

# The Notre Dame Scholastic

·DISCE·QVASI·SEMPER·VICTVRVS· ·VIVE·QVASI·CRAS·MORITVRVS·

VOL. XXXVII.

NOTRE DAME, INDIANA, NOVEMBER 14, 1903.

No. 10.

## The Master's Picture.

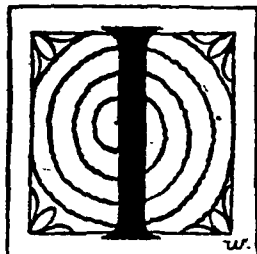
GRATTAN T. STANFORD, '04.

THE greatest picture ever seen  
By man is nature true,  
Whose tint at first a vernal green  
Shades to a golden hue.

The artist who has wrought it such,  
So masterly and fine,  
Is one in whose mysterious touch  
Is writ the name Divine.

## Goldsmith.

MICHAEL J. SHEA, '04.



IN the works of any author, we discern certain traits and characteristics which give an appropriate idea of his personality. It is as true in literature as in any other field of labor, that we can judge the man by his works. Nearly every writer inserts, unconsciously perhaps, certain descriptions and scenes which tell of more or less familiarity with the theme in actual life. We have but to read the title of some works,—such as De Quincey's "Confessions of an Opium Eater,"—or glance over a few chapters to obtain some hint of the author's habits. Many of the best works in the history of literature would never have been written but for some quality in the theme which appealed to the sympathies of the author. For example, Milton's "Samson Agonistes"—which the famous composer, Handel, took as his text in the oratorio of that name,—would hardly have been written but for the circumstance that both the author and the principal character of the play were afflicted with

blindness. In reading the "Dunciad" of Pope we discover in every line the bitter and spiteful disposition of "the human interrogation point." We can see the huge and ponderous figure of Dr. Johnson laboring through the lengthy words and intricate phrases of all his productions. Yet this rule, which has a perfect application in the majority of cases, is proved like any other rule by its exception. The exception is found in Oliver Goldsmith, the most versatile and one of the most charming of English authors, the most foolish and ridiculous personage in all literature. He lessened by his life and actions the great fame he had gained by his works. The first men in Europe—authors, artists, actors—read Goldsmith's productions with unbounded admiration; the most illiterate and ignorant laughed at his foolish actions and childlike want of common sense. Johnson described Goldsmith well when he said: "No man was more foolish when he had not a pen in his hand, or more wise when he had." This peculiar combination of a masterly literary ability with an eccentric disposition—a union rarely found—makes Goldsmith one of the most interesting characters of English literature. His works—especially his two poems, "The Traveler" and "The Deserted Village," and his novel, "The Vicar of Wakefield,"—are well known by everyone who is at all versed in English literature, and Goldsmith himself has furnished a subject for many of the best biographers and essayists, such as Thackeray, Macaulay and Irving.

Goldsmith's greatest desideratum was a strong will, the lack of which proved to be his undoing. Instead of placing before himself one aim and directing all his efforts toward a particular goal, he seemed to possess no ambition, was a slave to circumstances, drifted wherever fortune carried him. The great things of life troubled him but little. Yet he was perplexed by the smallest trifle

and chagrined at unimportant incidents. His sensitive and weak mind often took affront at some meaningless and innocent remark. It would be natural to expect that such a sensitive, easily-offended person would avoid conversation as much as possible; but Goldsmith, on the contrary, was as garrulous as a parrot, and at times so loquacious that he seemed to talk without regard to subject or occasion, merely to relieve his mind. Yet it is to his credit that he never dissimulated or pretended to be what he was not; on the contrary, he was so frank and open, so guileless, that it was said of him: "He spoke what he thought and just as he thought it." He seemed to be especially fond of forcing himself into notice in company, and so jealous was he and fearful lest anyone should excel him, that he would rudely interrupt the conversation if he thought that any person was attracting more attention than he. It is said that he often interrupted Dr. Johnson, and became exceedingly wrought up because everyone listened to the illustrious doctor and forgot Goldsmith. Yet Goldsmith was far from being an egotist. One of his most frequent topics in conversation was his own shortcomings, and though he would leave the room in a passion if anyone ventured to criticise him or his works, he would openly express his ill opinion of himself. Though fully conscious of his own weaknesses he could not bear to be advised or corrected by anyone, especially his own literary friends. He often rejected the advice of Johnson simply to show his independence, and yet it is related that he rewrote a whole scene in one of his plays because he overheard some tavern roughs criticising it. Such incidents show the strange incongruity of his relations with others.

Men immeasurably inferior to him in every respect but in the possession of common sense, laughed at his blunders and pitied his weaknesses, yet at the same time we see him associating on the most friendly terms with the foremost men of Europe who endured his foibles because of his good nature, or overlooked them in deference to his ability. Another predominant feature of Goldsmith's character was his thoughtlessness, a feature which caused half his troubles and prevented him from reaching a position in society and wealth to which his labors entitled him. He was extravagant, vain and over-generous. He indulged in extravagance far beyond his means, and the money that should have gone

to pay his debts was foolishly spent in dress or carousing. We can imagine him walking down the street in a suit of scarlet, his ugly face appearing still uglier by the contrast, tossing his last shilling to some undeserving beggar. Goldsmith had a strange liking for beggars and vagabonds, probably because of his own youthful experiences. "He was so liberal to beggars," says Macaulay, "that he had nothing left for his tailor and his butcher." He was so easily duped and so generous that everyone imposed upon him. It is related that while in Dublin he slept for a whole winter inside a feather bed which he had ripped open as a substitute for the blankets he had given to a poor street singer. "His generosity," says Sir Walter Scott, "knew no bounds but his last guinea."

It is little wonder that with such a disposition Goldsmith passed his whole life in the lodgings of a poor and needy writer. Weak-willed, thoughtless, improvident of the future, vain and extravagant, frivolous and seemingly devoid of that characteristic which is so conspicuous in his works, insight into men's characters, Goldsmith presents a curious picture. We see him sitting with his friends at the club and note his childish temper, his misplaced vanity, open heart and frank tongue. He roars with boisterous laughter at some friend's joke, but suddenly scowls as in his imagination he discovers some concealed sneer. In a moment his good nature reasserts itself, and he relates in his rich Irish brogue some trivial happening of the day, some tavern incident, or maybe, another fight with his landlady. Everyone knows the story of the "Vicar of Wakefield," an incident very characteristic of Goldsmith. Threatened with arrest for not paying his rent, he immediately sends for Johnson who after forwarding a guinea to appease the landlady, soon after set out for his friend's lodgings. We can picture the portly doctor lumbering up the creaking stairs and imagine his feelings when he entered the room. Everything was in a state of confusion, books, manuscripts and cast-off finery, scattered here and there over empty wine bottles for which many a month's wages had been wasted. Goldsmith, himself, with a bottle of expensive wine before him, bought with the doctor's guinea, was half intoxicated and loudly scolding his landlady who stood speechless with rage. The affair had nearly reached a climax, and had not the doctor arrived, Goldsmith would probably

have spent a few months in jail. After pacifying the landlady with a few pieces of gold, Dr. Johnson remonstrated with Goldsmith for his foolish conduct, and asked if he had no work ready for the publisher. In reply Goldsmith brought forth a manuscript which Johnson sold for sixty pounds. This work, the "Vicar of Wakefield," attained a popularity which it has never lost, since it can boast of a steady sale for nearly one hundred and fifty years.

Goldsmith's character is peculiar and incongruous in many respects. It is difficult to explain how and where he gained the knowledge and ability displayed in his works. But the strangest fact of all is the great contrast between Goldsmith as an author and as a man. As an author, he was foreign and superior to the age and circumstances in which he lived. Though surrounded on all sides by the unbounded licentiousness of an over-tolerant age, though the majority of contemporary writers suited their style to the debased popular taste, every page that Goldsmith wrote was entirely free from coarseness or ribaldry of any sort. As Sir Walter Scott says, "He was a friend to virtue, and in his most playful pages never forgets what is due wit. A gentleness, delicacy and purity of feeling distinguish whatever he wrote." Such refinement we would never expect from Goldsmith, who, as Macaulay says, was vain and sensual and indulged every little whim or caprice. We would be shocked if a friend pointed out to us as the author of "The Deserted Village" the riotous, intoxicated Goldsmith of the tavern. The contrast is nearly as marked in all the other characteristics of his works. The ideal we formed in reading his works is invariably rudely shattered and dispelled when we see the author as he is. All his works possess a charming and entertaining style, are simple and unaffected, never grandiloquent or sublime. The author seems to have written thoughtfully and studiously; to have attained his style by frequent processes of correcting and pruning, so fit is each word for its place. If we were to meet the possessor of such a style, we would expect to see a well-dressed but not over-dressed gentleman, brilliant in conversation and always at ease. How far does Goldsmith fill this rôle? Look at him as he sits with his friends foppishly dressed in bright colors, talking nonsensically, and always suspicious and fearful lest some

one should receive more attention than he.

Far from being a studious and painstaking writer, Goldsmith seldom rewrote any manuscript, but on the contrary possessed such ability and ease in writing that sentence followed sentence, paragraph succeeded paragraph almost as rapidly as if he were writing from dictation. Bishop Percy said of him that "his elegant and enchanting style flowed from him with so much facility that in whole quires he had seldom occasion to correct or alter a single word." His rapidity in writing is demonstrated by the fact that he wrote a history of Greece in five weeks. There is but little, if anything, in all his works, novels, poems and plays, that suggests the real Goldsmith, that gives us an inkling of the character of the author or an insight into his personality. But on the contrary, the idea we obtain from his works is contradicted by his life and actions. We admire the author but pity the man. Thackeray summarizes Goldsmith's character as author and man in one short paragraph: "Think of him reckless, thoughtless, vain, if you like,—but merciful, gentle, generous, full of love and pity. His humor delighting us still; his song fresh and beautiful as when first he charmed with it; his words in all our mouths; his very weaknesses beloved and familiar. His benevolent spirit seems still to smile on us; to do gentle kindnesses; to succor with sweet charity; to soothe, caress, and forgive; to plead with the fortunate for the unhappy and the poor."

---

Love's Sacrifice.

---

ROBERT E. PROCTOR, '04.

---

Dick Beverly came noisily into the office of the Blairstown Woollen Mills, and strode forward to the desk of Mark Hendricks, the young superintendent.

"Hello, Beverly," Hendricks saluted, looking up from his correspondence, "be seated, old man. What brings you here at this hour of the day? Campaign work, I suppose. How often have I told you not to work so hard for me. I don't deserve it."

"Oh yes, you do, Mark," replied Beverly, dropping into a chair. "You'll be our next governor, if my efforts can bring about such a result. But I've got some important news to tell you."

"Go ahead. I'm listening."

"You well know that Laurence Deering is managing Senator Brady's boom for the Republican nomination. You also know what vile, scurrilous attacks he has made against you so as to prejudice the delegates in Brady's favor."

Hendricks nodded his head affirmatively.

"Well, he has at last overreached himself, and you now have good grounds for a libel suit. Did you read the *Morning Post*?"

"I did not."

Beverly pulled a newspaper out of his coat pocket and handed it to the superintendent.

Hendricks read, and as his eyes fell upon the glaring headlines that stared him in the face, the paper dropped from his hands; his face became white as chalk, and a gasp of dismay and fright broke from his lips.

"At last," he whispered almost inaudibly; "it has followed me at last."

Dick Beverly was on his feet, staring in amazement at his friend.

"My God, Hendricks!" he exclaimed, "it isn't true! You! a pardoned convict—a murderer!"

Hendricks stayed him with a gesture of his hand.

"Don't condemn me unheard, Dick," he said brokenly, "the God above knows I've suffered enough without you turning against me."

Dick was about to speak.

"I am no murderer Beverly," continued Hendricks; "I have committed no crime."

"Thank God for that," came from Beverly.

"But I am a pardoned convict. Sit down and I will tell you the story that has never passed my lips before. My name is not Mark Hendricks but Robert Torrence. Fifteen years ago in the early '80's I was paying teller in the First National Bank at Cartell, Illinois. The president of this bank was Dixon Wright, a man who had been like a father to me. For his murder I was sent to the penitentiary, although God knows I am innocent."

Hendricks covered his face with his hands and did not speak for a moment, while Beverly waited eagerly for what was to come.

"There lived in Cartell at this time," continued Hendricks brokenly, "Margaret Payton, a young woman who had been as a sister to me for ten long years. I loved her as I never expect to love again; but she loved another, Walter Jaxon, cashier of the bank, who was totally unworthy of her. For a long time I had suspected that Jaxon was putting small amounts of the bank's money to his own use.

For Margaret Payton's sake I did not wish to see him come to a felon's end, and so warned him to be careful. He swore that he had only borrowed a slight amount to aid him in speculation, and that he would shortly make up the deficit. Two days after I had warned Jaxon, the bank officials sent me to Chicago on special business. I returned shortly after midnight, and was passing the bank when I heard the unmistakable sound of a pistol shot from within the bank building.

"The door, left unlocked by some one, opened at my touch, and as soon as I was within I hurried to the vault. When I crossed the threshold I beheld a sight the memory of which remains with me to this day. There on the floor, near the safe, was the body of Dixon Wright lying in a pool of blood, and not five feet distant was the body of Jaxon, the cashier! I fell on my knees at Wright's side with an involuntary cry of grief. Wright opened his eyes, and with a desperate effort spoke these words: 'Jaxon—did it—he is—my murderer!' In another instant he was dead, and as I stood looking down at his dear face, now cold in death, I swore to hand his murderer over to justice. Then a thought of what such an act would mean to Margaret Payton crossed my mind. I wavered between love and duty. Oh! the agony of that moment. Love won, and I then and there resolved to sacrifice myself to save Jaxon for the one who loved him.

"Jaxon, who had been rendered unconscious by being thrown forcibly against the wall during the death struggle he had waged with the murdered man, had revived, and now staggered to his feet with a frightened look on his face. His eyes fell upon the body of the dead man, and his already pale face became white as chalk; while his limbs trembled so that he could scarcely stand. He began to cry aloud that he did not mean to kill Wright; that the banker had attacked him, and he had shot him in self-defense. I silenced him with a gesture, and these words: 'You didn't kill him. I did. Remember—for Margaret's sake remember—that I and not you killed him.'

"He stared at me as if he could not understand, and then, as the full meaning of my words struck him, he exclaimed: 'No, no, Torrence! You shall not sacrifice yourself for me! I am a thief and a murderer, and I will surrender myself to justice. I came here to-night intending to rob the safe and make

good my escape. I should have waited until a later hour, for Wright surprised me,—and I killed him. But you shall not sacrifice yourself for me, Torrence.’—‘Not for you but for Margaret,’ I replied, taking the revolver with which he had committed the deed out of his hand. ‘Go now and leave all to me. I will save you.’

“Jaxon bowed his head and left the bank with the brand of guilt upon his soul, while I—determined to sacrifice myself to save the man for the one who loved him—gave myself up to the police. You can imagine the rest. What a sensation the murder created in Cartell! My friends did all in their power to save me. Jaxon came to me in my cell and offered to give himself up to justice, but I bade him be still lest suspicion rest upon him.

“I was tried and found guilty of manslaughter and sentenced to twenty years in the penitentiary. How I escaped the gallows God only knows. Five years later I was pardoned and came East to start anew. And no shadow crossed my path until Deering and Brady discovered my secret, and blazoned it forth so as to defeat me in the convention.”

Beverly had listened to the story of self-sacrifice with emotions that can not be described, and as soon as his friend had finished he rose from his chair and crossed the intervening space.

“Mark,” he said, as he grasped Hendricks’ hand and wrung it, “forgive me if I for a moment doubted you. I always knew that you were a noble man; but I never dreamed that your nobility would lead you to sacrifice your life for a man who did not deserve any mercy at your hands.”

“Not for him, but for the woman who now bears his name.”

“She married him, then?”

“One year after the murder.”

“Has the woman—his wife—ever learned the truth of Wright’s death? Does she know that her husband is the murderer?”

“No, no; and she shall never know during this life. The revelation would kill her.”

“Then you will not give me permission to answer Deering’s story?”

Hendricks slowly shook his head.

“I can not,” he said.

“It means defeat, Mark. Think of it, man. It means an end to all your hopes of ever becoming governor.”

“So be it then.”

“You mean to allow Brady and Deering

to gloat over your downfall; to drive you out of Blairstown, you an innocent man who has suffered for the crime of another—this is madness, man!”

“I can not do otherwise,” replied Hendricks. “Better that I should suffer than Margaret.”

Beverly picked up his hat, and turned to his friend with hand outstretched:

“Good-bye, old man,” he said, while the tears rolled unchecked and unheeded down his cheek.

“Good-bye,” returned Hendricks, his face set and pale. “I will start on my wanderings again to-night. Perhaps some day—”

His voice broke, and with a groan he flung himself into a chair, and bowing his head on the desk, sat there in dreary silence. Nor did he move when Beverly threw his arm over the bowed shoulders. Beverly at last withdrew, and left the stricken man to face the dreary future alone.

---

St. Francis of Assisi.

---

STEPHEN F. RIORDAN, '04.

---

In the little town of Assisi in Central Italy, near the close of the 12th century, was born Francis, the son of a wealthy merchant, by name Bernadini. The father being absent at the time of the birth of the child, the mother gave him in baptism the name of Giovanni. In his youth he was in the habit of reading extensively the romances of the Troubadours, on which account he was nicknamed “Il Franscesco” or, the little Frenchman, and by the name of Francis he is still known and loved by thousands of Christian souls.

Assisi, in the time of which we speak offered many temptations to a young man of Francis’ disposition, gay and vivacious as he was. And although he indulged freely in the pleasure and gaiety of his time, miraculous as it seems, he preserved unsullied his moral character and Christian honor. He was prodigal and generous, extravagantly so, and in him the needy found a sympathetic friend. His life of pleasure did not last long, for at the age of twenty-four, having fallen dangerously ill, he gave himself up to religious reflections and a contemplation of the folly of his past life. His conscience had been awakened, and “henceforward he held that in contempt which he had formerly held in admiration and love.”

About this time he had frequent visions which greatly disquieted him, for he did not know whether they were to be interpreted in their literal or their figurative sense. In one of these visions he saw a vast armory filled with weapons of every sort and over each a cross; to his inquiry as to their possession he was told "They belong to thee and thy soldiers." Taking this vision literally he was about to enlist with a certain count when one day, after walking through the fields, he chanced upon a small chapel, that of St. Damian, sadly out of repair, and on entering heard a voice saying: "Go, rebuild my house which is fast falling to ruin." Taking this vision literally also he returned home, saddled his horse, and taking a bale of his father's goods he went to Foligno, a neighboring city, and having sold both horse and goods returned to the priest of St. Damian's with the money which he desired the good rector to apply to the restoration of the church.

It was a very slight circumstance, trivial in its nature, as it would seem, that led the founder of the greatest religious community of his or modern times to embrace his chosen vocation. One day as he was listening to the gospel he was unusually struck by the words, "Do not possess gold, nor silver, nor money in your purses," and in those he found his calling. "This is what I seek," he cried; "this is what my heart desires." Casting aside his cane and purse he hastened to put on a coarse tunic, and girding himself with a hempen cord he set out to preach repentance to all.

At first his townsmen regarded him as a fanatic and madman. To a cave near by he retired to escape the consequences of his father's anger, and here he spent a month in prayer and meditation, during which time the idea of founding a religious order was given birth. He emerged from his retreat with a firm resolution to follow the course and to accomplish the work for which he had originally set out. The sympathy of the better class of people was soon extended to him, and his eminent virtues, and above all his illustrious example, won for him the respect and admiration of all. Supported by his zealous exhortations his chosen profession obtained many followers, foremost among whom were Bernard Quintavalle and Peter Cattano, two rich young men who gave their goods to the poor in order that they might the better follow in the footsteps of Christ; and these became the first associates of St.

Francis. In a short time the little band was swelled to still greater proportions by a large body of youths, and with these Francis formed the order which had been his most cherished hope.

The habit of the order consisted of a coarse brown tunic of woollen cloth, with a hood of the same material, and girth about the waist with a hempen cord. This simple dress the saint had chosen because it was very like the garb of the peasants among whom they were prepared to work and live. Poverty was the active principle which animated the Franciscans. Such was their strict adherence to the vow of poverty that their clothing, their breviary, and even the hempen cord with which they were girded, were considered common rather than personal property. They were solely dependent on alms for their maintenance. In a journey which he made to Spain and a voyage to Syria and Egypt, St. Francis was supported by the alms of the pious people along the way.

Francis, after much trouble, finally obtained an audience with the then reigning Pope, Innocent III., to whom he submitted the rule of his order for approval. The Pope was loath, however, to give his consent to the foundation of a new order, for the burden of the existing ones weighed heavily upon the poor people by whom they were almost entirely sustained; and furthermore every religious enthusiast thought he had a divine commission to found an order.

"Where will you obtain the means to carry on this work?" asked the Pope.

"I put my trust in my Lord Jesus Christ," replied the Saint. "He who promises glory and eternal life, will not fail to provide the necessaries of the body here below."

"Go, then, my dear son," said the Holy Father, "and in the measure that God deigns to give you His light and strength do you preach penance to all. If He be pleased to add to your number and to increase grace in your heart send us word and we shall then the more surely grant you fresh favors."

The order being thus approved, St. Francis sent his companions in all directions saying to them on their departure:

"You are called to lead back to the right road those who have gone astray; to heal the bruised and to cheer the sorrowful. Poverty is the friend and bride of Christ, the root whence the tree draws life, the cornerstone of the temple, the queen of virtues. If



our brethren love it, if they remain faithful to it and give a pattern of it to the world, then will the world respect and support them. Let your speech be simple and humble that it may bring him who hears it to praise and honor God. While announcing peace to all be sure that it reigns in your hearts."

St. Francis, besides his other gifts, was endowed with a matchless eloquence. "His words," says St. Bonaventure, "penetrated like glowing fire to the inmost depths of the heart." It is not to be wondered at then that a man living the life that Christ had lived, preaching the doctrine which the Apostles preached, and possessing the eloquence which they possessed could in so short a time obtain so many and such willing followers.

Our saint sincerely loved nature and all her creatures. He called the birds and the beasts his brothers and sisters, and they, on their part, reciprocated the feeling, for they meekly received his gentle hand-stroke and followed him wherever he went.

The sufferings of our Divine Saviour so affected the tender soul of St. Francis that our Lord appeared to him in the form of a seraph and placed upon him the marks (stigmata) of the five wounds. This occurred at Monte Alverno, Sept. 17, 1224, two years before the saint's death. The spot has ever since been a place of love and reverence for the Friars Minor.

"When Francis felt the approach of death," says Alzog, "he had himself carried to the church on a bier, and there he was by his own orders laid on the bare ground and covered with an old habit which the Guardian of the convent threw over him. While lying here he exhorted his brethren to love God, to cherish poverty and practise virtue, and closed by giving them his last blessing. He then had the Passion of Our Lord, according to St. John, read to him, and after reciting the 140th Psalm yielded up his pure, angelic soul to God, October the 4th, 1226." Thus died "the most blameless and gentle of saints," "a living example of Christian patience, devoted sacrifice and self-denial."

THE world has a great many wants, and good Christians have a great many wants also; but it so happens that the world's great want is the same as a good Christian's want—a right appreciation of spiritual things. This want is the source of all mischief.—*Faber.*

Varsity Verse.

LET US SING.

A SONG for the men of the comedy stage,  
Who act and sing for our delight,  
Who drive away care from the "rounder" and sage,  
Who tread the same boards night after night.

There's many a tragedy back of the scenes,—  
While we gaily laugh and forget all care,  
A thing oft happens which that night means  
Sorrow behind the foot-lights' glare.

Oh, the tragedy of the comic stage!—  
Its toil, its failures, and despair—  
The comedians whom the magnates engage,  
May have the most of sorrow and care.

They crack their jokes, they have always a smile;  
No matter their feelings, they fill you with cheer,  
And many a happy hour beguile  
That otherwise would be dull and drear.

So a song for the men of the comedy stage,  
In sorrow and joy, in the foot-lights' glare—  
To-day they're down, to-morrow the "rage,"  
But always they soothe our trouble and care.

They make our lives longer by cheering us up;  
They make sunny the wisdom of student and sage;  
They break our grasp on Sorrow's cup,  
So a song for the men of the comedy stage.

B. V. K.

HALLOWEEN ECHOES.

Our front gate's gone and all the chairs  
That stood upon the porch  
Are hanging on the fence and now  
Each one supports a torch;

The window shutters, taken away—  
No one has found them yet;  
The goblins or the fairies  
Are using them, I'll bet.

When pa came down to breakfast,  
You ought to see us sprint,  
And ma remarked the things he said  
Would not look well in print.

I'd like to see such Halloweens  
Come 'round twelve times a year,  
For every fellow with a heart  
That night turns buccaneer.

S.

A TRAGIC ROMANCE.

Sunday morning bright and sunny,  
Strolling youth upon the green,  
Meets a maiden going homeward  
Thinks she's just an uncrowned queen

Box of candy, saunter quiet,  
Smiling faces ringing laughter,  
Cruel fates—I grieve to tell it—  
Scowling prefect walking after.

Monday morning on the carpet  
Oh the sorrow of that "skive!"  
For demerits sure will follow,  
Now a hundred ninety-five,

G. E. G.

## Church Day in the Country.

GEORGE J. MACNAMARA, '04.

Nine o'clock, or perhaps half-past, for we had heard the unmusical clangor of the church bell re-echoing along the hills a few miles back, brought all the farmers for miles around to assist at the bi-monthly Mass. Groups were gathered here and there along the road, sometimes at the base of a locust. Here it was I formed my first impressions of the Income Tax, or, as was more noticeable, the farmers gathered around the well in the rear of the church while the little ones went inside to be tutored in the rudiments of Christian Doctrine.

The church, a one-story brick building, had been built neither for style nor the accommodation of a medium-sized congregation. The interior was plain, and when you walked down the aisle to your straight-back, rough-board seat, your steps seemed to dislocate the beams underneath, so loudly cried the floor when your heel crushed against it.

Old Tad Porter, the dean of the congregation, was so worked up wondering whether "thet er shetter 'ud git kitched in thet er cobber web," that he forgot to take up the collection until Uncle Hanc Hamilton's coughs and nudges brought him to himself again. Uncle Hanc invariably dropped three pennies in the box and was anxious that all should see him fulfilling the fifth commandment of the Church. Every head nodded assent to the words of the sermon, and I could hardly imagine these assenters to be the same sages who spent the time before Mass contradicting everyone, themselves not excepted.

After Mass the congregation speedily dispersed, all save Dave Jones, whose turn it was to dine the pastor, and we set off chasing and racing down the road we had come three hours before. How changed! The new board fence along the road was deserted. I remember the time there was a barb-wire fence there. One day one of the trustees came out to find his horse standing in a pool of blood. Thereupon he resolved before the committee that "es it are better te ketch ther terbaccy worm in ther bud, I reckon ter keep ther rest of ther congregation's horses frum pawin' ther barbs off ther barb-wires, we'd better take the barb-wires deown."

The knolls were deserted; knolls where

we talked politics, weather and crops until the little boy in a red cassock, a legacy of one-half his size, came forth to ring the bell. There were the same stones, too, whereon we dusted our shoes and flicked the spots from our shoulders, where we sought for the handkerchief ma had ironed especially for us and found it folded in the old prayer book marking the "Penitential Psalms."

Down the road the buggies were again gathered. Some one said Croly was dispensing hospitalities. We stopped with the rest to see if Croly mixed hospitalities as well as he did on the other church Sundays.

## A Partner's Death.

MAURICE F. GRIFFIN, '04.

Promptly at four-thirty, the accustomed hour, Mrs. James came to drive home with her husband. For fifteen minutes the horses stood at the carriage stone, and then, sharing their impatience, Mrs. James alighted, directed the driver to wait for her, and started into the large office building. The lady passed through the outer office of "James and Draper, Stock Brokers," and had her hand on the knob of the door leading to her husband's private room, when the sound of angry voices within caused her to stop. She listened, and alternately heard the excited words of her husband and the oaths of his partner. She knew there had long been considerable ill-will between the men, but she never had dreamed that it had gone to such an extremity as this. She carefully withdrew to the outer room lest she should be found so apparently "eaves-dropping," and then she went down to her carriage again. In less than ten minutes Mr. Draper came down, and without seeing her in his hurried confusion dashed into the club across the street. Still she waited—five, ten, fifteen minutes, half an hour passed, and then exasperated by the delay she returned to her husband's apartment. It was now quite dark outside and the lights were on in the office. The private room door was closed; she opened it, and as she did a terrible sight met her eyes. In his large chair lay the limp form of her husband, yet that form was not limp but rigid. The hands were clenched in a death-like grip, but there were no other signs of violence on his person. In his hand was a large, unique paper knife of steel.



His temple had a slight blue mark, such a one as the powder from a touch-hole would make, the lips were a little discolored, but otherwise there was not a clew to the cause of his death. The coroner pronounced the case murder due to a blow on the temple. There was no other wound on the person of the deceased.

Mrs. James told the officers what she had heard, and suspicion at once rested on Mr. Draper. After a short search he was found at the club. Immediately upon his arrival he had gone to a private room, and there, alone, he had been drinking heavily for the past three hours. He showed the effects of it. When the officers entered to arrest him he flew into a terrible rage, and could only be taken out by force.

The papers next morning had a half page picture of Mr. Thaddeus E. James, the wealthy broker and prominent citizen who had been murdered by his partner. All of Draper's faults were catalogued. His excessive oil speculation and evident financial ruin were given as the probable cause of the trouble.

That afternoon, as the "Limited Express" came to a stop, a decidedly sporty looking young man stepped lightly to the platform. He had been in the smoker all the way, and the dark circles under his eyes showed that he had been trying to drown a care he could not face.

"I wish I'd wired dad," he said to himself. "I wonder what sort of trouble he'll kick up when I tell him."

He was Jack Draper, senior in Cornell, winner of two "C's," and just at present in a state of deep disgrace. He had been "fired" for leading a "feat" initiation. As he walked sheepishly over to the railing, hoping no one would recognize him, a newsboy poked a paper under his nose with, "All about the James murder case." Jack almost dropped when his eye caught these words: "Draper too drunk to be reliable." He sprang into a cab and shouted the number to the driver.

Half an hour later his heart-broken mother had told him all. It seemed hard to believe, but they all said it was true. Jack was silent: the awfulness of the situation had aroused all his mental faculties. He believed his father innocent, and resolved never to rest till he had freed him. First he went to the club, then to the office to examine he knew not what.

He went over the scene again and again.

and fought against the newspaper's story of motive and deed. But it all looked too hopeless, too complicated, for Jack. He kept saying to himself: "Dad was no coward, there wasn't a sign of a fight—no evidence of a struggle."

He dropped into James' chair, just where he had been when found, and as he kept saying "but that a—motive—that motive," he suddenly caught the headlines of a letter that lay on the table. It had been unnoticed among the other papers; he grasped it and read:

"MESSRS. BROWN AND WAITE,  
Attorneys-at-Law.

"DEAR SIR:—For six months I have been contemplating the step I am now resolved to take. I desire the dissolution of the partnership of 'James and Draper.' My first cause was the extent and unwise risk of the constant speculations of my partner; but now in my very room he has openly defied my precaution, and plainly insults both my manhood and my better judgment. I shall not endure a repetition of the performance this afternoon; and do—"

Here the letter ended abruptly. Jack jumped from the chair waved the paper above his head and shouted: "Thank God! James wrote that after father left; and he had been in the club ever since he left here." Was there hope in this? Yes. A new feeling took possession of him. He grabbed up a second sheet, but it was now too dark. He reached for the desk light to turn it down for use, and as his hand touched the point of the hinge his thumb came in contact with the ragged edge of the live wire. An electric thrill shot through his body, tightened his muscles, and made him tremble in every fibre; and then, as he was forced more by chance than by his own efforts away from the wire in the agony of a single convulsion he dropped exhausted to the floor. But with the first gleam of returning consciousness there flashed upon him the great reality he had discovered. Mr. James had been sitting just where he had; it was just that time of day; he had been writing that letter which Jack had found, and he had needed the light; and as he reached up to turn it into place he had touched that bared wire; and the current which had shaken the athletic, rugged form of the young man fresh from the campus, had been concentrated in the steel paper knife and killed the old man in the office. Jack's experience proved his father's innocence.

# NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC

Notre Dame, Indiana, November 14, 1903.

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.

PATRICK J. MACDONOUGH, 1903.

FRANCIS F. DUKETTE, '02	G. A. FARABAUGH, '04
BYRON V. KANALEY, '04	THOMAS D. LYONS, '04
LOUIS J. CAREY, '04	GEO. J. MACNAMARA, '04
MAURICE F. GRIFFIN, '04	WALTER M. DALY, '04
STEPHEN F. RIORDAN, '04	THOMAS P. IRVING, '04
ROBERT E. PROCTOR, '04	JOSEPH J. MEYERS, '04
JOSEPH H. BURKE, '04	L. M. FETHERSTON, '04
ERNEST A. DAVIS, '04	MICHAEL J. SHEA, '04
JAMES R. RECORD, '05	JOSEPH P. O'REILLY, '06

—The other day we heard a certain professor disapprove of an indecent remark made in a crowd attending a football game. His words set us thinking as to the reason for such remark and the censure which it evoked. Unfortunately it too often happens that when men of different classes and callings assemble to witness any exciting contest exclamations and phrases are heard which one would look for in vain in the dictionary. Why is this? It is due simply to lack of good breeding on the part of those who make them. The words so used are generally in keeping with the low, base nature that prompted them, and their sudden obtrusion and inappropriateness naturally shock the sensibilities of the more refined. The intellectual, cultured man loathes to hear these unseemly remarks; but with the vulgar and uncultured they pass unchallenged. The latter may have many of the outward indications of refinement; if he indulges, however, in indecent language civilization has been lost on him. He would be more at home among barbarians.

—A question that has aroused much interest has to do with the deportation of Turner, the English anarchist. Though ordered to quit the country, after being examined by a board of inquiry, he appealed to the United States Circuit Court which

decided against him, and now his case will be tried before the Supreme Court. Turner's advocates contend that the law which aims to exclude those immigrants opposed to organized government should not apply to him because he is not an extremist of the Czolgosz type, but professes what is known as "philosophic" anarchy. In other words, he is opposed on principle to government, believing it unnecessary. He has sublime faith in the inherent goodness of human nature, and thinks that men could get along very well without being circumscribed by governmental enactments. Truly this is a "philosophic" theory, and without infringing on the freedom of speech, it seems difficult to convict the propounder. Still, the teaching of this doctrine tends to discredit law and government, and if tolerated is sure to cause harm. It is but a step to that extreme form of anarchy which urges the destruction of all government because of dissatisfaction with existing conditions. Lovers of true liberty will feel safer in Turner's absence.

—An editorial in one of the leading weekly magazines recently pleaded charity for the cross and overworked man. By way of defence it pleaded that the poor man seldom gets enough sleep and that he gets no natural and healthful exercise; therefore, that he is irritable and of as slight comfort to himself as he is to other persons. This sleep-starving regime certainly holds to an appreciable and dangerous extent. Men meet all the requirements of their business and social affairs, but they steadily encroach upon the requirements of nature. At about this stage in a man's career he, though an old and trusted friend of yours, passes you on the street either with a grunt or with no recognition whatever. He makes himself a continuous nightmare to his office force and his business brethren. His children at home dread the dinner instead of looking forward to a romp with an indulgent and companionable father. The result may figure in a divorce, a separated family, or a suicide—and all this not so much due to moral perversity as to the lack of seven hours' sleep each night. One should be charitable to the nervous and irritable professional or business man. It is too bad, but he is his own worst enemy. Students at universities, where regard is had for a natural and healthful day's work and

sufficient time is deducted from the twenty-four hours to take a normal sleep, may not appreciate the wisdom of the bells. When, however, they enter the struggle where night and day are scarcely distinguished and ambition and not nature dictates the time for the bells, they will appreciate just what a methodical day's work and a methodical night's sleep contribute to a person's happiness. If the professor is cross or the student irritable and sour, be charitable. Neither, perhaps, had a good night's sleep.

---

—There is in most of us a fault that attacks the very foundation of success, namely, delay. Many of us by a habit of postponing the performance of our work act contrary to the adage that advises us not to defer till tomorrow a duty we can do to-day. The thought that delay is not so detrimental for a student as it is for a man in active life may lead us to believe that among students is the fault most prevalent. At times we have to face a large amount of work, and instead of beginning immediately to do it we ponder over it and wonder how we shall ever be able to finish. This is but heaping fuel on the fire, for by such a procedure we employ time in fretting that might have been used in doing the work. Again there are times when the task before us is small, but instead of performing this and then spending our time in recreation we take the recreation first with the result that in the end little or no time is left for work, and the task before us is done slovenly or not at all. As this injurious practice is but the result of repeated carelessness it can be overcome, and we can acquire the opposite habit by forcing ourselves to do our work at the proper time.

---

—We have, beyond all doubt, parted from the builders. We have reached out to the ends of the earth and have become a world-power, worldly even among the most mundane. And this step has not been taken blindly but after mature consideration and debate; not at one headlong plunge but by degrees. The Spanish war, the conquest of the Philippines, the affair in China—all these pointed us the way in which we followed. But the last tie that bound us to the fathers was not yet severed. That cruel task remained for Kentucky, the famed in song and story, the home of Boone, Calhoun and Clay. That state with

which is associated the royal name of Bourbon has become prohibition! Forty-eight counties have traitorously gone over "body and soul, hooves and hide," to the unsympathetic users of liquid ice; fifty-four others are on the way; while the feeble struggle is but yet faintly waged in only eighteen counties. Where once the fragrant "still" perfumed the mountain air, there now bubbles the less attractive spring; where formerly the coming of a revenue officer was a signal for rifle practice, there is now no sale for powder. And this is but the beginning. Before long, probably, the state seal will bear a design of a spouting artesian well and the state motto will appeal to sentiment through the magic formula, H<sub>2</sub>O. It is time to make the last stand for the national repute of Kentucky; for when this reform, like vaulting ambition, doth overreach itself, who can say that the spirit of liberty shall not entirely disappear? It behooves some valiant colonel or other kindred spirit to intervene before the mint-julep and all that it stands for perish from the earth.

---

—"Everyman," the English morality play, satiated the most critical, historic, literary or dramatic appetite among the audience that attended its presentation in South Bend last Friday evening. There is a certain indefinable atmosphere hovering over plays of this nature, an atmosphere that elevates no less than it pleases and instructs. Little doubt can be expressed that dramatic evolution has not altogether wandered from the days of those monastic dramatists to our own psychologic writers over a road toward total betterment. Simplicity, clearness and effective acting added much to appropriate stage-setting to help us back over the rough ways of the past to a lighter and, what was evident from Friday's production, a more elevated form of dramatic composition.

Why not have more of it? The morality play has sufficient admirers even among those professedly antagonistic to its teaching, as was shown by the reception tendered, not only by the mixed audience at South Bend but wherever the play has been produced. Why not have more plays of this nature? If not morality plays, why not other early productions with their own environments? Surely the literary bent would welcome anything to relieve the monotony of the present vogue, surely those who felt, as we did, the pleasure

accompanying the acting of even the lesser characters of "Everyman" would welcome another real, simple, well-acted play that would draw us back to the days that linked the past with the present.

There are few people who would trouble themselves, as did the company producing "Everyman," to cater to the literary taste of the present-day theatre-goers. Such is manifestly the duty of the student. Could not the college men resurrect more of the school Shakspeare with his own meagre staging? What a treat. Anything ancient, anything classic, anything to remind us of the days that are gone when all were not less dull than some of the present-day play writers.

---

—The students here undoubtedly have more intimate dealings with one another than have those of other large universities. This follows from our meeting in the class-room, on the campus and the athletic field—from our method of living and doing. We constitute one large family. But to further this intimate relationship and better to combine common interests, students began to organize state societies, and the movement has steadily progressed since the formation of the first, the New York State Club, about a year ago. The idea originated when the students from Pennsylvania spent a social day together last year, and it was taken up at once by the students from New York who formed a regular organization with officers and executive committee, the whole to be known as the New York State Club of Notre Dame University. Since then the Pennsylvanians have organized, and to date have the largest club in the college. More recently Ohio and several of the far Western states have taken steps to perfect organizations. The chief objects are: to bring together the students from the same state for mutual interest and advantage and to create closer social relationship between the members; later to form permanent state alumni associations. New York's alumni headquarters will be in New York City, and Pennsylvania's in either Pittsburg or Philadelphia. The first object in itself is sufficient reason for the formation of these state clubs. "The most powerful and the most lasting friendships are usually those of the early season of our lives, when we are most susceptible of warm and affectionate impressions."

#### Attention and Reflection.

It is to be deplored that a person needs so much time to master a systematic way of working. Still more regrettable is the fact that even when an improved system is outlined we fail to follow it. The correction of this abuse is often overlooked in the college world, where particularly we should expect reform.

The chief aim of education is to make us think. Our mental exercises converge to that as a centre. All classes are but so many lights focused on one thing, namely, mind development. Teachers and books are potent aids in our advancement; yet without our co-operation they can effect little. We ourselves must do the work, and the two principal means to this end are attention and reflection.

How often it happens that what we learn to-day is forgotten to-morrow. We may have heard, but not with due attention. An attentive boy catches all that is said—he is on the alert for ideas. If he is in class no important information is lost by him. If he reads he is wide awake for the striking characteristics of the thought or style of the writer. He is alive to the contrasts or similarities of different authors. He gets full benefit out of his work.

As yet we have spoken of him as being attentive only, but now let us join reflection to this. We take for granted that we have an attentive student. In class or from a book or through observation he has gathered a group of ideas. He takes these ideas with him and changes his mind from a mere storehouse of facts to a work-shop. Out of the raw material he fashions finished articles. In other words, he makes practical what before for him was only theoretical. All this he does by reflection.

By this process the matter of a class or book is so fixed in his mind that it is less likely to fade. The mind is given correct training, for by solving the present difficulties it is fitted for later and severer work. Again by remembering these problems and their solutions the student is well armed with precedents by which future difficulties may be overcome.

The power of attention and reflection we all have, though in different degrees, and we should seek to cultivate these gifts to the utmost. We can accomplish much in this direction by giving more heed to what we hear in class. If we fail to do this we are thwarting the purpose of the college and doing irreparable injury to ourselves.

T. P. IRVING, '04.

Athletic Notes.

Conway has been elected Captain of the Brownson Hall team to succeed Opfergelt who resigned. The team is being coached by McGlew, and under his able direction expects to land the Inter-Hall Championship.

\*\*\*

"That's as fast a back-field as there is in the West" was Pat O'Dea's comment on the work of our men. The line-up in the last four games has been practically the same as appeared last Saturday. This is a very creditable record and speaks volumes in praise of Trainer Holland.

\*\*\*

Notre Dame enters into to-day's contest in perfect physical condition. Both McGlew and Nyere who were laid up the early part of the week, have fully recovered and will be able to play the game of their lives to-day.

\*\*\*

Win or lose, Captain Salmon, the rooters are with you to a man.

\*\*\*

Betting favors Northwestern 10 to 8. What's the odds?

\*\*\*

Such squirming and dodging as that done by our clever half-back, "Happy" Lonergan, in the Osteopaths' game, is rarely seen on a football field.

\*\*\*

Stubbornly contesting every inch of the way, the Missouri Osteopaths went down before Notre Dame last Saturday by a score of 28 to 0 in the best game seen on Cartier Field this season. The visitors came here with a record of having scored on Illinois and of having held Wisconsin down to a low score, and during the game they proved that they well deserved the reputation given them, for seldom if ever has such a gritty and determined squad been seen on Cartier field. Even when the score was overwhelmingly against them, and their last hopes for scoring had been shattered by Notre Dame's brilliant defense, they battled on, not ceasing in their efforts until the whistle announced the close of the game. Coached by the world-renowned punter, Pat O'Dea, who coached our championship teams in '00 and '01, the Missourians tested the mettle of our men to the utmost. They presented a stubborn defense to the

terrific onslaughts of our crack trio of backs, while their offensive work was splendid.

But Notre Dame was invincible. The line-men's defensive work was superb. At times, it is true, the visitors tore through it for comfortable gains, but whenever they approached dangerous territory, it stiffened and proved impregnable to even the most desperate charges. Who that was present at the game will ever forget the splendid stand made by the Varsity on the three-yard line? It was the best exhibition of football witnessed on Cartier Field for some time. Just before the close of the first half, the left half-back of the visitors, aided by magnificent interference, broke through for an eighty-yard run. Man after man attempted to tackle him, but they were either shaken off or knocked aside by the interference. Salmon and Silver set out after him. Yard after yard went by without either being able to overhaul the fleeing half-back, and a touchdown seemed inevitable. But plucky little Silver was determined that the goal line was not to be crossed. Redoubling his efforts he reached the Missouriian on our four-yard line and pulled him down, while Salmon held him from wiggling across the coveted line. It was as spectacular a play as any gridiron enthusiast would want to see, and for many seconds the welkin rang with the cheers of the rooters. Then came the "stonewall" stand which called for many more cheers, and made glad the hearts of Notre Dame supporters.

As to the offense, it was as near perfect as any we have seen on any football field. Line smashes by our redoubtable Salmon, hurdling by Nyere, clever dodging by Lonergan and end runs by McGlew and Shaughnessy, were the plays that puzzled the Osteopaths and helped us pile such a large score.

The Line-Up:

Notre Dame		Osteopaths
McGlew	L E	Roberts
Cullinan	L T	Craig
Beacom	L G	Bean
Sheehan	C	Starkweather
Furlong	R G	Blanchard
Steiner	R T	Van Darn
Shaughnessy	R E	Malone
Silver	Q	Rapp
Nyere	L H	Genvung
Lonergan	R H	Crowley
Salmon (Capt.)	F B	McMain

Touchdowns, Salmon (3), Lonergan, McGlew. Goals from touchdown, Salmon, 3. Referee, McWeeny; Umpire, O'Dea. Time of halves, 20 and 15 minutes.

JOSEPH P. O'REILLY.

### A New Organization.

The Western Club has been in existence some months, but owing to the fact that the members had not fully decided on a suitable name for the organization, we deferred introducing them to the SCHOLASTIC readers.

Any student of the senior department at Notre Dame whose home or temporary residence is in Texas, New Mexico, Indian Territory, Arizona, Nevada, Colorado, Montana, Wyoming, Utah, Oregon or California, is entitled to full membership and should apply for same without delay.

At the initial meeting, the Rev. Father Morrissey was unanimously chosen Honorary President; Professor Mahoney was requested to serve as promotor, but the election of a spiritual director was postponed because of the large number nominated for the office and the popularity of the nominees. In stating the purpose of the meeting, Mr. Ulrich, the temporary chairman, explained that with the sanction of Father Morrissey, a new state club was to be formed, one which would, in course of time, have the largest membership of any club at Notre Dame. The following students were then chosen to fill the remaining offices: James Record (Texas), President; M. P. Ulrich (Washington), Vice-President; W. Emerson (California), Treasurer; Thomas Gerraghty (Montana), Secretary, and E. A. McDonald (Texas), Sergeant-at-Arms.

The aim of the club is practically the same as that of similar organizations at the University—to promote the welfare of the college itself and to insure good fellowship and social intercourse among the members. Each of the states mentioned is represented by one or more members, Texas standing first with five representatives, California next with four, while several of the remaining states have three. The number of Charter members plainly shows that not only is Notre Dame well known throughout the Eastern cities and in the states of the Middle West, but that her fame extends beyond the Rockies and over the plains of the Southwest.

It is generally understood in the club that the members have something up their sleeves which will be sprung at the proper time. We are not permitted, however, to give so much as a hint of what is intended.

A constitution and by-laws have been drawn

up to govern the society in future, and at present there is a movement on foot to introduce if possible debating and literary work. Such would no doubt enable the men to spend cheerfully and profitably many winter evenings.

JAMES R. RECORD, '05.

### Personals.

—Rev. John B. Donnelly, pastor of St. Patrick's Church, Victor, N. Y., was a guest of the University during the week.

—Rev. Father Stuer, of Mishawaka, and his brother, Dr. Stuer, of Belgium, spent Thursday at the University.

—Messrs. Fogarty and Gallagher, both graduates of the law class of '01, have successfully established themselves in Philadelphia. We hope for their continued success.

—John F. Kelley, student, '74, is now a partner and director of the firm of Foley Bros. and Kelley, Wholesale Grocers, one of St. Paul's most reliable firms.

—Mr. Hugh O'Donnell, an alumnus of Notre Dame, is now in charge of the advertising department of the St. Paul *Pioneer Press*. We congratulate Mr. O'Donnell upon securing such a position.

—Rev. Father Finlay, S. J., a Fellow of the Royal University of Dublin, Ireland, spent a couple of days with our President. The Rev. Father, who is a noted scholar and lecturer, is a member of the Mosley Commission.

—Wm. J. Onahan, LL. D., of Chicago, paid the University a visit during the week. Mr. Onahan received the Latere Medal in 1890, a distinction conferred each year by Notre Dame on some worthy Catholic gentleman. At present he is president of one of Chicago's most prosperous banks and a lecturer of note.

—Frank M. Winter of Pittsburg arrived early in the week to assist Captain Salmon in coaching the "line" for the Northwestern game. Frank was a student here '97-'01 and was one of the stars on the football team. His position was at centre or guard, and he filled it in a manner that was usually embarrassing to his opponent. Frank was accompanied by Mr. T. M. Carter of Pittsburg.

—Visitors' registry for the week:—Peter Kuntz, Jr., Dayton, Ohio; Miss Nellie Madden, Madison, South Dakota; Louis Tyler, Monroeville, Ohio; J. C. Corbett and wife, Chatsworth, Ill.; M. Murdock and wife, Elkhart, Ind.; William J. Eaken, Miss Mary Lyon, and Mrs. C. H. Joy, Chicago; John J. Donnelly, Victor, N. Y.; Clyde E. Miller, Staples, Minn.; Miss Lydia Monaweck, Royalton, Mich.; Mrs. Rodgers and Mrs. Beaver, South Bend; Miss Gertrude Hollywood, St. Joseph, Michigan.



## Local Items.

—Contributors will oblige by writing only on one side of the paper.

—Lost, strayed or stolen, from Sorin Hall smoking room, one crow, named Bertie. Finder will please return him to the cage and receive the thanks of its keeper, Dr. Voyt.

—Students having any notices, locals or personals that will be of interest to readers of the SCHOLASTIC will please hand them to W. M. Daly, Room 56, Sorin Hall, before Thursday noon of each week.

—The Notre Dame Post Office department is burdened with over work this week. Registered letters and permission to attend the game at Evanston to-day have contributed much towards the enlargement of the mail.

—At a meeting of the junior class held last week, the energetic cap committee reported, and its selection was adopted by the class. A very nobby and attractive "creation" was ordered. We are not permitted to describe in detail for fear that others might copy.

—Mr. McDonald, the popular South Bend photographer, was at Notre Dame last week taking pictures of the gridiron heroes. The result of his work may be seen in some very well finished and artistically arranged groups now on exhibition in his studio. Students may obtain the pictures at reduced rates.

—We are sorry to learn of the death of Brother Vincent de Paul, C. S. C., which took place in the Community House, Notre Dame, last Sunday. He was familiar to the older students, especially those that were at any time patients in the infirmary while he was prefect there. May his soul rest in peace!

—Students who have books out of the library should return them after a reasonable time and in good condition. Already many valuable volumes have been missing for over three weeks. Those who are in possession of these volumes will save themselves and others much trouble by returning them without further delay.

—Have you noticed the airship that makes its appearance above the college grounds every afternoon? It is the crowning feat of the same Corbyite who last year was designing automobiles but who is now diverting his genius into another channel. It is rumored among his friends that the inventor intends to compete at the World's Fair next spring. Success to him!

—After the regular practice last Monday the football men were equally divided, and after a few instructions from the Gaelic members present they indulged in the game as it is played across the sea. Very little attention was paid to the minor rules, but

all entered the game with such spirit that when at the end of ten minutes the whistle blew they were quite willing to stop. The men found this a much better windup to the afternoon practice than running around the track.

—The Curator of the Museum of Natural History wishes to thank the Rev. J. A. Nieuwland, C. S. C., for an addition lately made to the Botanical Collections. The reverend gentleman is at present studying Botany under Prof. Green at the Catholic University in Washington and is making a collection of the local species of Myxomycetes. Thus far he has sent us seventy-two species. This class of plants is scarcely known at present, and few collections exist. Needless to say we highly appreciate the work of the collector and his kindness in remembering his former professor of Botany.

—Corby Hall can boast at present of the only genuine Glee Club in the University. The membership is practically unlimited; any student who resides in Corby and is able to turn a tune, or even thinks he can, is entitled to participate in the regular concerts. No officers are elected and even a musical instructor is dispensed with. Each member in turn is required to buy tobacco for the club, but here the dues stop. Nightly rehearsals are held in the smoking-room, or if the weather permits, the members congregate about a crackling camp-fire to while away the recreation hour in song and dance. Often students from other halls, attracted by the sounds of mirth, come over to spend a pleasant half-hour or so with the hospitable Corbyites.

—Last Wednesday evening St. Joseph's Literary and Debating Society discussed the question whether the United States should not have a system of compulsory education. Messrs. J. I. O'Phelan and Leo Donahoe spoke in favor of this system, while Messrs. L. Hinds and R. Tracey opposed it. The judges, T. Welch, W. Perce and J. Cunningham, decided in favor of the affirmative. Messrs. T. Welch and T. Toner gave some pleasing declamations, and J. I. O'Phelan followed with a few valuable remarks regarding the advantages derived in debating and speaking. The question of co-education was thrown open for discussion. After many arguments for and against, it was voted that co-education would not be advantageous. The meeting then adjourned.

—The opportunities for practice in the art of debating and public speaking now afforded by the organization of the law debating society are unlimited, and no student who wishes to be truly successful in the practice of law should neglect the chance to perfect himself along these lines. Already a challenge to a debate has been received from the Detroit

College of Law, and a committee was appointed Wednesday evening to accept the same and to make all necessary arrangements. Turn out freshmen, juniors and seniors, and by your enthusiasm, encouragement and example make victory possible. Enter the preliminaries and force the winners to their best efforts. We will debate opponents worthy of our steel, and we must have a capable, a surpassingly good team. Remember, it is for the honor of the law school and Notre Dame.

—The renaissance in music has certainly begun. No more from the rooms on the third flat are wafted those "sweet" strains that in ye olden times often came from the violins of Mullen and Barry. No more does a genius, like our former Teddy, spend many hours in a vain effort to find the Lost Chord. Those days are past and gone. A new generation with different manners and customs has taken their place. Now we are regaled by the graphophone with sonatas dedicated to fair señoritas who wait "in the shade of the sheltering palms." The programme is varied, sometimes, and we are favored with the latest popular ballads, such as "The Honeysuckle and the Bee," and "She was Bred in Old Kentucky." As the interest manifested in these concerts is so great it would be advisable in the future to hold them in the woods behind Cartier Field.

—That the dinner pail is a medium through which the workingman's emotions are played upon is established beyond doubt in the case of our old friend, Mike Hastings. The other day Mike set his pail upon a plank in the plumber's shop and went about his work. A countryman of his always solicitous for Mike's welfare fastened the pail to the plank with a large spike. When the dinner hour approached, Mike returned and attempted to take down the pail which was a little above his head. After the first attempt he passed some remark about the heft of that last batch of bread, and again he stood on his tiptoes to secure his lunch. The pail came off with a jerk, and as Mike regained his feet he was heard to murmur something about a poor man's dinner, respect for the law, and a brick. Mike believes in the full dinner pail, but does not think that it should be full of holes.

—One of the most promising social and fraternal organizations which the University has ever seen was established by the Michigan students last night. These state clubs take the place of college fraternities, and through them the men from the same state are gathered together, the acquaintance of many is facilitated, and a bond of good fellowship is established. Weekly meetings of the club will be held, pins secured and the pleasant routine of fraternity work performed. New York, Pennsylvania and several other states have perfected their organizations, and we

hope to see the populous Indiana and Illinois representatives follow the lead of the Wolverines. The Michigan club numbers thirty-five members of whom the following were elected: President, Francis F. Dukette; Vice-President, Arthur J. Steiner; Secretary and Treasurer, Louis J. Carey; Executive Committee, Thomas R. Donnelly, L. C. Pastor, J. B. Moran.

—A large and enthusiastic gathering of law students met in the law-room Monday evening for the purpose of organizing the law debating society, an organization which Dean Hoynes' experience, as head of the law department, has found to be very profitable. In a few well-chosen and enthusiastic remarks, Colonel Hoynes stated the purpose of the society; and then the assemblage proceeded to the election of officers. Colonel William Hoynes was unanimously selected as President of the society, and under his able guidance success is assured. The other officers are as follows: Francis F. Dukette, 1st Vice-President; Joseph J. Meyers, 2d Vice-President; Nicholas R. Furlong, Corresponding Secretary; Edward M. Schwab, Recording Secretary; Francis J. Lonergan, Treasurer; Patrick J. MacDonough, Critic; Eugene J. O'Connor, Sergeant-at-Arms. It is the purpose of Dean Hoynes and the other instructors in this department to make this society a success in every particular; and they desire that each and every member of the law school will assist them by earnest endeavor and conscientious effort.

—Thursday last at 8 p. m., the Pennsylvania Club held a "smoker" in Brownson reading room. The Theatrical Committee had an excellent program arranged for the occasion. It included Professor Scales, the renowned musician, who rendered almost every piece of popular music that is known to-day, and finished his act with a "hit" entitled "Wrestling a Piano," or "Catch-as-Catch-Can." Mr. L. E. Wagner then recited the "Polish Boy." His dramatic work thrilled the audience and, —à la Mansfield—only after tremendous applause did he respond with "The Bald-headed Man." Mr. Ziebold gave several opera selections on the flute. His rendition of excerpts from the Italian operas proved his masterly interpretation of such music. Undoubtedly, the star performer of the evening was Mr. G. Gormley. He kept the audience in laughter from his entrance to exit. His humorous shafts directed at the audience, and made up, seemingly, as he went along, brought him hearty applause, and after several encores they began to realize that he had done a very large share in the entertaining line, and allowed him to resume his seat. This finished the outside talent, and President Farabaugh opened up an impromptu entertainment with the talented members in the club.