

— THE —

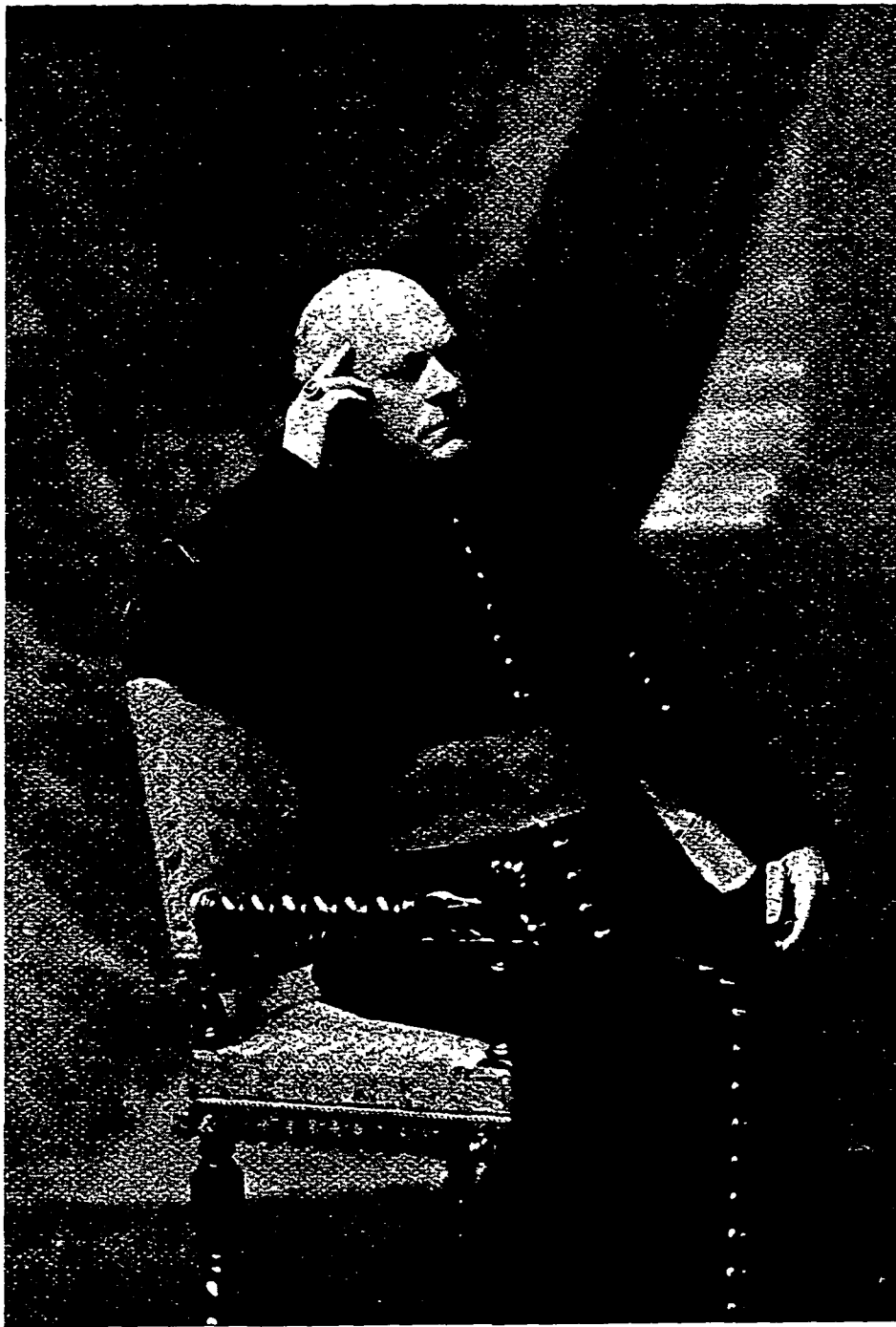
NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC

·DISCE·QVASI SEMPER·VICTURVS· ·VIVE·QVASI·CRAS·MORITURVS·

VOL. XXXV.

NOTRE DAME, INDIANA, NOVEMBER 23, 1901.

No. II.



The Rt. Rev. John Lancaster Spalding, D. D.

Resigned.

JOSEPH J. SULLIVAN, 1901.

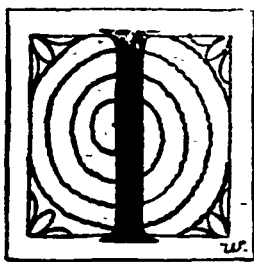
I AM content, if when my work is done,
 There comes a call for me
 To doff my earthly garments, one by one,
 And toward the dying day to swiftly run
 Beyond the tremulous sea.

I can not think that if a summons soon
 Would come for me,
 Amazed and frightened, as the white-faced moon,
 Adrift within the rolls of blue-domed noon,
 That I should be.

Why should I sigh, if through the vasty night,
 In this last race,
 My spirit as a star, and lost in light,
 Should scale the ramparts on the heavenly height
 To see my Saviour's face?

The Law of Success.*

EXCERPTS FROM BISHOP SPALDING'S ADDRESS.



SUPPOSE that the subject which is perennially interesting to us all is success. If there is anything at all in a child, much more in a youth, he already begins to dream of some kind of success. Suc-

cess is the attainment of an end or ends considered desirable by us as rational beings. So this idea of succeeding merges forth in our first consciousness as a part of the very feeling of life itself, since life is activity, since life is the doing of something, since it is a struggle, since it is an effort to rise, to grow, to become. So from the very beginning we dream of success, and our dreams are various, and the ideals of success change, not only from one to another, but in the same individual; they undergo a process of development, sometimes of transformation.

The things that seem desirable to us as boys and as youths no longer seem to be of any great moment after we have become matured men. A little boy will sometimes think that if he could only belong to a fire

company, or drive a hack, or be a policeman, his ambition would be satisfied. As he grows older he thinks of other things. Anyway, we all propose to ourselves some end or ends which we wish to attain and the attainment of which we would call success. Of course, if we look at men from a high point of view, failure is the law and not success. If we take a sufficiently lofty stand we can say that all human life so far has been a failure. Certainly we have accomplished nothing so far that we can look upon as final, as wholly satisfactory. Each age, however it be influenced by its too great esteem for itself, still is dissatisfied with itself. The knowledge of one age becomes the ignorance of a succeeding age. The customs, laws and implements that were considered satisfactory thirty years ago have already become antiquated.

But I do not wish to dwell on this opposite of success, which is failure. If I developed this thought, it would not be encouraging; and nothing is true, nothing is good, that disheartens. Courage is of the very essence of virtue. The meaning of virtue is manly courage, the quality of a man. It comes from the Latin word *vir*, and it means strength, courage, that which makes a man; and in those days in which this word was coined, that which made the man above all things, was courage; that which makes the man to-day is courage: strength of mind, strength of will, strength of character, strength of imagination, strength of heart, strength of body. To be weak is to be miserable, and as we grow in power, we become more like unto God, who is omnipotent.

Now what are the laws of success? All vital truth is simple. You know that all the languages of the world grow from a few families, and that the millions of words of which they are composed come from a few roots, so it is with philosophy, so it is with science, so it is with government, so it is with everything that is profoundly interesting. There are a few principles underlying all the spheres of human thought and human activity, and if we really grasp these principles, then all else will gradually unfold itself for us.

The great aim of an educator is not to bring new and startling things to the attention of his scholars, but rather to deepen, to in-work into their very being, to identify with their very life, a few great principles, a few

* Given at Notre Dame, Friday evening, November 15, opening the lecture course.

vital truths. Some great men have passed a lifetime in meditating on a few ideas. The idea of God, the idea of truth, the idea of righteousness, the idea of beauty, the idea of good—these few ideas develop into all that we know, into all that we love, into all that we strive for. That is the meaning of the old proverb that a man of one book is a dangerous man, is to be feared. The man who dwells perpetually on a few root principles, or a few mother ideas, little by little gains an insight into all problems, rises to heights where he views the whole course of the history of mankind, where he sees the earth when man was not yet upon it, where he looks upon it when man shall have disappeared from its surface, and it shall be but a desert.

Now this applies to success. The law of success is simple; any man can understand it, any man can speak of it. But to work it into the fibre of our mental and moral constitution, to make it like a fountainhead whose waters spring in us day by day to make our lives fair and beautiful, to make it a part of all our dreaming, part of all our future striving—this is what rarely anyone does, what one in many thousands, a few in a generation do; and they are the men who stand out from their fellows, become leaders, great beacons, throwing their light across the perilous sea. These are the men who are free, who become a part of the life of their people, maybe a part of the life of their race. The aim then is so to inspire youthful minds and hearts that they shall seek these fountainheads of right living, these fountainheads of strength, of resolve, of perseverance, of ceaseless action. For the law of success is persistent action in the direction in which you wish to go. It is nature's law. All life is built up of ceaseless repetition of a cell, of a microscopic cell, eternally building. All forms of animality are subject to this law—infinite repetition, ceaseless repetition—and when it breaks down in any part then to go to work and build it up by this same process, tireless, ceaseless; so the universe has been filled with heavenly bodies, so our earth has been gradually constructed.

Consequently success lies in working at the thing in which you wish to succeed. It lies in never tiring of doing, in repeating and in never ceasing to repeat; in toiling, in waiting, in bearing, and in observing; in watching and experimenting; in falling back on oneself by reflection, turning the thought over and

over, round and about, the mind and vision acting again and again upon it, this is the law of growth. The secret is to do, to do now; not to look away at all. That is the great illusion and delusion: that we look away to what life will be for us in ten years and in twenty years; we look to other surroundings. The surrounding is nothing, the environment is nothing. Or, in other words, it is not possible to work except in the actual environment. If you do not work where you are, where will you work? If you do not work now, when will you work? There is nothing for us but here and now.

There is a story of an Oriental farmer who had his fields of grain, had his camels, had his wife and children, and who was happy. One day a Brahmin came into his house and told him the story of the creation of the world as it existed in his legends, and he told him that the finest thing God had created of material substances was the diamond, and that with a diamond as big as his thumb he could buy all the land he possessed, and that if he had a few hundred diamonds he could possess untold wealth. At once this farmer became excited. He sold his lands, and gathering the money together he began to search for diamonds. The Brahmin had told him that where he would find the river running over white sands between the high mountains there he would be apt to get the diamonds he sought. After wandering over a great part of the earth, finding not what he sought, at last at Gibraltar, having spent all his money, reduced to despair, he threw himself into the water and was drowned. The man who bought his farm was one day taking his camel out to water in the brook that flowed near his house. The camel put his nose into the sand, and the man noticing something bright picked it up and kept it. The Brahmin came again and told him that he had a diamond; and this turned out to be the diamond mine of Golconda, the richest diamond mine in the world. And that is what many of us do: looking to the future, looking beyond, dreaming, and failing to pick up the diamonds that are forever near us. Happiness lies right here, in doing the work that is given to you to do now. They say that the man who owned the land where the great oil fields of Titusville were found had all his thoughts bent towards discovering oil. He sold out his land and set out for Canada in search of oil. This probably is the story of

all who fail,—they will not do the work given them to do here and now, but they expect some time or other to do something.

How is it that we have become what we are? Habit is said to be second nature, and Paschal said that nature is only first habit. Nature itself is but a habit. I told you a while ago that the whole law, the whole secret of nature is repetition; so that what we call nature is the outgrowth of ceaseless, tireless repetitions, that is habit. So it is with us. How is it with what we call our language, for instance? Our human language is simply the result of infinitely numerous acts. As I told you the body is built up of cells repeated millions of times, destroyed and built up again with ceaseless repetition. But take our human life, take language, for instance. Now language is the most wonderful thing in man. If man had never learned to speak, he never would have been able to think; and if he had not learned to think he never would have invented science, art, civilization, and all the things with which he controls the universe. Like God, man creates all things with his word. The word is the beginning, the word is omnipotent, man's word. Why? Because it is only when he begins to speak that he begins to think. As we can not act outside the body, so far as we can perceive, so we can not think outside of some kind of language. Language, therefore, as you might say, is the mother of all that we are: of our art, of our civilization, of our dominion in the world. And yet how did we come by this language? Through infinite repetition. Any language you may choose has been developed from prehistoric times from a few roots by the talk of a few people, little by little hammering it out, transforming it, and making it the pliable instrument of their desires and thoughts. That is the origin of language, historically. How have we learned language? How long it took, how many repetitions before we learned to talk a few words and then a few more, and then a few more, and if we finally enlarge our vocabulary and really become masters of our mother tongue, we have, little by little—by reading, by conversing, by being taught, by turning our minds to every kind of subject,—little by little we have found the word, we have found the phrase, the term, the method of making our language really the very garb and vesture of our mind, a very part of ourselves...

(CONCLUSION NEXT WEEK.)

Varsity Verse.

DE PROFUNDIS.

LOW from the depths, O Lord, my voice I raise,
Thine ear incline and heed my doleful sighs;
For who'll withstand shouldst Thou our sinful ways
Regard impiteously with All-Pure eyes.
In Thee, O Lord, doth mercy's store abound,
And Thy blest laws my feeble strength sustain:
My troubled soul true inward peace hath found
Whene'er she hoped—her hopes were never vain.
From morn till noon from noon to Vesper prayer,
O Israel watch and on thy Lord rely!
From out His boundless mercy shalt thou share
Redemption's prize: Thy seed shall never die.
Now and fore'er unto the end of days,
Eternal Father be Thy name extolled;
And Thee, the Word made Flesh, in equal praise,
With Him from both proceeding shall we hold.
T. C.

TO LYDIA:

HORACE: Horace (Carm. III. 9).
While I to you most pleasing seemed,
And other none might you embrace,
More blest was I, whom you esteemed,
Than all the kings of Persian race.
- LYDIA:
As long as you loved me alone,
And Chloe fair was far away;
The name of Lydia brighter shone
Than Rhea Sylvia's brightest day.
HORACE:
But now dear Chloe rules my heart,
Surpassed by none with lyre and song:
I'd brave most gladly death's grim dart,
If that would her fair life prolong.
LYDIA:
Ornytus me inflames with fire,
And drives far hence all pain and care:
For him I'd meet an end most dire,
If his fair life the Fates would spare.
HORACE:
But what if Venus should return
And bind again the parted bond;
If golden Chloe I should spurn,
And ope my heart to Lydia fond?
LYDIA:
A knight more charming though he be
Than gleaming stars which shine on high,
And you more violent than the sea,
With you I'd wish to live and die.
G. F.

A TRIOLET.

Pretty flower, sweet violet,
Fixed in my love's golden hair;
Blue as Italian skies, art yet,
Pretty flower, sweet violet,
A blue-bird in prison set
Of spun sunbeams supernally fair;
Pretty flower, sweet violet,
Fixed in my love's golden hair!
R. J. S.

The Vine Stacker's Celebration.

GEORGE W. BURKITT, 1902.

"Well, Jeff, how did you spend Emancipation Day?" asked a young planter of his dark servant.

"Law, Marse Henry, I didn' do nuffin' much du'in' de day, but we sho' did celebrate dat eb'nin'! I bets ole Jim Williams 'ull kindah settle down arftah las' night! I kin jes' see 'im now stan'in' wid 'is mouf wide open, an' a lis'nin' tuh 'is dorg a bahkin'."

"Why, how's that, Jeff? Jim's the leader of your society, isn't he?"

"Wal, 'e wuz; but I 'spec' 'e done got 'nuff arftah yistiddy eb'nin'. Yo' see, Marse Henry, Jim's 'bout de riches' niggah 'round hyah. Yo' know 'e owns a few acres o' lan' obah yondah on t'uddah side 'o de hill; an' eb'ry one on em's planted wid watahmillions. An' dey ain' anuddah niggah anywhuz ez 'ull spen' 'is money mo' freeah, an' whut is ez gen'rous ez ole Jim. So w'en 'e j'ined de 'Possum Huntahs' Club,' we d'reckly 'lected 'im de Presiden'. Law, dyah wuzn' anuddah niggah in de gang like 'im! He wuz one o' dem kin' whut likes tuh mek' a gre't big fuss an' brag 'bout whut 'e done; but 'e'd nebbah fuhgit uh go back on 'is frien's. An' co'se, all de niggahs liked 'im,—'cep'n' Doc. Tomson. I doan' know w'y, but 'im an' Jim nebbah did git 'long well tuhgeddah. I 'spec' it wuz 'kase Jim 'e mah'ied Lucy Jackson whut use' tuh be Doc's gal. Neahly eb'ry meetin' Jim 'ud come in an' ax:

"Wal, whut's yo' fellahs doin'? Ain' yo' got some'n' else tuh do 'sides stan' 'roun' an' chaw tuhbccah? Le's do down tuh Scott's an' git a li'l' cahn juice fuh tuh kindah revive our spir'its'.

"Scott is de man whut keeps de s'loon down on de cahnah. Wal, bime by we'd all git tuh feelin' kindah happy, an' den ole Jim 'ud poun' 'is fis' on de bah an say:

"Is dyah any niggah whut's missin' frum dis hyah augus' 'sem'ly?"

"I 'clahe tuh goodness, I doan' know wha' 'e got 'is edicashum an' 'is big wu'ds, but 'e sho' do talk powahf'lly like 'Fessah W'ite whut teaches de school obah de hill yondah.

"Ef any niggah wuz a missin' frum de meetin', ole Jim 'ud ax:

"Hez 'e got a watahmillion patch?"

"An' ef 'e hed, 'e wouldn' hab' it long, 'kase

Jim 'ud lead de gang, an' den de fun 'ud staht; arftah we'd done eatin' mos' all de millions whut we could, Jim 'ud say:

"Ez it hez pleased dis hyah membah ob our augus' 'sem'ly tuh stay 'way frum de reg'lah meetin', I, ez Presiden' o' dis hyah 'socinashum, gib's de ahdah: stack de vines!"

"Nex' mo'nin' mos' eb'ry single vine in dat whole fiel' 'ud be stacked up in de middle o' de patch highah'n a telegraphin' pole. An' de ownah wouldn' do nuffin' neidah, 'kase us niggahs' 'ud all stan' by ole Jim. An' we neahly al'uz called 'im 'De Vine Stackah.'"

"Wal, las' night, de 'Possum Huntahs' hed a reg'lah meetin' down tuh ole Scott's. We 'lowed we's gwine tuh celebrate de 'Mancipashum like it nebbah hed be'n befo'. All us niggahs hed done got paid off de eb'nin' befo' an' de way de w'iskey wuz a flyin' you'd a t'ought it wuzn' wuth no mo'n common watah. W'en I got down dyah tuh de meetin', dey wuz all a shoutin' an' a singin', an' ole Scott hed done gone an' hiahed anuddah niggah fuh tuh he'p 'im fill de ahdahs.

"I nebbah seed sech a gang in all mah bahn days. I 'clahe tuh goodness, dey wuz a shoutin' an' a whoopin' wussah'n ole Aunt 'Tildy w'en she gits 'ligion at a cam'-meetin'. Eb'ry single one on 'em wuz half drunk; an' de way dey kep' a drinkin' yo'd a t'ought dey wuz bit by a snake fo'teen times uh mo'. Doc. Tomson wuz de only one whut wuz sobah 'nuff tuh tell a possum frum a coon. Ole Jim wuz a talkin' an' a braggin' an' a spen'in' 'is money jes' like 'e wuz de ownah ob all de banks in de United States.

"Bime by, us niggahs' money 'gan to gib' out, an' den we got kindah quiet.

"Does yo' niggahs know whut yo' 'min's me ob?' hollahed ole Jim all ob a sudden. 'Yo' 'min's me o' Deacon Jones w'en 'e stan's 'roun' an' keeps a lookin' at de bah like 'e wants tuh drink but is afeahed tuh ax fuh it, 'kase 'e done preached agin' it at de cam'-meetin'. Doan' mek' no diff'runce ef yo' money is gib' out. Come on, hyah; 'tain' ebah gwine tuh be said dat ole Jim Williams ebah failed tuh ante up ez long ez 'e hed a cent in 'is pocket. Come 'long, hyah; whut's yo' gwine tuh tek'? Scott, does yo' serbe mixed drinks hyah? Ef yo' doan', we kin go some'r's else, can't we, ge'mmen?"

"We goes wha' ebah yo' goes, Jim', sed Doc. Tomson.

"I kin mix drinks wid any bahtendah on earf', hollahed Scott.

"'Wal, den,' sed Jim, 'jes' mix me up a li'l' straight w'iskey, an' doan' put no watah in it,—it sp'iles de flabah. Whut's yo' ge'mmen gwine tuh tek'? Doan' mek' no diff'runce whut it cos'. Come 'long, hyah Doc., doan' stan' dyah like a skeehed niggah at a baptizin'. Yo' warn' hyah at de las' meetin', an' I 'spec' yo' ain' 'zackly 'cupahned frum de watahmillion pahty, hez yo'? Ge'mmen, Doc. t'inks dat ef yo' ain' gwine tuh 'ten' all de meetin's o' dis hyah augus' 'sem'ly, yo'd bettah not hab' no watahmillion fiel'. Scott, gib' us a li'l' mo' cahn juice.'

"Doc. didn' say nuffin', but 'e looked jes' like a possum whut hez be'n smoked out an' all de dorgs is bahkin' at 'im.

"'Speech frum de Presiden'!' hollahed somebody all ob a sudden.

"Dey hedn' hahdly got fro' a shoutin', w'en old Jim pounded on de bah, an' sed:

"'Ge'mmen, dis hyah augus' 'sem'ly 'ull please come tuh ahdah. We am cong'rated hyah fuh tuh celebrate de nineteenf o' June, de gre'tes' day in de hist'ry o' de colahed folks. 'Bout fifty yeahs ago, our po' brudde'n wuz in de powah o' de w'ite man. In ru'runce tuh dis, I wan' tuh say a few wu'ds 'bout de gre'tes' man dat ebah libbed. By 'is magnolius effuhts de w'ite man hed tuh gib' de po' colahed people deir libahty. Dat man, ge'mmen, wuz Abraham Lincoln!'

"'Free cheehs fuh Abraham Lincoln an' Jim Williams!' hollahed Doc. Tomson.

"An', Marse Henry, yo'd a t'ought de circus wuz a comin' dey way de cheehed. But Jim 'e jes' kep' on a talkin':

"'It wuz Abraham Lincoln, ge'mmen, dat fus' stahted de 'Mancipashum. He couldn' stan' tuh wu'k fuh no w'ite man, so 'e tuk de fus' step in de name o' libahty. One day, 'is mostah come out tuh wha' Abe wuz a splittin' kin'lin', an' sed: 'Abe, ef yo' doan' wu'k no hahdah dan dat, I'll sen' yo' down de ribbah.' Den it wuz dat dis magnolius man riz up in all 'is glory, an' sed: 'Mostah Grey, I's wu'ked fuh yo' fuh nigh on tuh fo'teen yeahs. Now is de time tuh quit. I doan' know whut de uddah men t'ink o' dis worl', but ez fuh me,—an' 'e den gabe uddah'ence tuh dem powahful fine wu'ds whut hez come a gallivantin' down de ages,—'But ez fuh me, gim'me libahty uh gim'me deaf.' His mostah grabbed a stick o' wood, but 'fo' 'e could do anyfin', Abe hed done hit 'im in de head wid de axe. Wavin' de bloody axe obah 'is head, Abe hollahed, 'Six sempah tuh Anne,' w'ich means 'dis is

whut 'ull happen tuh all slabe ownahs.' Now, ge'mmen, we am cong'rated hyah tuh honah dis bery man, an' ef dyah is any uddah ge'mman whut hez got some'n' tuh say, I's got no objecshuns. But 'fo' endin' mah speech, I wan's tuh ax ef dyah's any niggah missin' frum dis hyah augus' 'sem'ly?'

"'Dan Ottah ain' hyah,' sed de secytary.

"'He's got a watahmillion fiel', hezn' 'e?'

"'Yass, suh.'

"'Wal, le's tek' anuddah drink, an' den we'll gib' 'im a suhprise pahty like we done gib' Doc. t'uddah eb'nin'.'

"We tuk 'bout free mo' drinks an' den Jim didn' know nuffin' much—'e wuz mos' pah'lized wid w'iskey. Doc. Tomson tuk de lead tuh Dan Ottah's whut libbed nex' tuh ole Jim's place. In fac', Doc. wuz de only one on us w'ut did know anyfin', I 'spec.' Wal, we got tuh de watahmillion fiel', but I 'clahc tuh goodness I doan' know how we got dyah, 'kase eb'rybody wuz a stum'lin' an' a fallin' all obah hisse'f. Arftah we'd done eatin' whut we wanted, Jim sed:

"'Ge'mmen, o' dis hyah augus' 'sem'ly, stack de vines.'

"It wuzn' mo'n 'fo' minits 'til eb'ry single vine in dat whole fiel' wuz piled up in a gre't big heap, an' den Jim sed:

"'Le's tek' a drink an' gib' free cheehs fuh Abraham Lincoln.'

"He hedn' hah'dly stopped talkin' w'en we heahed a dorg a bahkin' on t'uddah side o' de hill, an' ole Jim drapped de bottle whut 'e wuz a holdin', like it wuz p'ison.

"'Ef dat ain' mah ole dorg Majah, it's 'is ghos' sho', sed 'e.

"Ez fas' ez we could, we all run tuh de top o' de hill; an' sho' 'nuff dyah come ole Majah a runnin' an' a bahkin', an' ole Jim's own house wuz right 'fo' us. Jim stood dyah wid 'is mouf wide open; an', Marse Henry, it looked like two slices ob a watahmillion wid w'ite seeds in it.

"'An' we's done gone an' stacked dem vines,' 'e mum'led tuh hisse'f."

HE who is not busy educating himself can not educate others.

THE colors with which the child-soul is dyed never fade. They make all the life deep-glowing and many-tinted, or dull and gray. Let him bathe then in rich and glorious light, that the man may behold God's world clothed in splendor and beauty.—*Spalding*.

At Evening.

ROBERT E. LYNCH, '03.

Sister Mary of the Cross in solemn prayer kneels suppliantly before her crucifix. Her eyes gazing heavenward are fixed steadfastly on the limp form of her Saviour.

She is at Bethlehem. The night is piercing cold. The moonbeams sparkle on the thin snow and the heavens are aglow with planets. The little crib is enclosed by silvery streams that flow from the bright star which leads the Magi on. While angel choirs chant sweetly "Hosannah in excelsis," shepherds fall and adore. With Mary and Joseph she follows the Child over Nazareth. She hears Him preaching in the temple and she sees Him surrounded by His Apostles. Judas gives Him a betrayal kiss—the empty edifice echoes back "My Lord and my God!" The ruffians lay hands on Him, and she sighs: "My Jesus, I love Thee!" She arrives at Gethsemane; she bows devoutly and prays more fervently when she sees the heavenly eyes upturned and when she beholds the bloody sweat and hears her Master exclaiming: "Father, if it be possible let this chalice pass from Me—not My will, but Thine be done!" The nun sees in vision the multitude passing from Caiaphas to Herod. "Crucify Him! Crucify Him!" She bends her head, and her hands enclose a pale, sad face. The voice of Jesus, sweet and low, is lost in the din of the rabble. She follows the crowd. There is no solemn procession; there is no music; no order—all is confusion. It is a disorderly rabble, blaspheming and quarrelling. The barbarians are crucifying their Master, and they roughly raise the cross—"Father, forgive them!" Sister Mary is standing beside the Mother who is gazing piteously and tenderly on the limp and bleeding form of her Son, and the nun pleads to Mary: "Pray for me." The eyes of Jesus turn heavenward and He whispers: "It is consummated." The great tragedy is finished, and all withdraw. The last rays of the setting sun break through the stained-glass oriels in the chapel of Our Lady. The streaming sunlight mingled with golden and purple rays fall upon the countenance of a kneeling nun. Her eyes gaze heavenward; her hands are clasped: she reverently bows and, kissing the feet of her Saviour, she sighs, *Miserere*.

At the Football Game.

EDWARD F. QUIGLEY, '03.

She said in her note that she would be out for the game on Saturday afternoon. The day came, and Hubert sallied forth in his long black coat with a huge yellow chrysanthemum bulging from his lapel, and a dainty bow of gold and blue ribbon dangling from the gold knob of his cane. He did not halt on the steps to answer the taunts and rude remarks of his fellow-students who sat and stood in front of Sorin Hall apprehensive lest some one should escape their seemingly unanticipated comments and displays of wit.

He hurried across and around by Science Hall and through the Brownson campus where some one greeted him through a big tin megaphone as "a weal blooming swell, don'tcher know and that no cholly either," and the other smokers on the bench at once chimed in with similar originality.

The band was forming in front of the Gymnasium, and Hubert quickened his steps toward Cartier Field. He concluded that the most convenient and prominent place to watch for his rare visitor would be on the grand stand, so he climbed to the top step—there he readjusted his hat to its exactly proper place, fingered his lavender necktie, and took pains to brush every speck of dust from his clothes and patent leather shoes with his handkerchief, and then he established himself so as to secure a good view on every side.

A few carriages and buggies and one bus had arrived on the field, but they were mostly filled with men. The bleachers were yet bare, and with the exception of a small group of boys that were teasing a goat, the smooth stretch below and in front of the grand stand was clear. At that moment the band struck up a lively tune and heralded the march to the field. Hubert turned and looked back toward the University grounds.

Bunches of rooters, shouting, waving pennants and blowing horns of every size and shape were making way toward the big brown fence. Behind the blue uniforms of the band in front, the throng formed a deep heavy black mass rapidly approaching, and from the rear the men of the different halls could be heard practising their yells as they noisily drew near.

Soon the ticket-office and gate-keepers were

steeped in business. A long line of hacks, traps, and various other vehicles patiently awaited admission, and several bicycles and an automobile were swiftly gliding toward the college from South Bend. When confusion reigned the Minims were turned loose and they rushed up to the gate and skilfully dodged through the eager crowd that they might secure good seats before their taller and more portly competitors.

The bleachers quickly grew into a dense excited body of yelling spectators. After a while, the two football teams walked confidently into the field, bearing ominous faces, significant of sober and doubtful thoughts as to the outcome of the battle near at hand, yet determination to struggle to the bitter end was manifest in the very smile of their countenance and in their heroic mien. Then, a great cheer went up, followed by the nine deserved 'rahs of greeting, esteem and reliance, which warmly burst from every lip to each player; flags were waved here and there in the vast assemblage, and clever songs composed of catching words and ingenious rime set to the latest airs, foretold to the opposing team their woful defeat and the "big doings" at Notre Dame after it was all over.

But all this time, Hubert impatiently stood near the top of the grand stand; she that had written the note in the dainty hand had not yet appeared. For the last time he looked toward town and carefully along Notre Dame Avenue, but those two little gray ponies were nowhere to be seen.

"Surely, she will not disappoint me," he muttered, as he hopelessly peered down the long thick line of vehicles to the left of the grand stand. Ah! what a delightful surprise it was to him when he suddenly spied the high red box-seat and the two little Shetlands placidly standing near the farther end of the row of hitched horses. Hubert bounded down the steps to take a zealous survey over the immense throng of people; he gazed long and intently, but was unrewarded. He was about to start out on a tedious search when his breath was almost taken away by the sudden flaunting appearance of two young ladies in the company of one of the football players. They passed almost in front of him as they entered the grounds. Yes, that was she in the long light automobile coat and the large white-feathered hat. She and her companion appeared to enjoy the company of their charming escort very much, and seemed to

be delighted and extremely proud of his honoured presence—Hubert thought he even saw her stealing a glance of admiration at his handsome features, and then look down again with crimson cheeks. The three gayly walked over to the seats and the gentleman tarried, evidently to converse with the other two until the game should be called.

"Well, wouldn't that make a fellow 'go away back and sit down!'" exclaimed Hubert in dumb amazement. "So she has another obliging friend out here! And I don't doubt the least but that she also notified him of her coming out to the game to-day, and told him she would be delighted beyond expression to see him if possible. Of course she wished to have him know of her presence in the audience, and of her applause for his efforts. I have just tumbled to the proposition that I have been 'easy money,' and have had the wool pulled over my eyes all this time. How could I ever enjoy a moment's pleasure in that girl's company again? She's nothing but a deceitful flirt and—"

The game was called; people leaned forward and hugged the fence, and genuine rooting began its unceasing, ear-piercing din. Small gusts of heavy dust followed by a vim outburst of applause that subsided almost as suddenly as it pealed forth, told of fierce struggles, intense interest and slow but important advances. But that twisting, writhing brown mass of human beings, upon which all eyes were eagerly bent and whose minutest diversity people awaited in suspense, was not a point of interest or a source of enthusiasm for Hubert that afternoon. Something else was uppermost in his mind, just then, for he had placed a great deal of faith in her, and his deception was sudden and painful. He again looked over to where the two girls sat, and was not surprised when he saw them looking about, here and there, over the crowd, as if in search of some one.

"Yes," he soliloquized, "they would like to have me turn up just now, so that I might explain the points of the game to them and point out the brilliant plays of their friend who 'is a mere acquaintance whom they met by chance.' Well, not if I know it."

The game went on and everybody grew more excited as the time for the ending of the first half was limited, but to Hubert the rooting and plays were cold, dull repetitions. He buttoned his coat, descended from his station, abruptly turned and left the field.

He did not even stop or turn back to find out what had caused the frantic yelling and wild blowing of horns which suddenly rent the air as he was starting over to the Brownson campus. He was soon informed that Tom Goal had made a furious dash with the ball and had gained twenty-five yards.

"Tom Goal!" he exclaimed sullenly, "well, it's all up with me for a certainty, now—but good for Tom. I knew we must win that game, but to think that that girl knew Tom and never mentioned it to me. She may have more acquaintances out here, so far as I know. Well, I never thought it of her."

He walked about the college grounds, crest-fallen and pouting. It was not long until the first half of the game was ended and Hubert strolled over toward the Gymnasium to learn the score, and to see what was going on. At the door he ran into a crowd of fellows who were shaking hands with Tom Goal, for it was due to him that the first half ended 6 to 0 in favour of Notre Dame. Edging his way through the group, Hubert grasped the hand of the plucky football hero.

"Nice work, old man!" But Tom interrupted:

"Say, you're a swell entertainer! Where have you been all afternoon, Bert? I've been wondering and looking for you every place. My cousin, over there, tells me that she sent you a note several days ago telling you of her intention to come out and see the game to-day, and if you don't want to lose a good thing, you had better be getting a move on yourself, for she's thinking deucedly hard of you for failing to show up."

THE TEMPTER.

E. E. W.

The summer days lent thee their gold,
Their winds for thee have blown;
Yet since thou'rt locked from these 'tis told,
Thou hast much fairer grown.

Some men by thee are moved to song,
And some to vapid wit;
And some their woes in thee prolong,
For Care with thee doth sit.

Thou hast a siren's power to charm
And hearts of men t'entwine;
Yet thou dost naught for them but harm,
O golden, glinting wine!

Books and Magazines.

—"Fireside Tales," by the Reverend M. M. Gerend, published by J. H. Tewdale & Sons, Milwaukee, contains three tales: "Carmelita," by Anna T. Sadlier, is interesting and portrays very faintly the bigotry of the old New Englanders. Unlike many a religious love-tale, it is devoid of sentimental nonsense. "The Child of the Temple," by Mary C. Crowley, is a tale of the French Revolution of 1789. The writer vividly describes the life and death of the young son of Louis XVI. "The Jinglys," by Cuthbert is rather a gloomy tale; nevertheless, the writer interestingly relates the troubles of a poor widow. As a whole, "Fireside Tales" may be recommended as a suitable book for a winter's evening.

—Katharine Tynan Hinkson has written a good Catholic novel called "Her Father's Daughter." This is one of the several excellent stories from this author's pen. The plot is simple and clear cut. The scene is laid in Ireland, and the story portrays the simple faith, life and sterling loyalty of the Irish. The book is well illustrated and published by Benziger Brothers.

—*Penman's Art Journal*, New York, is a very picturesque and suitable journal for professors and students of penmanship. Its profuse abundance of penmanship movements and gracefully wrought autographs is always a welcome visitor to the knights of the quill.

—*The Cosmopolitan* for November presents a neat appearance, with its clear type and moderate number of illustrations. Its articles are well chosen and are varied enough to suit every reader. For the most part, the illustrations well illustrate the reading matter. The leading article for the month is: "The Story of Theodore Roosevelt's Life." This paper is well written and is interesting. The poem "From a Garret Window" is just short enough to suggest the beautiful thought of the writer. "The Isolation of the Anglo-Saxon Mind," by Edmund Gosse, should be read by every reader of the magazine. "The Drama's Tendency Toward the Unintellectual" is cleverly written. The writer is not pessimistic but he regrets that managers of theatrical troupes are a band of traders instead of artists—men who believe that "Shakspeare spells ruin," and success consists in catering to the multitude. *The Cosmopolitan* deserves a place in the reading-rooms of our libraries.

NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC

Notre Dame, November 23, 1901.

Published every Saturday during Term Time at Notre Dame University.

Entered as second-class matter at the Post Office, Notre Dame, Ind.

Terms, \$1.50 per Annum. Postpaid.

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

The Board of Editors.

JOSEPH J. SULLIVAN, 1901

FRANCIS DUKETTE, 1902	JOHN L. CORLEY, 1902
H. EWING BROWN, 1902	GEORGE BURKITT, 1902
JOHN P. O'HARA, 1902	FRANCIS SCHWAB, 1902
P. J. MACDONOUGH, 1903	ALBERT L. KRUG, 1902
LEO J. HEISER, 1902	JOHN J. HENNESSY, 1902
VITUS G. JONES, 1902	WILLIAM A. SHEA, 1902
JOSEPH L. TOOHEY, 1902	JOHN P. CURRY, 1901
JOSEPH KELLEHER, 1902	FRANCIS J. BARRY, 1903

REPORTERS.

ROBERT E. LYNCH	J. PATRICK O'REILLY
P. P. MCELLIGOTT	JOHN HARTE
	J. DOHAN.

—Bishop Spalding stated last week, as he opened up our lecture course, that he always found great pleasure in being at Notre Dame. 'Tis unnecessary for us to comment that this feeling is reciprocal, since we recognize in him the churchman, educator and friend. As can be seen in another part of the SCHOLASTIC the Bishop dealt with the question, Success and Failure—filling us with a desire for the things in life truly noble.

The following program preceded Bishop Spalding's lecture: Overture, by Notre Dame, Orchestra, which reflected great credit on the musicians and their leader, Mr. Roche. The address of welcome was made by Joseph J. Sullivan. The quartette, composed of William T. Siewertsen, Arthur E. Steiner, F. F. Dukette and William M. Wimberg, was well received. The last number on the program, a violin solo by Louis J. Carey, brought forth great applause.

—The American idea of rush, and everything in the newspaper line being stripped of its elegancies, and served up as a small bundle of facts, appears to be invading the literary world. We see from an article in the current *Literary Digest* that the National Educational Association of the United States have handed to the world a simplified spelling of these

twelve words: *program, tho, altho, thoro, thorofare, thru thruout, catalog, prolog, decalog, demagog, and pedagog.* Time alone can tell whether or not there was wisdom in this action.

The Whitney-Mockridge Concert Co.

Notre Dame seldom has opportunity to enjoy an entertainment more thoroughly than the concert given in Washington Hall Tuesday morning. The concert was a popular as well as an artistic success. The rapt attention given the performers speaks not only for the pleasing personality of the artists, but for the supporting appreciation shown by the audience.

The first number was a "Suite for Piano and Violin" (Schutt), played by Mrs. Whitney Mockridge and Mr. Gerald Walenn. This was pleasing, but hardly a criterion by which to judge the more pretentious work exhibited in later numbers.

Miss Gertrude Maxted sang "Il Baccio" (Arditi); "The Swallows" (Cowen); and in the Duett with violin obligato, "Spring will Bring Birds that Sing" (Caryll). The bare numeration of the above give little notion of the very pleasing manner Miss Maxted has. Her voice is most carefully trained and of a natural purity of tone. To say that Miss Maxted's expression was equal to her voice would be to imply a well-deserved and a flattering compliment.

Mr. Mockridge first sang "The Way of the Cross" (Solman). This is a new composition somewhat after the manner of "Calvary" and "The Holy City;" however, it is a better composition than either. Mr. Mockridge needs no word of praise—a singer as he is of international reputation.

The violinist, Mr. Gerald Walenn, was heard at Notre Dame for the first time. Perhaps it would be sufficient to say he compares most favorably with such men as Musin, Bendix, and other professional violinists, who have played here. In some respects his ability outdoes them all. His expression is perfect, and the tone quality and absolute pitch of Mr. Walenn's *harmonics* is amazing. Besides two encores he gave "Souvenir de Moscow (Wienawski), and "Nocturne" (Chopin-Sarasate).

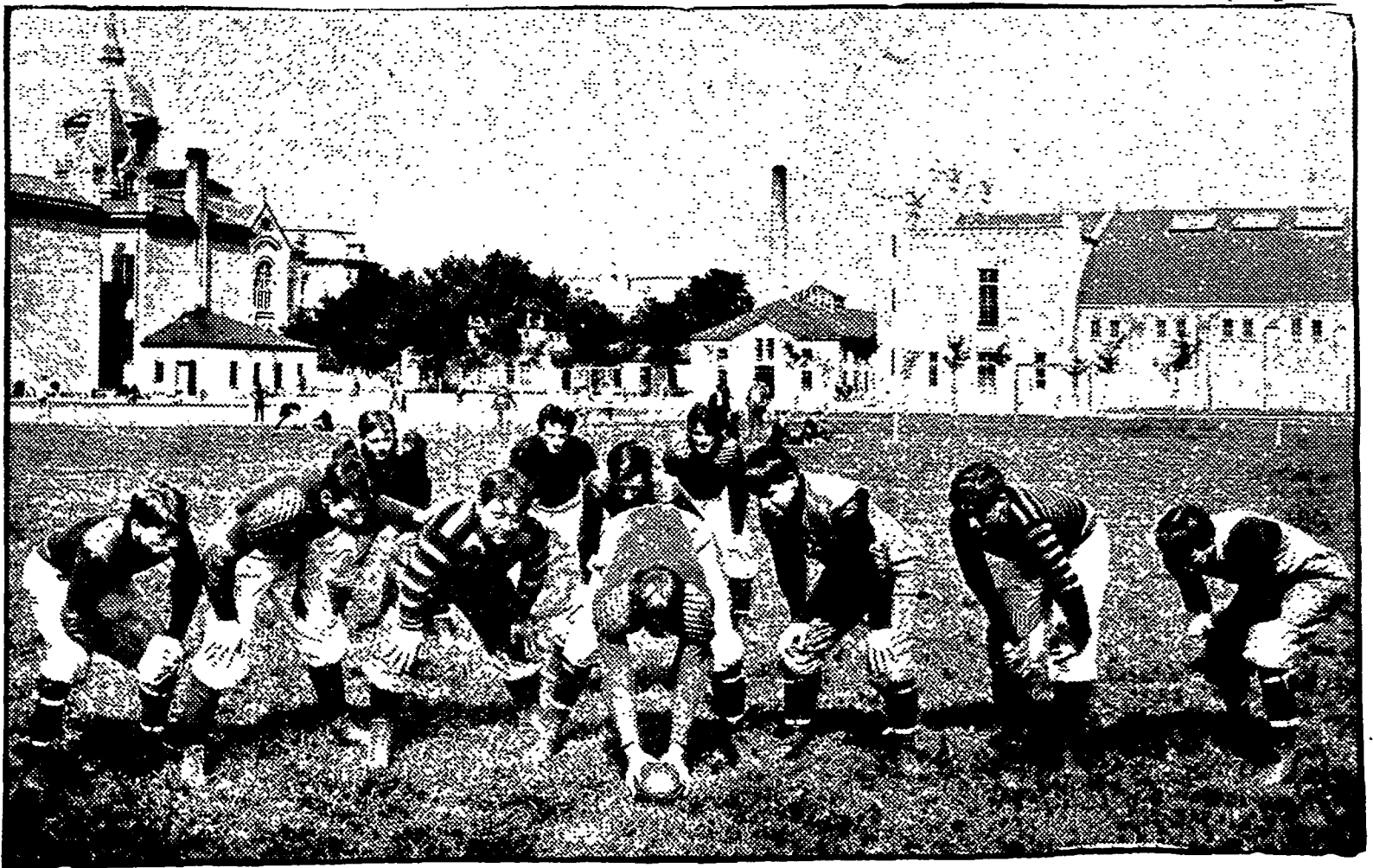
Mention of the concert would be incomplete without a word commending the manner in which Mrs. Mockridge accompanied each number. To accompany as Mrs. Mockridge does, is a rare accomplishment. F. F. D.

The Championship Is Won.

NOTRE DAME, 18; INDIANA, 5.

Nine 'rahs for Coach O'Dea, Captain Fortin, and the moleskin heroes who struggled so nobly for the Gold and Blue; and on last Saturday won for us the championship of Indiana. For the first time in years the much-mooted question of supremacy among the Indiana colleges has been satisfactorily settled, Notre Dame winning a clear title by defeating both Purdue and Indiana. The "Big-Three" fight aroused great enthusiasm, and the race for the title was closely followed by every football enthusiast in the State.

tested, the officials were obliged to inflict penalties but twice. On the defensive, the State representatives displayed a stubborn resistance, but they were unable to impede the progress of our speedy backs, and their offensive tactics availed nothing against our impregnable line and alert ends, never retaining the ball longer than two or three downs. Their only touchdown was in the nature of a fluke, Foster securing the ball on a fumble during a scrimmage, and sprinting thirty yards to Notre Dame's goal while our men were



CHAMPIONS OF INDIANA.

Despite the drizzling rain which had fallen all morning, the field was in the best of shape. The two elevens were in splendid condition; about equally matched in weight, and both determined to win. The crowd was one of the largest and most enthusiastic of the year, and the rooting was of a high order. All in all, every requisite for a good game was present.

The game was one of the fiercest and cleanest ever seen on Cartier Field. There was no unnecessary roughness, and although every inch of ground was desperately con-

extricating themselves from the heap. In marked contrast to Indiana's poor work was the brilliant defense and offense of our men. The linemen charged well and several times broke through and stopped plays behind the line. Sammon, Doran, Kirby and McGlew were irresistible on the offensive.

Sammon won new laurels by his sensational fifty-five yard run through a crowded field. His line-bucking and punting were very much in evidence all through the game, and he established himself as a hero with the rooters, but

he was not the only one. Pick's fearless tackling and work at centre; McGlew's clever interfering and accurate passing, and the superb defense of the linemen. Gillen, Faragher, Winter and Capt. Fortin made the hearts of the rooters dance with joy. Doran and Kirby crashed and plunged through and round Indiana's line, making five and ten yards on every attempt, while their work on interference was the best of the season. Lins, Lonergan, and Nyere, at the ends, were down the field on every punt and generally nailed their man in his tracks. Foster, Clevenger, and Elfers were Indiana's stars. Clevenger and Foster tackled well and were in every play and under every rush.

THE GAME.

Clevenger kicked off thirty-five yards to Lonergan, Indiana securing ball on a fumble.



A. FORTIN (Capt. and Rt. Tackle).



H. V. CRUMLEY (Manager).

Three attempts made by the Indiana backs to gain were repulsed, and Notre Dame secured ball. In five plays, Doran, Kirby and Sammon carried the ball twenty yards where an offside play lost ten yards. Sammon punted sixty-five to Foster, who was downed in his tracks by Kirby. Clevenger was immediately forced to punt fifteen yards, and Notre Dame got the ball on visitor's twenty-yard line. Faragher crashed through tackle for three; Sammon found a hole in centre for four, and then repeated for eight. Kirby hurdled for three, and on next play Doran broke through for a touchdown. Sammon kicked goal. Clevenger kicked off forty to Doran who returned fifteen. On the first line-up the ball was fumbled and rolled over to one side where Foster spied it, and placing it beneath his arm sped away to Notre Dame's goal, while the dazed

spectators were wondering where the ball was. Clevenger failed at goal, and the score stood: N. D., 6; Indiana, 5.

This ended Indiana University's scoring, and during the rest of the game they did not come within hailing distance of our goal. Sammon kicked off forty yards to Foster who returned ten. Clevenger punted twenty-five to Sammon. Kirby circled end for twenty yards; Faragher on tackle back formation made two, and Doran added eight through tackle. On the thirty-five yard line Sammon tried a drop kick but missed; Foster securing ball behind goal. Clevenger kicked out, and Sammon heeled ball

on forty-five yard line. Elfers started back to regain the distance, when Pick smashed through and downed him. Indiana failed to gain, and it was Notre Dame's ball on the



L. J. SAMMON (Full Back).

thirty-five yard line. At this point Notre Dame braced, and Faragher, Fortin and Sammon smashed through the line, Kirby and Doran making repeated gains around end, which brought ball to five-yard line. From here Sammon plunged through centre for a touchdown, and added another point by kicking goal. This ended the scoring in this half, leaving Notre Dame, 12; Indiana, 5.

In the second half the visitors were forced to make repeated changes in their line-up, while Notre Dame's remained the same. Sammon booted the ball thirty-five yards to Foster who returned fifteen. Again the Indiana backs were repulsed, and Notre Dame started a steady march to Indiana's goal. Lonergan circled end for two; Sammon hit centre for three, and on tackle formation Fortin made two gains of four and three yards respectively. Sammon found centre for five; Faragher added three more through tackle, and Doran broke through guard and tackle for seven. Kirby hurdled the line for three, then went for six, and Doran added four more through guard. Sammon carried it through centre six yards for a touchdown and kicked his third goal. Score: N. D., 18; I. U., 5. This ended the scoring. Kirby gave place to Nyere, Lins going to half. On the next kick off Sammon made his sensational fifty-five yard run. During the rest of the half the ball remained in Indiana territory. Pick made a sensational tackle of Clevenger, and Nyere made two brilliant runs of twenty yards each behind perfect interference. The half closed with ball on I. U.'s twenty-five yard line in our possession.

THE LINE-UP:

Notre Dame (18)	Position	Indiana (5)
Lins	L. E.	Rucker
Faragher	L. T.	Highly
Gillen	L. G.	Davidson
Pick	C.	Markle
Winters	R. G.	Railsback
Fortin, Capt.	R. T.	Coval, E. Smith
Lonergan	R. E.	Bryan, R. Smith
McGlew	Q.	Foster
Doran	L. H.	Clevenger
Kirby, Nyere	R. H.	Gordon
Sammon	F. B.	Darby, Elfers

Touchdowns—Sammon, 2; Doran, 1; Foster, 1. Goals—Sammon, 3. Referee—Dr. Gale, Chicago. Umpire—Thurman, Columbus, O. Timers—O'Neill, Notre Dame; Darby, Indiana. Chief Linesman—Studebaker; Linesmen, Farley, N. D.; Darby, I. U. J. P. O'R.

* *

We have these plates through the courtesy of the *South Bend Tribune*.

Exchanges.

The Interlude ranks with the best High School journals that we have received. Like a certain delectable commodity, we may expect *The Interlude* to improve with age.

* *

The literary department of *The Round Table* is not very extensive, but often a good story or an original bit of verse is to be found therein. In fact, *The Round Table* often contains more readable matter than some of our monthly publications. This, of course, is praise for our Beloit friend, but in a far greater degree must it be considered as censure for those monthly papers that arrive laden with advertisements and wind. "The Conversion of Sobriety" has a unique plot that is worked up to a strong dénouement. The story "Hello" presents an odd situation that maintains interest throughout. Natural conversation helps to give the story a pleasing ring. In the exchange column are to be found criticism, verse quotations and gleanings from other colleges. We would suggest more criticism.

* *

One of our best exchanges of last year was *The Red and Blue*, and the number we have before us is one of the first order. Most of its pages are devoted to verse and fiction; and some men are of the opinion that these two forms of literature should constitute the ideal college paper. At any rate, *The Red and Blue* is one of those papers that make an exchange man feel that after all there is something in his duty worth living for. The two stories in the November number are well worth reading. "The Coat and the Monkey" contains some amusing touches that increase our interest in the story. In point of plot, however, "What Happened at the Other End" is the better. Some amusing things are to be found in "The Sketch Book," especially the adventure of the Freshman that was expecting, or not expecting, a visit from his mother. Other comical sketches are "On the Boardwalk" and "Up Against It." "An Afternoon" is a dainty bit of work. We must not forget "A Study in Impulse," the first half of it is especially good. In fact, everything in "The Sketch Book" is worthy of mention. Stories and sketches, however, do not monopolize the paper; there are several bits of clever verse. Of these, "Marina" is especially pleasing.

G. W. B.

Personals.

—Mr. Edward Rumely (student '98-'1) has entered the Heidelberg University, Heidelberg, Germany, to complete a course of study before entering the seminary to become a priest.

—Last year Mr. Hugh Mitchell (C. E. '95), Edna, Texas, sent us a set of beautifully worked out altar linen. This year he repeats his generous gift. This linen was worked out by the women of Mexico. For a gift of this kind we are thankful.

—The *Princeville Review* from Dalles, Oregon, in speaking of the murder trial of D. L. Burner, has the following account of Mr. N. J. Sinnott, Law '95:

Mr. N. J. Sinnott closed the case for the state. This was Mr. Sinnott's first appearance in our courts, and the able manner in which he reviewed the case and the logical inferences he drew from the testimony must have carried conviction to the jury. For an hour he faced the jury, and the congratulations that he received at the close of his address were many, and all his friends who heard his able plea predicted for him a bright future.

—We find great pleasure in receiving the news from Cleveland, Ohio, stating that Mr. T. E. Callaghan, one of our law graduates, was elected Judge of the Court of Insolvency, on the Democratic ticket, for Cuyahoga County, Ohio. The Insolvency Court corresponds with the Probate or Orphans' Court in other states. Mr. Callaghan was elected in a Republican stronghold, defeating his opponents by 2049 votes. He is the first Catholic to enjoy a position on the county bench, and the youngest judge in Ohio. His ability alone won him his position. For his legal knowledge he gives credit to the thoroughness of Colonel Hoynes' law course. Our wishes of success are always with him.

—We are pleased to announce the appointment of Mr. James M. McGinnis, A. B. 1900, to the American College at Rome. Mr. McGinnis was one of the most untiring students of his class, and during the three years previous to his graduation he was Master of Ceremonies at the students' Mass. *The Providence Visitor* contains the following account of his appointment:

Archbishop Corrigan has just announced his list of three names of seminarians who are to take a four-years' course at the American College in Rome under the provisions of burses or scholarships established and maintained by the Archdiocese of New York. One of the three is a Medway, Mass., boy, James M. McGinnis, and he has the distinction of being the first man to receive the honour who has been a resident outside the limits of the New York Archdiocese. The other two fortunate young men are James Talbot and Joseph Morris of New York City. All three have been students at St. Joseph's Seminary, Dunwoodie, N. Y. Mr. McGinnis is the third graduate of Notre Dame University, Ind., to receive the honour of the New York Scholarship in four years, which is regarded as a remarkable showing.

V. G. J.

A Card of Sympathy

In behalf of the students of St. Joseph's Hall we hereby tender our sincere sympathy to Father Houlihan on the death of his brother-in-law, Mr. Michael Hagerty, who died at his home in South Bend, last Sunday night.

JOHN HARTE,
NICHOLAS R. FURLONG,
WILLIAM H. CAMERON—*Committee.*

RESOLUTIONS.

The following resolutions were drawn up by the Law Department when the news of the death of Colonel Hoynes' mother reached the University.

WHEREAS, it has pleased Almighty God in His goodness to call to her eternal home the mother of our Professor; and

WHEREAS, we deeply mourn with him in his loss, be it
RESOLVED, that we extend, in behalf of the student body, our most sincere sympathy to Professor Hoynes in this his hour of grief; and be it further

RESOLVED, that these resolutions be printed in THE NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC, and that copies of the same be sent to the relatives of the deceased.

CLEMENT MITCHELL,
JOHN CURRY,
HAROLD DAVITT—*Committee.*

Local Items.

—Dr. Henry Gale of Chicago, who refereed last Saturday, said: "The game was one of the cleanest and fiercest I ever refereed."—*Sunday Record-Herald.*

—We would like to call attention to the clever bust of Shakspeare presented by Father Zahm, and which is in the parlour; also to thank the donor.

—The St. Joe "Buffaloes" and the Carroll Hall "Specials" played a remarkable game on Brownson campus last week. Fleischer and Lavelle were the star players.

—It was a great victory for Notre Dame, and was a fitting revenge for their defeat of last year. The game was played in a good, sportsmanlike manner, and was free from dirty playing of any kind.—*South Bend Times* (Monday, 18).

—Bro. Cyprian gave the Philopatrians their first outing last week. From all accounts the outing was successful in every detail, as at Hotel De Haney the last stop was made.

—In behalf of all concerned we should like to make an appeal in behalf of one John Dubbs, and a looking glass. Call around and see it; it is bullet proof; John has been looking into it.

—The last meeting of the Temperance society shows how powerful this organization is becoming in the University. Father Marr,

the organizer, is certainly showing great enthusiasm.

—Donnoughmac is laboring at a work entitled "The Poet; or, An Early Life among the Clouds." The title of the book is somewhat mysterious not to say indefinite, and we anxiously look for an explanation from the author.

—*Special to SCHOLASTIC from Banks of St. Joe.*—From the latest reports of both Trainers and Coaches, the game on Thanksgiving day between the "Dewdrops" and the "Hoity Toyties" will be one of the best contests seen here in years.

—Prof. Ewing gave a talk last week in the Law room on the origin, the laws and aim of the Knights of Columbus. The talk was as exhaustive as it was interesting, tracing the movement from its beginning to the present day.

—Lipp Mann, sheriff and philosopher, was sent to the library during the week to get Preyer's "Infant Mind." On his way the sheriff's thoughts became entangled; he knew child came in somewhere, so he called on Cullinan to give him a book entitled "Baby Brains."

—One of our wandering correspondents has sent us a request for the recent publications: Pinkerton Jim; or, Three Hours at a Plugged Key Hole; McKeever; or, Astray with a Three Year Old; D. K. 'O Mal Lee; or, How to Constitute a Temperance Society *solé*. We regret to say that the editions of these books are limited.

—This is the schedule of classes that has been given out by the Director of Gymnastics. It is expected to be followed:

GYMNASTIC CLASSES.

Sorin Hall	Corby Hall	Brownson Hall
Tuesday.....	9:30 to 11 a. m.	
Wednesday.....	3 to 4:30 p. m.	
Thursday.....	2 to 3:30 p. m.	
Friday.....	3 to 4:30 p. m.	
Saturday.....	9:30 to 11 a. m.	
*Sunday.....	2:30 to 3:50 p. m.	

Carroll Hall.

Tuesday.....	3 to 4:30 p. m.
Wednesday.....	9:30 to 11 a. m.
Thursday.....	3:30 to 5 p. m.
Friday.....	9:30 to 11 a. m.
Saturday.....	3 to 4:30 p. m.
* Sunday.....	3:50 to 5 p. m.

St. Edward's Hall.

Monday.....	11 to 12 a. m.
" "	3 to 4:30 p. m.

—The Minim "Specials" won the second game of the series, and that by only one touch-down, which was made on a thirty-yard run of Fox's a few minutes before the close of the second half. Captain McDermont's second team played hard, snappy ball, fairly out-playing the "Specials." In fact, by brilliant runs of Randle and the other halves, the ball

was brought down to the "Specials'" ten-yard line, but here the "Specials" braced and held. Ed Rousseau and Captain Berteling did some remarkably good work for the "Specials." The next game of the series will be played November 24.

—The rooting, during the Indiana game, was organized and systematic for the first time this season, and Notre Dame's rushers had yelling enough behind them to blow them through Indiana's line. And, despite the natural desire of the Notre Dame men for revenge for the treatment the Notre Dame team received at Bloomington last year, the rooting was sportsmanlike. The upper classmen pledged themselves to frown down any attempt at rowdyism or unfriendly rooting. The best revenge Notre Dame could have was to give Indiana a much-needed lesson on "fair play."—*South Bend Tribune* (Saturday).

—This clever piece, well done up in heroic feet, was found in the contribution box. It was dedicated "To the Modern Order of Knockerinoes." It ran:

To keep intact our rhythmic lay
And that our knocks may win,—
"You see, it was this way!" —
We always use when we begin.

Or if perchance the times demand
We may use,— "when I was young."
But this new form does scarcely stand—
With the first is the curtain oftener rung.

"A letter once was given to me.
You see, the Barber brought it o'er,
On it no stamp e'er could you see!
Heard it? Well, we'll not say more (??)

"This surely was by far the best
That happened ever anywhere:
You see, of course, 'twas all in jest—
But didn't he call me *for the fair?*"

"Again you see, 'twas *this way*,—
His sister was his uncle's niece,
And all he had to spend that day
What what was left—a *ten cent piece*."

Do not you see the point forlorn?
Morals true most tales adorn—
To speak in truth, if there be one,
Like you the writer has been *done!*

—The second volume on English History is published by the valourous Count My Hers, whose fame as a historian is equalled only by his ability to do. No more comment is necessary. We submit a chapter, entitled "The Origin of a Famous Phrase."

It seems that during the automobile age Wun Tuo Hee, a Chinese philosopher, sat at a round table headed by King William. At the same table sat an illustrious iconoclast, an eminent artist, a socialist, and a number of other men whose names shall go down to posterity as long as an honest heart beats beneath a ragged pair of pants. Bad puns and tales were much in favour in those pre-historic days. Tuo Hee told the story of little Jacob Schultz, Mr. Schultz's son, and then came the tale of a lost shirt, followed by a narrative of the ten cents—the last-named story can be explained only by the postgrads;

* The gym will be open but there will be no classes.

but when the subject of "horses" or "ponies" was introduced, Tuo Hee rose in great wrath declaring that if he could not go through life on a "straight flush," a game of "bluff," or an automobile, he would be content to "kick the bucket," or give up the ghost. There was nothing flowery about his language, for he hit from the shoulder, and every blow was a "knock-out" one. After King William and the socialist recovered their breath, they said, though meek and low, that it was impossible to keep pace with Horace, or be in the swim with Plautus, unless a fellow was on a saddle or had a pair of spurs on his heels.

Shortly afterwards, it seems, when the annual battle came around, and the "Golden Ages" with Old Horace at their head took up arms, every "scrapper" that was poorly mounted or on foot gasped for breath and died. It happened that King William, at the head of a band of successful horsemen, rode on the field; and over in the distance they saw Tuo Hee on foot and struggling furiously with old Horace himself. As Tuo Hee broke loose and ran across the field with Horace hot after him, the horsemen heard him cry "A horse! A horse! My Latir for a horse!" But it was too late.

—The "Knocker" in this poem strikes his old-time grandeur. 'Tis unnecessary to comment further.

He lounges round in such an easy way,

With little quips and quirks and jerky tosses

With an enormous quid that easily

Would bankrupt me, were I to stand the losses;

He cultivates a suave, expansive air

That would deceive the uninitiate,

(It has effect too on the sweetly fair

Who haste to nibble the delicious bait,

To find, alas, his soft solicitude

Conceals a heart no maid has ever wooed).

He is a jolly-natured little man,

Bereft of hair by early piety;

He is a student, a "half-miler" and a "fan" —

Yes, all that brings one in society.

Methinks, that I should miss his cheery voice,

If he should nevermore heave into view

And lisp in his dear patronizing way

"I'm in a hurry, let me have a chew."

Live on, dear "Tommy," run thy destined course,

Chew on brave masticator of the plug,

Recite anew your triumphs on the track

And may you never lack a maid to love.

When these old walks shall know thy shape no more,

When thou shalt cease to tread this hallowed grass,

When thou shalt buy thy smoking and thy plug,

Then let me pass away, then let me pass.

—Hunting season has been opened, and there are more hunters than game. Alexis set the pace by killing chickens in Mrs. Mulligan's back yard, two pigeons of Farmer Ullery's and Maria Jane's pet squirrel on her front porch. Shammy and Bill, our Nimrods, envying this record, and wishing to lower it, arose bright and early one morning this week, armed with shot-gun, leggins and one corncob pipe, and went out on a hunting expedition. Arriving in the proximity of St. Mary's, they mistook one of the stone dogs for an antelope, and

did not discover their mistake until the dear girls told them that they were "real mean boys" to shoot off both of the poor dog's ears and otherwise damage his granite countenance. Continuing on their journey, they swore they would not shoot at anything else until they were sure it was a real live animal. After they had crossed Alkali Gulch, they arrived at Mud Creek, near which stood a rabbit.

"Look Bill, there is a rabbit," said Shammy, pointing at the bunny.

"Sure that it isn't a stone one?" inquired Bill.

"Don't know, Bill. You had better go up and tickle him between the ears, and find out if he is alive."

"Oh, he isn't dead. Can't you see him winking his eye,—his left eye,—now he is winking both of them! Get ready, and we will both shoot at once, then we can both claim that we killed him."

"Hold on, Bill! until I light my pipe; it will act as a sort of a nerve bracer for me."

After the lapse of a minute, smoke was issuing from the corncob to such an extent that it resembled a bon-fire.

"Now, Shammy, keep your eye on the gun. You aim at his feet, and I'll aim at his head. Are you ready?"

"No, no! Hold on Bill! Don't you know how to shoot a gun? You have it pointed the wrong way."

"Why, so I have. I'll just turn around, and then I'll have it pointed the right way. Now how's that? Are you ready?"

"No! what do you want to do—blow your shoulder off? Don't *you* turn around, but turn the gun around so as to have the stock against your shoulder. All ready! When you see the rabbit wink his eye that is a signal to shoot."

Just then the rabbit winked. A report followed. Bill and Shammy went one way, the guns another, and bunny a third.

"Missed, by Jove! Who would have thought it? Quick, quick, Shammy, throw your pipe at him."

The aim of the pipe was better than the aim with the gun, it landing within a foot of bunny who stopped to inspect it.

"Come on Bill," said Shammy, starting on a run, "he has stopped to hit the pipe and we can catch him. Hurry up!"

The "hurry up" proved disastrous, for there was a splash, followed by a strong comment on the weather, and the rabbit scampered off over the hill with the pipe.

Shammy, in relating his escapade to a number of sympathizing friends, said that he did not mind the loss of the bar of soap that was required to remove the effects of Mud Creek so much as the loss of the corncob that had been his greatest comfort and consolation in times of trouble.