my pardon."

But it is a wise father that knows his own children. Failure only made William Barret persevere the more. For months he made the rounds of theatrical managers, seldom getting past the office boy. One firm read his playor at least kept it for two weeks—but returned it with a printed slip which said that the play was not suited to the needs of that particular producer.

Finally Max Kline, a newcomer in the field of producers, accepted "The Modern Miracle" for production, and the joy of Barret's heart knew no bounds.

The young author came to the manager with a list of expensive stars from which he wanted the leading lady selected.

Max Kline, who was fat, swarthy complexioned and good-natured, waved him back with the open palm of his hand.

"Barret, you're all right, but you are new to the game and don't know much. Do you think I would have taken your play if it had not been for the fact that I got a girl I want to star?" He settled back in his chair with a sleek smile on his face and an air of finality which suggested that the matter was closed. Barret drew himself up to his full height, indignant and ready to complain, but, remembering that it was through the kindness and interest of Kline that he had been given a chance, he agreed with him.

"You see, Barret, this girl means a lot to me," said Kline, and he added with a wink of his

eye, "she used to be in the chorus of Mohan's Revue. You see she has been a pretty good pal of mine and—and—anyway, you only wrote this show. Who is risking the money? Who is it that will stand the loss if the show is rotten? Besides she has got all the makings of a star."

When Barret saw the one groomed for the leading part, he was satisfied—to say the least. She was tall, perfectly formed, with hair of a raven's black. Her eyes were dark and shone softly under long black lashes that blinked shyly. He was more than pleased with the new leading lady. He was in love with her. From the start they were together constantly, when the show was not in rehearsal, at cafes, theatres and art galleries. She had moved to exclusive apartments and his calls were frequent.

Max Kline would have closed the affair by threatening to send the play to the warehouse, but about this time he found another girl in another chorus, and his personal interest in Dorothy Mackey was ended. It was enough that she should develop as an actress and play her part well.

It was common talk among the members of the cast, and the rialto in general, that Dorothy Mackey was "stringing young Barret."

"She knows his father back in Ohio is burdened with wealth" was the reason they ascribed for her great interest in him.

Barret knew that many were saying the same thing, and one night in the Actors' Club of New York, knocked a fellow down who made an insinuation to that effect. After this occurrence, people did less talking, but never ceased to think what they feared to say.

The company arrived in Columbus on Saturday night, had a dress rehearsal planned for Sunday night, and played the initial performance on Monday evening.

Barret and she rode together from the train to the hotel, and were altogether mindless of the busy traffic outside the taxi, so engrossed were they in their own little world. For a while they sat still and silent, holding each other's hand and cuddling near like children. He was the first to speak.

Monday night I am sure that my play will be announced a success and then I am going to claim the pot of gold that lies at the end of every rainbow. And when I come to claim it, will you give your consent? It all depends on

your answer." She did not speak but moved a little nearer to him.

"A hundred times have I wanted to ask you to be my wife, but I have never had the money with which to give you all that you deserve to have. Now, with success just around the corner, will you marry me?"

"Yes," she answered feebly, and in his excited joy he did not realize, when he kissed her, that a tiny tear fell upon his cheek.

The next night was the evening of the dress rehearsal and every member of the company was excited. The front of the theatre was empty, silent and lonely. Fat Max Kline chewed a cigar and wasted his energy, shouting and walking around in a senseless circle. Everyone was nervous except the author who was so confident of success that he did not think of being nervous.

This was the night that Elizabeth Arnold, Margaret Murray and Geraldine Hughes decided in their two by four dressing room finally and certainly that Dorothy Mackey was "stringing the rube." There would have been no end to the extent of their scandal if it had not been for the call-boy who announced that the manager wanted to see them all on the stage before the rehearsal started.

Max Kline arranged the cast in a circle, with himself in the centre, and gave them a long heart-to-heart talk. He pleaded that they work extra hard because the show was by a new author. When he dismissed them, he asked Dorothy Mackey to stay.

"Come down in the front of the house where we can talk quietly," he told her, and she followed him.

"You know as well as I do that this here play of Barret's is a one-part play," he began: "You are the part, and if you put all you got in it you will carry the whole show with you. If you can come through, good, but-if you can't the show will be a failure." He stopped for a moment to let what he had said sink in: "Now I know that you have been playing young Barret and think a lot of him"—the house was too dark for him to see her expression when he said this—"and naturally you want to see the show go. Then work hard, cause it's up to you."

She said nothing but walked silently to her dressing room. That night, the show went without a hitch and Dorothy Mackey never played her part so well. Barret was elated,

but Kline, while admitting that it went well, was sceptical.

"Whenever a play goes with such a smoothness in its dress rehearsal, that's a bad sign. I hope for the best, and maybe I'm wrong, but I feel that something is going to happen yet." Barret could not share in Kline's pessimism.

Neither did Dorothy Mackey, and that night, in her room at the hotel, she was supremely happy. She felt certain that life was sweet and well worth living. She sat in front of his picture for ten minutes, just thinking of him and just loving him.

She was finally aroused from her golden dream by a loud brisk knock at the door.

"Come in," she said simply, and in walked a stranger, a man about fifty years old, tall, powerful, and business-like in his walk and manner.

"Are you Dorothy Mackey?" he asked somewhat severely.

"I am!" She pretended not to notice his rude manner of addressing her.

He hesitated for a moment, moving his eyes up and down from her head to her feet, and then walked slowly toward her.

"I am James L. Barret, father of William Barret, who, I believe, is author of the play you are acting in."

"Well," she said, for no other reason than to break the monotony of an awkward silence.

"Well, I came down from my town to try and persuade that young fool son of mine to cut-out all this nonsense and return home with his father, where be belongs; to take up the law; or to start in some decent business." He was angry, and was letting his feelings get the better of him. He continued talking rapidly, very much excited. "I have had a man looking up his actions for the last month and he informed me that you and he were pretty intimate. I found out to-day that you and he were going to be married."

"What of it?" she asked sharply, her black eyes shining with the fire of a rising temper.

"I want to say right here that that can never be!"

"Who says it cannot be?"

"I!" He watched her for a few moments, but she did not speak, so he continued: "Come now, I know your type. You are after him because you think he has money and a future and all that. Why I tell you I can make it worth your while. I will pay you—"

She stopped him before he could finish what he started to say.

"Mr. Barret, I think more of your son than of anything you could possibly give me. He is the only man I ever loved, and he is the first man that ever really loved me. And now, please leave my room."

Instead of leaving (as she had directed) he came closer to her, speaking his words directly in her face. "I found out all about the case, and I tell you that he shall never have a cent as long as he lives. So there's nothing in it for you to play the heroine and rave about how much you love him."

Her anger was beginning to subside and she was losing some of her spirit of independence.

"I tell you I love him more than I do my own life, and he loves me. Do you think I would give up all the happiness I have ever known or ever expect to know?" Her tone had become conciliatory, almost pleading.

He took no heed of her last remark, but, taking a check from his vest pocket, handed it to her. She tore it into bits and threw them at his feet.

Being a man of the world and accustomed to reading people's thoughts, he saw that if he would win her, it must be by different methods.

"Do you think he really loves you?" He shouted this at her ears and then waited for the suggestion to sink into her soul. "Of course he doesn't! He probably thinks so now—but later on! Why he comes from the best of Virginia stock, with the bluest of blue blood flowing in his veins. Don't you realize that in time he will become tired of you, that he will become ashamed after the novelty of his whim has worn off?"

He changed his tone immediately, and began pleading to her higher nature. He struck at her nature's most vulnerable spot, her love for him.

"You say you love him!" he spoke low and distinct. "Then prove it by leaving him Otherwise, in a year's time, he will have tired of you. In a year's time, you will have spoiled his whole life."

She was listening now with some attention to what he was saying. Quick to see his advantage, he made his master stroke.

"Miss Mackey, if you love my son you will leave him. If you insist upon marrying him, you will live to see him regret the day he was born." He made this speech as dramatic as

possible, speaking every word slowly and emphatically.

When he had finished speaking, her head fell and her eyes closed. He saw the work of his words and quietly left the room.

As the door closed behind him, she walked with unsteady step across the room and fell upon her bed. Never in her life had she so felt like crying, yet the tears would not come. They burned in her head but would not wet her eyes. That night she could not sleep but lay awake thinking of the words of the elder Mr. Barret as they were repeated over and over in her aching brain:

"If you love my son you will leave him. If you insist on marrying him, you will live to see him regret the day he was born."

When young Barret called-the next morning she was not at home; and she avoided him all through the day. He did not see her until that night at the theatre, and then only long enough to say hello.

The opening night of "A Modern Miracle" was a fateful one. Dorothy Mackey's appearance as a star was a miserable failure and so was the play. The leading lady went through her part as one cazed by some calamity. She forgot lines; she let the best scenes of the play fall flat, lifeless. The whole performance was a pitiful failure.

Max Kline tore his hair and swore vehemently. Young Barret sat out in the audience, still and dejected like one devoid of all hope and reason. Many times he tried to catch the eye of the leading character in "The Modern Miracle," but always she avoided his gaze. He did not stir from his seat until the end of the last act and then he walked unsteadily to her dressing room. Her maid, who answered his knock, announced that she had gone to her hotel.

He found her in her room, dressed in the same clothes that she wore in the last act, with the grease paint still on her cheeks.

He stumbled into her room like one under the influence of "dope" and sank into a chair. Neither one spoke for some minutes, and she kept humming a gay tune and busying herself by arranging some things on her dresser. Since he seemed tongue-tied, and found it impossible to speak, she ventured to break the silence.

"I guess you know that the show is doomed?" she asked lightly "I heard Max Kline say that

he would close it to-night, that it was hopeless to even try patching it up."

He shook his head in dumb agreement, as if he had heard Kline say the same thing, and its repetition was of little consequence and boresome. At last he roused himself from his stupor and came toward her.

"But Dorothy, I still have you, haven't I?" He said this in a tone full of the faith of a child.

She took a step nearer him and looked into his eyes. Then summoning up all the courage in her heart, she spoke to him.

"Billy, I think it is better that we do not see each other again."

"What do you mean?" He did not understand the words she spoke.

"I mean that—that what folks have been saying is about true. I cared for you Billy, but I am afraid that I did not love you. I thought you were going to be a success; instead you have been a failure. And Dorothy Mackey is not used to living on twenty dollars a week."

The realization of what she was saying slowly dawned upon his mind, and as it did he arose from his chair and came to her; his eyes were large and full of a strange look of despair and pleading.

"You mean to say—" she stopped him before he could speak his protest by placing her hand over his mouth."

The two stood looking at each other, neither speaking, and her hand dropped to her side. Her eyes fell from his face but immediately rested upon it again.

He attempted protests and began pouring out all the love that was in his soul. He begged; he pleaded, until finally she could stand to listen no longer.

"Please go! Go, before I learn to hate you as well as not love you." She made her tone as harsh and as cruel as she possibly could.

He stopped his pleadings, as if he had been slapped across the face, and moved mechanically toward the door.

"Wait a minute Billy!" she called. "Please go back to Eternity, and to your father. He needs you! And listen, Billy—Billy, give up the playwrighting business. You're not cut out for it. And please!—please—forget that I fooled you into thinking that I loved you."

He was out of the room before she had finished speaking and it is doubtful whether or not he heard her last words.

Varsity Verse.

THE LEAVES HAVE A STORY.

The leaves have a story to tell me,
As I watch them drift to the ground
From the maple branches yonder,
With scarcely a lisp of a sound.

It's a story of God and His power,
That I cannot put into speech.
But I sit and sweetly ponder
The lesson it has to teach.

Leaves are the wealth of the summer,
God gives them manifold.
Fall steals the wealth from its owner,
And turns it into gold.

Months pass, and the winter is over;
Once more God's power is seen,
And the summer's empty coffers
Are heaped with her treasures green.

Richard Daley.

THE AGE OF WAR.

God made the world in beauty
And considered His task well done.
Then man came along and spoiled it
By inventing the sword and the gun.

Earth was a glowing paradise

When the things of the earth were new,

Ere the feet of marching millions

Had trod on its morning dew.

But human life is deepening,
Full of war and doubt and din.
Its childhood days are over;
It is now in its age of sin.

The need and greed of nations
Have driven all peace away.
Men kill men by the millions,
And blood is a nation's pay.

And Death with his scythe stands waiting

While hate like a blood-red sun

Ripens the human harvest

Death reaps ere the day is done.

H. E. S.

AUTUMN.

The melancholy days are here, the saddest of the year,
The toothsome turkey's roosting high—Thanksgiving
day is near.

A little snow is in the air, the B. V. Ds. are thin—
The thing that really makes us sad's the prefect's cheerful grin.

Leo Berner.

. Wнo's Wнo?

Who wears my neckties when I'm home?

My brother.

Who have I nick-named 'Ivory-Dome?'
My brother.'

Who is it mother thinks has wings,
Who spoils my socks and shirts and things,
And when I crab, who merely sings?
My brother.

Who is it sews my buttons tight?

My sister.

Who lets me in real late at night?

My sister.

Who lends me money when I'm broke,
Who never snitches when I smoke,
And feeds me good things, till I choke?
My sister.

Who pays the bills I can't make good?

My father.

And who has always understood? My father.

Who is it never fumed or cursed
When I've deserved the very worst,
Although his heart could almost burst?
My father.

Who does the things no other can?

My mother.

Who made me, if I am a man?

My mother.

Who makes the whole world warm and bright?

My mother.

John U. Riley.

A DRUNKARD'S REVERIE.

Long are the days and restless the nights,

All fever, fret and strife,

For the wine is gone, and I've reached the dr

For the wine is gone, and I've reached the dregs Of an ill-spent, wasted life.

Relentless, unceasing, come phantoms of pain,

Dim ghosts of the year's bitter folly

They might have been angels of good deeds done

Not the wraiths of a dark melancholy.

But a thought from my Lord, like an angel of Light.

Drives the dim, gray ghosts afar.

Look ahead, walk with Me past the shadow's edge Where the day sprites joyful are.

Rigney J. Sackley.

The Act of Composition.

BY HOWARD R. PARKER, '17.

Have you noticed how strangely a fellow acts when he sits down at a typewriter to do some extemporaneous writing; when he hasn't an idea in his head that can be coralled for use? Of course this fellow may be yourself; if you watch your own actions you will get my idea exactly, unless of course you know just what you are going to write when you begin.

First you sit down and place your right foot slightly under the chair, allowing the left member to wander as far under the table as it desires. You put your sheet of paper in the machine and take extreme care that it lies exactly straight in the carriage.

Now you are ready to write, but not prepared to do so; oh my, no! The search for an idea has just begun. What is a good thing to write about? How shall I start it? "Early Returns Cheer Hughes Supporters." "High Cost of Living To Rise Still Higher." Your gaze has wandered to a newspaper on your desk; you read for two and a half minutes and then get back to the pressing business of writing what you have started out to write.

Let's see: why not write a short feature story on the retirement of Brother Leopold from active service? Start it off like this—"November 18, Notre Dame at Michigan Aggies. November 25, Alma at Notre Dame," Now the football schedule has trapped your roving eye. You call it (the eye) home again and fix your attention on the work in hand.

Well, this is a Number Five Underwood. I didn't know there had been that many models already. The machine ought to be cleaned out; a lot of eraser particles has fallen down into the type arms. Some of the letters are clogged up with lint from the ribbon. So you get a pen and pick out the small "o" and the large "d."

But I can't waste time now cleaning out this machine; this article's gotta be turned out before this period's over. Let's . . . see. . . now, two or three hundred words of a dialogue between a couple of letters in the Notre Dame postoffice might go good. Have one of them going home from the Prefect of Discipline and the other one going the same way from the fellow himself. That'd make pretty good reading if I could work it up right."

Very good. You are now all set to write.

You sit back in your chair, spread your hands out on your hips, and look at the typewriter. Everything is ready for the attack. But right near the machine there is a tin box with a red seal on it. Of course you have to pick up the box and open it, to see if there is another ribbon in it. Yes, there's a new ribbon on a spool all ready to be put on. Wonder if it ought to be put on now. The old ribbon is pretty faint, all right. . . No, I'm going ahead and write this thing.

More meditation and you have the first sentence ready to be put on the paper. You start banging the typewriter and have reached the second syllable of the third word when the bell rings for class.

It's all wrong. You jerk the sheet from the typewriter and shoot it into the basket: the world must wait.

A Parnassian "Scoop."

ISN'T IT TRUE?

It's funny how you boost the dear old place when you're away,

Yet, when you're here you knock and crab with greater zest each day.

For instance, if the prefect of your hall refuses "per," When you feel it's very necessary you should call on "her,"

You just knock the institution till the founders fairly squirm,

But the minute you get home there comes a turning of the worm.

When they shut the drinking water off at ten o'clock at night,

And you've got a camel's thirst, it's then you're sure to crab, all right,

And you swear the doggone faculty could not be any worse,

Forgetting all the time that it's a necessary curse.*

The meals perhaps are not purveyed exactly to your taste,

But energy expended in complaining goes to waste, For fifty years, plus twenty-five, those meals have been the same,

And always will be, just as long as there's a Notre

Now all these knock and crab producers I've named up

^{*} Meaning the faculty of course.

Completely disappear when you've a chance to show your love

For your little grey old mother far away from your own home,

On an Indiana prairie, 'neath a shining golden dome.

And if a stranger says, "My son, how do you like the school?"

Or, "How's the meals and discipline?" you answer,
"Any fool

Could get along at Notre Dame; be happy and content."

You praise the old school to the skies in terms magnificent.

So while you're here remember that you've got to stay awhile,

Forget your rôle as critic, lose your frown and try a smile;

Sell your hammer, buy a horn, boost, build, get in thegame,

And I'll bet when you've a son you'll send him here to Notre Dame.

It's funny how you boost the dear old place when you're away,

Yet, when you're here you knock and crab with greater zest each day.

John U. Riley.

AT "HULLIES."

Did you ever loaf at Hullies where the dope flows round in gullies,

And listen to the chatter and the confidential dope?
Regarding Thaw or Ruth St. Denis, shooting craps or playing tennis,

The issue makes no difference, for the bull gets lots of rope.

When the hot stove league's in session every German, Wop, or Hessian,

Every bum and every banker has to have his little say.

Submarines, appendicitis, politics, peritonitis,—

The issue makes no difference in this Mexicana play.

When old "Mike" is rightly feelin, and they wind him up to spielin,

The shades of Aristotle turn and twist and squirm "en mort."

Saskatchewan, mayhaps Altoona, Herpicide or e'en Peruna.

The issue makes no difference in this gay old Spanish sport.

In the heat of all discussin', rhet'ric gets an awful mussin,'

And History would not know itself if spoken to by name.

For in Hullies' elocutin' as to prices high falutin,

The issue makes no difference, it's the Toreadorian
game.

J. Paul Fogarty.

OCTOBER.

High up, along the winding river road,

Where scarlet sumac flaunts its pennons gay,

And golden maples colonade the way—

An aisle of dying color, strewn

As for an Autumn bride;

There sat we, side by side,

And laughed and talked like children.

The month's moon spread its light across the stream. And made the night a silver noonday seem;

Against my cheek, a silken wisp

Dropped soft, stray kisses from your wind-tossed hair;
The scene was magic, you, my own, so fair.

A lonely night-bird whistled up above, The fire burned low, 'twas time to go, my love, And when the glowing embers died away, Were left, the ashes of a perfect day.

We turn, but hesitate to leave our dream, With you in solitude is happiness supreme.

J. U. R.

· GREAT SCOTT!!!

A soft-brained canoest one day tried,
In his slender craft the falls to ride,
I happened near by as a yell he gave.
And saved the chaps from a watery grave.
Then Carnegie—handed me,
One of his medals for that, he did,
One of his medals for that.

Attracted one day by a yell, "Save my che-ild!"
I burst thru the door of a house, all wild.
But the creepy cry—to tell will mar it
Was the screamy screech of Miss Poll Parrot.

Yet Carnegie—handed me
One of his medals for that, he did,
One of his medals for that.

A farmer boy by a bull was chased.
Both romped along with precipitous haste.
I came along in a shirt bright red
Now why did that bull chase me instead?
But Carnegie—handed me,
One of his medals for that he, did,
One of his medals for that:

THE NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC

Entered as Second-Class Mail Matter.

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

> Terms: \$1:50 per Annum. Postpaid

Address: THE EDITOR, NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC Notre Dame, Indiana

NOVEMBER 25, 1916 L.

No. 10.

BOARD OF EDITORS

HOWARD R. PARKER, '17

SPEER STRAHAN, '17

F. JENNINGS VURPILLAT, '18

HARRY E. SCOTT, '17

JOHN A. LEMMER, '18

DELMAR J. EDMONDSON, '18

THOMAS F. HEALY, '19

—The student who at home is high-voiced in declaring that the beauty of the Notre Dame quadrangle is surpassed by no college campus-in the country, is

Campus Lovers. often found blazing a trail across the green - and

marring the beauty of a truly beautiful lawn. Our campus is indeed something to be proud of. The constant care and labor of those in charge of it, to keep it a delight to the eye are sadly frustrated however, by those who must follow the line of shortest distance between their halls and their classrooms. We cannot eat our bread and keep it too.

- Members of the Notre Dame Club of Detroit made the trip to Lansing last Saturday to cheer for the Gold and Blue in its battle with the Michigan Aggies.

Keeping Spirit Alive. And cheer the Detroiters

did. Uniting with students who had gone to Lansing to see the game they gathered in one stand and sent the Varsity yells hurtling across the gridiron in successful defiance of the great organized cheering of the Aggie rooters. Not once did they let up in their enthusiastic support of the team, and when the game was over, while the Aggie band was playing its sad recessional, these energetic Notre Dame supporters climbed the fence surrounding the gridiron, formed a snake danceand gave the old "U. N. D." with a boom. The example of the Detroiters and that of the New York alumni who made the trip to West Point, are excellent ones to the present-day

student. They should teach us not to let the spirit drop at the day of graduation, not to let our loyalty flag with passing years. These examples should impress upon us the need of strong, enthusiastic Notre Dame clubs throughout the States.

One young Detroit physician found it necessary to pay a substantial sum to secure a substitute to take his place Saturday, but he did it willingly; just to cheer for his team. Others made similar sacrifices. The lesson is a good one. Let's organize everywhere.

In the Old Days.

From the beginning the editors of the SCHOLASTIC had great ideals. The motto on the first page of Vol. I was "Labor omnia vincit" and at a regular meeting of the Editorial Corps the following resolutions were adopted:

Articles for publication in the SCHOLASTIC YEAR must be received before Wednesday noon, otherwise no attention will be paid to them.

No article received for publication will be

Society reports—except semi-annual—of more than half a column will not be published.

If any contributor becomes unjustly offended because his or her article is not published, no article from this person shall, (during the remainder of the Scholastic session) be received by any of the editors for publication.

No attention will be paid to articles written with lead pencils.

This advice was given in the first days of Notre Dame: "Be temperate in diet; our first parents ate themselves out of house and home."

Watson, hand me the telephone directory: "October 24, 1908." Lost:—A brown leather suit case, with a Yellowstone Park and a Notre Dame seal pasted on the side. Taken from the lobby of the Oliver Hotel last Sunday night. Finder will kindly return to room 56, Corby Hall.

When they put their heads together: "Oct. 1908. At the first meeting of the Philopatrian Society held Wednesday evening in their room in the Main Building, eighty members of Carroll Hall outlined an interesting course of work fcr the coming year.

Personals.

- -We have received the announcement of the wedding of Mr. James Foley, of Chicago, (old student) to Miss Ellen Mary Butler, on Wednesday, November twenty-ninth.
- -S. H. Burkhart (student '09-'13) visited the University last week. Sylvester is now acting as building inspector for the Illinois Central R. R. and can be reached at Room 1000, c-o Illinois Central R. R., Chicago, Ill.
- —The Muscatine Journal announces the engagement of Mr. Robert Roach to Miss Julia Schneider of Iowa City. The genial President of the 1915 class is now in Live Oak, Florida, where he is in charge of his father's interests. He will probably reside in Florida. after his marriage, which is to take place early he new Year.

Local News.

- -The Corby and Walsh elevens will clash to-morrow to settle the question of the Interhall Championship.
- -Father C. Hagerty and his Walsh Chicks spent the week-end at St. Joseph's College at Renssalaer, Indiana.
- There will be a special number of the SCHOLASTIC devoted to football. This issue will appear soon after Thanksgiving.
- -Speakers have been selected for the first of a series of monthly debates between the Brownson and St. Joseph Literary and Debating The opening contest will be held Societies. shortly before Christmas.
- The President of the University has received information of ten vacancies as high school principal or assistant, and as common school principal and teacher. Persons interested may. apply to the National Educational Agency, 1129 State Life Bldg., Indianapolis, Indiana.
- -Sixty members of the Glee Club gave a concert in St. Joseph's Hall at St. Joseph, Michigan, last Wednesday evening. The concert was given under the auspices of Father Esper, who has made the concert an annual affair. At the conclusion of the program an entertainment and banquet were tendered the local entertainers.
- of the 1917 Law Class. Flynn lives in South

- the senior lawyers. Joseph E. Dorais, of Chippewa Falls, Wis., was elected vice-president - Henry J. Brosnahan of Crafton, North Dakota, secretary; Frank M. Kirkland, of Independence, Oregon, treasurer; and Arnold M. McInerny. of South Bend, sergeant-at-arms.
- -Members of the Kansas City Club met last Wednesday evening for the purpose of electing officers and making plans for their annual banquet at the Hotel Muehlbach in Kansas City during the Christmas vacation. The following are the officers: Stuart Carroll, president; A. Fasenmeyer, vice-president; George Reinhart, secretary-treasurer; Harry Anleitner, sergeant-at-arms; James Lynch, chaplain.
- -Last Sunday, on Cartier Field, the G.-P. football team of South Bend was defeated by the fast eleven of Carroll Hall by a score of 30 to 0. The Carrollites were outweighed about ten pounds to the man, but their fine teamwork' and defensive playing, together with a large assortment of clever plays, outwitted the visitors who claimed the 130 pounds championship. The touchdowns were made by Bailey, McGrath, Williams and Wolf.
- -Ring Lardner, in a stanza on Notre Dame in "The Wake of the News," suggests the well-known poem of James Jeffery Roche on "The Vase:"

East Lansing bugs will see the game. Between the Ags and Notre Dame. 'Twill be a battle, but I am Obliged to favor Notre Dame. However, I'll remain quite calm If M. A. C. beats Notre Dame.

- -The Freshman Journalists met Friday, Nov. 10, and formed the Cooney Club. The officers chosen were: Harry Denny, president; Walter Sweeney, vice-president; Barret Anderson, secretary-treasurer; Theodore Wagner, reporter. A committee, headed by John Ward, was appointed by President Denny to draw up the by-laws of the club. The object of the club is to hold the Freshman Journalists together, and to promote the interchange of ideas regarding newspaper work.
- -There is a remarkable collection of artistic work in horse-hair on exhibition at Adler's Athletic Store. The work is the handicraft of a person in a western penitentiary who hopes, -Joseph Flynn has been elected president to derive enough money from the sale of it to purchase books and procure an education. Bend. He is one of the most active men among. We suggest that this collection of fobs, hat

bands, and similar articles furnish admirable Assistant, Thomas Truder; material for Christmas presents. We cordially States Customs Officer, Robert invite all to inspect the collection at Adler's Attendant, John Cassidy; Landstone on the campus. Harrington Home, Thomas Kellerian and States Customs Officer, Robert Attendant, John Cassidy; Landstone on the campus.

—On Sunday evening, Nov. 5, 1916, a short program commanded the interest of the Holy Cross Literary Society, which was not lacking in intensity, because of the fact that there were only a few participants. However, each did justice to his assignment and a critic would find it difficult to determine which was the best. Nevertheless, the excellency of the short story written and read by William McNamara, caused the critic of the society to voice his opinion that Mr. McNamara should appear several times during the year on the program in this capacity.

—"Mel" Elward and his Eastern Interscholastic Champions, St. John's Preps of Danvers, Massachusetts, were entertained here last Sunday by the New England Club. "Mel," who played on the Notre Dame Varsity for three years, is coaching the Easterners who played DePaul at Chicago last Saturday. His team has beaten every Eastern prep eleven played, and will clash with Haverhill High on Thanksgiving for the undisputed championship. Brother Thomas is authority for the statement that five or six members—of the team intend to enter Notre Dame next September.

That a man is one having the qualities of modesty, honesty, bravery, and virtue, and that a gentleman is a man considerate of others was told the boys of Brownson Hall by Father O'Donnell on Tuesday evening in the third of a series of short talks. Many of his sayings were highly epigrammatical in character, a few of which were: "To be a gentleman does not mean that one must be a mollycoddle," "A soft voice, a silk shirt, and soft hands do not make a gentleman," "The marks of gentle-breeding without the foundation of true manhood only make a fop or a dandy."

—Members of the dramatic club are having regular practice for the play, "Under Cover," to be presented at the University Saturday, December the sixteenth. Professor Lenihan announces the cast to be as follows: Stephen Denby, Smuggler, John U. Riley; Monty Vaughn, Accomplice, Daniel Hilgartner; Michael Harrington, New York Millionaire, Leonard Evans; Daniel Taylor, United States Customs Inspector; Harry Burt; James Duncan, His

Assistant, Thomas Truder; Gibbs, United States Customs Officer, Robert Maguire; Peter, Attendant, John Cassidy; Lambart, Butler in Harrington Home, Thomas Kelly; Ethel Cartwright, Leading Lady, Charles McCauley; Amy Cartwright, Her Sister, Robert O'Hara; Alice Harrington, Wife of Michael Harrington, Thomas' Beacom; Nora Rutledge, Ingenue, Friend of the Harringtons, Richard Lightfoot; Sara Peabody, Second Ingenue, W. O'Keefe.

—The following clipping appeared in a recent issue of the Lansing *State Journal*:

Notre Dame has a system of developing football players that should eventually make the Catholics well-nigh unbeatable. They call it the "chick" system down at South Bend, but it is not as naughty as it sounds. It is largely responsible for that powerful freshman eleven. Notre Dame has a huge prep department, and hundreds of little fellows go there. The youngsters are called "chicks." Wherever the big fellows are, there can always be found a flock of "chicks." Every time the Varsity wants to use the gym, the "chicks" have to be shooed out of the way. Then they hang around and get their eyes and ears full. They have their football teams, and it is said that half an hour after Coach Harper gives out a new play to his Varsity, half a doxen "chick" teams are working the formation themselves somewhere around the campus. Those fellows are absorbing a football education that will make them wonders when they attain their growth.

Notre Dame, 14; M. A. C., o.

Notre Dame demonstrated its class among the best teams in the west by taking the Michigan Aggies into camp at Lansing last Saturday, 14 to o.

M. A. C. was the first strong western aggregation to meet the Varsity this year and the eyes of critics were turned upon the battle. Earlier in the season, the Aggies had held Michigan to a 9 to 3 score, and, although comparative scores had previously shown Notre Dame to be stronger than the Wolverines, the result of Saturday's game was even more conclusive evidence of the superiority of the Gold and Blue.

The Notre Dame game was the big card on the Aggies' home schedule, and Lansing had been looking forward for weeks to the visit of the local eleven. On the Friday night preceding the fray, M. A. C. rooters gathered in the most enthusiastic mass meeting of the season and rehearsed cheers and songs for the game. So enthusiastic did the Farmer supporters become that they overstepped the bounds of

propriety a bit and buried an effigy of Notre Dame during their meeting. The dead came to life on Saturday afternoon, however, and drove the "grave diggers" to despair.

But Aggie rooters were not the only ones to show an enthusiastic spirit. What the Notre Dame cheering crowd lacked in numbers it made up in energy. Throughout the game, the Gold and Blue rooters cheered constantly, and at the conclusion of the battle, when the Aggie band was playing its defeat song, the Notre Dame students and alumni snake danced to the middle of the field and sent up a big "U. N. D."

Members of the Notre Dame Club of Detroit did themselves proudly. In an organized body, the Gold and Blue grads from the Michigan city, accompanied by wives, sisters or friends, stormed Lansing and, with colors flying, cheered themselves hoarse for Alma Mater.

Although it was found necessary to abandon the special train from South Bend to Lansing because too few students purchased tickets, a goodly number of rooters from the school were on hand at the game and united with the Detroiters and alumni from other nearby cities in cheering.

Following is an account of the Notre Dame—M. A. C. game taken from the Detroit *Free Press*:

East Lansing, Mich., Nov. 18.—Notre Dame found M. A. C. a much harder team to beat than the other big teams which have submitted to the terrific onslaughts of the Miller, Cofall and Bergman backfield combination, but the Farmers nevertheless allowed Coach Harper's men to tally an even 14 points before the final whistle blew. M. A. C. failed to score.

The Aggies, however, did not let Notre Dame players finish the game without knowing that they had been through a real battle, every member of the Aggie team fought fiercely to the finish. Twice they were within striking distance of Notre Dame's goal, but the Catholic line stiffened and the ends refused to be circled. The result was that the Aggies were forced to pass over the ball by failure to make downs.

In the first quarter, the Farmers were outplayed, and Notre Dame made the first touchdown in less than three minutes of play. In the second quarter M. A. C. showed a decided improvement and the period ended without either team scoring.

At the beginning of the fourth quarter, M. A. C. appeared to have an even chance to tie the score when Quarterback Huebel started to call for a few of the freak plays which Coach Summer had designed especially for the Notre Dame game. M. A. C. made first downs for the first time and a steady movement towards Notre Dame's goal line was noted. The Farmers, however, were halted on Notre Dame's 10-yard line and required to lose the ball on downs.

INTERCEPTED PASS-COSTLY.

Later in the period, with the Farmers again possess-

ing the ball, Rydzweski intercepted a forward pass and ran forty-five yards for a touchdown. During the final period neither team could gain much and Butler and DeGree engaged in a punting duel. Notre Dame came near scoring during the final two minutes of play when Grant received Huebel's punt on Notre Dame's 40-yard line and ran sixty yards to the Farmers' goal line. The referee called Notre Dame back, however, for holding and inflicted a penalty of 15 yards

M. A. C. made but four first downs during the entire game. The Catholics made their downs eight times. Coach Sommers' plays in which forward passes were featured, failed to work against the Notre Dame defense. In all, 17 were attempted by the Farmers, of which seven were successful for a total of ninety-three yards' gain. Notre Dame tried seven, connecting for three, with a total yardage of sixty-four.

Notre Dame was penalized nine times during the four periods, three times for holding and six for off-side, making a total loss of seventy-four yards. M. A. C. was set back but twice for a total of ten yards. M. A. C. punted twelve times for a total of 520 yards. Notre Dame was forced to boot the ball out of danger seven times for a total of 396 yards. M. A. C. made but three fumbles and Notre Dame one.

COFALL IS STAR.

Cofall until forced to retire in the fourth quarter because of injuries carried the ball more than any other member of the Notre Dame team. Miller and Bergman were about even for second honors. Early in the game these backs came to the conclusion that gains through the Aggies' line were out of the question and they began an organized drive on the ends. The result was that nearly every big gain was made by running the ends, and Ramsay and Captain Henning were nearly exhausted before the game was half over. Henning was forced to retire in the fourth quarter and was replaced by Turner.

Butler and Jacks were the stars for M. A. C., but even these line plungers could not puncture the Notre Dame line with any degree of consistency. Fick made two of the most spectacular tackles of the game in which he downed his man far behind the Notre Dame line. Frimodig continued the entire game in spite of injuries which have kept him out of practice for more than a week.

M. A. C. Ramsey L. E Baujan Coryell L. T Coughlin Straight L. G Bachman Frimodig C Rydzewski Vandervoort R. G DeGree Blacklock R. T McInerny Henning (capt.) R. E Meagher Huebel Q Grant Jacks R. H Bergman Fick L. H (capt.) Cofall Butler F Miller Score by Quarters M. A. C None Notre Dame Miller, Rydzewski Goals: M. A. C None Notre Dame—Cofall Penalties: M. A. C None Notre	ciidii d week.			
Coryell L. T Coughlin Straight L. G Bachman Frimodig C Rydzewski Vandervoort R. G DeGree Blacklock R. T McInerny Henning (capt.) R. E Meagher Huebel Q Grant Jacks R. H Bergman Fick L. H (capt.) Cofall Butler F Miller Score by Quarters Miller M. A. C O O O O O O O O O O O O O O O O O O O O O O O O O O O O O O O O O O O O O O O O O O O O O O O O O O O O O	· M. AC.		Notre Dame	
Straight L. G. Bachman Frimodig C. Rydzewski Vandervoort R. G. DeGree Blacklock R. T. McInerny Henning (capt.) R. E. Meagher Huebel Q. Grant Jacks R. H. Bergman Fick L. H. (capt.) Cofall Butler F. Miller Score by Quarters— M. A. C. O O O O Notre Dame 7 O 7 O—14 Touchdowns: M. A. C.—None. Notre	Ramsey	L. E.	Baujan	
Vandervoort. R. G. DeGree Blacklock. R. T. McInerny Henning (capt.) R. E. Meagher Huebel. Q. Grant Jacks. R. H. Bergman Fick. L. H. (capt.) Cofall Butler. F. Miller Score by Quarters— M. A. C. O. O				
Vandervoort. R. G. DeGree Blacklock. R. T. McInerny Henning (capt.) R. E. Meagher Huebel. Q. Grant Jacks. R. H. Bergman Fick. L. H. (capt.) Cofall Butler. F. Miller Score by Quarters— M. A. C. O. O	Straight	L. G	Bachman	
Henning (capt.) R. E. Meagher	Frimodig		Rydzewski	
Henning (capt.) R. E. Meagher	Vandervoort	R. G	DeGreë	
Henning (capt.) R. E. Meagher	Blacklock	R. T.	McInerny	
Huebel Q Grant Jacks R. H Bergman Fick L. H (capt.) Cofall Butler F Miller Score by Quarters M. A. C O O O O O O O O O O O O O O O O O O	Henning (capt.)	R. E.	Meagher	
Jacks R. H Bergman Fick L. H (capt.) Cofall Butler F Miller Score by Quarters— M. A. C 0 0 0 0 Notre Dame 7 0 7 0 14 Touchdowns: M. A. C None. Notre Miller, Rydzewski. Goals: M. A. C None. Notre				
Fick L. H. (capt.) Cofall Butler F Miller Score by Quarters— M. A. C. 0 0 0 0 0 Notre Dame 7 0 7 0 14 Touchdowns: M. A. C.—None. Notre Dame Miller, Rydzewski. Goals: M. A. C.—None. Notre	Jacks	R. H.	Bergman	
Butler F Miller Score by Quarters— M. A. C. 0 0 0 0 0 Notre Dame 7 0 7 0 14 Touchdowns: M. A. C. None. Notre Dame Miller, Rydzewski. Goals: M. A. C. None. Notre	Fick	L. H	(capt.) Cofall	
Score by Quarters— M. A. C. o o o o o Notre Dame 7 o 7 o 14 Touchdowns: M. A. C.—None. Notre Dame Miller, Rydzewski. Goals: M. A. C.—None. Notre	Butler	F	Miller	
Notre Dame 7 0 7 0 14 Touchdowns: M. A. C.—None. Notre Dame Miller, Rydzewski. Goals: M. A. C.—None. Notre	Score by Quarters—			
Notre Dame 7 0 7 0 14 Touchdowns: M. A. C.—None. Notre Dame Miller, Rydzewski. Goals: M. A. C.—None. Notre	- M. A. C.		o o o o o	
Touchdowns: M. A. C.—None. Notre Dame Miller, Rydzewski. Goals: M. A. C.—None. Notre	Notre Dame.	7	0 7 0—14	
Miller, Rydzewski. Goals: M. A. CNone. Notre	Touchdowns:	M. A. C.—None.	Notre Dame	
Dame—Cofall. Penalties: M. A. C10 yards,	Miller, Rydzew	ski. Goals: M. A. C	None. Notre	
	Dame—Cofall.	Penalties: M. A.	C.—10 yards,	

Notre Dame-75 yards. Substitutions: M. A. C.

Turner for Henning, Brown for Huebel, McClelland for Jacks: Notre Dame—Miller for Cofall, Dorais for Grant, Whipple for Meagher, Ward for McInerny, Franz for Bachman, Fitzpatrick for Bergman, Stack for J. Miller. Officials: Referee—Ray of Northwestern Gardner, of Cornell. Umpire—Hoagland, of Princeton. Field judge—Lynch of Brown. Time of quarters, 15 minutes.

Both the Varsity and Freshmen teams will be in action to-day, the regulars meeting Alma on Cartier Field and the yearlings clashing with the strong Kalamazoo College eleven at Kalamazoo, Michigan.

To-day's Varsity game will be but a practice tilt in preparation for the Thanksgiving Day struggle with Nebraska at Lincoln, and it is hardly likely that Coach Harper will use his regulars for more than a few minutes, if he uses them at all.

All western interest will turn to the Turkey-day battle between Notre Dame and Nebraska. The Varsity players remember the 20 to 19 victory of the Cornhuskers last season and they are out for revenge. The fact that Nebraska was beaten by Kansas last Saturday has not caused a feeling of over-confidence among them, and Coaches Harper and Rockne are working them steadily in anticipation of a hard struggle.

The Freshmen will conclude their season's play with to-day's game. Coaches Fitzgerald and Lee have developed a strong aggregation and great credit is due them for their work. The first year men have furnished valuable opposition to the Varsity in scrimmage. They have also beaten St. Viator's College and Western State Normal and they will make a hard fight to defeat Kalamazoo College to-day. Kalamazoo, however, is unusually strong having won the championship of Michigan Colleges.

Internall Athletics.

Walsh Chicks, 12; St. Joseph's College, 6.

Last Saturday the Walsh "Chicks" journeyed down the State to Renssalaer, Indiana, where they defeated the heavy varsity team of St. Joseph's College by the score of 12 to 6.

The "Chicks" were ably assisted by Barry of the Freshmen; Lockard, the sturdy quarter-back of Corby; a pair of excellent tackles, Noonan and McFeeley of the Walsh Hall team.

Barry's work on interference was beautiful to behold. He and Capt. Moore showed great speed in circling the ends for long gains. Denvir

intercepted a forward pass and carried it so close to the goal line that Lockard went over easily on the next play. Kenny, James and Giles. Cain played their usual fast, aggressive game. Dunne and McCabe fought against heavier opponents.

The "Chicks" were quite elated over their trip and victory. They have only words of praise for the hospitality of the Fathers and students of St. Joseph's.

CORBY CHICKS, 2; WALSH CHICKS, 0.

The Walsh Chicks were shooed off the top roost on Thursday morning by the Corby Chicks after a hard fight. Both teams played well, but the Walsh eleven finally succumbed to Brandy, when he tackled Insley behind the Walsh goal thereby registering a safety,—two points. The fact that the Walsh Chicks had just returned from an extended visit down-State during which they broke away somewhat from their usual hard training may have had something to do with Thursday's defeat.

Safety Valve.

"They never come back" may hold good in athletics, but it does not apply to the marks sent home.

Little Johnny Hawkins, Playing near a well, Stubbed his toe and fell below, And now he's gone—Do tell?

His wife accused him of drinking again. "No, my dear spoush," said he bravely, "I've not been drinking again, I've been eating frog's legs and it's the hops you smell."

"If silence is golden, when will Mike Murphy be worth thirty cents?"

FAMOUS SPIRITS.

College Liquid

of Ammonia.

Departed

RABID RAVINGS.

The conference teams are running wild;
The worst teams win, the best teams lose,
The champion you could never choose—
Oh! fireman save my child.

LIGHT OCCUPATIONS.

Looking for signs of intelligence in an Ontology class.

Wanted Someone to act temporarily as a flag-pole on the new Library building.

Now that the examinations are over, we have got nothing to worry about until the next exams.

IN ONTOLOGY.

Professor: "Everything that is, is; whatever is, is good; whatever is evil, is not!—"

Cries from members of the class:—"I don't see that! It's over my head! What the—! Oh, I ain't bothered!"

A REAL TOUCHING LETTER.

DEAR DAD:-

Thanks for the check you sent me last Thursday. I am fine and am studying hard. In fact expect to get high grades in all my classes. My washwoman lost two shirts for me, my pajamas, all of my socks except one, and my heavy underwear. The weather is very cold up here at Notre Dame. I guess I will have to do without these things, 'cause money is scarce these days, ain't it, dad? And, honest, if it isn't one thing it is another! That's what uncle Jake used to say! Ha, Ha! Now, the class, our senior class, is getting pins, which cost \$4, and throwing a banquet which costs two beans. I don't want to go, but guess I will have to. I heard from my first exam to-day, and I got 98, which is pretty good, considering that the next highest only got 76. Oh, and before I forget it, the fellows are forming a skating club, and you know I cannot find those skates Aunt Molly gave me three years ago for Xmas. They are lost, and unless I can find some money growing on some bush somewhere, I guess I won't be able to join them. They don't cost so much though,-I saw a good enough pair in a window down town for eight dollars. Well, dad, I guess I will have to say good-bye, as I have a lot of studying to do. Your BERNARD.

P. S. Dear dad. I cut out the cigarettes, as you asked me to do.

FOOLISH QUESTIONS.

How does Rockefeller Hall stand in the interhall football race?

Which is Right?

Ring Lardner took the dear old school, And called it Dame and Dame and Dame,

But just the same We students claim The regular name Is Notre Dame.

Aggie rooters were surely timely at that "greatest mass meeting" when they buried the effigy of Notre Dame. Was it a case of "Eat, drink and be merry, for to-morrow—"

(Answer to last week's riddle). None of them can swim.

AT THE K. OF C. MEETING.

Now that the cigars of the council have been passed around and everyone is puffing the poor havanas, I will ask Mr. McCauley to rise and sing that significant little ditty 'Mighty like a Rope.'"

Chicago, Ill., Nov. 20, 1916.

My DEAR VALVE:-

I would like to say a word in defence of Messrs. Kanaley and Cartier. Trilby had her Svengali and they need their Fitzgerald. I can distinctly remember a few years ago, at the Commencement, that Kanaley and Cartier were prominent in a chorus "We're Here Because We're Here," with a variant in the second stanza, "full of spirit." It was well sung and I believe they could do it again if they had the magic Bostonian to wave the baton.

Yours in '07.

DAYS PAST.

NEBUCHADNEZZAR "Call in a stone mason, I want a few of my letters filed."

Ist Student:—"I'm going to call on Vera to-night, Jim, and I think it will be the pivotal night of my existence. To-morrow will be one great splash of sunshine or it will be the beginning of perpetual darkness. I'm a trifle nervous about just how I should put the question and as I want it to be done in the best-possible manner—as Shakespeare or Jack Lait might do it—I am going to ask you to practice with me for a few minutes so that I'll have the thing down. You're to be Vera for a few moments and I'm to come up to you and—"

2nd Student:—"But won't I have to shave?—I can't be Vera with a beard like this."

ist Student:—"Never mind shaving. I'm going to overlook the beard, and flat nose and alleged brain and bow legs, and look upon you for the moment just as though you were capable of arousing an emotion. You must sit on the sofa there and I'll pretend that at last the moment of moments has arrived:

"Vera, I drop down on this bended knee Which is now full of wrinkles all for thee, I swear to you by all the spearmint gum That I will never raise another thumb For anyone but thee. I'll buy you tarts With sticky jelly that will join our hearts And all day long I'll sit upon the floor Catching pneumonia from an open door And having hives and measles and all that."

2nd Student:

"If thou hast measles, Romeo, take thy hat And parrasang thy way unto the door Else I will kick a goal and tie the score" ist Student:—

"O Vera, see the pools about thy feet
Made by my tears, and listen to me bleat,
I am a tired, lonesome little lamb.

"Yea, thou art full two hundred pounds of ham And look much like a fish. That beak that grows Between thine eyes is mighty like a rose."

ıst Student:--

and Student:

"Wilt thou refuse me then and let me die

Must I to yonder river quickly hie

And plunge me in, no more to see thy face."

2nd Student:—

"Save thee the trouble—here's a slipper lace Go hang thyself upon the bed-room door And I will tell all how the crimson gore—" ist Student:-

"Ah wretched one that I had loved-" 2nd Student:-

'Ah, that's enough for Vera, let's go out to Tony and get a hot dog. I'm hungry." .

1st Student:-

"Say, you unromantic Fish, do you ever expect to jearn enough to graduate?"

Old Students' Hall—Subscriptions to November 25, 1916

The following subscriptions for Old Students' Hall were received by Warren A. Cartier, Ludington, Michigan, treasurer of the building committee:

\$2000.00 Samuel T. Murdock, '86 \$1000.00 P. T. O'Sullivan, '68 Rev. E. J. McLaughlin, '75 M. F. Healy, '82 John C. Shea, '98

Clement C. Mitchell, '02 Byron V. Kanaley, '04 Daniel P. Murphy, '95 John P. Lauth, '68

\$500.00

C. A. Paquette, '90 Rev. John Dinnen, '65 Warren A. Cartier, '87 Stephen B. Fleming, '90 Thomas Hoban, '99 Angus D. McDonald, 'co William A. McInerny, 'or Joseph M. Byrne, '14 Cassius McDonald, '04 William P. Breen, '77 Student from Far West Rev. I. E. McNamee, '09 C. C. Craig, '85 Frank E. Hering, '98 Peter P. McElligott, '02 Tames T. Conway, '85 George Cooke, '90

\$250.00

Peter Kuntz/ Robert Sweeney, '03 John H. Fendrich, '84 John Eggeman, '00 A. A. McDonell, 'oo Eugene A. Delaney, '99 R. A. O'Hara, '89

\$200.00 W. G. Uffendell John O'Shea, '11 James F. Kennedy, '94 Louis C. M. Reed, '98 Francis O'Shaughnessy, 'oo Toseph T. Sullivan, '02 G. A. Farabaugh, '04 Robert Anderson, '83 Joseph Lantry, '07 Rev. F. J. Van Antwerp, '14 John Dowd, '99 Rt. Rev. Thos. F. Hickey, '03 Christopher C. Fitzgerald, '94 F. A. Kaul, '97 William Hoynes, '77 Edwin J. Lynch. '10 T. D. Mott. '95 F. Henry Wurzer, '98 Paul R. Martin, '13 Timothy V. Ansberry, '93 John M. Quinlan, '04 Daniel Madden, '06

Fred J. Kasper, '04

J. S. Corby, '98

Thomas Steiner,

John F. Cushing, '06

\$150.00 William Byrne, '95 James L. Tong, '94 W. A. Draper, '06

Maximilian St. George '08

William McKenzie Mark M. Foote, '73 E. J. Maurus, '93 Thomas J. Swantz, '04 H. G. Hogan, '04 Harold P. Fisher, '06 John B. Kanaley, '09 James F. Hines, '09 John B. McMahon, '09 J. H. Gormley, '03 Thomas O'Neill, '13 Robert E. Proctor, '04 John F. O'Connell, '13 Frank C. Walker, '09 George O'Brien, '90

Fred C. McQueen, 'oo Charles J. Stubbs, '88 Rupert Donavan, '08 Rev. Francis H. Gavisk, '14-Rt. Rev. Frank O'Brien, '95 Frank L. McOsker, '72

Thomas J. Welch, '05 William E. Cotter, '13 John C. Tully, '11.

T. P. O'Sullivan, '02 G. M. Kerndt, '82 Dr. Frank J. Powers, '94

Thomas C. Butler, '08 Edward M. Kennedy, '08 John J. Kennedy, '09 Peter M. Ragan, '92

Fred L. Steers, '11 Walter Clements, '14

Luke L. Kelly, 16. Frank E. Swift, '16 C. P. Mottz, '16

Samuel Ward Perrott, '16

\$120.00

\$100.00 Harry V. Crumley, '03 Harry S. Cahill Walter V. Heekin

Rev. Bernard P. Muriay, Patrick J. Houlihan, '92 Rev. John M. Byrne. '00

Rev. Gilbert Jennings, '08 Vitus Jones, '02 W. A. Duffy, 'oS Rev. J. H. Guendling, '14

Charles E. Ruffing, '85 James F. Foley, '13

Rt. Rev. T. C. O'Reilly, '09

John F. O'Connor, '72 Rev. John Talbot Smith, '07 Daniel C. Dillon

James D. Barry, '97.

Edward L. Carlton, '16 Leonard M. Carroll, 16

°\$100.00 Edward C. Ryan, '16 James Francis Odem, '16 Emmett P. Mulholland; '16

Thomas A. Hayes, '16 Frank J. Hiss, '16 Joseph J. McCaffery, '16 Walter P. McCourt, '16 M. J. McEniry, '81

Thomas J. Shaughnessy, '15 James F. O'Brien, '13 Michael L. Fansler, '04 A. C. Fortin, 'or Daniel I. O'Connor. '05

M. H. Miller, '10 William D. Jamieson, '05 Grover F. Miller, '16 Thomas A. McLaughlin, '16 Edwin H. Sommerer, '16

Joseph O'Sullivan Jacob E. Eckel, '16 Vincent Mooney, '16

John T. Shea, '06 Edward M. Schaack, '93 Anton C. Stephan, '04 Dr. F. B. McCarty, '07

Harry F. McDonagh, '10 Charles W. Lahev. '13 Adam J. Kasper, '95 George W. Kasper, '95

Robert A. Kasper, '07 Charles Girsch, '94 Gerald A. Fitzgibbon, '07

John B. Fruechtl. 'o. Hugh J. Daly, '12 Edward K. Delana, '13

Harry Curtis, '08 Charles Cullinan, '07 Daniel Cullinan, '07 Dr. W. P. Grady, '99

Edgar Crilly, '90 George S. Crilly, '88 James V. Cunningham,

M. H. Miller, '10 Frank X. Cull, '08 Jesse E. Vera, '10

Walter Duncan, '12 James W. O'Hara, '13 Joseph Collins, '11

Dr. H. G. McCarty, '12 James Dubbs. '06 Raymond E. Skelly, '11

William R. Ryan, '11 William A. McKearney, '08

\$75,00 John W. Costello, '12 \$50.00

Rev. John Schopp, '94 A. J. Major, '86 Charles Vaughan, '14 Stephen H. Herr, '10 J. N. Antoine, '70 Rev. Thomas Cleary, '09

Fred Stewart, '12 Jay Lee, '12 Albert F. Gushurst 1'09 Edward P. Cleary, '09' Rev. John J. Burke, '83'

Rev. M. L. Moriarty, '10 Rev. J. E. Scullin, '09 Rev. John P. Quinn, '83 Simon E. Twining, '13 J. V. Birder, '13

Cecil E. Birder, '14 M. Emmett Walter, '15 Ralph Eberhart, '02 Rev. John M. Gerenda, '09 Timothy P. Galvin, '16

Ray M. Humphreys, '16 Hugh E. Carroll, '16 Jesse C. Harper

Ronald S. O'Neill, '14 Louis P. Harl, '16 Joseph D. Kovacks, '16

SÉO OD

Patrick Maloney, '16 J. F. Delph, '16 Hugh O'Donnell, '16 James Sanford, '14

Ira W. Hurley, '14 Emmett G. Lenihan, '15 Francis H. Hayes, '14

E. P. Cleary, '09 Raymond J. Kelly, '16 Ernest P. Lajoie, '15

Rev. P. J. Crawley, '95 Arthur Pino, '06 William Milroy, '13 Dr. Robert Frost, '02

Eustace Berry, '03 A Friend from the South, Daniel Shouvlin, '14 \$40.00

Gerard N. Krost, '04, \$25.00

Lawrence Janszen Rev. A. A. Lambing, '83 James M. Riddle, '13 Henry Hess, -82 Dr. E. M. McKee, '06

Robert B. Gottfredson, '13 Rev. John H. Mullin, '11 I. N. Mitchell Sr., '92

Frederick Williams, '13 Rev. Joseph Toth, '11

Joseph M. Walsh, 14 Max Adler, '89 John G. Mott, '95

Rev. T. O. Maguire, '09 Paul J. Smith, '16 C. I. Krajewski, '16

Joseph P. Flynn, '16 John P. Conboy, '16

W. W. Turner, '16 Alfred Fries, '16

J. A. McCarthy, '16 I. Harry Sylvestre. Harold P. Burke, '16

Peter C. Yerns, '16 Fred M. Pralatowski, '16

Francis J. Kilkenny, '12 Edward L. Figel, '11

Thomas J. Dooley, '97 Mark A. Devine, '10 Daniel E. Cooney, '10

Fremont Arnfield. '12' W. W. Harless, '86 Edward J. Walsh, 'oo Thomas Curran, '16

\$20.00 Gabriel Davezac, '94 James R. Devitt, '13 Albert A. Gloeckner, '15

\$15.00 Bernard Durch. 113 \$10.00

Alfred Vignos, '95 Andrew L. Shimp, '91 Frank Niedecken, '09-Harry Kirk, '13 Louis Chute, '92 J. J. Deasey, '06 H. King, '16 James E. Roach, '16

J. E. Hogan, '16 \$5.00

Robert D. Murphy, 'or Mark Duncan, '15 Hiram Halliday, '06 Claude S. Moss, '95 John Bell, '08