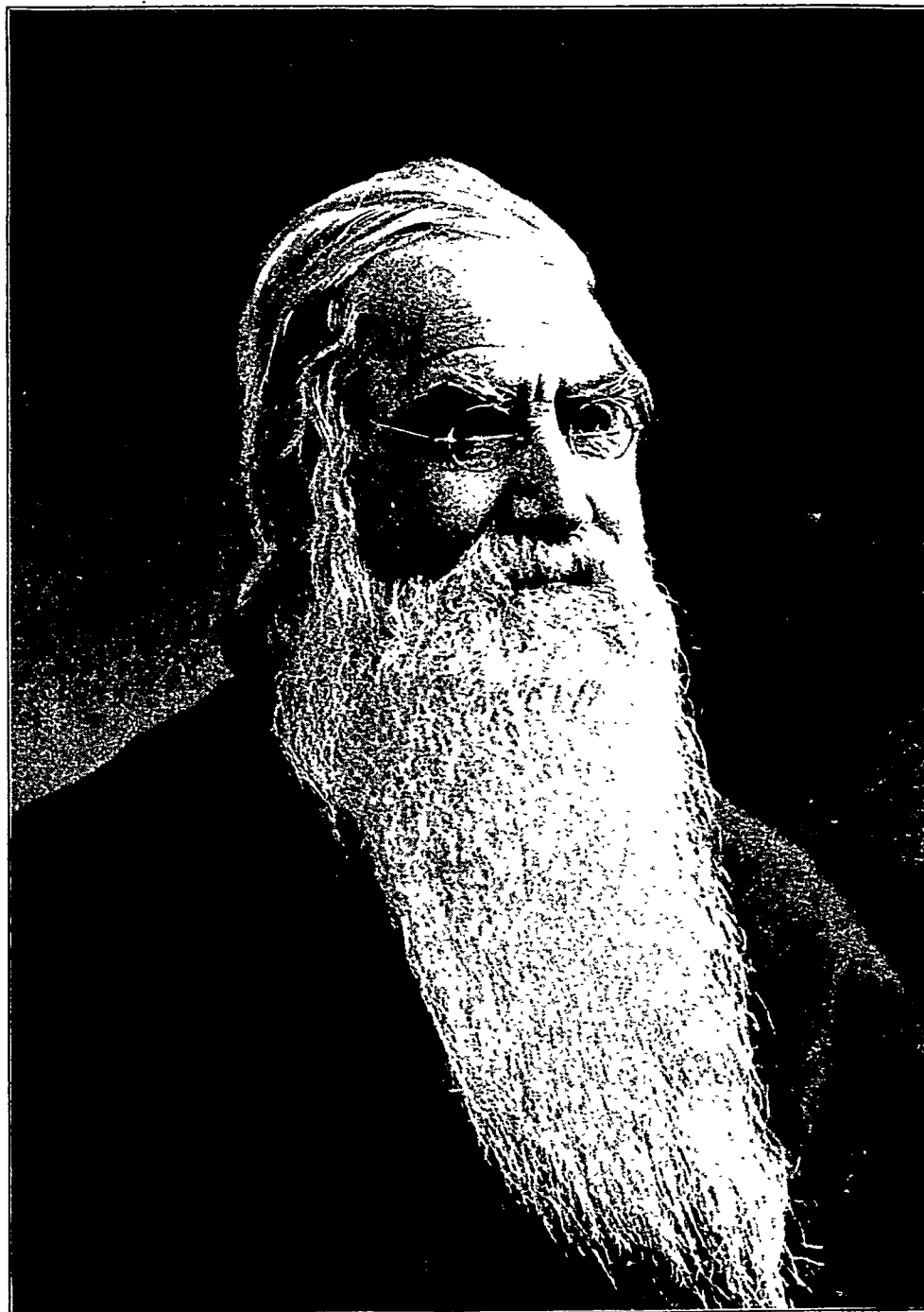


# THE NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC.

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THE VERY REV. E. SORIN, C. S. C., FOUNDER AND FIRST PRESIDENT.

Born Feb. 6, 1814. Died Oct. 31, 1893.

## Our Father-Founder.

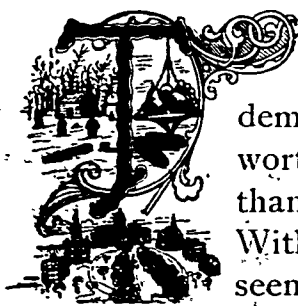
NO marble column marks thy resting-place  
For passer-by to view; no chiseled line  
Half tells—for words, how fond soe'er we twine  
Their meanings manifold, could never trace  
The full extent to which, with God's strange grace,  
Thou brought'st thy noble faculties to shine,—  
Half tells the story we shall e'er enshrine  
Deep-hearted with the image of thy face.

In deserts here, O Father, with great power  
Reared'st thou a monument that holds thy name;  
Here, whence thy spirit reached its Christ-lit  
home,  
Thou left us Mary; here, O builder, tower  
Great temple-piles to blazon forth thy fame.—  
Thy epitaph is here beneath the dome!

JAMES BARRY, '97.

## The Character of Hamlet.

SHERMAN STEELE, '97.



HERE is no character of Shakspeare's production that demands more attention or is worthy of more careful study than the character of Hamlet. With this fact in mind, it would seem unpardonable impudence for an unskilled amateur to attempt a critique of it; for, as Horace tells us, it is well for one who writes to consider what his shoulders can and can not carry. Nevertheless, despite the good advice of the great lyrist, (for I acknowledge my inability), I shall strive in this paper to review briefly the character of Hamlet, at least as far as it relates to the commission given by the ghost.

Let us consider, first, the circumstances surrounding the character. His father, the good old king, has died in a sudden and mysterious manner, and Claudius, the king's brother, has, within a month, married the widowed queen and stepped upon the throne. Doubtless, many about the court have their suspicions, but none dares express them. A disastrous war is threatening, and the land of Denmark is filled with gloomy forebodings. Hamlet himself is stricken with grief at his father's death, and shocked and wounded by his mother's hasty marriage; he is sad and gloomy, and is slowly pining away.

This is the state of affairs when the ghost of the king appears to Horatio and Marcellus who are on watch on the platform at Elsinore. They recognize it immediately as the king, resolve that Hamlet should be informed of its appearance, and repair next day to the castle to tell him of it. Hamlet is in a sad and bitter mood when his friends come to him; he is grieving still about his father, and his delicate nature is yet wounded by his mother's actions. He shows this intermingled bitterness and sadness when, in regard to the wedding following so close upon the funeral, he says:

"Thrift, thrift, Horatio! the funeral baked meats  
Did coldly furnish forth the marriage tables.  
Would I had met my dearest foe in Heaven  
Or ever I had seen that day, Horatio!"

And again, in speaking of his father:

"He was a man, take him for all in all,  
I shall not look upon his like again."

Horatio then tells him of the apparition;

Hamlet immediately resolves to watch with them that night, and with his characteristic boldness in boasting of what he will do, he exclaims:

"If it assume my noble father's person,  
I'll speak to it, though Hell itself should gape,  
And bid me hold my peace."

He watches that night; the ghost appears, tells him that he had been foully murdered and gives the command:

"If thou didst ever thy dear father love,  
Revenge his foul and most unnatural murder."

Here it is that Hamlet begins the demonstration of his characteristic failing, namely, his quickness to resolve upon a thing, but his slowness to carry out the resolution. Upon hearing the awful intelligence he cries out:

"Haste me to know't, that I with wings as swift  
As meditation or the thoughts of love,  
May sweep to my revenge."

This is his first thought; his intention is sincere, and had Claudius been standing near at that moment, Hamlet would likely have thrust his sword through the villain. But Claudius is not on hand, and Hamlet is given time to hesitate.

Hamlet believed at first that the ghost was an honest one, and there was no reason why he should not believe it. Of course, if the spirit of a private citizen appeared and demanded bloody revenge for a murder, one would have been justified in thinking that the spirit was an evil and dishonest one. But as a king was more than merely a man, as he was, in fact, the nation, his person was sacred, and the murder of such a one might well have called into play the vengeance of Heaven.

In consideration of this, there was nothing in the ghost's demand for revenge to excite suspicion of its honesty. But Hamlet did not doubt at the time; indeed, he could scarcely restrain himself, and, judging from his words, he could have cut down an army of villains in his search of vengeance. But a reaction begins, and in the same scene in which he makes the bold promises to the ghost, we find him sighing:

"The time is out of joint;—O cursed spite  
That ever I was born to set it right!"

Thus he begins to weaken; by the next day he is doubting very seriously the honesty of the ghost, and excuses inactivity on this ground. He convinces himself that if he were sure of his uncle's guilt he would no longer hesitate, and in order to confirm the statement of the ghost he resolves upon the scheme of the play.

This was not a bad idea, and many men would probably have done something of the same sort, wishing to be sure of what they were

doing before undertaking such a grave task. Nevertheless, there is a very different spirit shown here than was exhibited on the platform before the ghost. Well, the trick is tried; the players according to instruction present a drama in which Gonzago is poisoned while sleeping in his garden; and when this point of the play is reached Hamlet cries out:

"You shall see anon how the murderer gets the love of Gonzago's wife."

The action of Claudius at this remark leaves no longer any doubt as to his guilt. He rushes wildly from the room, and all follow except Hamlet and Horatio, who now agree that the story of the ghost is true. Hamlet always thought that it was true, and now he knows it to be so, yet he lingers behind to talk it over with Horatio.

Had Horatio been in Hamlet's place at that moment, had he resolved in his heart to avenge the murder, Claudius would never have left that room alive. But not so with Hamlet; he is, of course, resolved to kill Claudius, but he stops to wait for a better opportunity. In other words, he keeps the deed always in the future; he has not the force or strength to strike the blow, yet he makes himself believe that some day, at a favorable opportunity, he will actually do it.

In this same scene, when he comes upon the king at prayer, he proves that lack of opportunity is not the cause of delay. Here, his first impulse is to obtain the desired vengeance, his first thought is:

"Now might I do it pat, now he is praying."

But Hamlet always has a second impulse which follows close upon the first, and that is the impulse to delay; he always has a second thought to counteract the first, and that second thought is invariably "I must not act just yet." So he does not kill the king, although he had the opportunity, but leaves him and goes to his mother's chamber. In the interview with his mother, he has just started in to reproach her, when Polonius, who is hid behind the arras, makes his presence there known. Hamlet thinks it is Claudius; his indignation is raised high, and before he has time to think twice he stabs at the form behind the curtain, killing not the villain, but the harmless old fool. This is the only time he has acted upon the first impulse, the only time that his anger has got the better of that weakening second thought, and here, of course, he did not act deliberately, but upon the spur of the moment and almost mechanically.

When he lifts the arras and finds Polonius instead of Claudius, he regrets the mistake. He is sorry that the task of vengeance is still unaccomplished, for he feels that it is too much for him, and wishes that it were over.

The impatient ghost now appears again and says:

"This visitation is but to whet thy almost blunted purpose."

Whether the visitation was a real or imagined one it matters not. The effect upon Hamlet would be the same in either case, and one would think that it would whet his purpose as well as his sword to such a sharp point that Claudius would have but a short time to live. But his purpose remains dull, and he contents himself with reproaching his mother and urging her to renounce her villainous husband. A little later, when questioned about Polonius, Hamlet might well have made a clean breast of the thing, told Claudius that the blow was meant for him, and then finished up the business by killing the wretch; but instead of this he feigns madness.

Now the king, who has long been fearful of Hamlet, uses the murder of Polonius as a pretext, and proceeds to send the dangerous nephew out of the country. And thus, while Hamlet has been hesitating about killing Claudius, the latter has made skilful arrangements to have Hamlet's head taken off, arrangements which were frustrated by a mere accident. And so after all his bold promises and resolutions Hamlet finally allows himself to be sent away, and marches off as mild as a lamb without ever touching a hair of Claudius' head. Only by a chance does he discover the treachery of his uncle, and is able to get back again to Denmark. And then, instead of hunting out and stabbing the scoundrel, he lingers around a graveyard and philosophizes over skulls. Here he is when Ophelia's funeral cortège arrives; but instead of killing the king, who is present, he jumps into the grave with Laertes, and shouts out:

"Why I will fight him upon this theme  
Until my eyelids will no longer wag."

How different, by the way, from this vaunting is his manner a little later, when he tries to smooth things over by telling Laertes that what he did was done in madness.

The closing scene is familiar to us all—Hamlet is poisoned by the treacherous king, and it is not until death is upon him that he summons the strength to do what had always been his duty, and what a strong man would have

done long before. And thus he pays for his many delays by dying with his villainous uncle.

In this brief consideration of Hamlet's character I have not made use of the soliloquies, but have judged the character—as we must judge all characters—by his actions, not by his thoughts. The whole fault with Hamlet is, of course, his weakness; he lacks the backbone to carry out his resolutions, and thus came all the misery and death. He realizes this himself, and does not fail to blame himself as much as another could blame him. A man like Horatio, or even the braggart Laertes, would have made short work of the king, and, if necessary, could have gathered the people to his side to defend his action. But this, Hamlet could not do. Under circumstances where no great strength was needed, Hamlet might have been a perfect man; his character is a sensitive and beautiful one. But his shoulders were not able to bear the great weight of sorrow and woe and desire for vengeance that was placed upon them, consequently he fell by the wayside, and the life that should have been a bright and noble one was a sad and wretched failure.

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#### A Fatal Mistake.

WILLIAM C. HENGEN, '97.

The leaves had been turning for some time and every tree was beautiful in its many-tinted foliage. George Lee had been strolling through the park and observing the change September had brought on nature. It recalled to him another autumn day of which he had always avoided thinking, but now it would not be put aside. He returned to his room in a thoughtful mood.

"My life," he mused, "has been a fickle, aimless wandering. I wish I could, as in years gone by, again feel my mother's hand rest upon my head, and let her push back from my eyes my stubborn black hair. What joy it would be to hear her soft voice, as when she used to tell me how she wanted me some day to be an honest, upright man, and a comfort to her in her old age?"

These thoughts pained him greatly, and he tried to banish them, but it was impossible. He dropped heavily into a chair weary with the disappointments of a wasted life. Burying his face in his hands, with elbows resting on his knees, he sat silently reviewing the past. "How completely I have shattered the hopes

my friends, and especially my mother, had for my future! Yes, I was entirely wrong. I see it all now—mother was right. Why was I such an ass—placing my own petty desires in opposition to the advice of her experience and judgment?"

These thoughts of his foolishness disturbed him. Impatiently he arose and walked up and down his scantily-furnished room.

"Five years have passed since that autumn morning when I came away from home. What a severe teacher experience is! A pleasant home, kind friends, a loving mother deserted—and for what?"

He was thinking of the time when he became fascinated with the seeming glory of stage-life, which he had followed against the will of all those who loved him. He had been enticed by the phantom of fame. In order to satisfy his ambition he had left home without so much as a parting farewell.

More success had come to him than to most men who take up this profession. It was probably on account of his fine, manly presence, his dark, keen eyes and handsome face. George was a good fellow in many respects,—amiable, jolly and personally attractive. He liked company and had many friends always about him, but they were only friends for their own pleasure and benefit.

After his walk through the park, and the recollections which September scenes suggested, he saw how youth and youthful dreams had vanished, and that manhood was upon him with the stern realities of life staring him in the face. He had never before looked at the actual facts of life, nor so clearly seen the worthlessness of his existence.

Pictures of his mother's face brightening with joy at seeing him again filled him with keenest pleasure. Then, when he remembered how he had treated her, his soul was full of bitterness. "It must have nearly broken her heart to think that I had not more love and regard for her," he mused. He had not thought of that before; he had never viewed the scene in that light. How terribly black the shadows seemed to fall!

"I must go home," he said aloud. "How thoughtless and ungrateful I have been!"

His friends were not the kind he could go to in confidence to free his aching heart. The manager of the opera company, with which he was connected, was the best friend he had. To him George went and opened his mind, telling him his sad story. The manager consoled him

somewhat and advised him to return to his mother.

He felt he could not do this at once, there was something that he must know before he would have courage to depart from the city. He loved a lady of the company. He had not dared to tell her so, and he was undecided as to what he should do. Should he return to comfort his mother, or should he stay to win the woman he loved beyond all else in the world? He hesitated between love and the voice of duty.

George Lee rapidly became a different man. His companions noticed that his habits had changed; no more did he drink to excess or join them in their rioting. Insulting remarks were dropped for his benefit. But there was a great struggle going on within the man, and these trivial matters passed him unheeded. He now avoided the company he used formerly to crave.

After much hesitation, George made up his mind to tell the lady of his love. One evening, as they were about to leave the theatre, he stepped up to her and asked nervously: "May I not dismiss your carriage,—I wish to walk home with you?" His face was flushed and he had a troubled expression in his eyes as he waited her reply. She pleasantly consented, and a thrill of joy passed over George. As they walked he told her of his love. She was not surprised at what she heard.

"Why, George, what is the matter with you? Surely you are joking," she said in a careless manner.

"Do I seem to be joking? Come, Miss Kenneth, I was never more serious in my life. Have you not noticed that I have long loved you?"

"I have marked your strangeness for some time back," she said with indifference.

"Miss Kenneth, there are two things which have changed my life. No doubt, you remember when I was recovering from a severe illness—heart trouble; you know—those roses you sent me led me to believe that I might hope some day to tell you what I have just said, and that you might care for me."

"I would have sent them to any of the men who might happen to have been ill," she said, calmly.

"Then it is all a mistake. Oh! I am a wretched fellow."

She made no answer to this, but asked:

"But you have only told me of one thing which has changed your life. What of the other?"

"That has nothing to do with what I have been saying. It won't interest you; however, I may as well tell you." Then he told her of his past life and the great shame he now felt. Miss Kenneth listened with much interest, but concealed her feelings from George. They soon reached her rooms and she asked him in. They went into her cosy little parlor and sat down in silence, both thinking deeply. George was the first to speak.

"Miss Kenneth, I hope you will pardon me for what I have said this evening; but so long as I had any hope I could not go away without first telling you that I loved you."

"Going away?" she gasped. He had not told her that he was going to see his mother.

It was too late; he had said good-night and good-bye. Before either of them knew what had happened he had gone out into the night. Miss Kenneth stood for some time before she fully realized the situation. Then she reluctantly said: "How cruel I was not to tell him that I loved him!" She remembered that he said he was going away, yes, to his home. "Well," she thought, "I will see him tomorrow and all will be well."

There was nothing now to detain him; the following day, all broken in spirit, he did not hesitate, but decided to go back to his village home. On several occasions during the past few years his heart had given him trouble, and he feared now that he might again be ill, so he hurried his preparations and soon was on his way. After several days' journey, during which he suffered much mental agony and bodily discomfort, he arrived weak and tired, yet hopeful, at the door of the old homestead. It was night, and a faint glimmer of light came from the front windows. He was all excitement as he paused for a moment to calm and collect himself.

Within there seemed to be the sound of several persons moving about the room; he thought he heard his mother's step. Many thoughts ran through his mind in rapid succession, both pleasant and painful. He began to doubt and mistrust his senses; and he mused within himself: "Is this really home and mother?" But he never knew, for the excitement was too great a strain on his diseased heart, and he dropped dead at the cottage door. Soon after a letter came, addressed in dainty hand-writing, to Mr. George Lee. The mother opened it, and was comforted to know that she was not the only one who had loved her son.

## Varsity Verse.

## IN MEMORIAM.

## FATHER SORIN.

**S**ELDOM by gilded dome or lofty spire  
Can measured be a friend's true worth;  
Since marble piles to ruin fall, and fire  
Oft sweeps the work of man to earth.  
But in those words of Love and Hope, sublimed  
To purest gold—that are as chains  
Of Faith for us, wherewith the angels bind  
Our souls to Him,—his worth remains.

T. B. R.

## SORIN.

'Mid annals of the past are held as great  
Proud conquerers, who, followed by the wail  
Of heart-sick wives and mothers, left a trail  
Of blood from which uprecks a deathless hate.  
Fame tells of battles gory they have won,  
Of empires built on necks of foes enslaved,  
Of peoples pure they have by war depraved,  
Yet lauds their memories for the wrong they've done.  
To die in holy deeds of war unknown  
Is nobler far; to strive for restful peace,  
To sow God's joys, to make the tear-drop cease,  
And thus win greatness seen of Him alone.  
Such greatness, noble Founder, had thy soul,  
Thy life lived out in battles for the name  
Of Him, the peaceful King; thy hidden fame  
Is writ in flame upon Christ's honor-roll.

C. M. B. B.

## OUR FOUNDER'S GRAVE.

A lowly cross and a mound of green  
Mark where he sleeps.  
At eventide when the day is done,  
At eventide when the autumn sun  
Sinks in the west,  
Over the lea drifts the golden glow,  
Dying slow in the shadow of night;  
Upon the sod where they laid him low.

The changing leaves of golden brown  
Drift circling down,  
Dying in the coming of the winter,  
And cover the fading sod;  
Murmuring their rustling, plaintive song:  
"Thy memory lives long,  
Rest there with God."

And from the water's edge;  
The whispering breeze  
Plays in the drooping, broken reeds,  
And calls,  
Where the dreary night-gloom falls,  
"Rest thou here with God,  
E'en better than within our hearts."

E. J. M.

Saint, hero, founder, leader, priest,  
And pioneer, let others praise,  
But I who come among the least,  
Must bring a simple wreath of bays.

M. F. E.

## What We Write With.

The poor ancients are behind us in many things. For instance: they were in the habit of writing on waxen tablets with a pointed instrument called the *stylus*, because, poor fellows, they had not yet been talked into buying the latest brands of ink and pen and paper. Commercial travelers in those days must have been pitifully slow in bringing the conversation around to the point of interest. They could not hold a candle to the beaming, talkative, witty, friendly, captivating knights of the sample-case, who now, in spite of frowns and scoffs and scowls and insults and disregard and business depression and—everything, manage to tell their little stories, show their little samples and make out their big orders. Perhaps they could smile as sweetly, talk as prettily and crack jokes as cleverly as the moderns, but they must have lacked persistence—the very spice of endeavor, and, when everything else has failed, the only thing that captivates. We can not attribute the dawdling of the ancients to a spirit of conservatism, for the ancients were sticklers in everything that pertained *rebus novis*. The blame must be laid at the doors of the manufacturers and of those whom they employed to run on their gigantic errands.

But, perhaps, in the olden times Divus Augustus failed to put his autograph to that long treatise on Attilius' new ink, which he recommended to his subjects and the public in general, with the plea that he had used it for fifteen years and had never found its equal; adding, at the same time, the prophecy that if you use it once you will use it all the time. That refusal or failure of Augustus to give the sanction of his approval to Attilius' new ink, killed the industry on the spot, nipped it in the bud, before it had time to reach even a tender age. And is it not reasonable to suppose that it was so with pen and paper?

Certainly, the ancients had their calamus and their papyrus, but these industries received no support from distinguished men, soon famished and were heard of no more. Advertising is a great factor in the development of infant industries, and it has remained for us and our immediate predecessors to institute and put to use so great a means of placing our wares upon an eager market. Today no piano is good enough and no patent medicine bad enough to prevent the insertion of the most glaring, the



most captivating and the most eloquent advertisements in the vestibules of our magazines.

Those who first used paper to give formal expression to their thoughts have long since been gathered to their fathers; but the generation which adopted steel pens, from whose points dropped maxims of wisdom and truth, is still, in great part, above the sod. We had rags and timber before; we have paper now. We had quills a score of years ago; we have steel pens today. The goose and the turkey have been ruthlessly torn away from literature by enterprising manufacturers, and are left to furnish pleasure not to the mind but to the senses. The mines became the caterers of intellectuality, and from cold steel emanated thoughts that burned to action.

By and by the pen became the connecting link between man and his opinions. Man, to quote an old and well-worn phrase, took his pen in hand and performed deeds nigh impossible. Even beneath the rule of men *not* entirely great the pen grew mightier than the sword. But the pen is slow. It moves too leisurely for the rapid mind of the close of the nineteenth century. It is a relic of men who took the world as it came, easily and without discomfort. In the lexicon of the past there was no such word as haste. But we, *nous avons changé tout cela*.

Pens are not to our liking. We cannot with our chirography take the pains which the middle-age, monastic savants bestowed upon their minute and intricate script. We cared not for the woes of the poor printer, who studied with keen and earnest diligence the curves and angles, the pothooks and hangers, which we submitted to his preservative art. We had, indeed, an eye for the beautiful, but in our penmanship we transformed it into the Beardsleyesque type. Again we changed all that, and through the dim portals of millions of musty composing-rooms, sprang a long, relieving sigh, like that of one released from durance. The poor printer is relieved at last. No longer is he asked to read Arabic when he expected only English. The typewriter is his benefactor and indulges in no strange eccentricities of style.

The typewriter, toy for fair hands and maker of beautiful thoughts! From its cylinder comes forth the greatness of the mind of man. Touch but its keys and behold a gem. Man speaks to it, pats it here and there, and with necromantic skill it repeats his words and obeys his commands.

J. B.

### Humor and Its Mission.

CHARLES M. B. BRYAN, '97.

Optimism may be a wrong doctrine according to logical teachings; still I think its precepts, taken in a mild form, are the ones according to which we should direct our actions. Certainly it is much better to see the world through rose colored glasses than to carp and rail at all creation; and whatever our politics, it is always well to look for the silver linings of the clouds. Divine doctors recommend a similar view, and preach it as a virtue under the name of resignation; and when men can combine virtue and pleasure so easily, I am surprised that there are in our Christian times so many gloomy pessimists and cruel cynics. Joy and sorrow depend more or less upon the mind, and when we have the power to triumph over gloom, why, let us make the triumph as complete and lasting as it can be made. Lucretius tells us that there is always sorrow mixed in with every joy. Certainly pleasure is as widely diffused as grief, and we may, if we search eagerly, distil some few drops from even the most forbidding sources.

Let us not drop into the sensuous doctrines of Epicurus, but let us not scoff as Democritus at everything—neither is true philosophy. But there is a golden mean which we can follow—a route which will enable us to walk pleasantly through life and still obtain a guerdon at its end. Shakspeare calls our whole life but a play, and if we must act a part, a dignified comedy is as good as a tragedy. Indeed, I think that when the curtain is rung down on our little drama, we will receive a greater measure of praise if we leave a pleasant impression with our audience. Joy is not sin, but rather grace that is flowering in the heart, for our God is not a God of wrath and woe. True, the way to final peace is rough and hard; but there is no need to pick out stones to stub your toes against, nor will it make the pain any less to nurse the memory in your heart.

If this modified optimism be taken as a rule of conduct, there is one thing demanded as an almost indispensable requisite; one quality whose absence will make the task well-nigh impossible, but whose presence will trebly simplify the labor. If we have the sense of humor we are safe against the reverses of cruel fortune, for they fall upon a heart clothed in an armor impenetrable to their blows.

Let us at the outset distinguish the humorist from the wit; for if we allow the two to be confounded, many hands will be raised in horror at the doctrine which I preach, and the hisses will become a clamor which will stifle my feeble words. We all know the wit and, knowing, ever half despise him and his art. Armed with a quick and fertile brain he wanders around, not like the roaring lion of the Scripture, seeking whom he may devour outright, but whom he may bring by slow torture to their doom. But humor—well, that is a different and more noble thing. It is a power born in the heart, for humorists are born as truly as are orators and poets. Indeed, the humorist is always something of a poet, for his art also demands that he should read the hearts and souls of men. True humor must do even more than this; it requires a skill greater than the Muses can bestow; for not only must it read in human breasts and spell out the many semi-blurred and blotted words, but it must look between the lines, and see amid the sad and sorrowful the jovial and the gay. Humor is a picture of our lives, but a picture in which light is brought out prominently, and the shadows and dark places cast off into the background. Howbeit, the picture is a true one, for humor as true art can never lie; it strikes no false notes, and deludes with no fair appearing shams. The art is all the greater because it can idealize, because it makes us overlook the foulness that is by nature in the scene, to feast our eyes upon the fair.

Humor does not preclude a practical view of life, for it can harm no man to have an insight into the world around him. Indeed, humor is always an aid to every act which we perform; its study is "the proper study of mankind," and not the abstract searching into nature, such as delights the poet's soul. Humor brings out the latent sunshine in the world and stores up rich harvests of it in the soul; a stock that can be drawn on when the outside supply is obscured by many clouds. It is the best of fortitude, for it makes us see our burdens as hardly heavy enough to incommode us. It gives us always hope, for it shows a brighter future amid the worst despair. A man possessed of genuine and whole-souled humor is like Mark Tapley, always jolly, always courageous amid danger, always striving hopefully for better things.

Humor is never bitter; it never places an ungentle hand upon our wounds, never holds our foibles up for men to jeer at. It shows

nature as a subject for mirth, not as an object of scorn, and yet it often serves to effect many a cure of noisome faults. Satire, that strikes a probe into every wound, is never humor, nor is the wit which stings our tenderest sensibilities and treads ruthlessly on objects which we hold most dear. Humor is never out of place, never strikes chords out of harmony with the beatings of the listener's heart. True humor never intrudes itself upon deep sorrow, never tries to raise a laugh when anger is sure to be the sole result of its efforts. The humorist who goes to offer comfort to a friend does not seek, as the paltry wit, to enliven his mind for a time with scintillations of fun; he sees the heart too deeply for all that, and so his aim is to make the future seem more fair. If that can not be done he ceases his useless efforts until they will be properly appreciated.

But with humor, as with the other arts, not every one shows in practice the powers in his soul. As there are many men who, while having the true poet's or musician's soul, are yet unable to strike a note or sing a single humble verse, so there are many born with the sense of humor, who are unable to portray to others the many humorous things which they spy out. Yet they are none the less truly humorists; they draw the same pleasure from the world around them and live in the same enchanted realms of fancy as those who are able to depict the pleasing wonders which they see. True, no one else derives benefit from their observations, and no one would know that they were humorists were it not for the cheerfulness of character which cannot be concealed.

I believe that a man who has this sense of humor deeply planted in his heart will not only live pleasantly but even more righteously. Looking deeply into the hearts of his fellow-men, he cannot fail to sympathize with the throbbings and the pulsings which he sees. Buoyed up by a never-dying hope, he will always rise triumphant from his falls, and go again into the conflict resolved to be a nobler man. Certainly a humorist can never be an egoist, for a man who sees human nature clearly will also read the faults and failings in his own soul. Preserved thus from pride and self-conceit, fortified in the charity which heals so much, the humorist must walk with never weakening expectations towards the eternal goal at the end of life's long pathway. Indeed, we are told that the saints were many of them jovial in their thoughts; witness St. Philip Neri. Pure humor comes from a pure



heart, and no man can be a humorist with a load of blackness on his soul. The faculty of seeing into souls depends upon the purity of the soul that gazes; one heart cannot reflect the hearts of others if it be itself blurred and stained. Humor not only affects the human soul thus favorably, but seems to extend its power to the body as well. Indeed, it is an old saying "Laugh and grow fat"; and it is not only an old, but a true one. Health and strength go hand in hand with humor, while the man who can never see the amusing side of nature is usually a sallow, thin dyspeptic.

Fat men, somehow, are usually gifted more or less with the sense of humor, but as thin men possess it also in a high degree the stoutness cannot cause the humor. Physicians may reason out the question and decide the exact physical effects of good humor, but until they do so I shall maintain that laughter is the best tonic for indigestion, and a cheery disposition is the true elixir of life. And even if it should be shown that laughter does not lengthen but rather cuts off life, I will still uphold the benefits of mirth and humor. The man who has the sense of humor will live longer than his fellow who has it not, although he die ten years before his sour contemporary. Yes, paradoxical as it may seem, it is really true, for the jovial man really lives, while his fellow but exists.

There is one blot upon the fair name of humor; but it is a stain put there undeservedly, for the slur arises from the confusion of humor, noble, pure and almost godly, with the base and vulgar wit. Wit and humor really bear about the same relation to each other as the lofty comedy and the pale jests of the circus clown. Humor is a steady, ever-potent force, diffusing joy always as the sun gives ever light and heat; wit is erratic and spasmodic; it is an electric current coming in flashes only; a force produced by arduous and studied effort. True, it, too, is agreeable, but it charms as some exotic flower which pleases for its rarity and oddness. Humor charms us as the noble rose; we love it always, and are ever eager to feast upon its perfume. Humor will often mingle in with wit to produce an effect more brilliant, but the wit is merely as the spangles sewn on a robe to make it glitter for awhile.

Wit in its own place is always well; but the habit of being witty,—for it is a habit,—grows as any other, until to check it is beyond our power. As a consequence of this we often have wit stuffed into our hearts when we do

not want its tinsel show. Wit, too, is tiresome; we cannot look always upon brilliant, artificial light and color; a milder hue and more dull variety must sometimes come to ease our wearied souls.

Humor, though, is always charming. Do you doubt it? You who have been able to read over *Pickwick* and *Mark Twain* time after time, each time with added pleasure; yet though we do this do we not scorn the joke that is retold and stigmatize wit grown stale as wit become an implement of torture? Wit, somehow, is fatiguing to the hearer, for we have to stretch our minds up to the same pitch as that which the speaker strikes. Continued activity like this is always hateful; "it is sometimes a real relief, after talking with a brilliant, sparkling man, to meet a steady, easy-going one." Humor though is restful, soft and soothing; it does not make us tune our soul to its intensity, but strikes a chord in harmony with the beating of our own hearts.

Wit, too, is not so high an art as humor; it is made more of cold technique than of the warm glow of soul and inspiration which make true art. Its effects are carefully wrought out; each word is weighed and measured, and the whole placed in careful order according to a stated scale. But it wearies with its regular proportions, and we sigh for some bold, lawless touches to make the whole more natural.

Punning is the lowest and most common form of wit, and systematic punning is a crime. Devoid even of the semblance of true art *paronomasia* is like a chromo, done purely by machinery. It is a bold and ruthless highway robbery that stabs our language in the back to get from the death of harmless words a modicum of mirth. True, puns often amuse and may be good if used with sparing hand in proper time and place, but the good things in an art cannot excuse the bad if the last out-number the good. On this score, punning must be condemned, for that bad puns far out-number those really good the most superficial examination will show.

Yet, after all, there is no kind of wit which can compare with humor, and there is nothing else to equal humor as a soother of life's many cares. Were men all endowed with this faculty, I dare to say that questions such as "Is life worth living?" would answer themselves affirmatively, and agnosticism, scepticism and infidelity would cease to exist as principles followed by men, smoothed by the gentle hand of modern progress.

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## St. Edward's Day.

The years go quickly by, and another Founder's Day is with the past. Thrice twelve months ago the man who, under God and Blessed Mary, built up to its present dimensions the institutions to which he gave his heart and soul, was with us to gladden and encourage. Today his absence mellows the intensity of our enjoyment. We were happy on the feast-day just passed, but it was happiness tinged with regret. Father Edward Sorin's memory is still revered, and on the anniversary of the day on which he used to receive the felicitations of his children, he was remembered in the Solemn High Mass which was celebrated at eight o'clock at the high altar of the Church of the Sacred Heart. The choir sang the Mass of the Holy Angels, which moved the hearts of the congregation to devotion. Mass over, the University Band took up their instruments and sounded with hearty good-will the welcome which rang in every heart at Notre Dame for

OUR DISTINGUISHED GUEST,  
the great Churchman of the Pacific coast. The Most Reverend Patrick-A. Riordan, Archbishop

of San Francisco, was a student here forty years ago. He remembers very distinctly, and tells with charming pleasantries, some incidents of those days, and brings back to view scenes far different from those of the present time. He compared the Band of '56 with that of '96, much to the credit of our present musicians.

The Archbishop was the guest of the day at a banquet in the Brownson refectory, where he was formally introduced to the students. In response to a stirring reception from every student in the dining-hall, the Archbishop stood up to deliver a short address, which is so valuable that we give here a synopsis of it, for the benefit of those who were not fortunate enough to hear him. The cold words here reproduced can give no adequate idea of the address as he delivered it. With a voice whose depth befits a great orator and a serious teacher, with a presence at once graceful and commanding and, above all, with words of counsel born of experience, the Most Reverend Archbishop of San Francisco made a lasting impression upon the students of Notre Dame, who long to see him again and give him a right hearty welcome.

The following is, in substance, the Archbishop's address:—

"It is always a great pleasure for me to take a day or two off from the duties of a very busy life for a visit to this noble institution. As I came down the avenue from the little city of South Bend, and saw the gilded dome of your main building and the graceful spire of your beautiful church, I was carried back to the year 1856, when for the first time I came here to prepare myself for the work of life. I recall, above all, this very day, the Feast of St. Edward. I recall the form of the venerable man who was then president of this institution, under whose guiding hand I was placed by my parents, and from whom I received the greatest encouragement and assistance—a great man among great men, the link between the past and the present.

"My memory carries me back to the days when Indians roamed where civilization has now taken root. I recall the companion of the president, Father Granger, who in another department of the institution labored for the welfare of the souls of the old students of the house; who, perhaps, did more than any other man to fashion their characters for the work that was before them. I cannot today recall these great men, Father Sorin and Father Granger, whose names are inseparably linked together, without feeling my heart stir with emotion, so that the words tremble on my lips.

"Young men, it may be useful for you to listen to one who has made the journey which you are commencing to make. As travelers to a distant country are accustomed to look around them in their neighborhood for some one who has made the journey before them, and seek to gain information concerning railroads and hotels on their journey, so young men naturally look to older people for some expression of their experience, for some words of counsel that may guide them on their way to success.

"Now I say this to you (I presume on your patience to listen to me as an old student of this institution): You are here as students to store your minds with information, to gather knowledge, to devote yourselves exclusively to labor during the years of your sojourn here. An idle student has no business here. This is a workshop, this is a training-school for the work of life. This ought to be the busiest time for a young man. A boy who comes here and is not anxious to employ every moment, under the direction of his professors, should immediately leave. He is not destined for success in life.

"It is an old saying that when an idle man builds a house the devil builds one next door. He does no such thing; he moves into the house the man has already built. And so when a young student comes here and does not improve his time, he is taking into companionship with him the very evil spirit of mischief. He is taking into his soul that which will prevent him from attaining success.

"The great Napoleon, when he visited a certain school in France, said: 'Every moment wasted in school is an opportunity lost in future life.' You are in the very spring-time of your life; you are living in the very seed-time, and every seed dropped into your hearts will bear fruit in future years. So, therefore, I advise you to lead laborious lives. We live in a busy age. The world is more active now than ever before, and it is only active people who will gain prizes. We are marching on too rapidly for the lazy man to keep up with the procession. Therefore, I say, lead laborious lives. This is the fundamental rule for all people. You know Almighty God himself laid this down as the law of life. The great Apostle of the Gentiles, in one of his epistles, says: 'Labor as good soldiers of Christ.'

"I think the physicians will not condemn me when I say that the mind, not when overworked, but when exercised to its fullest capacity, will last longer than when it is not used. You have no time here for students that are not in conformity with the spirit of push and energy. You may be anxious to go outside of your courses and read all classes of books, books of literature and fiction. The time will come for these things later. Now you have a special work before you. Attend to your classes, and become as proficient as possible in them.

"You are here to form your character, and character, after all, is higher, nobler, and more important than intellectual development. The whole success of a man in future will depend upon his character. Good conduct is better than great learning. Therefore I advise you to pay attention to your religious training, and try to instil into your minds religious principles. Our Blessed Lord, in a text of Scripture, expressed the principles which should govern all men: 'Seek ye first the kingdom of God and His justice, and all other things shall be added unto it.'

"We are living in dangerous times. We are living in days when conscience does not seem to assert its claims with the same vigor that it did in days gone by. We are living in days when men seem to put aside the claims of conscience, and in their mad rush for wealth they appear to pay no attention to the demands of a spiritual order. Therefore, ruin must come upon nations when these Divine principles are violated.

"While the student gives all the time he possibly can to the reception of knowledge, to gathering information from different sources, there is something else he must not neglect. He must seek, among other things, the kingdom of God and His justice. After all, the moral

law underlies the character of all true men, as religion has underlain every nation which has ever prospered. Therefore, learn to build up your spiritual and moral natures. And where can you do this better than here? We are all governed by ideas. We are all governed by those placed over us. Here is a body of men who give their lives to this great work. They are not working for lucre; they are under vows of poverty and obedience. When they die, they die as paupers. They are devoted to this great work in a spirit of self-sacrifice. While most other influential men of the world live in grand houses, these men, living simple, hidden, laborious lives, give their days to a noble duty—to the training of the growing youth. That is the object-lesson set before every boy in this house.

"When I look back forty years, and think of the venerable priest, the founder of this institution, and then of his companion, Father Granger, and the other dear priests and professors that I call to mind, I am always profoundly thankful to Almighty God that in His Providence I was placed under their care and guidance. I think of them as those who in my heart planted the seeds of knowledge, the fruits of which, I trust, have, in some measure, taken root and have been productive of some little good.

"Young men, we are passing rapidly away. On coming East I am astonished to find that many of my old friends are now no more. It makes me more than ever feel that the young men are the ones to whom we must look in future. This nation will be just what you are, for in a few years we will cease to have influence over you. You will give the life of the future special characteristics and special value, and you can not possibly give what you have not. If you are men without culture, without knowledge, without deep religious feelings, the future will be a dark age; an immoral age, an age without respect for the past, and with no earnest for the future. But if the young men are religious-minded, if they are men of culture, men of education, if they give the problems of the age the attention they merit, then this republic, under whose protection we live, will endure.

"Young gentlemen, take from me this advice: Labor with a set purpose, with a determination to store your minds with that which is useful. Then God will be with you; then no one can mar your future. You will stand on your own merits, and you will be able to carve your way successfully through life. Then you will bring your lives to a close with the satisfaction that the promise of the future will not be withheld from you."

Immediately after dinner Archbishop Rordan was tendered a reception in the College parlor by members of the Faculty, and there they chatted for some time about many things, Notre Dame itself not being the least. During his visits to Notre Dame since his student-days, he was never more impressed with the beauty, the immensity and the grandeur of the place than he was last Tuesday, as it warmed under the glow of the autumn sun. The Archbishop was accompanied by the Reverend Father Connolly and by his secretary, the Reverend P. E. Mulligan. Many other guests were welcomed at Notre Dame on St. Edward's Day and viewed the results of a great man's noble life,

## The New Grotto.

Down under the gentle slope west of the College Church they have built a grotto of Lourdes. It is, as near as possible, a fac-simile of the original grotto near the Pyrenees. Look at the photograph here; there was no stinting of toil nor saving of material. The masons labored for weeks placing the great blocks of



STEPS LEADING TO THE GROTTO.

stone in position in the arch, the parking has been levelled down to naturalness, and even a spring has been found where the well gushes outward near the French shrine. Now the Madonna stands there in sunshine and rain, and the old leaves are falling to hide the newness of the place. Through the trees shimmers St. Mary's Lake, and "the long ripple washes in the reeds" beyond our grotto where children and old men kneel to say an *Ave Maria* to the Mother of fair love, and of fear, and of knowledge, and of holy hope.

Over the trees go the great autumnal clouds, like ghosts departing from the revelry of summer; we hear no bird sing in their train, and blossoms are very rare along the pathway of their moving shadows, but there is no sadness near the dwelling-place of our Lady of Peace.

While her sacred feet went along the white Syrian roads from Bethlehem to Calvary all her being was drenched with bitterness, and there she learned the value of gladness of spirit,—the first grace she wins for those who turn to her.

The Madonna of Lourdes is the Madonna of youth. She came back in the winter of the Church as the fragrant blue smoke of violets

comes to signal the advent of May gladness. When the peasant child saw her, "the Rose wherein the Word Divine was made incarnate," standing in the hollow of the rock above the sweet-briar in blossom, "she appeared to be quite young, and had the grace of the age of twenty years." Therefore, this Madonna is well chosen for our College shrine. But in Our Lady of Lourdes, "the innocent candor of the child, the absolute purity of the Virgin, the tender seriousness of the highest of maternities, the wisdom superior to that of all accumulated ages, were summed up and blended into each in that marvellous countenance of youthful womanhood." Therefore, again, was she well chosen for those of us whose way of life has fallen into the sear, the yellow leaf. O but she is a gracious Lady! and come weal or woe we strive to keep our hearts all white for her dear sake.

Mother and maiden  
Was never none but she,  
Wel might swiche a ladye  
Goddess mother be.

Who is she that cometh forth as the morning rising, fair as the moon, bright as the sun,



THE GROTTO.

terrible as an army set in array? Ah, we know who she is, and she is not for us terrible as an army set in array! Why should she be terrible for us,—do we not wait in dumb patience until the shadows pass and the day-star arises, so that we may kneel to kiss the printing of her sacred feet along the heights of the kingdom? Shed fragrance and the chant of Seraphim are about her ways, and her mouth is red with the kiss of

Christ who was slain, yet is she our Mother!  
Now, blessed be God, who is very pitiful, for  
that strange boon!

O Mary Mother, be not loth  
To listen,—thou whom the stars clothe,  
Who seest and mayst not be seen!  
Into our shadow bend thy face.

On the Feast of our Lady of Snows they dedicated the shrine. The night thereafter when the world was white with the snow of moonlight, and the thin mist above the mirrored planets in the lake was like the Madonna's veil, over from St. Mary's through the chequered dark that flooded all the spaces under hedge and tree came silently the shadowy train of those Sisters who had done their work and folded their hands to rest in God. White-robed maidens, within whose cheeks the lily had supplanted every rose, and venerable women who had passed from the cloister's peace to tranquillity deep beyond all understanding, made up the silent throng. Those who had listened to the April rain and winter sleet beat on their graves these many years, and those upon whose narrow homes the tender grass was yet but golden-green, came onward through the slanting light with love illuming all their quiet eyes. Slowly they glided eastward down the aisle of silvered trees, and came to God's Acre where the brethren had lain down their burthens after nightfall. About the image of the Crucified stood all our blessed dead with faces sweet from gratitude, and beneath the iron-pierced feet of Christ was the General alone, majestic as the old St. John, his long white beard limned faint against the moonpath, his steady eyes bedimmed with mystic tears.

The spirits of the nuns halted a moment, and in ravishing harmony, heard afar off as if in dream, they chanted, "Venite, exultemus!" Then they passed onward, and the ghostly procession of men followed silently. Father General came after all his children, lone, kingly, folded in sacred light. Down the hill they passed, on between the twin lakes, and there where the trees were far apart the blessed spirits were flooded over unto faintness with the full cataract of the moonlight.

They went onward to the shrine, and Father General drew near the statue and chanted, again in the exquisitely sweet, distant tones that came from the other world,

O gloriosa Virginum!

All the blessed dead caught up the holy melody:

O gloriosa Virginum,  
Sublimis inter sidera,

and whatso thereafter is written.

When the Amen had dissolved like incense smoke among the trees, he raised his hand in benediction over the College, then slowly, slowly all the spirits faded, and only Our Lady of Lourdes stood there in the moonlight, and the crickets chirped steadily in the long, dewy grass.

#### A Hard-Fought Battle.

When Captain Hering gave his last little talk to his men just before they trotted out upon the field to face the stalwart team from Chicago, there was very little hope of winning with the odds that stood against them. And when they came off the field, much battered and sore, they had good reason to feel that they had done excellent work, though the victory was carried off by the visitors.

It is hardly fair to say that the Notre Dame men have at last entered into the season of football in such a position as to meet their foes. Wednesday's game was but a foretaste—and an insignificant one—of what the team will be when the men are fully trained and fully worked up in their interference and line plays. It now seems to be a reality that Notre Dame will have a team that will give its strongest foe a hard battle for the victory.

Had not our men been so unfortunate in being injured just at the most inopportune time, Chicago would have shivered a little more, and their score, very likely, would have been less.

Of the line-bucking we can only say that it was too heavy for Chicago. Captain Roby was more than a little nonplussed when he saw the gaps in his line and the gains made through them. On the defensive, also, the line was better than expected; and a great deal was expected of them.

Murphy was seriously disabled when his right arm was injured. He played bravely; but had he been in good form the runs around his end would have been fewer, and more runners would have been deposited upon the earth with a shock devoid of gentleness.

Mullen played a fine game and bucked the line time and again with great vigor all through the game. Daly and Brown played well for new men—better than could be expected; and Hanley will, no doubt, turn out to be one of our strongest players.

The men were unable to break Chicago's interference, and more trials at tackling will benefit them. Kegler showed up well in the last half. He runs well and bucks hard. As for Cavanagh, Rosenthal and the others, all did brilliant work and surprised many by their tackling.

In regard to Hering—he deserves more credit than all of them together. Injured before going into the game, he played with a doggedness



and spirit that cheered up all his men and made the game a hard one for Chicago.

#### THE GAME.

Capt. Roby won the toss and gave the ball to Notre Dame, taking the west goal. Hanley kicked forty-five yards to Gardiner, who gained centre before he was downed. In the scrimmage which followed Herschberger made eight yards around left. Murphy's right arm was badly injured, but he still remained in the game. Chicago lost seven yards on a fumble, but Herschberger kicked forty yards to Daly, who was unable to recover any ground. Notre Dame now had the ball, and the way Schillo, Daly and Brown hit the line was very encouraging, each making the necessary gain. Two downs with no gain caused Daly to kick twenty yards to Gardiner. Mullen fell on the ball before Chicago had touched it—so Hoagland decided—and after ten minutes at discussion, in which Hoagland was censured rather roughly, Chicago took the ball and fifteen yards. Capt. Hering received his first injury in this play. A fumble gave the ball to Notre Dame, and the old tactics and strong rushes, through tackle and guard, by Schillo, Hanley and Daly advanced Notre Dame eighteen yards. Lyons and Daly were hurt, and the former had to leave the game, Moritz taking his place. Chicago then took the ball on downs. Herschberger went around left end four yards from the goal. Johnson advanced the pig-skin three yards and Herschberger rushed over, but the ball went to Notre Dame on offside play. Schillo was given the ball, but lost it. Cavanagh fell on it, but was forced to make a safety. Kennedy had to quit the game on account of injuries, and Mortimer went in. Hanley kicked twenty-five yards to Johnson. A criss-cross failed. Herschberger rushed round left end for a long run and sprinted down with only three injured Varsity men to break up Roby's splendid interference. Herschberger kicked goal. Time, eighteen minutes. Notre Dame kicked to Mortimer, who was advanced on the twenty-five yard line. Two downs with no gain caused Herschberger to kick thirty yards, Chicago getting the ball on a fumble. A punt brought the ball to Notre Dame's fifteen-yard line. Daly returned it twenty yards to Herschberger, who, assisted by clever interference, chased down the gridiron for another touch-down, kicking an easy goal. Notre Dame then kept the ball well in Chicago's territory. Finally it was advanced slowly but steadily by hard playing. Offside play gave

them fifteen yards, and time was called with the ball on Chicago's twenty-yard line.

In the second half Kegler took Brown's place at half-back. Brennan replaced Murphy at end, and Corby's end was played by Hesse. Herschberger kicked a "twister" to Kegler, who muffed it, but recovered and gained ten yards. Murphy broke through right tackle for five yards and Schillo ran around right end for twelve yards. A rush through centre and offside play brought the Varsity eighteen yards nearer Chicago's goal, but the visitors got the ball on downs. Johnson ran around right end for two yards. Davis made a bad pass to Herschberger, who ran back twenty-five yards to keep the ball. Two long runs by Firth and Gardiner, a criss-cross and a rush brought the Maroons three yards from the goal, and Johnson was pushed over for the last touch-down. Herschberger failed an easy goal. Score: Chicago, 18; Notre Dame, 0. Hanley kicked forty yards. Here there was considerable fumbling, Chicago finally getting the ball. In a criss-cross Rosenthal was injured and had to be replaced by Fagan; Daly broke down and Schillo played half-back, McDonald playing tackle. The visitors lost on end plays and Herschberger kicked forty yards to Kegler. Immediately after he was injured and had to be replaced by Cleveland. Kegler and Hanley ploughed through the Chicago line for eighteen yards, but the ball went over on downs. Leffingwell, Johnson and Roby made large gains, bringing the ball two yards from the goal. Johnson, Roby and Gardiner failed to gain, and the ball went over. Mullen hit the line twice for three yards and Kegler punted twenty-five yards to Roby. Notre Dame got the ball on a fumble, and Schillo, McDonald and Kegler had gained twelve yards when time was called. Score: Chicago, 18; Notre Dame, 0.

#### THE LINE UP:

Varsity	Position	Chicago Univ.
Murphy	Right End	Firth
Hanley	Right Tackle	Roby (C.)
Cavanagh	Right Guard	Kavanaugh
Lyons	Centre	Davis
Rosenthal	Left Guard	Webb
Schillo	Left Tackle	Kennedy
Corby	Left End	Leffingwell
Hering (C.)	Quarter Back	Clarke
Browne	Left Half-Back	Herschberger
Daly	Right Half-Back	Johnson
Mullen	Full-Back	Gardiner

Umpire, Dr. Thompson of Princeton; Referee, Hoagland of Chicago; Timers, Allen and O'Hara; Linesmen, Hamill and McCarrick; Touch-downs, Herschberger (2), Johnson; Halves, 25 and 20 minutes.

J. W. M.



Resolutions.

WHEREAS, It has pleased Divine Providence to take away the father of our beloved fellow-student, Thomas Noonan; therefore, be it

RESOLVED, That we, the undersigned, do tender to our friend, our sincere sympathy in this great loss; and

RESOLVED, That these resolutions be printed in the NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC and a copy of the same be forwarded to the bereaved family.

C. N. GIRSCH	T. V. WATTERSON
G. A. McNAMARA	LOUIS BEARDSLEE
M. A. DEVINE	W. W. SCHERRER.—Committee.

Local Items.

—LOST—Wentworth Trigonometry. Return to J. G. Johnson.

—FOUND—A gold anchor-pin. Owner apply to Paul Hartung, Brownson Hall, and describe property.

—Father Kirsch took some snap shots of the University of Chicago in different positions just before the game last Wednesday. He also took some photographs of our own team.

—At a meeting of the Law class on Monday afternoon, F. J. F. Confer and J. H. Silver were elected Manager and Captain respectively of the football team. Captain Silver reports much promising material, and it will be well for other class teams to look closely to their laurels.

—The University Band made its first appearance this season on Tuesday last—St. Edward's Day. Carroll, Brownson and Sorin Halls were serenaded, after which the boys rendered several selections for the Very Rev. Archbishop Riordan of California, who was a visitor at the University on that day. Under the able directions of Prof. Preston the Band will soon equal the one of last year.

—"Don't be frightened, fellows"—said Crilly, as a cross between a locomotive whistle and a college yell shivered the spinal columns of a half dozen men on the second flat—"it's only Golden expressing his satisfaction over a new, patent, adjustable, double, back-acting, self-clinching, automatic, revolving office chair, which has been sent all the way from 'Butler Keownty to rest the frame of the Adonis of the Oil Regions."

—Something should be done to prevent outsiders from lining up outside the hedge and seeing the football games for nothing. During the Chicago game this week a number of bicyclists who were either too poor or too miserly to pay the regular admission stood on the road back of the campus and witnessed the game from beginning to end. They cannot be

kept off the road, of course, but they can be kept from seeing the field by erecting a cheap fence along the upper end of the campus

—One of the Cook County "rooters" who came down last Wednesday with the University of Chicago team said that the Notre Dame students reminded him of a crowd he had once seen at a game between two deaf mute asylums. He was right, too: one or two worked very hard trying to get the rest to give the yell, but they seldom got much support. Wake up, gentlemen! Remember that there is nothing the players need so much as encouragement. A healthy, ear-splitting racket may be distasteful to nervous old ladies, but it is not to football players. It makes them feel that they are at home and surrounded by their friends.

—The Boat Club is now in full swing, and the members are taking advantage of these beautiful fall days to practise all they can. The six-oared crews are giving promise of some good races before the cold weather sets in. The races will probably take place this afternoon at 3:30. The four-oared crews are not going to race this session, but they are practising hard, nevertheless, for their pull next spring. The following are the men who will enter the fall races:

MINNEHAHA:—George A. Cypher, Jr., Stroke (Captain); John Thams, No. 2; R. M. Garza, No. 3; A. J. Rahe, No. 4; William Hagerty, No. 5; Andrew Fehr, Bow; L. H. Gerardi, Coxswain.

EVANGELINE:—M. G. Wigg, Stroke; R. E. Barry, No. 2 (Captain); J. L. Armijo, No. 3; V. B. Welker, No. 4; W. H. Maher, No. 5; J. H. Shillington, Bow; J. Tuohy, Coxswain.

GOLDEN JUBILEE:—Robert L. Fox, Stroke; Oliver W. Tong, No. 2; Howard F. Pim, No. 3; William R. Miller, No. 4; Charles M. Niezer, No. 5; Edward Gilmartin Bow; L. H. Gerardi, Coxswain.

SILVER JUBILEE:—Charles P. Flannigan, Stroke; John V. Ducey, No. 2; Louis E. Fadley, No. 3; Joseph J. Rohan, No. 4; Fred W. Schultz, No. 5; Thomas C. Kidder, Bow; John Mullen, Coxswain and Captain.

—It was just a plain, innocent SCHOLASTIC when it left the University Press, but before it had reached its destination—an Academy somewhere on the St. Joseph River—a brainy youth and a Smith Premier typewriter had wrought wonders with it. This is the way it happened: The youth knew that no letter that passed the iron dogs was sure of reaching its proper destination unless it was of the "My-dear-Daughter" stamp. Now, of course, the one he wanted to write would not be of this kind; so how was he to evade the cruel hand of the Law? This is where the Smith Premier came to his aid. Carefully he removed the bits of wire that bind the leaves of the SCHOLASTIC together; and then more carefully still he placed one of the sheets in the typewriter. Then with a patience that was admirable he wrote his letter. When the mail was brought before the cruel hand of the Law next day for examination everything was satisfactory until that SCHOLASTIC was reached. This looked all right, too, except that some parts of it looked

like pages of spoiled print. Unfortunately, for all concerned "the spoiled print" was taken nearer to the light, and then the secret was discovered. Between each line of print was a line of typewritten tenderness,—so tender, in fact, that it was thought better to suppress the paper for a while. As the youth says himself: "The mind of the Law is just." It is, dear boy; but in this case the hand of the Law was greater.

—The Minims held their annual field-day on their campus last Tuesday afternoon. The contestants did remarkably well. So much interest did they show in their efforts to secure prizes that the starter and the judges soon found that their offices were no easy ones. In the evening the fortunate winners assembled in the reading-room, and were given their choice of a varied assortment of beautiful prizes. The following were winners in the different races:

First Running Race—B. Frost, 1st; W. Blanchfield, 2d.

Second Running Race—J. Lawton, 1st; T. Butler, 2d.

Third Running Race—P. McBride, 1st; J. McMahon, 2d.

Fourth Running Race—J. McGeeney, 1st; B. Graham, 2d.

First Three-Legged Race—D. Spillard and L. Terhune.

Second Three-Legged Race—R. Clarke and G. McCarthy.

Third Three-Legged Race—P. Manion and G. Quertimont.

Fourth Three-Legged Race—W. McMahon and T. Shields.

First Hurdle Race—R. Kasper, 1st; H. McMaster, 2d.

Second Hurdle Race—P. Cotter, 1st; F. Ebbert, 2d.

Third Hurdle Race—L. Hart, 1st; M. McMahon, 2d.

Fourth Hurdle Race—F. Bode, 1st; W. McMahon, 2d.

First Sack Race—G. Beardslee, 1st; D. Spillard, 2d.

Second Sack Race—A. Allyn, 1st; W. Hall, 2d.

Third Sack Race—J. Griffith, 1st; L. McBride, 2d.

Fourth Sack Race—G. Dugas, 1st; E. McGeeney, 2d.

First Bicycle Race—G. Davis, 1st; W. Lovell, 2d.

Second Bicycle Race—J. Ervin, 1st; F. Ebbert, 2d.

Third Bicycle Race—J. Griffith, 1st; P. Manion, 2d.

Special Bicycle Race—H. McConnell.

Special Contest in throwing Baseball—L. Abrahams.

Special Running Race—W. McBride, 1st; E. McGeeney, 2d.

## Roll of Honor.

### SORIN HALL.

Messrs. Arce, Atherton, Bryan, Sullivan, Byrne, M. Costello, Delaney, Geoghegan, Golden, Lantry, Medley, McDonough, Mingey, McDonald, McNamara, Ney, R. O'Malley, O'Hara, F. O'Malley, Piquette, Pulskamp, Reardon, Regan, Reilly, Rosenthal, Sheehan, Spalding, Steiner.

### BROWNSON HALL.

Messrs. Armijo, Arizpe, J. W. Browne, Byrne, W. Berry, G. Berry, R. Brown, E. Brown, Baab, Brucker, Barry, J. Brown, Cline, Crawford, Crowds, Cavanagh, Corby, Carney, Campbell, Cypher, Cuneo, Crowley, Cullinane, Conway, Dreher, Davies, Dukette, Dowd, M. Daley, Duffy, Donovan, J. Daley, Dooley, Desmond, Fetherstone, Fadeley, Fitzgerald, Foster, Fox, C. Flannigan, Follen, Foulks, Farrell, R. Franey, M. Flannigan, H. Frazer, Fischer, R. Garza, Gilbert, Gilmartin, Gerardi, Guilfoyle, Hoban, Hayes, Hagerty, Hengen, F. Hesse, Howard, E. Hake, Hanhouser, L. Hake, Hermann, J. Hesse, Howell, Hessel, Hay, Hartung, Jelonak, Johnson, Jurado, Kidder, I. Kaul, F. Kaul, Kraus, Kearney, Konzen, Koehler, Lyons, Long, Landers, Lowery, Lutz, Murphy, Meagher, Morrison, Mullen, Morris, Mulcrone, Monahan, Mueller, Meyers, Monarch, Moorhead, Maurus, Massey, Martin, Miller, McCarrick, McCormack, McNichols, McMillan, McGinnis, McConn, McDonald, McKenzie, Nizier, F. O'Shaughnessy, M. O'Shaughnessy, O'Hara, Pickett, Putnam, Pendleton, Paras, Powell, Quinn, Quandt, Rowan, Reinhard, Reed, Rahe, Stearns, Speake, Smoger, Stuhlfauth, Scott, Summers, Shillington, San Roman, Schulte, Singler, Spalding, Thiele, Thams, Taylor, Tong, C. Tuhey, Tomlinson, J. Tuohy, Toba, Voght, Weadock, Ward, Whitehead, Welker, Wiczorek, Wade, Wilson, Wigg, O. Zaehne, E. Zaehne.

### CARROLL HALL.

Messrs. Abrahams, P. Armijo, R. Armijo, Beardslee, Becker, Berger, Breslin, Burns, Cowie, Cornell, Coquillard, Koscoe Conklin, M. Condon, T. Condon, C. Corby, E. Darst, Dellone, Davidson, Devine, W. Dinnen, Druiding, Drejer, E. Dugas, Elliot, Ellwanger, J. Fennessy, Fox, Flynn, A. Fish, L. Fish, Funke, Foley, Garrity, Girsch, Grossart, Hawkins, Hoban, Houck, Hagerty, Herron, Hanley, Hinze, Johnson, A. Kasper, G. Kasper, F. Kasper, Kieffer, Kelly, Kiley, Kirkland, Kilgallen, Klein, Krug, P. Kuntz, J. Kuntz, Land, Leach, Lovett, Lyle, Maher, Meagher, Moore, Mohn, Mooney, Morgan, Moss, T. Mulcare, J. Mulcare, R. Murray, J. Murray, T. Murray, Merz, Michels, Moxley, Mueller, McCallen, McCarthy, McDonnell, McElroy, McIntyre, J. McMahon, O. McMahon, McMaaster, McNamara, T. Naughton, D. Naughton, J. Naughton, Nolan, Noonan, Newell, F. O'Brien, G. O'Brien, O'Connell, O'Malley, O'Neill, Ordetx, Padden, Peterson, Pohlman, Powers, Pulford, Putnam, Pyle, Quinlan, Reuss, Richon, Rudnicki, Sample, Sanford, Schaffhauser, W. Scherrer, Schmidt, Schmitt, E. Sheekey, J. Sheekey, Sheils, Shillington, Shea, Slevin, Stengel, Sullivan, Swan, Syzbowicz, Sexton, Taylor, Tong, Wagenmann, J. Ward, H. Ward, F. Ward, Walsh, Watterson, Waite, Wilson.

### ST. EDWARD'S HALL.

Masters Atkinson, Arnold, Abercrombie, Abrahams, Allyn, Butler, Bosworth, C. Bode, F. Bode, Blanchfield, Beardslee, Burton, Cowie, Clarke, Casparis, Cressy, Cuneo, Cotter, Coquillard, Davis, Dorian, Dugas, Ebbert, Ervin, Engelmann, Frost, Fetter, Freeman, Franey, Griffith, Graham, L. Garrity, Hall, Hart, Hubbard, Kasper, Kelly, Lovell, Lawton, P. Manion, E. Manion, McMaster, E. McCarthy, G. McCarthy, L. McBride, P. McBride, J. McBride, W. McBride, M. McMahon, W. McMahon, J. McMahon, McConnell, J. McGeeney, E. McGeeney, Paul, Phillips, G. Quertimont, E. Quertimont, Reese, Reynolds, Spillard, Steelé, Strauss, Shields, Trentman, Terhune, Tillotson, R. Van Sant, L. Van Sant, J. Van Dyke, F. Van Dyke, Welch, Wilde, Weber.