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## A Pansy Idyl.

A PANSY in a garden bloomed  
With all the splendor of a queen;  
She was the fairest flower there,  
For none could equal her, I ween.

A dainty butterfly would come  
To woo her, and to kiss away  
The sparkling tears of morning dew,  
And hover round the livelong day.

The pensive gardener, on his round,  
Espied this pansy from afar;  
Ere long, she found herself admired  
By others in a Dresden jar.

No more her lover would she see,  
Nor drink the balmy breeze of night.  
O how she longed for mother earth,  
And for her sire, the god of light!

With deepest grief her head then drooped;  
No freshening dewdrops on her fell;  
Unloved by all, she pined and died.  
The butterfly who missed her, well—  
He found another pansy.

E. J. K.

## Municipal Ownership.

MAURICE F. GRIFFIN, '04.



THE problem of municipal government is the great problem of to-day. In our daily life we are reminded of that problem a score of times to every single occasion in which the government of the state or nation is brought to our attention. The exercise of the city's functions is the vital thing with us. We are directly interested in the sanitary condition of the great centres of population wherein thousands of our fellow-citizens spend their lives; in the condition of the streets whereon

we walk; in the condition of the water we drink, the parks we use for recreation, the departments for our protection, fire and police, and the system of lighting, which is in reality a part of the department of protection. We are all very much interested in the schools in which our children are educated, and the libraries whose books we read; but most of all are we concerned with the street-car service that carries us to and from our work each day. These are the things that come home to a large majority of our people.

The federal constitution of our fathers serves its purpose very well. Seldom has it been found necessary to alter that worthy document; a few great tests have been made proving its elasticity and integrity. But no radical change has been made in the federal government, and in its essence it remains as it was when Washington took the oath of office. On the other hand, the government of our large cities, with the vast growth of the scope of the so-called public utilities, is practically a new problem, and one that awaits a satisfactory solution. The rise of the large cities has been the cause; a complex municipal problem is the result. A century ago, less than one-thirtieth of the inhabitants of the United States were living in towns or cities. To-day more than one-third of our people are congregated in the great centres of population. An equal proportion of increase would in the next hundred years make the population of our cities three times as great as the total number of inhabitants in the entire nation to-day. Undoubtedly this prediction will not be fulfilled; yet it serves to impress on our minds the relative importance of the sectional and the city governments, and the magnitude of the economic problems

now presented, and still to be presented, in connection with the government of our municipalities.

With this congestion of population has gone an amassing of capital in the hands of a few. In the time of our fathers the money of the country was practically evenly divided. Now, half of the people own comparatively nothing: one-eighth of the people own seven-eighths of the wealth; while one-two-hundredth of our citizens have in their coffers about four thousand times as much as would be their share, according to all estimates on a communistic or equal distribution basis. This concentration of wealth, or the massing of it in the hands of a few, indicates the most pressing question of our time—that of private monopoly. This means special privilege to some; unequal rights; concentration not only of wealth but of opportunity and power. It does away with competition. Its primary purpose is to secure the greatest possible profits to the monopolist. The citizens of this country have been slow in awaking to the baneful influence of these private monopolies, and especially dilatory in realizing the immense value of the franchises for the control of public utilities that have been granted to private corporations.

Some have seen the great value of these privileges, and have availed themselves of their opportunities to reap a rich harvest. They have formed companies, partly, if not almost entirely, of inflated securities, to operate in the field of these utilities. They have secured the aid of dishonest politicians in obtaining grants of monopolies, and then by corrupt practices and excessive charges they have made enormous profits. The vast fortunes of these shrewd capitalists have recently attracted the attention of the people; and they have come to the conclusion that they have made their money by possessing a monopoly that should belong to the people alone. They realized the truth of the words of John Stuart Mills: "Every grant of monopolistic franchise or privilege should have been held void from the beginning upon the fundamental principle of justice and common law, because it involved a grant of sovereign power to individuals. A monopoly controlled in private interests is sovereign interests in

private hands. Only the sovereign people can have rights to own a monopoly; for only the people have rights to a sovereign power.... Monopolies are an economic necessity. The question is, shall the people own the monopolies or the monopolies own the people?"

Thus we see that the franchise question is the greatest problem before American people to-day, and the solution of that problem lies in municipal ownership. The first requisite for municipal ownership is that the government be controlled by the people and operated for their best interests. "Control is the essence of ownership," and unless the people are absolute in their government, all attempts at municipal ownership must fail. With political rings and hoodling legislatures nothing can be expected. The first step is to purify the city councils; and though it now appears to be reasoning in a vicious circle it will shortly be shown that the best way to purify these city councils is to adopt the system of municipal ownership. A complete initiative and referendum policy must also obtain so that the wish of the voters will be the guiding principle. Further, the contract system must give way to that of direct employ, and the civil service policy must prevail in all departments. These are the conditions under which municipal ownership would be successful, and they are the concessions usually granted by the opponents of the plan.

A very natural division of the discussion of this subject is: (1) There are many and great evils in the present system, such as to cause dissatisfaction and urge us to seek something better; (2) Municipal ownership would remove these evils to a great extent, and on the whole would be more satisfactory; keeping in view the best service to the people; (3) Municipal ownership would prove an eminently practical, business-like proposition, and is financially expedient.

In the first place it is a fundamental commercial law that all business shall best subserve the interests of its owner. Its primary purpose and sole function is to render him profit. I maintain that the greatest good to the people can not be obtained so long as a public utility is owned

and operated by a private corporation whose interests alone must be subserved, to whom alone profit must be yielded. In the street-car business a line is extended only where it will pay; in the electric lighting business a plant is erected only where it will pay. Let us take a different illustration. In the city of Chicago there are in operation to-day thirty different systems, thirty different companies' lines, with no such thing as a transfer between them or connections for the benefit of better service. In all of these cases, the convenience of the people, which in all public utilities should be of paramount importance, is not considered. The speculation is for the greatest possible private gain alone.

Perhaps the most apparent evil of the present system is the excessive charges. The private water companies of the United States receive 43% more than the public companies; and even the public rates are considerably above the actual cost of production. Let us examine the illustration of the private water company of Indianapolis: With an expense of \$86,000 for operating expenses, the net profit was \$156,000 yearly. San Francisco paid 40% on its private water company's stock. There seems to be no ratio between the actual cost of part and the price charged by the private companies. We find gas selling in one place for 75 cents per thousand, and in another city, under only slightly varied conditions, the same amount is selling for \$16. The private electric light companies are receiving from two to four times as much as the public companies in neighboring cities. Let us examine a few prominent cases. At the same time New York was paying \$182, Washington was paying \$219; Boston \$237; and San Francisco \$440, for the arc-light that many of our cities were receiving for \$75.

The rates of the street-car lines are equally high. Last year the municipal lines of Glasgow had an average fare of 2.2c.; those of Vienna 2.7c.; of Edinburgh 2.8c.; of Berlin 3c. Similarly low rates prevail in all the European cities, where there are municipal lines. The single illustration in the United States affords us the example of a 2½ cent fare. Compare the rates of the private bridge of St. Louis. The rates

of the private bridge are five times as great as those of the municipal bridge line of Brooklyn. In all of our cities we have a straight five-cent fare; and in many of the larger ones there is practically a ten-cent fare because there is no through transfer or connections between the lines. Statistics show us that telegraph and telephone rates are equally high.

The stocks of these companies are watered to an incredible degree. Seven-tenths of the capitalization of the gas companies is pure water; seventeen-eightieths of the face value of the Western Union Securities is inflation. The stock of the Chicago street car company has been watered to the extent of five-eighths of its face value; the proportion in Philadelphia is seven-eighths. In New York one of the companies has reached the proportion of 21-22; and according to some authorities in Chicago, there are lines with large capitalization, not one dollar of which has ever been paid in, thus making the entire amount of the face value of the securities of these companies absolute water. This unlawful inflation is a protection to the syndicates in their extortions of vast sums of money, and at the same time is to cover their work from the people. With their large capitalization and small amount of money paid in, these companies are making enormous profits; they are virtually robbing the people of millions of dollars each year. The average earning of all the street-car companies of the United States is between 15 and 25%; 66% of the income of the Bell Telephone Company is profit, thus giving an earning of 150% on all securities; but the Western Union Telegraph Company pays 300% dividends each year. The Gas Companies are making 40% yearly. The New York company used to pay 50% annual dividend. One year the Cleveland Company paid 144%, while the Addicks Gas Ring of Boston was making 200% each year. Surely on the non-profit-making basis millions of dollars could be saved the people by the cities operating these utilities.

It is well known that large corporations prevent the enforcement of all laws they do not see fit to obey. The most common breach of law is the evasion of taxes. In St. Louis and Chicago the Fraction Com-

panies are paying taxes on only one-tenth of what they pay dividends on. In Cleveland the company is paying taxes on just one-fourteenth of what they themselves say is the value of their property. A car licence is charged, and of the 1450 cars in daily use, less than 900 have licences. When we remember that many of the smaller dwellings of our cities are taxed for 90% of their value, we realize what a gigantic brand this evasion of taxes is. It has been estimated that if these corporations were forced to pay their share, the taxes of the poor man would be reduced one-half.

But the greatest evil of the present system is its corrupt influence on the city councils. To quote from the eminent authority, Dr. W. R. Hopkins of Cleveland: "When we approach the question of corruption in the award of franchises it must be admitted that the system has thus far put an immense premium on all sorts of bribery and corruption. The street railway interests have been all-powerful in the control of political machines. It has not only secured—apparently for the mere asking—the most valuable privilege which the city council could bestow; it has escaped the performance of many obligations which the state has compelled the council to make a condition of its grants; and it has prevented the enforcement of nearly every law which it has not cared to obey.

In the words of Governor Pingree: "The private corporations are the greatest menace to pure city government and honest representation to-day." Prof. Commons, the great authority on economic subjects, says: "Nine-tenths of the corruption of our cities to-day is due to leaving the municipal function to private corporations." It is clearly manifest that these companies have the greatest interest at stake; that they have the most powerful motive for corruption. Mayor Sam L. Johnson expresses this sentiment in the words "The main source of corruption is due to the struggle for valuable franchises."

It is an undisputed fact that for twenty years the street-car company has controlled the city council of Chicago. In that city, Johnny Powers controls more names on the pay-roll of the street-car company than any spoilsman could ever boast of on

any city's list. And this is because the large corporations can afford to catch in their net, as it were, the city politicians with the vote of a few positions on their service. We have all heard of the \$3000 alderman of Detroit; of the \$13,000 mayor of Grand Rapids; of the 20,000 alderman of New York; and all of these officials have been bought by the private companies to secure franchises.

There are evidently many and great evils in the present system. But I maintain that municipal ownership will to a great extent remove these evils. It would, in the first place, do away with the conflict between owner and patron by bringing about a community, a complete identity of interest, between the people and the company; for the people would all be stockholders in the municipal company. Here would be a business concern that best subserved the interests of its owner and the people as well; for the people would be the owner. It is conceded by the opponents of this system that the contract system be shunned; hence there would be no more granting of franchises; both the motive for bribery and the briber would be removed. And why should we expect corruption in the water and light systems any more than in the police and fire departments which are the pride of our cities? It has been said that the incentive for perfect service is not so strong under municipal management as under private control. In Glasgow the entire rolling stock and plant of the street-car company has been replaced since the city took charge; electric power has replaced horse power, and the service is considered the best in the kingdom. The same high standard of efficiency is to be seen in the Brooklyn Bridge cable line. The figures I have already quoted show that a lower rate accompanies the improved service of municipal ownership, thus it removes the greatest evils of the present system.

Now, municipal ownership is a thoroughly practical, business-like proposition and is expedient. In this country to-day there are five hundred and forty different public utilities owned and operated by the people. More than three-fourths of our water plants are municipal; there are six hundred and fifty publicly owned electric-light plants. There

are only two examples in all our history of municipal ownership proving a failure: the Philadelphia Gas Co. and the Michigan City Electric Light Plant; and in both of these cases the plants had been absolute failures under private management before the city took control. More than half of the mileage of England is municipal, and all the lines are satisfactory and successful. We recognize that no comparison can be made between the lines of England and those of America; but that is due to national backwardness and not to municipal ownership. The only valid comparison is between the public and private lines of England or the continent; and all authorities agree that the public lines are far superior to the private lines.

It has been argued that private enterprise is the one great stimulus that has built up our systems and which gives us the service of to-day. Let us see whether there is a valid reason for believing that the service under municipal ownership would not be as efficient as under private management. In neither case do the owners have anything to do with the actual service. The work is all done by paid superintendents; by men who have been chosen because they are clearly fitted to do the work; by men oftentimes who have risen from the ranks. These men are absolute in their domain so long as they manipulate the works and make them pay. Under municipal ownership these same men would perform their same functions; would have just as absolute control just so long as they manipulated the lines, not as formerly with "profit" alone as their watchword, but now with "best service to the people" as their motto.

All estimates show that the operating expenses of public companies is at least 12% less than those of the private companies. If the city owns entirely, there is not only no dividend, but also no interest to be paid; if the debt has not yet been entirely wiped out the municipality can secure a lower rate of interest than any private concern could obtain. There is no lobbying to be done, no soliciting of business, no high-priced attorneys to guard the interests of the company against those of rival concerns. Money can be saved by co-operation with other branches of the municipal service;

there is now such co-operation between the fire-water and light service of Detroit, and in Duluth the water and light systems are under one head.

The only question that remains to be discussed is that of the actual purchase. This can be done in many ways; in all cases the cost of duplication of tangible property being held a just compensation. In Springfield, Ill., because the city debt limit was already approached, sixty prominent citizens forwarded the money; an arrangement was made whereby the citizens would be repaid, and at the end of five years the city will completely own the plant without the outlay of a dollar on its part.

In most cases the city can assume the debt directly. Take Chicago, for example, because her system is the most expensive and intricate in the world; and what can be done there can be done elsewhere. If the city assumed the cost of all of the lines in addition to her present debt, the total would still be less than that of New York to-day; and who doubts the solvency of that metropolis? And then, figuring on the basis of the present income—and all recognize that it is increasing greatly each year—the entire debt would be wiped out in fourteen years, and then \$6,000,000 could be turned over to the treasury each year to reduce the taxes of the people, or they could be given the benefit of it directly in a very much lower fare.

To sum up, there are evils in the present system which urge us to seek a change; municipal ownership will remove those evils to a great extent, and it is a very practical, business-like proposition and is expedient.

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### An Anecdote of "La Mana Negra."

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HARRY N. ROBERTS.

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The newly-fallen snow of a cold November night lay deep and crisp upon the ground. Presently down the street came a lonely pedestrian, who, casting an anxious look into the well-lighted business houses, finally stopped at the next corner as if awaiting the arrival of some one.

Soon the crunching of the crisp snow under the horses' hoofs was heard, announcing

the approach of some person evidently in haste, for, as the cab drew up to the curb, out jumped a heavily-muffled gentleman. The first arrival was no sooner aware of this than he stepped hastily out into the light as if inviting inspection. The two gentlemen, seemingly by mutual agreement, advanced toward each other and were shortly engaged in a whispered conversation. Appearing to come quickly to an understanding the two entered the cab. Directions were shouted to the driver who immediately set out in the direction from which he had come.

Through the front windows of the cab could be seen the lights of the Winter Palace twinkling merrily in the distance. Behind those walls were Czar Nicholas II. and the czarina, little anticipating the oncoming peril which would set the kingdom aflame with consternation should these two men in the cab successfully carry out their designs, for this was the night of the great "coup" of the dreaded "Mana Negra," the night of the kidnapping of the young czar.

It was the original occupant of the cab who first spoke.

"Pietro," said he, "fate seems kind to us to-night; our plans seem perfected to the fullest detail. The weakness of human nature seems marvellous. Even the eyes of Lieutenant Rizcowski himself could not turn from the glitter of our gold, for the 'Mana Negra' pays its servants well."

"It seems, Signor Boresco," replied Pietro "just as you say, but I can not place as full confidence in the girl Juanita as you seem to do. The clever tongue of the viceroy's son may turn her heart against us and lead her to disclose all. If he but once suspects I fear for the safety of our plans; because, you know, the viceroy, and undoubtedly his son, is one of the most faithful of the czar's followers."

"Pietro, enough of this. Has your coward's heart at last got the better of your reason? The 'Mana Negra' is powerful, even in dealing with the crowned heads of Europe, and will always assist one of her members in trouble. Remember well, even to the minutest details, Rizcowski is to obtain your entrance, under an assumed name, as one of his friends. Juanita will do

the rest; I will await you in the gardens.'

The cab had now arrived before the imposing gates of the Winter Palace; Pietro descended, and the cab drew away some distance. Presenting himself at one of the enormous entrances he was ushered in. The palace was a blaze of light. Here and there were groups of ladies and gentlemen gorgeously attired; officious-looking men were hurrying to and fro in a business-like manner, while floating from the music room Pietro heard the dreamy strains of a Russian waltz. Down the floor, as unconcerned as it was his nature to appear, walked Lieutenant Rizcowski, his hand outstretched in formal greeting to Pietro. He was soon in conversation with the lieutenant when he learned that the czar was in close consultation with the viceroy, who with his son had just arrived. Rizcowski excused himself and left Pietro talking with a few of the officials. Returning presently his face bore signs of great agitation; Juanita or the viceroy's son was nowhere to be found; although they were here some minutes previous, there was absolutely no trace of them now.

The appearance of Rizcowski, who was in high favor with the assembly, and his perturbed countenance had a constraining effect upon the prevailing conversation and laughter. In a moment a hush had fallen over their part of the company, which caused Pietro to feel uncomfortable under the existing circumstances.

In the meanwhile a storm had arisen without, and between the angry blasts of the wind he could distinguish a low whistle coming from the direction of the garden. Instantly he thought of his part in the affair; the signal surely it was—Boresco's signal to make haste. But how was he to absent himself unknown to all, and where was Juanita? He was puzzling over these questions when the great bell of the entrance clanged noisily, announcing the arrival of some one. It proved to be one of the czar's cousins who had just arrived from Irkutsk over the Siberian railway.

Under cover of the prevailing excitement, Rizcowski and Pietro hurriedly made their way to the new heir's bed-chamber. No signs of the nurse Juanita, or any one, were there to be found. Pietro, on glancing



around, spied by the dim light the sleeping child. Circumstances were indeed favorable to-night; the plans could not have been surer of success had their designs been known and every means placed at their disposal to effect their fulfilment. He must, though, make haste lest his absence along with that of the lieutenant's be remarked and a search instituted.

He moved silently toward the royal bed. Nothing but the measured breathing of the unconscious sleeper broke the silence. There he hesitated for one brief moment. During that time a thousand horrible thoughts and sweeter memories flashed through his mind. Discovery, capture, the inevitable sentence, then long years of unrelenting severity and hardships in the Siberian mines, if not instant death—these were all too vividly impressed upon his brain to admit of any doubt. Then, too, was the thought of his mother there at home in his native town of sunny Italy, whence, since his supposed implication in a certain piece of work of the "Mana Negra," he had departed as a matter of policy never more to return.

These reflections, though momentary in duration, were suddenly broken by an increasing murmur which seemed to swell up from below, as of many voices excitedly discussing some important bit of news. Louder and louder grew the noise. "Well," thought Pietro, "it is some information received from the cousin, possibly concerning the present trouble with Japan." Presently, however, as the tumult grew louder he thought he could distinguish his name shouted in angry tones by some one; but where could his real name have been found out? Oh, yes, Juanita, it was all clear now, the purpose of that angry crowd was not to be mistaken.

"This way, quick," whispered the lieutenant. Across the hallway they flew, Pietro catching a glimpse of an angry mob with the viceroy's son at its head as they passed.

They were in the magnificent dining-hall now; the descent of a flight of stairs in the room adjoining this brought the two into the reception room; but this move of theirs was evidently anticipated, for by a short cut their pursuers were brought in close upon their heels.

Pietro, who had weighed the possibilities

of the situation during his brief moment of reflection in the royal chamber, had decided that he would never suffer the disgrace of capture. Anything but that. They were now forced to the music room and brought completely at bay; Rizcowski with drawn revolver and white face; his companion seemingly calm.

One glance at the doorway told Pietro the situation better than tongue could tell. The story of his betrayal was there pictured before him never to be forgotten. A few burly Russians advanced toward them. The lieutenant fired; but scarce had the report of his weapon died away when Juanita, standing by the viceroy's son, snatched a pistol from one of the soldiers and emptied its chambers into Rizcowski's body which fell heavily on its face.

Pietro saw Rizcowski fall, and true to his decision in the question of death or slavery, fell by his comrade's side with the jeweled handle of the Italian's weapon, the stiletto, flashing in the rays of the music room's lights.

The next day all Russia was aflame with news and excitement. Here and there on the streets of her largest cities stood groups of people discussing the bold attempt of "La Mana Negra" and the sensational deaths of the conspirators in the music room. Down the streets of St. Petersburg ran the newsboys with papers glowing with large headlines and giving full and detailed accounts of the affair.

But the inner circle of the society at the Winter Palace were, in addition to this, talking of an entirely different subject. The viceroy's son, who had been shown marked favors by the czar for his part in the affair, had, despite his father's wishes, become engaged to a brown-eyed slip of a girl whose first name was Juanita.

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### Science and Poetry.

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THOMAS A. LALLY.

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"Science teaches us to know and art to do." The former gives us the laws by which we understand nature and the latter teaches us how to use them. The aim of science is realities. It starts with solid facts for

groundwork and builds in all directions for more truth. In most of the branches of science we have laws by which to work, while in others we must accept theories because we can not always form laws. The universe is so great and its nature so complex that it is beyond the conception of man to find all the laws which govern it. The field of science is very extensive. Since it consists of realities verified by exact reasoning and observance, it includes all of the liberal arts. A person could spend his life in pursuing any branch and still be lacking in some part of it. Some consider astronomy the most extensive because it embraces the greater portion of the universe. In applying its laws and theories, nearly all of the other sciences are brought into use. It has been rightly said that a sane man can not study astronomy and be an infidel. When he begins to conceive the grandeur and greatness of the universe, the only conclusion he can draw is that some supernatural Being must have made it all? To comprehend and enjoy the grandeur of this world it is absolutely necessary to have some knowledge of the sciences. The more extensive this knowledge is the more we will enjoy it. A person with little education can enjoy but a part of the works of nature because he knows nothing of the laws which govern them. To enjoy a great work of art he must also have some knowledge of the sciences.

For instance, in a great painting if he does not know which colors should be used to produce the proper effect he can not criticise it. It is thus in many other affairs which we meet every day. Therefore, it is evident that we can not enjoy nature without a knowledge of the sciences.

But there is another thing which is as necessary for the enjoyment of the works of nature as science and it is poetry. Ruskin says that poetry is "the suggestion by the imagination in musical words, of noble grounds, for noble emotions: love, veneration, admiration and joy with their opposites."

The yearning of the soul is for the more beautiful things. We are distinguished from the animal because we have a soul and a higher mental development. But this higher quality which distinguishes us must have

nourishment, and this is obtained from the more beautiful things of the world. Animal instinct cares only to satisfy the lower passions and to do that which is necessary for existence. With man it is different; if he does not satisfy that yearning of his soul for the more beautiful, he does not rise to that standard which distinguishes his intellect from animal instinct.

Poetry is the music of the soul because it embodies beautiful thought and feeling which is nourishment for the soul. Norton says, "whatever your occupation may be, and however crowded your hours with affairs, do not fail to secure at least a few minutes every day for the refreshment of your inner soul with a bit of poetry." The object of poetry is pleasure for the reader. The poet working upon the imagination arouses in us new ideas of the world. Poetry appeals to the soul and arouses our passion. Its melody and harmony give us an agreeable sensation. There are many styles of verse, so that we can always find that which will agree with us. If we are tired and weary, a stanza of poetry so arouses us that we seem to have new life. It is a fundamental quality of poetry to arouse the emotions and appeal to the passions. After working in the business world we should not fail to refresh the mind with some poetry; for regardless of how downcast we may be, if we read some poetry it has a refreshing and soothing effect upon the tired mind.

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### Fairy Song.

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EUGENE P. BURKE, '06.

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Come and trip it o'er the green  
Where no human foot hath been,  
Brush with me the dews away  
While I sing my fairy lay.

Follow, follow,  
To the hollow

Where our queenly sovereign fair  
Sits with dewy-dropping hair  
Flowing in the fragrant air,  
And her shiny myrtle wand  
Waving lightly in her hand.

Sing with me  
Merrily

Trip with fays upon the lawn  
Till the midnight stars are gone  
Foot it lightly through the night  
With each tinsel-footed sprite.



## An Incident of Long Ago.

BERNARD S. FAHY, '05.

James J. Massengale, a prominent lawyer of Louisville, after finishing his Sunday dinner, walked into his library and began to rummage around in the corner where he kept his old volumes. As he was doing this he came across an old arithmetic; he took the book out, sat down in a great leather arm-chair, opened it, and there on the first page, written in a boyish, faltering hand was his name, "J. Massengale, Eighth Grade, Whitehall St. Grammar School." He looked through the old-worn book all marked up with names and drawings and other different scratches. Then he closed it, and leaning back in his chair he began to think of those old happy days. A number of familiar names and faces floated through his mind, but foremost among them was the young and pretty face of his old sweetheart, Blanche Wright. Then there came to his mind an incident that happened in that very arithmetic class.

Blanche sat directly across the aisle from him and they often communicated with each other by means of little notes. The final examination in arithmetic was to take place this day. Now, Massengale was a studious kind of boy, he always prepared his lessons and so was ready for the examination. But Blanche, bright, full of life, and very fond of having a good time, found little time to devote to her books. But she never seemed to have any trouble; with her ready wit and brightness she always managed to pull through in some manner; but now that it was a final examination it would take more than brightness to pass it. Besides she had not prepared in the least for it. There had been a party the night before and of course, as she said, she couldn't miss that for anything.

On this morning, a few minutes before the examination began, Jim, who had not been at the party, wrote Blanche a note asking what kind of a time she had at the party. She flipped the answer back to him while Professor Harris was putting the questions on the board. Jim read it, laid it on his

desk and then began his work. Blanche, however, could not begin; she did not know how to work the first problem. She looked over at Jim and saw him working away as busy as could be. "I know what I'll do," she said, "I'll get Jim to work it for me." So she scrawled a little note: "Jim—Work the first one for me." Jim did it. Well, Blanche went on all right until she came to the eighth, that was a hard one and she couldn't get it; so she decided to ask Jim again. But as she was slipping the note over to him, Professor Harris looked up from his books and saw the little white piece of paper shoot across the aisle, and light on Jim's desk. "Ehem!" he exclaimed, "I have been suspecting this, Mr. Massengale. Please bring me that note."

Every eye in the room was immediately turned on Jim. He hesitated just one moment, but never before did his mind work so fast as it did in that short space. He knew what it meant if Professor Harris should read that note. Blanche's examination paper would be torn up; she would get a zero and consequently remain in the Grammar School another year. But what could he do? He reached for the note, and, ah, there was the one about the party; he grabbed it up, looked over at Blanche; her face was as white as a sheet. Then in his ordinary manner he walked up to the professor and handed him the note. The professor took it with a kind of satisfied look on his face, and read it aloud in order, as he thought, to humiliate them the more.

"We had a lovely time; you should have been there." The professor's mouth opened; he read it again, looked up at Massengale then at Blanche and with a disgusted air tore the note to pieces. Jim turned, walked back to his seat and as he sat down he looked over at Blanche. O what a look of gratitude and relief was on her face!

Just then the door of the library opened and some one called "Jim, have you the morning paper?" "Blanche," he answered, "come here a moment, dear," and as she drew near, he said, "do you remember that examination in arithmetic we had in the eighth grade?"

"How could I ever forget it!" she replied smiling.

# NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC

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Notre Dame, Indiana, January 14, 1905.

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—The joys and merriment of the Christmas holidays came and passed nearly before many of the students realized it. Only when they entered the college grounds did they feel that most of the poetry of life for this scholastic year had been fully enjoyed and appreciated, never again to spring from the sweet pages of Memory into actuality, and that now they must be content with stern prose, dotted here and there with a little poetry. With some effort, however, it might be transformed into poetical prose; for these wintry months are conducive to mental exercise, and by grasping all opportunities now, the labors of the cheery days of summer might be greatly lessened. For then it will require more exertion to concentrate one's thoughts on dry and difficult subjects. Let the New Year be one of earnest work and continued good-fellowship, and then there can be no doubt that this semester will be joyous and prosperous for all.

—It might not be amiss to remind the students again that the preliminaries for the debating contest, which will decide whose privilege it will be to represent Notre Dame at Oberlin next spring, are but two weeks off. The team this year must be composed of entirely new men, as no one of last year's team has returned. There are excellent opportunities open to the beginners, and it

should be the aim of everyone with any talent or aptitude for debating to make the team. Even though you feel certain that you will not win out, enter the trials to show your college spirit; for it is far more easy to manifest it in the intellectual contests to your own advantage than it is to do so in an athletic trial. The question, as stated, is: "Resolved, That Labor and Capital should be compelled to settle their disputes through legally authorized boards of arbitration." The preliminaries will begin Feb. 1.

—There is an unusual lack of material for this paper on hand this year. In former years it had been held as a great honor for a student to have his work accepted as worthy and up to the standard that it should be for the SCHOLASTIC. And why should it not be so now? It is hard to believe that any one has learned to think otherwise. If you desire to have *your* name among the few members of the board at present, then get busy; write some verse, humorous or serious; or, if you have the ability, try a short story, for this form of composition is always in demand; and if you find either of these too difficult, then attempt a sketch, a pastel or an essay. Certainly, it will require a little of your time; but what of any worth was ever accomplished by man instantaneously? Let us hope that all collegiate students will strive to have their names appear on the staff of editors, that the criterion set by the editors of former years may be upheld.

Whatever composition you may undertake, whether it be for class-work or not, regardless of its form, begin it with the intention of doing your best, of making it a worthy contribution to your college paper. Though your first effort be rejected, persevere; for practice and continued effort are the secret to success. And when you have demonstrated your ability, there shall be no hesitancy in putting you on the board. Whose names shall be the first to be added?

—Of those arts which can be accomplished by the young man of the present day there is perhaps none so beneficial, none which is in such great demand, or deserving of such careful attention, as that of public speaking or

oratory. From the view point of the college student or graduate this is especially true and worthy of some reflection. Should he possess a professional degree and begin at once to develop himself in this line of activity, he will soon discover that, if he has not the ability to appear before a public or private audience to express his views and theories in a clear and concise manner he will be exceedingly humiliated; moreover, he will be forced to occupy a lower berth in the estimation of the people. University life affords ample opportunity for becoming proficient in the art of public speaking; for it is an art which requires much practice and diligence, combined with study and labor, before we can hope to master it in any great degree. In the college there are numerous advantages in the forms of debating and literary societies and oratorical contests; but unless the student avails himself of such chances they are of little benefit. Though it is difficult and, some say, impossible to become a blameless orator, this should prevent no one from striving to approach as near as possible to that unattainable perfection.

—Perhaps nothing would make the difficult and, oftentimes, wearisome life of the student at college more pleasant and cheerful than a just appreciation of his work and a right knowledge of how to go about it. The college course at best is not an easy one, but it rests with the man himself whether it will be pleasant or unpleasant. "Multum in parvo" should be the watchword of the student. There is always much to be done, and there is only a limited period of time in which to do it. But the greatest tasks are done, and the most discouraging labors are made easy, by doing a little at a time. Much is done by "littles," if the little be done well. We always feel like taking hold of small duties and accomplishing them. They seem to be just what we are able to do because they are small. Let us make our big tasks small by breaking them up into small parts, and by doing these parts well we shall get a grand, big whole, and we shall get it in the time allotted for getting it.

## Christmas Reveries.

### I.—THE RETURN TO SCHOOL.

The vacation was over, and the boy on his way back to school stood before the roaring fire in the little wooden shack which was the only railroad station of which the village could boast. All was quiet except the humming of the telegraph wires and the whistling of the cold winter wind as it tore through the cracks in the small wooden shanty and caused the flame of the little lantern which lit the dingy place to waver and flicker.

The boy stood motionless gazing into the fire, and seemed utterly unconscious of the outside world. Could we but read his thoughts we would probably find that he was thinking of home, of the father, the mother, the brothers and sisters he was leaving behind, of the dear faces he would not see again for many months, of the old friends who had treated him so kindly during his stay at home, of all the pleasures he had in those short three weeks, all of which he was loath to leave. Then a smile flitted over his face, and we can imagine that he was thinking of the other friends waiting to welcome him back to school—of these friends whom he had not known long, but who were already dear to him. Possibly he was pleased at the prospect of another session of hard work, work which, though difficult, would help to make him a man among men.

The 'shriek of the whistle aroused him from his reverie, and grabbing up his suitcase he rushed out into the cold night air. The long train came slowly toward the station; the sparks flew as the brakes grated on the wheels; the train stopped, and the boy jumped aboard the sleeper. Soon he was lying in a comfortable berth listening to the monotonous clickety-click, clickety-click, as the wheels hit the end of the frosty rails. Listening to this and rocked by the gentle sway of the car he fell into a deep sleep and was forgetful of both pleasures and sorrows.

R. L. S.

\* \*

### II.—MY RETURN TRIP.

After the customary farewells were given and the good wishes and other formalities,

which always accompany such occasions, were received from friends and relatives, I took my leave from the home and town that were but recently the scene of three weeks of the best sport and fun I had known for a long time.

Although the train on which I left Canton was one hour late, yet it made good time and brought us safely into Cleveland. I had about two hours to wait before I could make connections on the Lake Shore, but as I am somewhat bashful I allowed myself to be hustled into a cab and driven to the Union Station. This is a very lonesome place, so I busied myself with reading the *Century Magazine*. I don't know whether the magazine was so interesting, or whether I was so interested in it that I fell asleep; but at any rate I did not hear the station agent call out train 10:50 going West, and I was left behind.

In the first place I was misled by the bulletin which had three statements of train 10:50: the first, read 10:50 35 minutes late; 2d, 10:50 1 hour 45 minutes late; and 3d, 10:50 block. Now I am not much acquainted with train bulletins, but I think that was enough to puzzle almost anybody. I thought it was always the same train, and no doubt it was, but divided into three sections; so of course when train 10:50 35 minutes late pulled in I was not looking for it, and consequently got left.

About twelve o'clock I grew restless and anxious about the train or whether I would get one, and I stepped up to the ticket agent to ask him when that "confounded" train was going out. He kindly informed me that train 10:50 had already gone, but that there would be another at 1:15. Just then the errand boy put on the bulletin, "Train 10:50 2 hours 25 minutes late." The agent asked the boy if that train carried passengers, to which the boy answered: "No, sir, unless they wrap themselves in mail bags. Nothing but mail cars on that train, sir." I told him I did not wish to bring down the price of mail, but that I would wait for the third section. This created a great deal of laughter, and the boy answered: "I guess you're right, sir; you do look second class." I took it all as a good joke and laughingly sauntered into the waiting-room to await my train.

T. Z.

### III.—THE ROMANCE OF A WINTER NIGHT.

John lived in Texas, but went to school at a Northern college, and, as Christmas approached, he made up his mind not to go home for the usual vacation but would try to have a good time in the North.

The school John attended was a very strict one, and it was hard to get permission to go down town, especially at night. John heard of a masquerade ball that was to be held down town and made up his mind that he would like to attend; he tried his best to find a good excuse to get down town that night, but the Prefect was stubborn, and he went to bed very much disappointed.

John was not long in bed when one of his chums came to him and told him to get up and come along. He hesitated at first, but upon his friend assuring him that he had opened a window and there would be no danger of getting caught, John went with him.

They arrived at the ball just in time to get their costumes on before the grand march. In the pleasures of the dance John soon forgot that he was there without permission and enjoyed himself very much.

A certain young lady was dressed as Cinderella, and John no sooner saw her than he became infatuated with her, and made up his mind that he would secure her for the midnight dance during which all would remove their masks, and then he would see if she were as beautiful as she looked.

John's request to the young lady to dance with him was granted, and as time went on he became more eager to see the "fair one" unmasked. The moment at last arrived, and if Cinderella was pretty before she was beautiful now. John spent the rest of the evening with her, and when he went home he could think of no one but his "Cinderella," for he had met with such encouragement that he considered her his own.

As time wore on John did not stop caring for Cinderella, and all through his college career he was true to her.

After John had graduated with honors he made up his mind to marry the fair girl of his college days; the day was set and everything was going off very smoothly when—he woke up.

J. C.

### Book Reviews.

SHADOWS LIFTED: A Sequel to St. Cuthbert.

By Rev. J. E. Copus, S. J.

All who have followed the fortunes of the young heroes in "St. Cuthbert's" will read with unabated interest this further account of their college experiences. Father Copus in this third volume of his stories for boys fully measures up to the high standard he set for himself in his first story which appeared in the *Ave Maria* a few years ago. There is the same keen insight into boy nature and the same ready sympathy with all its vagrant tendencies. His boys are human, real, living, lively—we know their counterparts in everyday life. This excellent book has hardly a fault, except perhaps that its moral is too obviously drawn, not artistically insinuated. Benziger Bros. 85 cents.

—"The Way that Led Beyond" is a new novel by J. Harrison, the author of "Kind Hearts and Coronets." The story is laid in the White Mountain country. A resolute American girl of Italian parentage strives alone against hard fortune, comforts many others on the way, and at last finds peace and happiness through 'the way that led beyond.' She is poor but gifted and above everything else a Catholic. An increasing interest is sustained to the end. It is published by Benziger Bros. \$1.25.

### Athletic Notes.

We have entered upon another page of our athletic history, and many are asking the question: "What is Notre Dame going to do, and what are the prospects for success?" The answer is brief and simple. We are certainly going to do our best, and the prospects are whatever we choose to make them. The Notre Dame spirit has always been recognized throughout the West, and often in time of need it has arisen to the exigencies of the occasion, and triumphed over what seemed to be insurmountable obstacles.

But sad to say that spirit has of late been dormant, and what was the result? During the past football season we had one of the

best coaches in the country to teach us, one of the grittiest captains in the West to lead us, and a small but willing lot of men to represent us, yet on the whole the season was not a success. Our home games drew small, unenthusiastic crowds while our games abroad excited less interest than usual. At the crucial moment the rooter's jaw became paralyzed and his tongue clove to the roof of his mouth; and whenever victory failed to perch on our standards the peal of the anvil chorus was simply deafening. This was the spirit of last season.

If we are to be successful in our sports during the coming season we must have a revival of the old genuine Notre Dame spirit. The whole student body should take an interest in our athletic contests, and all who possess the requisite ability should go out for the teams without being coaxed; the rest should have a word of encouragement ready when encouragement is needed. J. F. S.

### Personals.

—Charles M. Neizer (student '96-'98), is fast becoming prominent as a lawyer at the Fort Wayne bar. He is assistant General Consul of the Physicians' Defense Company, a large corporation which takes most of his time.

—John W. Eggeman (LL. B., '00), who paid us a short visit during the Christmas holidays, has been recently appointed probate commissioner at Fort Wayne, Ind., and is a member of the well-known law firm of Harper and Eggeman.

—Gerald E. Sullivan (student '75-'76), publisher of the *Englewood Times*, was a very welcome visitor at the University last week. Mr. Sullivan was a member of the University Band and Orchestra and a leading member of the Columbian Society in his time.

—John Lamprey, a popular member of the Sophomore class, is now engaged at journalistic work in St. Paul. He has an excellent position with the *St. Paul Daily News*, and with his pronounced literary taste he should meet with success. He has the best wishes of his old friends, the class of 1906.

—Mr. Walter S. Stout (student '74-'77),

recently visited his old friends at the University. He is President and General Manager of the Dominion Express Company, also General Manager of the Western Express Company. He is living in Toronto, Canada. His success, though pleasant news to his friends here, is no surprise to those that knew him as a student. While on his visit he entered his son, Walter Jr., in the University.

—Dr. Charles P. Neill, Professor of Economics in the Catholic University of America, has been appointed by President Roosevelt Commissioner of labor to succeed Dr. Carroll D. Wright. Dr. Neill is an old student of Notre Dame, where he took the degree of Master of Arts. For many years he was also a member of our Faculty. The position to which he is now promoted is one of the most honorable in the government service, and the SCHOLASTIC, speaking for all his old friends, heartily congratulates him.

—Dom Gasquet, speaking to an English journalist about his trip to the United States, made some very complimentary remarks about education in this country, and especially about our *Alma Mater* and St. Mary's Academy and college. We quote from the London Catholic *Times*: "Questioned on the subject of university education, Abbot Gasquet spoke in highly laudatory terms of the training given at the University of Notre Dame, Indiana, which is most comprehensive, including many faculties and practical science in various departments. He was also enthusiastic in praise of the educational work of the Sisters of St. Mary's College."

—Since the last issue of the SCHOLASTIC, we have learned with deep regret of the death of the Hon. T. E. Callaghan, Judge of the Insolvency and Juvenile Courts of Cleveland, Ohio. Judge Callaghan was graduated in the Law department of the University with highest honors in 1887. He immediately began the practice of law in his native city, and continued in this capacity until 1901, when he was elected to the judgeship which he held at the time of his death. It was through Judge Callaghan's zeal and energy that the first successful juvenile court was established in Ohio. The bereaved family of this noble lawyer and Catholic has our deepest sympathy.

—Charles J. Stubbs, graduate of the Law class of '88, is a member of one of the most popular law firms in Texas. He is living in Galveston. In speaking of the firm of James B. and Charles J. Stubbs, the *Galveston Tribune* says in part:

Their industry, learning and carefulness have brought them a large practice, not confined to any class or interest. They are much employed in civil matters in the state and federal courts, and especially in jury and admiralty cases. Their aim and endeavor is to avoid litigation wherever practicable, and secure fair settlements out of court, and in this they have been successful to a marked degree.

Charles has also represented his district in the House of Representatives. We wish him continued success.

—Visitors' Registry:—Mrs. P. B. Brown, Mrs. A. Kasper, Mrs. W. Grus, Jr., Chicago; F. M. Roesing, Evanston, Ill.; Misses Bessie and Mabel Byrne, Lake Forest, Ill.; Mr. A. Greydon, Dubuque, Iowa; Mrs. I. Johnson, Springfield, Ill.; John Carey, Clyman, Wis.; E. M. Carey, Beloit, Wis.; Thomas Whalen, Pontiac, Ill.; E. M. Crauch, N. Manchester, Ind.; Mrs. Carrie and Miss Vida Churchill, Constantine, Mich.; Mr. John W. Weidler, Ashland, Ohio; Percival Dreer, Philadelphia; Mrs. Mary Weidler, Mishawaka; Ind.; L. C. McCann, Mackinac Island, Mich.; Mrs. G. Brown, Chicago; Miss Helen Weisbecker, Michigan City, Ind.; Daniel F. O'Donahue, Atlanta, Ga.; Miss Margaret Harkins, San Francisco, Miss Helen Quinn, Coalsprings, Ind.; Miss Margaret Clune, Indianapolis; Mr. W. S. Stout, Toronto, Canada; John J. Hughes, Litchfield, Ill.; Miss Lena A. Perlick, Benton Harbor, Mich.; Gerald E. Sullivan, Mr. John J. Brooks, Chicago; W. C. Schmitt, St. Paul, Minn.; Mr. S. O'Donnell, Pittsburg; Mr. B. Gotfredson, Milwaukee, Wis.; Miss Katherine Shroeder, Battle Creek, Mich.; Mr. and Mrs. P. C. Coryell, New Castle, Colo.; J. G. Stokes, Pittsburg, Pa.

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#### Card of Sympathy.

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Whereas, It has pleased God in His infinite goodness and wisdom to call to Himself the father of our fellow-student and companion, Thomas W. Sudheimer of Sorin Hall, be it Resolved, That we, the undersigned, on behalf of his fellow-students and compan-



ions, tender him our heartfelt sympathy, and also that a copy of these resolutions be printed in the SCHOLASTIC.

Byrne M. Daly

Louis J. Salmon

Daniel L. Murphy—Committee.

\* \*

Theodore W. O'Connell, an old student of Notre Dame, died in Chicago, Dec. 25, as the result of an operation for appendicitis. He was treasurer of the Artesian Stone and Lime Company. While a student at the University he made many friends, who were deeply grieved at the news of his death. The SCHOLASTIC wishes to extend its sincere sympathy to his wife and bereaved family.

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Mr. Otto Schnurrer, editor-in-chief of the *Ohio Waisenfreund*, died suddenly in Columbus, Friday, Jan 6. He deservedly won for himself a wide reputation. Above all he was known as an exemplary type of the Catholic layman. The students of the early seventies will pleasantly recall Professor Schnurrer, formerly instructor in the natural sciences at the University of Notre Dame. It is with much regret that we chronicle the death of this beloved professor.

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The report of the death of another old friend of Notre Dame lately came to our notice. The Reverend Father Schlichter of Cleveland, Ohio, who was honored by Notre Dame in the early seventies, died in that city last week. To note the progress of our friends and alumni gives us much gratification; but to record the death of any, and especially of such a saintly and hard-working priest as this one was, is always sad. May he rest in peace!

#### Local Items.

- An excuse in time saves lines.
- Trusts overcome all obstacles.
- A kick in time may save nine.
- The cat came back, but the boys didn't.
- "Shorty" has returned after a short furlough.
- Have the Japs got Port Arthur or has Port Arthur got the Japs?
- It is better to have won a loss than never to have won at all.

—The days of vacation come slowly but they pass exceedingly fast.

—Enrique has again become very famous through his Eastern accent.

—A word to the wise is enough; but one to a fool may be too much.

—Beware of the coon! He has developed a bad case of grip.

—An over-delighted student: "How do you do, Professor, I am charmed to meet you."

—A bird in the hand is worth two in the bush, providing you don't keep your hand open.

—If Notre Dame students were as punctual in returning as they are in leaving, all classes could have begun last Thursday.

—The moon rose o'er the city  
Behind the dark church tower  
And lit upon a steeple  
And set the place afire.

—Lives of great men all remind us;  
Yet if their lives are true  
We had ought to leave behind us  
Work for the great to do.

—Some one gave our pastor, says the small boy, a pair of suspenders for Christmas. A dainty little card in the box read: "For the support of our pastor."

—The big toboggan slide is proving a source of great enjoyment to the Minims who never tire of this exhilarating sport. Lester Rempe holds the record for the longest slide.

—The Notre Dame Club of New York City is preparing to hold a smoker on the 17th. The club has quite a large membership, all of whom are enthusiastic for the success of the organization.

—The Notre Dame Ice Co. has a large force of men at work on the St. Joe Lake gathering the ice harvest. When they have finished Mr. Ignacio Canedo will have his four-oared shell out.

—Bro. Florian's smiling features greeted us all as we entered the refectory after our prolonged absence. He is the bright spirit of the place and his kind attentions have endeared him to us all.

—President Reno of the Parliamentary Law Society begs to announce that the first meeting of the year will be held next Wednesday. All the old members are respectfully requested to attend.

—Again the merry grind is on. The accumulated dust of the Christmas vacation has been swept from our books, and fortified with New Year's resolutions we have once more settled down to earnest work.

—John Lawson's "Frenzied Finance" caused no more commotion in the financial world than did the recent ice storm at Notre Dame. We are ashamed to confess it, but

many a staid old Sorinite had his gravity entirely upset during the past few days.

—The Christmas Crib in the church is unusually beautiful and suggestive this year, and has been the occasion of many fine compliments for the devoted Brothers whose labor made it possible. Brothers Camille and Florian are indeed to be congratulated on the success of their work.

—The returning Sorinites were agreeably surprised by the changed appearance of the reading room. The billiard table has been entirely refitted and a new cupboard installed for holding the cues and other implements. All this was accomplished by the personal efforts of Father Salmon to whom thanks are due.

—The Browning Club was recently incorporated under the laws of New Jersey. Through the blundering of its secretary the Club fell under the ban of the new Anti-Trust laws and was at once notified that unless \$500,000.00 was contributed to the campaign fund it must evaporate. The money was cheerfully furnished and this monument to a lost art will still endure.

—A large addition has been added to the space occupied by the Commercial Department. A handsome room has been fitted up with business desks and counters. The walls and ceiling have been painted a pleasing shade of green which relieves much of the strain on the eyes. The room is lighted by electricity, and is one of the most comfortable in the Main Building.

—We hear that the Sophomore Latin class is sporting the wings of Dædalus—just wait till the son comes.

What is "Compulsory Arbitration?" A circumscribed square.

What is class without a screecher?

What is the latest Latin fad? A tombstone.

Virgil wrote a poem; he wrote it on a lark.  
When the pupils read it, it sets them all abark.

—The following officers were elected for Notre Dame G. A. R. Post, No. 569, for the ensuing year: Post Commander, James McLain; Sr. Vice-Commander, James Boyle; Jr. Vice-Commander, Mark A. Wills; Adjutant, Nicholas A. Bath; Quartermaster, Jas. Mantele; Chaplain, Rev. P. P. Cooney; Officer of the Day, James C. Maloy; Officer of the Guard, Ignace Meyer; Sergeant-Major, John McNeiry; Quartermaster-Sergeant, Joseph Staley.

—Perhaps it will be of interest to know the New-Year greetings of our history class to the professor.

"Well," he said, "I wish you all a happy New Year; and I hope you will do a great deal better in your class-work this session."

As we were not yet over the effects of our vacation, this greeting of our kind teacher

touched our hearts to the inmost.

"Same to you, professor," we all cried in a chorus, "same to you."

—An interesting hunting expedition took place during the Christmas holidays. A few of the students went across St. Mary's Lake with one gun and pistol, an ax, a bottle of rat poison, an overcoat, and a few broom sticks. The hunters saw a rabbit and when the rabbit saw them it fell dead from heart failure. One of the hunters gave him a dose of rat poison to insure death. When the expedition closed the hunters had one rabbit, a few rabbit tracks, a frozen ear, one bird in the hand and two in a bush.

—A body of students took a trip to Elkhart this vacation. In "doing" the town they took in the Con & Co. Band Instrument Factory. Their guide was a hustler. He took them through the whole factory, which is a large concern, in three minutes thirty-nine seconds. When the tour was finished everybody was out of breath, yet nobody had said a word. There wasn't the ghost of a show to ask a question. Some one has said that the reason for this rapid action was the failure of one of the party to affirm that they were members of the University Band.

—During the Christmas vacation the Oberlin College Glee Club gave an entertainment at Benton Harbor. The opera house was well filled with students just home from the different universities. Box parties were gotten up by the students of some of the most noted schools and the boxes were artistically decorated with the respective college colors and pennants. The colleges thus represented were: Notre Dame, Oberlin, University of Michigan, Purdue, Albion and the Benton Harbor College. The entertainment was spoken well of by all who were present; and a good impression of Oberlin College was the result felt by all.

—Judging from the way some of our boys are interested in the debate, which is to be held in the near future, we may hope for a spirited preliminary competition. Those who remained at Notre Dame during the Christmas holidays made good use of the South Bend Public Library in looking up matter, and are already prepared with strong arguments for both sides of the question. From all accounts it was more than a pleasure to go to the library, for the librarians did all in their power to assist the boys in their work. This being so, it is no wonder that some remained all day and almost had to be put out when the time for closing came. If we did not know the boys we should be inclined to think that there was more attraction there than books. At all events, those in charge of the library should be heartily commended for the way in which they treated our boys.