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

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## Phantoms.

FRANCIS F. DUKETTE, '02.

A S from some book for long unread  
A passage prized chance brings to sight,  
A glimpse I caught of one long dead  
In a singer's face I saw last night.

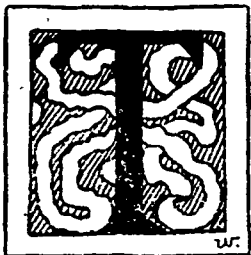
A word let fall in banter light  
With gesture quick and turn of head,  
To-day woke memory's sad delight  
And laugh was changed to tear instead.

So when this eve, in happier strain,  
A comrade spoke in mildest tone,  
He struck the note of an old refrain  
That left me grieved—but not alone.

Like moods not known to be so near  
Till they oppress with sudden fear,  
The face and voice and names once dear  
Recur evermore to haunt us here.

## The Social Problem.\*

GALLITZEN A. FARABAUGH, '04.



TODAY, whether we look to the old world or to the new, the face of society is sadly troubled. Everywhere there is manifested a deep-seated feeling of social unrest and dissatisfaction. Outbreaks and deeds of violence are of almost daily occurrence in these United States, in the very heart of Christian civilization. The atmosphere is rent with the cries of "social democracy, communism, state socialism." Socialistic societies are being formed all over the land; socialistic

lectures and discussions are being carried on among eminent men; socialistic organs are springing up in the weekly and monthly press, conducted with bitter zeal and numbering among their contributors writers of intellect and of acknowledged ability. On the public squares of our large cities clever leaders harangue the thinly-clad, poorly-fed masses, portraying in vivid colors their wretched poverty, their overwork, their scanty wage, their virtual slavery; and carried away by Utopian promises the honest, untutored laborer, imagining himself grievously wronged, becomes hostile to his employer, an enemy to humanity, to himself and to God.

But a few months since in the city of Omaha, so graphic were the pictures, so effective the words of the speaker, that those credulous, basely deluded sons of toil, though scarcely understanding the proposed system of change, in their frenzy and mad enthusiasm fell upon one another's necks and wept for joy in anticipation of that sublime state where there shall be no more hard labor or suffering, where all men shall be equally wealthy and equally prosperous, and all shall enjoy the peace of perfect happiness. This is but a feeble example of the widespread popularity, the fascination of socialism.

Look back through the vista of the last thirty years. See the seditions, the riots, the lawlessness, that have characterized that brief period. Behold the countless bodies of the victims of anarchism that lie strewn along that pathway. Behold among the number of the dead a czar of Russia, an empress of Austria, a president of France, a king of Italy, and here very near to our day the lifeless body of our own martyred President. And anarchism is but an extreme stage of socialism.

In the face of these facts, therefore, do you doubt that the subject is one of living interest, of paramount importance, even in a

\* Oratorical paper.

country like ours, blest though it is with free institutions? Yea, rather, is it not one that touches the very vitals of our national and social life? It is an imperative duty then for you, for me, for every American citizen, to answer this question: "Is there in the present conformation of society good ground for agitation and discontent?"

Manifestly the question bears directly upon the condition of the workingman. He is struggling on the lowest level, and if the wheels of progress crush at all they will crush him. The prosperity of the nation is involved in the prosperity of the workingman.

Stripped of the verbiage of practical economy, the question of socialism simply means the revolt of the poor against scanty living, bodily privation, and rough-wearing toil. The inequality of men and women at all times and everywhere has presented a puzzling problem in the fabrication of government. The contrast between the lowly condition of the poorly equipped and the elegance, the refinement, the luxury surrounding the lives of others has always been a fruitful source of dissatisfaction.

When a rich English nobleman recently brought his yacht across the Atlantic to race in New York harbor for the American cup a man in the crowd was heard to say: "That's how the money of the poor Irish tenant goes." This remark struck the fundamental note in the plaint of the socialist: "Why," says he "should this man with a title of nobility own thousands of acres of land and squander the money wrung from his needy tenants on the frivolous pursuit of yacht racing?"

In this there is something outrageously unjust for the man in the street. Compare the nobleman's life in his gay London mansion, surrounded by all the comfort and luxury that wealth and high station and influence can command, with the wretched, penurious existence of the peasantry in their little thatched cottages on his broad estate, and at first thought are not your feelings also in sympathy with the man in the crowd?

It is this awful inequality in the human lot, these strikingly contrasted conditions in the lives of creatures endowed with the same humanity, and this contrast made more striking and more vivid before the minds of the lower classes by the extravagant misuse of property, the greed of capitalists, the indifference of the prosperous toward the unfortunate; it is these facts, I say, that have aroused a

spirit of envy and pessimism in the hearts of the miserable poor, and have given coloring and weight to the utterances of the socialists.

This inequality among men is not of modern origin. It always existed. It existed among the Jews, for they had their Dives and their Lazarus. It existed in the days of Rome when the Gracchi sought to alleviate its results by their land laws. It existed in the eighteenth century when fair France ran red with blood that the famous trinity of Liberty, Equality and Fraternity might be enthroned. Each state, each nation, have had their social conflicts and social eruptions. Now it is our turn to face this momentous problem. Let us face it with unprejudiced minds and hearts determined to solve it honestly.

What are the elements of this conflict now raging in the United States? The vast expansion of industrial pursuits due to abnormal stimulation; the marvelous discoveries of science and the constant inventions that improve and multiply the mechanism of manufacture, which at the same time render the workingman's position more unstable and cast thousands of the unemployed upon the streets; the indiscriminate influx of foreign workmen, making competition high and labor cheap; the prevailing moral degeneracy; the predominate passion of commercialism, by which men in the devotion of their every act, their every thought to the achievement of one end—the acquisition of wealth— inquire not and do not what is most just, but what is easiest, what is most profitable;—these are some of the intrinsic causes of the social discontent in America.

See their effects. By degrees it has come to pass that in many cases the workingman has been surrendered, isolated and helpless, to the hard-heartedness of the employer, who no longer a creature with human sympathy and amenable to the instincts of human compassion, deals with him as with an impersonal entity in all the rigor of the market, the stringent purchaser of his labor, almost the very arbiter of his existence.

The hard-working laborer can not understand why the capitalist should have any greater income than himself. He reasons from a purely natural point of view. "Why should my employer and my master be well clad, live in a beautiful mansion, eat of the best of food, while I, wretched I, am covered with rags, crowded in a garret, obliged to labor in sun and in rain to gain what is

scarcely enough to keep body and soul together? Why should his children be brought up in luxury, refined, and genteel, given all the advantages of culture, while mine, grovelling in squalor, can have but the education of the gutter? Why should he reap most of the benefits of government and I bear most of the taxes? Why should his life be one of ease; of pleasure, and mine one of despised drudgery from the cradle to the grave? Why should he constantly be growing richer and richer and I poorer and poorer?" These are the complaints of the workingman we hear going up on all sides. Here is the root and reason of socialism. Has it not to all seeming a just and trying grievance? Considered only on emotional grounds, could there be a juster cause of discontent and revolt than the enormity of such unfairness?

The world offers no answer to these arguments of the workingman, it has none to offer. He is but seeking amelioration in toil and misery, but claiming his right to an endurable existence when he hearkens to the ranting demagogue on the street corner and cries: "Away with this cruel barrier that stands between the rich and the poor; down with a nation that allows such a barrier to exist; away with law and order; let us share in the possessions and enjoyments of the rich, let us destroy all lines of cleavage and bring all to a common level; down with government, up with free democracy, communism, state socialism."

The workingman then has just cause for complaint. But is socialism from the magnitude and wisdom of its proposals the best fitted instrument by which to remedy his wrongs? Will the overturning of the present order of things and the setting up of an entirely new form of government and of life produce a social organism from which all that is now recognized as evil shall be eliminated? Working upon the poor man's envy of the rich capitalist the socialist proposes to do away with private property, to abolish private capital, and thereby prevent private enterprise. He holds that collective ownership of all this world's goods, ownership participated in by all the individuals of the community under the management of the state, would confer upon each one his full rights, inasmuch as he would then get an equal share of whatever there is to enjoy. These expectations of the socialist can never be realized; for socialism involves infinitely worse evils

than it proposes to remedy. It is morally unjust, and were it established the workingman himself would be the first to suffer.

The quintessence of the socialistic theory is that all individual ownership is robbery. On the contrary, private property by every law of nature is an indisputable right among men. The socialist equivocates in his use of the word "own." We admit that man no more owns his land than he owns his own life; it is merely entrusted to him. But the primary and essential characteristic of man as man is his individuality by which he may acquire, possess, and utilize, of his own free and unrestrained choice, things material for present consumption or for future advantage. To affirm that God has given the earth for the use and enjoyment of the whole human race is not to deny that private property is lawful: for the earth, even though apportioned among private owners, ceases not thereby to minister to the needs of all. It is only through man's labor, through man's effort, through man's skill that the soil yields up its fruit. And to say that man has no right to that portion of nature's field upon which he has expended his energy and his strength, upon which, as it were, he has left the "impress of his individuality," is to deny that such a thing as justice ever existed.

Socialism would destroy those rights of personality epitomized in the word "liberty." "Liberty means the power of man to make the most and the best of himself, to develop fully his personality; and however much private property may be abused it is in itself realized liberty."

Modern society and modern life do not differ in their essential characteristics from the society and life that distinguished the early representatives of the race. To-day, as in the first ages, strength, energy, will, mental capacity, raise men above their fellows. Socialism proposes to make all men equal. Shall we say that the man of talent, of perseverance, of physical aptitude, shall have no reward for the right use of these endowments? Shall the man of meagre ability, no ambition or industry, receive equal remuneration for his toil? Nature has ordained it otherwise. Ability has always had its reward in the past, and, if peace is to be maintained, so must it have in the future.

The moving principle that spurs men to-day to any labor, to the exercise of their intellect and their genius, to great feats of engineering,

is the hope of reward, personal gain, and advanced social position. "It is not steam, it is not electricity, it is not any of the forces of nature, that make the earth, the air, the sea, the slaves of human will; it is human self-interest." Work, dull monotonous, uphill work, the labor of the field, the coal mine, the timber yard, the factory, never was and never will be attractive to the bulk of mankind, except as a means to an end. "The hope of being able to cease toiling is the only influence that sweetens toil." The ambition to see his family well provided for, the desire to make his own old age as peaceable and as happy as possible, are the only inspiring forces in a workingman's life.

Socialism by doing away with private ownership would destroy all hope for future provision; and then what goal would men have for hard, grinding toil? The socialist answers: "Philanthropy, the love of fellow-men." But man is finite, and finite love can embrace but a few individuals; infinite love alone can encompass the human race. "Philanthropic acts gild the edges of industry, they do not weave its fabric; they are the meteors of life but not its fuel." With incentive, aim, ambition gone from life, what impetus would there be to the wheels of progress? And a nation must move ever onward, ever forward, if it would endure.

We have seen the fallaciousness of the system held up as a remedy for the workingman's ills; a system that has for its byword the total abolition of the fundamental and essential rights of man—the rights of private property and of personal liberty; a system in which all men would be reduced to the common standard of sloven ease, and the individual become but an atom in the aggregate mass, devoid of ideals, of personal ambition, and insensate to all the nobler and higher impulses of his God-given nature; a system that would destroy the most hallowed of institutions, the family, and do away with Christian marriage and every vestige of purity in domestic life; a system that would exchange for the worst of all forms of slavery—the slavery of the state—those principles and institutions for the preservation of which thousands and thousands of human beings have given up their lives, and which experience has proven to be inseparably bound up with the welfare of freedom and the progress of the human race.

The workingman does not want such a

system; he does not know it: he does not understand it. His socialism is from the heart. Hate and envy have fomented it; poverty and toil have nurtured it. But is the condition of the workingman to-day hopeless? Since socialism is unnatural, destructive, impractical, is there no remedy for the "sores of Lazarus?"

The great tendency of our day is to eliminate entirely from politics anything religious. But we dare not and can not say that religion has nothing to do with what concerns the secular condition of man. It has been well said by one of the greatest of modern philosophers that the whole system of human society to-day rests upon a few fundamental conceptions, a few accepted beliefs. These conceptions and beliefs are precisely what religion—religion in the form of Christianity—has supplied to an agnostic world. There has been no method of reform so powerful in its influence, so violent in its changes as Christianity.

Can you imagine the condition of the pagan world before its advent? It was a world pining in bondage; pagan philosophy had obliterated the slave from the book of humanity. Woman was despised, possessed of no rights, subject to the merciless will of stronger man. Human life was little respected, and men formed but "stepping stones to the ambition of tyrants." But Christianity changed all this; not by the sword, but by its teachings it blotted out one of the greatest curses of pagan society—the ever-deepening curse of slavery. It showed forth the beauty, the value, the responsibility of the human soul. It raised woman to her true dignity, her rightful eminence. It made her the social equal of man, the guardian of the home. By Christian marriage it laid the foundations of the power and prosperity of modern governments, and made firm the bulwark of human society, the family. Thus Christianity has accomplished two of the greatest reforms ever known—the death of slavery and the institution of the family; and if these two secular services to mankind had stood alone, the profound connection between religion and politics would have been forever established. And that same force that redressed the evils of society in time past has the power, and the only power, to remedy the evils that afflict society to-day.

To Christianity then we must turn for a solution of the social problem. The awful

inequality in the human lot we can not overcome, we can not change. Men have always differed in capacity, in talent, in health, in skill, in strength, and so must they differ in the future. Suffering, and hardship, and poverty, will always exist, for the laws of nature are inexorable. What then is to be done? Not to attempt the impossible, not to seek by violent means, by bloody revolution, to overthrow the existing government, to destroy the fabric of industry; but to be reconciled, to strive by peaceable means to rectify, to improve the existing order of things. This is a laudable, this is a noble, this is a Godlike aim; and this is the only true solution to the social problem.

If the minds of the suffering poor are trained to regard only their temporary existence on this earth, and all their hopes, all their desires, all their ambitions are concentrated on that and only that, then their case is indisputable and absolutely hopeless. Vividly conscious of the inferiority of their lot, and painfully aware that it can not be altered, they are and must be discontented.

Unfortunately the great trouble with the present state of society is precisely this. Men have forgotten God, God the Creator, the Redeemer, the Dispenser of all good, the supreme Judge and Punisher; and Mammon has become their deity. Material greed, sensual pleasure, selfish indulgence, reign supreme in their hearts, and have stunted the growth and development of their better natures. When men expect nothing from God, when they look upon this world and the things of this world as their all, it must needs be that they revolt at the thought of suffering and pain. "These must cease," they say "for to-morrow we die."

As the only hope then for a true and lasting remedy we may turn to Christianity. We need not so much new measures as new hearts. The religious solution is to try to remove the cause, to bring men back from their infidelity, their agnosticism, their base materialism; to restore the human family to that ideal charity and simplicity that characterized the lives of the early Christians.

Through Christianity men learn to look forward to a future life; to a life where toil and strife and hardship and affliction shall be unknown; where there shall be a just compensation, a time of restitution; where virtue and suffering and resignation shall be rewarded; where vice and envy and degeneracy shall be

severely punished. It urges men to practise the cardinal virtue of charity, and shows them that the peace and welfare of all are best subserved by harmony and agreement. Christianity teaches the rich man that his work people are not his bondsmen; that he should regard their dignity and reward them with a just wage; that he is the trustee and guardian of public and private interest. It teaches the working-man to respect the authority and property of his employer; to labor honestly and faithfully in the execution of all equitable agreements; to bear his lot, hard though it be, with resignation and patience, and it holds up for his consolation the sublime example of the life and sufferings of its Divine Founder.

It is this bond of Christian sentiment, of mutual love and reverence between rich and poor, high and low, that can bring about reconciliation of the conflicting forces in society. It lightens labor, it sweetens toil, it lessens the sin and sorrow and suffering of this life. In the vicissitudes of these changing times it alone can turn the movements that are taking place to ends of right living and of happiness. As from the gloom, the iniquity, the degradation of the pagan world, Christianity arose a mighty force, and laid the foundations of a new civilization, so in the present age it appears as the welcome light upon the mountain top, illuminating the dark and treacherous paths of men, and guiding with its divine rays struggling, turbulent, wayward society to the goal of peace and everlasting contentment. If God has no answer to the social question there is no answer.

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### Tod, the Gambler.

GEORGE J. MACNAMARA, '04.

Tod had been an orphan ever since he could remember. Old Mammy Jackson, the heaviest, gaudiest and kindest negress in the county, had performed all maternal functions for the boy, while the street alone was his tutor. Tod was tired of being a boy. He had licked every boy his size in the village; he had swapped knives and swapped dogs until his commercial instincts were keenly whetted and he must seek larger fields. Mammy Jackson had sewn additions to those patched trousers whose frayed ends acted as fly-nets to his bare legs and he was gradually becoming a man.

Tod wanted to be something more than a loafer. He was tired of the unexcited, easy-going village and its surroundings. The money that piled on Bill Griffin's card table seared his eyes. In his sleep he saw it, and his waking hours were haunted by the ghost of money that fled before his gaze.

He longed to be a gambler, to turn the cards with those he enviously watched clank their coin on the green table under the gaslight. He would do anything to make money, money that always joined the odd change Mammy Jackson left around the house in the game-keeper's bank.

"I reckon we'll open her for fifty cents, gents!" called "Daddy Gene" at the game wherein Tod sat with the money he had taken from Squire Riley's son.

"Brownie" took a book while "Hag" called for three cards. Uncle Henricks withdrew and Daddy with his pair of Jacks took three cards.

"Don't give me none. I'll stand pat," chimed in Tod while the rest eyed him with amazement. Tod was too new to disguise the value of his hand, they thought, so one by one withdrew. Tod took the pot with his two black eights while "Daddy Gene" murmured something as he looked again on his discarded pair of jacks.

"Ahem!" they all coughed. "Is that the way it's goin' ter be? It's a shame ter teach the young ter gamble so."

Daddy Gene went to the stove to spit and came back biting a new plug. It was "Daddy's" deal, so Tod outed seventy-five and in turn opened the pot with four kings. They all took cards, but invited by Daddy Gene's wink withdrew.

"Tod," said "Daddy Gene," stroking his grey beard and preparing to throw his hand, "Tod, yer a bluffer frum way back. Yer might take a few this ways, but ef I'd only a queen I'd make yer sick of the game. Sorry I can't stay wid yer. Ef I'd only caught that er queen."

"Daddy was fishing for either a straight or 'four queens,'" thought Tod.—"What could either do with 'four kings'? "Say, Daddy," he said, after short deliberation, "jest ter make it lively I'll give ye yer queen."

With the betting, Tod's little pile was nearly gone. It was a shame to bet up Daddy Gene on such a "cinch," so he called just as Daddy was turning to borrow from "Hag." Tod's "all" was in the pot, though not more than ten dollars glistened on the green-table.

"Daddy, I don't want ter rob yer," he said

reaching for the money. "Be game, old man! You can't beat 'four kings.'"

"Hol' on thar, chile. Lemme look," Daddy slowly said, putting down his queen of spades and then in order "four aces."

"Ha, ha, boy!" broke in the chorus, "you better go back ter yer mammy and the kids."

"Dogon you, Daddy Gene, you'er a thief. You didn't need that queen nohow."

"Oh! chile, when you gets as old as me you'll know that when four men is goin' ter get er lot of somebody's money, all yer needs is a winnin' ter care fer that other side, see?"

Tod had enough of gambling for the nonce. Next spring when the circus left town Tod went with it, while the boys and dogs of the village breathed easier and the old men chuckled merrily as they dealt the cards in Griffin's.

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### Blood against Blood.

JAMES R. RECORD, '05.

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Captain Ross and his rangers heard a pitiful story of the massacre from the two survivors when they reached the smoldering ruins of Riley's Ford. In the face of a howling "norther" which swept across the prairie at a high rate of velocity, a band of Comanches had galloped into the exposed settlement, murdered all the male inhabitants, burned the buildings and carried off the women and children. Two negro servants, one dangerously wounded by a rifle ball, the other badly tomahawked, had been allowed to remain at the wrecked trading post. The failure of the Indians to drive away the live stock and ransack the liquor house caused much comment and led the pursuers to believe that the slaughter was prompted solely by hatred. The precautions taken by the savages to baffle pursuit and the thoroughness which characterized their work were unusual even in a Comanche. The late chief of that tribe, dead but a short time, was known to cherish no bitterness against the frontier settlers. His successor, however, was obviously hostile to the whites. Who the new leader of the band was no one would venture to say.

Prompt action on the pursuers' part was required to save the captives and to punish the daring author of this sudden outbreak—the first in four years. A hot trail was struck by the company of rangers where the enemy



had forded a small stream and the pursuit began in earnest.

Captain Ross, the commander of the rangers, was famed for his sagacity and cunning in Indian warfare and noted for courage and daring displayed on the border against the Mexicans. He and his sister when mere babes had been kidnapped by the Waco tribe and reared in their wigwams. The brother, however, escaped while still very young, intending to return with soldiers and rescue his little sister. She was never found, although the tribe which captured the children were overtaken and totally annihilated by a party of frontiersmen. Captain Ross had heard several times of a dark-haired white woman traveling about with roaming bands of savages, but he had been unable to encounter the Indians or obtain even a glimpse of their captive. All reasonable grounds of hope were swept away one by one and Ross mourned his sister as dead. Partly through choice and partly for the sake of revenge, the brother became an Indian fighter and served his country well as such.

The vast experience of the ranger captain and the superior physical condition of his troopers began to have a noticeable effect. The Indians were losing ground daily; their camping places were passed each day by the pursuers before the fires were out and the large number of captives was a grave incumbent to rapid flight by the savages.

The Comanches continued the retreat until they were completely exhausted; the wiry little ponies refused to trot another mile, and the warriors themselves were so weakened from exposure that further travel was out of the question. Instead of attempting to lead the rangers into ambush, the Indians resolved on a sudden attack in the open.

As the advancing line dashed across the plain, Captain Ross perceived that before each Indian rider was lashed the body of a captive woman or child. The only course open to the rangers was to engage in a hand-to-hand conflict. At this mode of fighting, however, the savages would have an immense advantage: their ponies were better trained, less care was required on the rider's part, and at present the rangers were exhausted in bodily strength. When the Indians came nearer their human shields were seen to be lifeless, but a little in advance of the savages rode a white woman with raven black hair and clad in the ordinary garb of a squaw. She

was making wild gestures and shouting commands to the Indian warriors. The rangers snatched up their rifles and prepared to deliver a volley. The raving savages were now within thirty yards—

"Hold! for God's sake don't!" Too late, the bullets had accomplished their mission—Captain Ross had found his lost sister.

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### Changing Moods.

TELFORD PAULLIN.

The tawny-colored, country road unfolded before me as I went on my way in the warm summer sunshine. The scent of the hay in the air was very sweet and the gaily waving flowers that grew by the roadside were very beautiful. The birds sang and flitted from tree to tree like bright sunbeams. At a turn of the road I came upon a youth singing loud and clear with all the hope and buoyancy of young life, and by his side walked a maiden older and bigger than he, but her face was sad and serious.

As I kept pace with them I asked the youth why he sang. He stared at me and then looked vacantly into the blue sky and finally answered:

"I sing because—because—the birds sing and the flowers are gay and the sun shines."

So we travelled on together, and as we neared a deep wood the clouds came up into the sky, great, black peaks and masses, that obscured the sun. The wind ceased and big raindrops fell in the ominous silence. Then the wind rose and roared terribly, lightning split the heavens into jagged pieces, and thunder crashed.

The youth paled, trembled, then burst into tears, and throwing himself on the ground cried out in terror at the frenzy of the storm. But the maiden smiled, raised him up, and urged him on, her face glowing and eyes shining with the splendid beauty of strength.

I asked wherefore she smiled.

"Ah, it is good to breast the wind, to cheat the storm, and know one's strength in the struggle! It is very good."

As I paused at a branching road I watched them trudging on into the forest, the maiden bravely inspiring her faltering companion, until they disappeared in the increasing gloom and fury of the gale.

## Varsity Verse.

## SIGNS.

THE murky-looking clouds above,  
The frosty air, the snowy ground,  
The fields where cattle may not rove,  
The baying of the shivering hound,—  
All tell the tale of winter.

The snow-capped hills, the frozen dells,  
The sighing wind so cold and bleak,  
The cheery tinkling of sleigh bells,  
The blazing hearth, the rosy cheek,—  
All tell the tale of winter.

C. H. G.

## AN EXCUSE.

I've wasted three long days and nights  
In trying to devise  
Some bits of verse that might appear  
In space about this size.  
Some books I read by poets old  
And sought the new for rime,  
But 'twas no use, I could not get  
That bit of verse in time.

The editor with troubled brow  
Beat loudly on my door  
Saying: "Sir, you must remember that  
We go to press at four."  
Twelve minutes had I then to find  
Poetic thoughts sublime  
And weave them into poetry  
And have it in on time.

And so I tried with all my skill—  
Alas! my muse was slow—  
To tell of knights and ladies fair  
That lived long years ago;  
But all in vain, for as I wrote  
I heard the distant chime  
Announce the hour that sealed my fate  
For verse not in on time.

G. A. S.

## A YEAR OR SO AGO.

On every blessed Sunday morn  
He dons his latest golfing suit;  
And warrior-like goes forth from Sorin—  
His golfing stride is just too cute.  
His hungry look and heaving sigh  
The hope of other golfers sinks;  
His blood is up, he rushes by,  
He's making for the weiner links.

B. V. K.

## ROMANTIC.

The guests were all departing  
By car and bus and sleigh,  
The moon lit up the heaven  
And watched us go away.

And as we travelled homeward  
Beneath the silver sheen,  
I told my love to Jennie,  
A maiden of sixteen.

T. A. H.

## The Luck of Wilmer Burton.

LOUIS M. FETHERSTON, '04.

"You are in luck for you are invited." So read the card handed by the postman to Wilmer Burton as he sat in his cozy den in 18th St. No name was attached to the card and it bore evidence of having been hastily written. Only the postmark indicated the place at which it had been mailed. But to Wilmer this card needed no explanation. It meant that he was invited to attend a reception given by Irene Holiday.

Wilmer was an only son, and, as frequently happens in such cases, was spoiled by the attention of his over-indulgent parents. Handsome, accomplished and brought up in luxury, he looked upon life as one continuous round of pleasure. In addition he possessed to a certain degree an air of foppishness and self-superiority which aroused a feeling of dislike among many of his male acquaintances. With the ladies, however, he was a general favorite, not only on account of his appearance, but also because of his money. In spite of his many defects several fond mothers regarded him a prize in the matrimonial market. Wilmer received the marks of favor accorded him by the fair sex as only his due. The effect of such favors was simply to enlarge his idea of self-importance. But this feeling melted away when he met Irene Holiday. Irene was not a strikingly beautiful girl, but was gifted with that peculiar charm possessed by some women that brings men to their feet, and Wilmer was the most ardent, if the least favored, of her admirers. All his advances were checked, so utterly and completely that he was in despair. There was, however, one hope. If he could gain over Jack Thompson, Irene's cousin, in whom she placed the greatest confidence, half the battle would be won. In consequence, Wilmer evinced a sudden liking for Jack. He invited Jack to spend a week at his summer home in Chambersburg and made him his confidant. Jack promised him assistance and all seemed well.

One day while driving around the park Wilmer almost ran down an elderly gentleman who was taking his daily exercise on a bicycle. As Wilmer drove away he heard the gentleman mutter something about some



people having more money than brains and express a wish to thrash somebody if fortune ever gave him the opportunity. Wilmer was astonished to learn some days afterward that this gentleman was the father of Irene. He at once made application to Jack who promised to propitiate the angry parent.

Some time afterward Jack informed Wilmer that Irene was to give an informal reception, and that he would do his best to secure Wilmer an invitation. The date was fast approaching and Wilmer had given up all hopes of being present. On the morning of the reception, however, when the postman handed him the card all his disappointment vanished, and dressing hastily, he caught the first train for Philadelphia. He reached the city about seven o'clock and started for Jack's address. A servant, however, informed him that Jack was out, so Wilmer concluded to start at once for the home of Miss Holiday. On his arrival, he was surprised to find the house in darkness.

"Tis strange," he mused, as he gazed at the darkened windows, "I certainly couldn't have misunderstood Jack." In a state of bewilderment, he made his way back to the hotel where a telegram was handed him. It was from his father who had gone to Chambersburg and desired Wilmer to follow him at once. After vainly endeavoring to reach Jack by telephone, he was obliged to leave the city without an explanation.

"What an absent-minded fellow Jack is," said Wilmer to himself. "He must have given me the wrong date. I'll write him and see what he has to say."

A few days afterward, Jack was surprised to receive a letter from Wilmer thanking him for securing the invitation, but mildly reproving him for his failure to give the correct date.

"Well, this is queer," thought Jack, "Mr. Holiday positively refused to allow Irene to send him an invitation, yet he thanks me for procuring it. He writes that he called at the house. The reception was given at 'The Gardens.' However, she is going to give another one and I'll try and get him an invitation to that."

He thereupon wrote to Wilmer, carefully omitting all details of the first event, and promised to secure him an invitation to the second.

Wilmer was detained at Chambersburg for a few days, and on his return home found

among his mail a postal card similar in appearance to the one first received and reading: "It will take place on the 30th. You are in luck for you are invited."

"Good!" said Wilmer, as he looked at the calendar, "that will give me almost a week and I won't have to rush off pell-mell as I did the last time. Jack told me it would be at 'The Gardens,' but I think she might have mentioned the place on the invitation. This is rather a strange way to send invitations, but then Miss Holiday has no regard for formalities."

Great was his dismay, however, when two days later he received a letter which necessitated his return to Chambersburg. Here he was delayed until the 29th and was obliged to take a train direct to Philadelphia in order to be on hand for the reception. The train arrived at its destination some hours late. Wilmer took a carriage and drove in haste to the appointed place. Inside, a band was playing and a sound suspiciously like the clinking of glasses accompanied the music. Wilmer paused a while. "There must be a mistake somewhere," he said to himself, "Miss Holiday would never give an affair of this kind. However, I'll go in and see;" and he walked quickly through the gate and into the yard. He scarcely had time to look around when he was accosted by a plainly-dressed man who desired to see his invitation. Wilmer asked the meaning of the assembly and was told it was in honor of the Baron von Lichtenstein who was making a tour of the country. This settled matters and Wilmer returned to the hotel in no amiable frame of mind.

On the following day he called at the home of Miss Holiday to seek an explanation. He was met at the door by a servant and told that Mr. Holiday and daughter were at present in New York but would return in a few days. Greatly mystified he drove to Jack's room only to find that Jack too had accompanied his cousin to New York. He immediately took the next train home, and found on his arrival a postal card awaiting him which explained the whole affair. It read: "It will take place on the 30th. You are in luck, for you are invited to attend Jackson Brothers' great bargain sale of gents' furnishings." There was also a letter from Jack which informed him that having been called to New York, Miss Holiday had postponed her reception.

# NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC

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Notre Dame, Indiana.

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—The leopard can change his spots. Those who have been fond of stating that proposition interrogatively and with a rising inflection must hereafter forego that pleasure. A Philadelphia doctor has discovered that by treating the negro's skin with the X-ray the black pigment is destroyed, leaving a complexion which puts the lilies of the field to shame. Science has solved the problem which baffled statecraft. The President will lose no votes over the Booker Washington invitation after all. The negro will not have to be deported to Africa. The negro question is practically a thing of the past, and ere long reference to it will occasion wonder and amazement. Let the government furnish X-ray treatment free, and the negro will have conjured himself out of existence. Negro (Latin *niger*, meaning black) will be a misnomer, serving the sole purpose of furnishing to philologists a bone of contention. Its occupation will be gone, its subject-matter vanished from the earth.

—A significant editorial headed "Football and the Firecracker," found in a recent issue of the *Saturday Evening Post*, has caused much comment. To speak of the dangers of football to a college man is not the matter for spirited discussion it once was. Even the enthusiast appreciates the possible fatalities. Though the loyal rooster has given some abuse by way of retaliation, he has had to take more than he has given. Every fall, the various publications

enlarge on the fatalities of football, and not without a certain justification. But statistics have now been collected which show that four hundred and seventy deaths resulted from the last occasion of the "glorious Fourth," while the deaths from the entire season of football were nineteen. Now nineteen lacks but one of being twenty too many; but is not the comparison rather significant, especially after all the abuse that has been given the national college game? There is not a college man but would wish to see such football rules adopted as to make impossible all serious accidents; however, from the very nature of the game all danger can not be eliminated. It would be much better if all danger could be guarded against, still where muscle and courage meet in contest to maintain university athletic honors there must be some broken bones. That is to be regretted. Young men with lawn-tennis hearts should not play football. And at all events, before robbing the university man of one of his most glorious, if most unnecessary, traditions, just work a national reform based on the annual Fourth of July carnage—for it is carnage, with the exception that the bodies of the victims are disfigured and defaced before rather than after death.

—It is of interest to know that the president of a neighboring university has discovered a disease which he calls mind-wandering. It seems to show itself principally by a lack of attention to the work in hand, also an inability to apply the mind to study. Two reasons have been given for this condition: one, that it is due to too much study—an overtaxing of the powers; the other, that the student has been forced to apply himself to studies for which he has no liking. The remedy suggested is to follow classes that are interesting to the student.

The question comes up here, may not the student find the cause of this in his neglect to hold his attention in the beginning of the work? He may have failed at the first to apply his mind seriously to his studies, and the consequence of this would naturally be a growth of mind-wandering and also a failure in studies. This would make the work burdensome; and it often happens that our studies are disagreeable to us just because we do not make a sufficient effort to succeed in them. Success in a work naturally makes us love it and spurs us on to greater efforts.

—The Hon. William P. Breen yesterday received the following letter from President Roosevelt:

WHITE HOUSE, WASHINGTON.

January 23, 1904.

Sir:—In pursuance of the request of the respective Presidents of the universal exposition, St. Louis, and of the American Bar Association, that the President of the United States should designate a certain number of delegates to the universal congress of lawyers and jurists, to be held at St. Louis in September, 1904, you

larly in Fort Wayne, for Mr. Breen's popularity is quite on a par with his distinguished ability.—*Fort Wayne Journal-Gazette*, Jan. 26.

We take pleasure in recording the marked distinction which President Roosevelt has conferred on one of Notre Dame's most worthy and gifted graduates. Mr. Breen is an example of those students who put into practice the lessons of Christian citizenship imparted at Notre Dame. Such invariably attain honorable success and win the respect and confidence of their fellows. He is one of Indiana's foremost lawyers, and, as becomes a good Catholic, takes an active part in affairs of Church and state. A zealous officer of the Knights of Columbus and an orator with something to say, he is in constant demand at the important functions of the organization throughout Indiana. He has always taken a practical interest in Notre Dame as is evidenced by the gold medal for oratory which he donated. Notre Dame rejoices in the success of her learned and faithful son.



WILLIAM P. BREEN, A. B., M. A., LL. D.

are hereby designated a delegate on behalf of the United States to the said congress.

THEODORE ROOSEVELT.

Hon. William P. Breen.

The letter is beautifully engraved, but it bears the personal signature of the President. The appointment, coming from such a source, is indeed a high honor and a testimonial of the advanced rank Mr. Breen has assumed in the legal circles of the United States. The appointment will give keen pleasure to the members of the bar in Indiana, and particu-

—A movement has been started at Notre Dame by some of those in charge of her athletic affairs looking to the formation of an alumni association for athletic purposes—an association similar in its aims to those formed some years ago at Harvard, Yale and the other leading Eastern colleges

The idea originated with Mngr. Daly, who has carefully worked out its possibilities, and from correspondence he has had with leading men among Notre Dame's alumni all over the United States, he is led to believe that the plan meets with general approval, and if adopted will be a success.

The plan of the organization contains the provision of an annual meeting and banquet of our alumni at some central point at which matters pertaining to the athletics of Notre Dame will be discussed, and measures taken to improve the quality and already high standard of athletics as they exist. General information will be gathered and plans formulated tending to Notre Dame's future success.

Such an association has been deemed necessary at nearly all the big colleges, and its successful workings have, in nearly every instance, proved the wisdom of the men who had predicted its worth. The need of such an organization is keenly felt because of the great expense of athletics in general, the higher and cleaner standard they are attaining year by year, and more particularly the elimination of professionalism at Notre Dame.

The alumni have already taken considerable interest in the matter, as Notre Dame's alumni always does in matters pertaining to the welfare of their *Alma Mater*. As instances of this we may recall the contributions made by certain members to the gymnasium fund and the generous hospitality dispensed by the Chicago alumni on the occasion of the football game with Northwestern. As we shall soon be the "old grads" we may well look to the example of those gone before.

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#### The Mozart Symphony Concert.

This popular musical organization made Notre Dame another visit last Saturday afternoon when it played to an appreciative audience in Washington Hall. Several of the soloists are old friends who have appeared here nearly every season for fifteen years. The string quartette playing was especially pleasing this season. The members play with musical taste and precision, for they are real musicians, though they do select a program to meet the popular requirements.

Mr. Hoch was given much applause both before and after his solos. His echo horn was appreciated. Mr. Stolzer's Viola d'Amour playing was perhaps the most pleasing number on the programme. The beauties of tone to be had from that instrument are commensurate with the difficulties to be overcome in its proper treatment. Mr. Blodeck's cello solo was deservedly encored. He is a finished artist on the cello, and any selection he may choose to play is certain to show careful execution. Miss Stori played two violin solos and sang several selections which were well received. There are so many so-called concert troupes journeying during the winter musical season that it is refreshing to hear artists who have really gained from long and successful experiences with the musicians of the old school.

F. F. D.

#### An Heroic Hint.

Perhaps we may be a little premature or, at least, somewhat rash when we conclude from our microscopic experience that Catholic editors, as a rule, are too skilled in the gentle art of *being polite*. An opinion is but an opinion, and though it be "way off" it amounts to nothing when pinned up in the little bulb that tops the spinal column, so here goes. How soon will dawn the day when Catholic editors shall turn the lime-light from their Alphonse-Gaston tableau and dig into the schismatic critics with the same vigor they now display in answering every statement some unknown may make against the "Dear Old Mother"? Not everyone who ridicules something his two-by-four brain pan can not hold is worthy of controversy. Some poor ignorant notoriety seeker has no other means of placing himself in the public eye than by ejecting missiles of mendacious formation, and ere he has uttered three words, every Catholic editor must drop his work to apologize. What else could the insulter wish for? The recognition elevates him to the pinnacle of notoriety.

Why, in the name of good Catholic journalism, must we drop everything to wipe from the banner of our Faith particles that separate themselves from the muddy intellects of every schismatic accuser? Let them dry and they will fall off when the wind laps the flag of the Cross over schism's catafalque. Let us rather get riled at such pestering, and show that to us alone belong not all the stains. Many a good mother sometime or other suffers a pang from a wayward son, but it is as equally true that these offenses are merely the forerunner of a digital shadow that will hang heavily over somebody's spankable proportions.

So let it be with Catholicism and Catholic journalism. Let us revive again a rejuvenated Brownsonian type of publicists who can criticise as well as refute. No longer can we take the back seat, the butt of every slander and lie a maligner may raise against us. Far more good can be derived from grounding our cleats and assuming the offensive. We have long been too polite, too afraid of offending the splenic among our brethren. The climax is reached and our spurs are sharpened. Pull back the curtains that hide, not imaginary flaws but real faults entangled

about the very heart of those separated from the Catholic religion; we can do it. There are many deluded ones held prisoners in their hands simply because the attacks on our Faith lead them to believe they themselves are faultless. Seek out the query of the ancients *Quis iactat iecur?* and pursue him relentlessly. We shall strengthen Catholicity and create a turmoil that shall squeeze the strength of the bigoted few until they be devoured by their own waning shadows.

G. J. MACNAMARA, '04.

### Athletic Notes.

There are several fellows, gallery critics we shall call them, who seem to take great pleasure during the daily afternoon exercises in the gymnasium in laughing and joking about the movements of the new candidates. These critics are generally of that class who are too unwilling or too lazy to do any active work themselves. This joking and making fun of the candidates must cease or those in charge will see that the gallery is closed during practice.

\* \* \*

Scales gets a (weigh) fast.

\* \* \*

Time and again we have told the story of how some of our famous athletes were discovered and developed. This rehashing, however, is done for a purpose, and that is to encourage newcomers who have some ability but are a little timid about displaying it. Corcoran, Staples, Kirby, Guerin, Herbert, Draper and others were awkward, clumsy fellows when they first went out, but they persevered, and in the end won. The case of Corcoran is perhaps the best example of what even a big clumsy fellow who possesses nerve and perseverance can do under a good coach. When Corcoran first attempted track work he was the laughing-stock of the gallery critics. He was so clumsy in his movements there did not seem the slightest hopes of his ever developing into a runner, but he "stuck it out," and after a couple of months was running the mile in 4:40. Then he switched to the half where his work was a little better, but he was not satisfied. The next year he kept plugging away at the half mile, until the early part of March when the trainer decided to give his men a handicap try-out.

"Corc" was given the most generous handicap of the lot in the sprints, and to the surprise of all won. The famous Coach Dad Moulton saw him run that day, and immediately took him in hands. Before the year was over he had beaten some of the stars of the West, and the next season broke several state and Western records and one world's record and gained the reputation of being one of the speediest men in the country. But "Corc" is not the only example. Hundreds of others have begun the same way, among them several of our own stars—Kirby, Guerin, and Staples. Why can't some of this year's students do the same? There are plenty of fellows around here who have just as much muscle and grit as had the men of past years. We have here one of the best tracks in the country, and a coach who has already proved his ability. Get out, fellows, and help Notre Dame regain her former proud position in the field of Western track athletics.

\* \* \*

The sturdy youngsters of St. Edward's Hall have begun training in track work. A large and enthusiastic crowd was out in the big gym last Thursday, and for an hour or so tried running and jumping. The youngsters are greatly elated over their success on the gridiron last fall and are determined to repeat the performance on the track this spring against their rivals, the ex-Minims.

\* \* \*

Capt. Stephan wishes to have it announced that practice for the baseball candidates will begin Monday afternoon at three o'clock. The outlook at present seems to be very bright, as nearly all the old men are with us, while there seems to be an abundance of good material among the new-comers. Captain Stephan wants everyone possessing ability in the line of baseball to report for practice. Notwithstanding the large number of old men back, there will not be any favoritism shown, and each and every candidate shall have an equal show. No man is sure of his position and will not be assured till he proves himself worthy of it. The old men still with us are Captain Stephan, Ruehlbach, O'Connor, Hogan, Shaughnessy, Antoine, Geoghegan, Sherry, Salmon, and Kanaley.

Practice will begin at 3 o'clock and continue until 3:45, when the gymnasium will be turned over to the track candidates.



The Brownson Hall basket-ball team was defeated by the Y. M. C. A. team of South Bend last Wednesday evening after a close and exciting contest. The Brownsonites were greatly handicapped by the size of the gym in which they played, as it is several times smaller than the one they are accustomed to, so it was practically impossible to get any team work.

The Brownsonites lost on fouls, as five of the Y. M. C. A. points were scored in this manner. The two teams will meet again in the Brownson Gymnasium one week from to-night. McDermott, Medley, Gray, Brennan, McInerny and Pryor put up a good game for Brownson, while Dilldock excelled for the Benders. The final score was 13 to 8.

#### THE LINE-UP.

BROWNSON		Y. M. C. A.
Gray (Capt).	R F	Dilldock
Brennan, Pryor	L F	Rudy Jay
McDermott, McInerny	C	Splivins
O'Reilly	R G	L. Nichols
Medley	L G	Hickey
Referee, Shaughnessy; Umpire, Schier; Timekeeper, Sousa; Rooter, Holland, Notre Dame.		

\* \* \*

Capt. Draper of the track squad whose ankle was badly sprained while practising the running broad jump, is able to be around again and will probably get down to hard work the coming week. The squad is coming along fairly well, but Coach Holland is not fully satisfied with the number of candidates. "Pat" Beacom, the big guard of the football team, has reported, and will be tried out in the shot.

\* \* \*

Brownson and Corby meet to-night in the first Inter-Hall game of the season.

\* \* \*

Indoor baseball is the fad now, and almost every other fellow in the University is organizing a team. There are several teams already in the field—three from Brownson, the Hunkys, Captain McDermott; the Rudy Jays, Captain McDonald; and the Tutti Fruttis, Captain Ben Reisner; one in Corby captained by John Philpot Quincy McCaffrey, and a Sorin team, Captain "Nig" Ruehlback. Two games were played Thursday in the Brownson gymnasium. In the morning the Rudy Jays gave an unmerciful drubbing to the Sorinites, scoring 12 to their 3. The pitching of McInerny and O'Connell's fielding were the features of this

game. In the afternoon the Hunkys took the Corby crew into camp by a score of 8 to 6. The Hunkys won out by superior stick work. The feature of the game was McDermott's pitching, President Hunky's stop of a man on third base, and McCaffrey's back talk to the Umpire. Captain Reisner's team, the Tutti Fruttis, have not yet gone into active training, but the captain has a stock of tricks and schemes with which he intends to puzzle the natives in their first performance.

JOSEPH P. O'REILLY.

#### Personals.

—Visitors' register:—Mrs. Walter Comstock, Chicago, Ill.; Miss Annie Eliel, South Bend; P. Hannefan, Pastrelo, Idaho; Mrs. Mary Carroll Flagstaff, Arizona; E. A. Welch, Kalamazoo.

—The announcement contained in a recent issue of the *Sunday Oregonian* of the promotion of Mr. Frank J. Hagenbarth to the presidency of the National Live-stock Company has delighted his many friends at Notre Dame. Mr. Hagenbarth received his preparatory education from the Sisters of Holy Cross at Salt Lake City, and completed his course at Notre Dame where he was a student from '82 to '87. He is a member of the Wood Live-stock Company, operating sheep and cattle ranges in Idaho, Montana and old Mexico. In the latter region, Mr. Hagenbarth controls 2,000,000 acres in his own right. He entered the stock business at the age of twenty, when he began work on his stepfather's ranch in Idaho, and has since climbed upward until he is now president of the largest stock company in the world. Six years ago he married Miss May Brown Dillon, of Montana, whose two brothers were also students at Notre Dame.

#### Local Items.

—Advertisement.—Wanted, a syndicate to take charge of and develop the oil wells sprung in Sorin Hall since the painting began.

—Wonder why a certain Sorinite has developed such a fondness for Tom Moore's "Believe me if all those endearing young charms?"

—The Sorinite, who, returning from the pump with an empty pitcher dolefully whistles the "Old Oaken Bucket," is surely more to be pitied than censured.

—The indoor baseball fever has even struck St. Edward's. The Minims have a star team, the battery work of Frossard and Roberts



being especially strong. A championship game with the ex-Minims will take place in the near future.

—On account of the great difficulty encountered in heating the library it has been deemed advisable to close it except during recreation till the cold weather subsides.

—The Senior Literary Society during the coming week offers a program which promises to be of great interest. Several oratorical and literary selections will be rendered.

—It will be a source of delight to many no doubt to hear that Bro. Leopold, the genial "keeper of sweets," is rapidly convalescing from his recent illness, and is expected to be at his old post in a few days.

—What is being done with the monthly magazines for the library? Many students would like to see the old popular magazines in their accustomed places. Such literature would make the library much more cheerful.

—The Rev. Alexander Kirsch, C. S. C., of the Biological Department has returned from Stratford, Ontario, where he represented the University at the obsequies of the late lamented Rev. Dr. Kilroy.

—What has become of all the State-Club organizations at the University? The SCHOLASTIC has received no reports from the secretaries since the vacation. We feel sure meetings are being held and probably some sleighing parties planned. Gentlemen, let us hear from you.

—Among the invited guests at a very enjoyable pedro party, given by Dr. and Mrs. Berteling of South Bend on Wednesday evening, were Messrs. F. F. Dukette, H. E. Brown, A. Steiner, F. J. Barry, B. V. Kanaley, W. F. Daly, J. J. Meyers and Maurice F. Griffin.

—When the many visitors notice the number of students "with their hair cut short," they must imagine that Indiana weather is remarkably mild. They should be warned that the climate is deceptive, and they should be made acquainted with the fact that *some* of the students have sense.

—The members of Prof. Edward's Medieval History class look forward with delight to a lecture to be given the first week in February by W. R. Gardiner. The lecture will be on some famous medieval character, probably William the Conqueror, a subject to which Mr. Gardiner has given much time and attention.

—The hand-ball association, brought into being by J. Pierpont, has again organized and holds sessions daily in the Carroll Hall gym. All applicants for admission must have unlimited credit at the store and are required to purchase a hand-ball to be donated to the association. For further particulars inquire at room 32.

—We are always anxious to warn the newcomer about infringing upon the customs

of various halls. For instance, we advise him lay aside his dainty white cap until Easter and not to wear a green tie before March 17, should he desire to visit Corby Hall smoking-room. But for this, we might receive another request to inquire for a lost cap of cream color and a green necktie of fashionable design.

—Last Wednesday evening the St. Joseph Literary and Debating Society reorganized. The following were elected to office: Rev. P. O'Reilly, Spiritual Director; J. I. O'Phelan, President; D. Madden, Vice-President; W. F. Robinson, Secretary; T. Toner, Moderator; W. Perce, Sergeant-at-Arms; P. Malloy and T. Toner, Critics. The constitution of September, 1903, was read and readopted. Messrs. Madden and P. Malloy gave recitations; they were followed by short speeches from the officers, after which the meeting adjourned.

—In story and verse, in legend and song we hear sweet Christmas chimes "pealing in gladsome tones." So frequently are they rung in Christmas stories that they have become almost symbolic of that season of peace and good cheer. And yet since the dawn of the New Year, while the joys of the holidays are still fresh in the mind, the melodies that formerly floated from yonder steeple have been hushed. Would it not be well to hear those tones again—those hymns most appropriate and cheering at this season of the year?

—The Hunky Doreys held an informal but very lively meeting a few nights ago. Hon. Henry J. called the members to order by rapping rather heavily on the heads of those near him. In a short time he had a pretty wide circle to himself, and after the howling had subsided he adjusted his spectacles and signalled Secretary Relay to report business. That worthy official announced that action should soon be taken to prepare a fitting reception for the famous explorer and child of nature, Stanley Mike Daly, who is now reposing under the orange trees in Florida and casting his gaze northward now and then. Mr. Daly has heliographed that he expects to make a flying visit to his old haunts early in April, just after the Hunky Doreys' take their annual bath. Grand Sachem Ill then opened a subscription list, and those present started for the door at a rapid rate. Their escape was barred by the Sergeant-at-Arms, U. Jean, who again raised the question of presenting a loving cup to his countryman, Henry J. The President was so overcome by this announcement that further discussion was deferred, and the proceedings closed with the usual pathetic ceremony of asking for chewing tobacco. All present participated.

—The winter sports are in full swing—daily track team practice; basket-ball players are beginning to get into shape and the hockey enthusiasts are still debating the question

whether they shall organize or not. The Corbyites selected George Herrmann of Chicago to captain the basket-ball team, and he has succeeded in collecting a large squad. L. E. Wagner was chosen manager. Corby and Sorin are handicapped in so far as they have no place of their own in which to practise. Their teams are compelled to use the Carroll or Brownson floors after the evening recreation.

—While a dull quiet pervades Carroll and Brownson campus joyous activity reigns supreme in Minimland. Besides the large toboggan slide, Nature has provided a skating rink for the amusement of the little men. Shovels and brooms have been vigorously applied in clearing away the snow from the ice underneath. And while the less active junior or senior hugs a radiator in the reading-room or toasts his coat-tail on the steam-pipes in the smoking quarter, the lively Minim dons his skates and is out gathering strength and enjoyment from healthy exercise that insures good digestion by day and sound slumbers by night.

—The warbler from whose transom floats the strains of "The Harvest Days are Over" might be silenced if he took a quiet stroll to St. Joseph's Lake some of these pleasant afternoons and observed the quantity of ice that is there being harvested. A large force of men are at work, who have put up more ice than has ever before been taken from the lake in a single year. The quality too is said to be No. 1, and the addition built to the ice-house last fall will probably be filled to the roof. Three large engines were found insufficient to hoist the huge cakes of ice from the water to the runways above, and a fourth was at length put in. The frozen blocks, sixteen inches deep, are raised by a gigantic carrier into the vast ice-house. There they will remain until the ice-cream season is again upon us and until another harvest day when the mercury shall hover about the mark of 90° in the shade.

—CORBY NOTES:—Home ain't nothin' like this.

This is confidential: Corby has a man from Beantown who can do the "hundred" in 10:2.

The four "Cohens"—Kyler, Lalley, Herrmann and C. Winter are booked for a "150 night run."

Harry Geoghegan reports business in Lockport, New York, at a standstill owing to the ten inches of ice covering the canal.

Wagner and McAffrey, the "Weber and Fields" of Corby, are making a decided hit in their new sketch. Their entrance on the stage is made on a "Carrigan" motor cycle.

Corby's athlete, Harry Patterson, covered himself with glory in the Christmas hockey games at Pittsburg. During the first few minutes of play, before he was recognized,

the spectators thought he was a "ringer" imported from Canada. "Patty" is a wizard with the "stick" and "puck."

Messrs. Geoghegan and Wagner have become very proficient in Spanish. Their gesticulation is perfect, but strange to say, many of the Castilians fail to understand them. Some of their enemies assert that they speak a compound of German and Irish. Mike Hastings will be called to substantiate this statement.

HEADQUARTERS—SORIN CADETS COMPANY.

Notre Dame, Jan. 22, '04.

#### ORDERS:

The Company of Sorin Cadets having been reorganized for the present scholastic year, the following promotions are ordered and will take effect from this date: To be

First Sergeant	Prt....	Thomas B. Roberts
Quarter-Master Sergeant	....	Paul C. Quinlan
Sgt., No 1 Sec. Com.	....	Thos. J. McFadden
	2 " "	.... Joseph Brennan
	3 " "	.... Emil Frossord
	4 " "	.... Henry R. Symonds
Corporal No 1 Squad	....	Thomas H. Cornell
	" " 2 " "	.... Edward J. Connolly
	" " 3 " "	.... Clarence Kelly
	" " 4 " "	.... Robert Sullivan
	" " 5 " "	.... Carol A. Von Phul
	" " 6 " "	.... Prt. Lester Kempe
	" " 7 " "	.... James A. Woods
	" " 8 " "	.... Walter F. Upman

To be Corporal and Drill Instructor, Howard S. Warren.

These non-commissioned-officers are strictly held responsible for the discipline of their respective commands, especially when on duty. They must be neat appearing at all times, and their manner and conduct must be of such a nature as to merit the respect of their superiors and their subordinates. The commanding officer feels certain that if these simple rules are attended to his command will have attained that standard of efficiency so indispensable to any well-organized military body.

Drills will be held in the large play-hall, on Thursdays at 9:45 a. m. If the weather permits they may be practised out of doors.

The non-commissioned-officers will be given additional instruction between the hours of seven and eight p. m. unless prevented by a more serious duty. Privates desirous of promotion would do well to attend some of these drills.

Muster Parades.—The company will parade for muster on the first Thursday of every month. A rigid inspection of clothing, arms and equipment may be expected on these occasions when non-commissioned officers will see that their men present a neat appearance.

By order,

James P. Fehan Capt.

Commanding Co.