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## Eye-Food.

EUGENE P. BURKE.

ALL the summer fields are mine,  
Spread out like a feasting cloth,  
And my fancy flits about  
Like the powdered twilight moth.

Here the tiger-lily frail  
Stretches from its leafy home  
As a naiad of the sea  
Rising from the feathery foam;

Here the wild rose golden-eyed  
Blossoms with a blush of pink,  
And among the grasses wild  
A hundred laughing violets wink.

Every blossom has its word,  
Casts its beauty to the skies;  
Gives itself a sacrifice  
To the hunger of my eyes.

## The Leader of the "Lost Cause."

WILLIAM S. GALLIGAN, '06.



As we glance over the pages of the world's history in search of true martial heroes we should not always select for exclusive approbation only those whose personal glory is enhanced by the halo of success, but judge them solely by their deeds and conduct in peace and in war. We should pick our hero from the vanquished and victorious alike. Now, after forty years have passed away since that terrible strife between brother and brother, father and son; that memorable war, foretold by Webster and realized by Calhoun, in which a million human lives were needed to determine the one great crisis unforeseen by

our forefathers; after the sectional strife and bitterness consequent upon such a war have given way to an era of good will; while the North and the South are clasping hands in faithful friendship and abiding trust, it is just that we do honor to one of the greatest generals of our civil war—Robert Edward Lee.

Robert Lee was born in 1807, at Stratford, Westmoreland County, Virginia, of one of the most illustrious families of America; of a family that had contributed such men to the cause of American liberty as Richard Henry Lee who offered in the Continental Congress the famous resolution, "That the colonies are, and of a right ought to be, free and independent states;" Francis Lightfoot Lee, who, in the teeth of majestic England's sentence of treason, dared to sign the immortal document of American Independence; Arthur Lee who was our trusted emissary to Europe during the great struggle for liberty; and last though not least, the father of the subject of this sketch, Henry Lee, that intrepid young cavalry officer of the revolution, whose military genius was conspicuous and who enjoyed the confidence of General Washington.

Robert Lee's early life was spent at the family home in Virginia. At eighteen he entered West Point, graduating a few years later second in his class. Upon leaving West Point he received the appointment of second lieutenant in the corps of engineers. In 1835 he was appointed assistant surveyor for marking out the boundary line between Ohio and Michigan. In the following year he was made first lieutenant, and in July, 1838, captain of engineers. From that time he was assigned to important positions where his skill as an engineer made for him thousands of admirers, and

secured the confidence and consideration of his superior officers.

The time was close at hand for Captain Lee to exchange the quiet and comparative ease of garrison life for the stirring scenes of war. The difficulties with Mexico had culminated in a declaration of hostilities. Early in 1847 he was assigned to the central army in Mexico as chief engineer under General Wood. History tells us how well he served his country at this time, proving that the courage and resourcefulness of his forefathers were still alive in their worthy descendant. Here it was on the battlefields of Vera Cruz, Cerro Gordo, The Passage of the Pedigral, Contreras, Churubusco and Chapultepec, that he won his several promotions and above all the well-merited remark of General Scott that this young man was "the greatest soldier of the army." At the close of the war we find him a lieutenant-colonel and one of the most trusted officers in the army. In 1852 he was made superintendent of the Military Academy at West Point. In 1859 he was ordered to Washington to take command of the troops sent to suppress the insurrection of John Brown of Harper's Ferry.

Such was the life of Colonel Lee up to the year 1861. But now all was to change. He sees his country between a state of anarchy and civil war. The Southern States had withdrawn from the Union and formed a new confederacy called the "Confederate States of America." At this crisis men of each section who had scattered abroad, engaged in various occupations, rushed to the old homes where had been left family and friends. Southern men who had lived happily a lifetime in the North, hurried back to the places of their birth; and Northern men felt the same devotion prompting them to side with their section in the approaching conflict.

War was certain, but for many the question of individual allegiance was difficult to determine,—doubly so for Lee. On the one hand, wealth, honor, gratification of ambition beckoned with a most enticing finger; on the other, the voice of Virginia calling to her standard her true and faithful children. We must leave it to the poets to describe the feelings he entertained when he thanked President Lincoln for the honor

bestowed on him, the offer of the command of the Union Army, replying, "I must as a man of honor and a Virginian, share the destiny of my State." Strong must have been the character and noble the sense of duty of the man who spoke these words. That it cost him a great struggle to make this decision is shown in his letter of resignation when he says that he would have resigned before "but for the struggle it has cost me to separate myself from a service to which I have devoted all the best years of my life and all the ability I possessed. Save in the defence of my native state I never again desire to draw my sword."

On April 23, 1861, Lee was given chief command of the Confederate forces in Virginia with the rank of Major-General. It is almost impossible for the historian to picture to us the great enthusiasm stirred up in the half-formed camps by the acquisition of this man. It was indeed a "consummation devoutly to be wished" to have at the very beginning of the war a leader, who, together with an innate as well as acquired knowledge of all the wiles of warfare, possessed a secret, irresistible power known only to a born leader. Southerners of every class rushed in from all sides to enlist under such a general. A master-hand was necessary to form into companies, battalions and regiments the crude mass of humanity, eager and impatient for the combat, yet galled under the unaccustomed yoke of discipline.

That war, which was soon destined to shake the very foundations of the Republic, was now begun. As we review the different scenes—now follow the army of McClellan; now dash along with Sheridan in his memorable ride down the beautiful Shenandoah Valley; now witness the blow dealt the Southern cause at the battle of Shiloh in the death of Sidney Johnston, or tramp along with Lee in his campaigns with the army of Virginia—we feel all the fire, all the passion of our nature stirred up by those awful deeds of blood and slaughter.

That Lee possessed military skill of the highest order is shown by the fact that for four years he hurled back from the Confederate capital army after army, abundantly supplied and well equipped, led successively by their ablest generals, even

though his own army was only about one-third as large as the forces of his enemy and ill-supplied with the munitions of war.

The resources of the North were too manifold to be stopped by a few defeats; they were determined with the determination of the Puritans; they felt the justice of their cause, and by it were governed. Lee, though he had enlisted his last man and consumed his last ration, bravely races on toward Appomattox pursued by the iron-willed Grant and his overpowering legions. Hemmed in on all sides, surrounded by a devastated and mourning land; confronted by a fresh and still larger army; stricken with grief because he could do nothing more for the people he loved and served so well, he sheathed his sword never to draw it again.

Then, as tradition tells, us the men crowded around him, eager to shake him by the hand; eyes that had been so often illumined with the fire of patriotism and true courage, that had so often glared with defiance in the heat and fury of battle, and so often kindled with success, moistened now; cheeks bronzed by exposure in many campaigns, and withal begrimed with powder and dust, now blanched from deep emotion and suffered the silent tear; tongues that had so often carried dismay to the hearts of the enemy in that indescribable cheer which accompanied the "charge," or that had so often made the air resound with the pæan of victory, refused utterance now; brave hearts failed that had never quailed in the face of the enemy; but the firm and silent pressure of the hand told most eloquently of souls filled with admiration and tender sympathy for their beloved chief.

Overcome by the great love they bore their commander they had broken ranks, and rushing up to him sobbed out words of comfort and affection, striving "with a refinement of unselfishness and tenderness," which he alone could fully appreciate, to lessen his burden and mitigate his pain. Lee, usually so calm and unaffected by any spectacle, exclaimed with tears coursing down his cheeks: "Men, we have fought the fight together; I have done the best I could for you." Then too full a heart paralyzed his speech and he soon sought a short respite from these trying scenes and retired

to his private quarters that he might in solitude and quiet commune with his own brave heart and be still.

But great as Robert Lee was in war he was even greater in peace. His was no hollow truce; but with that pure faith and honor that marked every act of his illustrious career, he immediately devoted himself to the restoration of peace, harmony and concord. He entered zealously into the subject of education, believing as he often declared, that education was the only foundation of free government. The true and loyal sons of the South that had followed him for four long, weary years under the now defeated flag, the Stars and Bars, came again and sat at his feet to learn those little lessons that were destined to make them again loyal citizens of our glorious flag, the Stars and Stripes.

A country that has given birth to men like Lee and those who followed his lead may look "the chivalry of Europe in the face without shame, for the father-lands of Sidney and of Bayard never produced a nobler soldier, gentleman and Christian" than this, the leader of the armies of the "Lost Cause." As long as this great country of ours continues to produce men as prompt to act according to the dictates of their conscience as he who thus responded to Virginia's call, then of a surety she will remain as she is to-day—unconquered and unconquerable.

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#### The Chieftain's Home.

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FAR away among the mountains  
 Mid the fir-trees' lonely shade,  
 Where the ermine snow lies deepest  
 In the gentle twilight's fade;  
 Where in spring the new buds blossom  
 And the bob-white's first to nest;  
 Where the autumn leaves fall thickest  
 On the hilltop's golden crest;  
 Where the eagle soars the lowest  
 With no fear of earthly thing;  
 Where the mountains sharply echo  
 As the lonely hoot-owls sing,  
 There amid contented nature  
 In a tepee's smoky morn,  
 Mid the comforts of a savage,  
 Was the redskin chieftain born.  
 There it was beside his wigwam,  
 After years of strife had sped,  
 That this savage chief was buried  
 "Till the earth gives up its dead."

T. A. E.

## The Agony.

I BEAR in mind this sacred song,  
Come down through endless ages long,  
Remember you Gethsemani—  
“Could you not watch one hour with Me?”

Recall how late the hour had grown  
He knelt beside the cold grey stone,  
And near Him were the faithless three  
“Could you not watch one hour with Me?”

Oh, bear in mind that sacred song,  
Nursed carefully through ages long,  
First spoken in Gethsemani—  
“Could you not watch one hour with Me?”

J. L. C.

## The Redemption of Michael.

ROBERT A. KASPER, '07.

We were on our way down town. Hope had procured a morning paper before we got on the “elevated,” and was hurriedly scanning it. I had a headache, so I did not care to read, preferring to gaze vacantly out of the car windows. I was admiring a new building that was being erected at 31st St. and Rose Avenue, when Hope startled me with: “My God!”

“What is the matter?” I asked

The detective made no response for half a minute or so. He gazed eagerly down the page, perhaps to make sure that he was not mistaken in what he had read. At last he said:

“Hall, who do you think is dead?”

I answered with an “I don’t know.”

“Mike Hamn.”

“Mike Hamn—the fellow we were with two days ago—the Yale graduate?”

“Yes.”

“That’s terrible. He appeared to be in good health too. What disease caused his death?”

“No disease.”

“Was he killed?”

“No.”

“Hope, are you fooling, or are you in earnest?”

“This is no trifling matter, Bob; he committed suicide.”

“I will not believe it.”

“Nor I; but that’s what it says here.

Listen now and I’ll read it for you.”

“Michael Hamn, son of Mrs. John Hamn, 104th East St., committed suicide last night about twelve o’clock. One of the servants was aroused by the smell of gas, and going downstairs discovered that the odor issued from Michael’s room. She tried the door, but finding it locked, aroused the coachman who forced an entrance into the chamber with an ax. But he was already dead. A note found on the table bore evidence to the man’s state of mind at the time of the act. Insanity is given as the reason of the deed.”

“Mike insane,” I said. “Why he appeared to be very rational when we last saw him. I don’t see how that can be possible. Let’s go down and see for ourselves.”

“All right, Hall, we might be able to console the poor mother. We have an hour at our disposal, and we can make no better use of it.”

When we arrived at the Hamn residence, we noticed crape upon the door knob, and from that we judged that the paper had told the truth. I rang the bell. A servant soon appeared and ushered us into the parlor.

“Whom do you wish to see,” she asked?

“Mrs. Hamn,” Hope replied.

“She does not wish to be disturbed,” the maid answered.

“Take this up to her,” the detective said, giving her his card.

In ten minutes or so we heard a rustle of skirts, and Mrs. Hamn presented herself. Her face looked haggard and worn, and she appeared to be in great agitation of mind.

“Have you heard it?” she asked, as the tears rolled down her cheeks,

“Yes,” my friend replied; “but I can’t believe it.”

“I can’t either,” she replied; “but all the evidence is there. Mike appeared nervous about something last evening and hardly spoke. I remarked his careworn appearance, but he simply said he was not feeling as well as he might. He retired early, saying that he hoped to feel better in the morning.”

“You have my sympathy, Mrs. Hamn,” Hope said. “Compose yourself, for if you don’t you will become ill.”

"I can't, I can't," she broke forth. "My poor Mike, oh, my poor Mike! Why did he disgrace me?"

I took advantage of this remark and tried to console her by saying: "Come now, my dear madam, you have one consolation. Your son is degraded but not disgraced. Degraded, because he committed suicide. Not disgraced, because he was insane at the time of the act."

She made a great effort, and in a few moments the tears had ceased flowing.

"But why do they say Mike was insane?" Frank asked.

"Oh! the note he left was proof enough. He did not even know how to spell his own name. He was always such a good boy, and why should he say: 'Pace will kill me if I live.' Surely he must have lost his mind, to say that. For the life of me, I don't know what turned his head. Oh! why did he do it? If he had died a natural death, or even if he had been murdered, I could bear it; but to hear him called a suicide, a crazy man—it will kill me!"

Here came another flow of tears. Finally Hope said:

"Are you sure that the note was in your son's handwriting?"

"Yes, I am positive of it. I know my son's own hand very well. I can not be mistaken."

"Well, Mrs. Hamn, do not agitate yourself. Be more composed. My friend and I have a pressing engagement and must leave you now. Go and lie down and I am sure you will feel better. We shall call again when time permits."

I was glad to get away, for it was pitiful to see the woman suffer. I felt sorry for her.

"We will go to the inquest, Bob, and see how this affair turns out. I hate to think of Mike as a suicide. I can't associate his name with such a cowardly act."

At two o'clock in the afternoon, Hope and I went to the inquest. No time was lost in giving a verdict, as it was plain and evident that Hamn had committed suicide. Insanity was given as the reason of the act. The note plainly proved that the man had lost part of his mental faculties at least. Hamn was a well-educated man and certainly knew how to spell and form his sentences correctly, let alone how to spell his own name. Some idea of his frame

of mind before the self-murder may be obtained from the note which read:

"DEAR MA:—I must tell you big shame to be. I one M. Ham. mohn. *Tell, I must. Pace will kill me if I live. Take care of my body.*"

The note was in Mike's scrawl. Hope examined it very carefully. As he knew the fellow's writing, he could not be mistaken when he said that the note was written by his old friend.

We went away in disgust. Hope was very quiet and downcast. He hardly spoke to me, and seemed to be much affected by what we had witnessed. We went daily to see Mrs. Hamn, as she had no one but us to console her. Even her dearest friends forgot her in this hour of agony, no doubt because the son had disgraced her. She was a frail, half-demented creature now; not the robust, healthy woman of a week ago. It was an agony for one to be in her presence, a hell on earth to hear her ravings. It was unbearable to see her gradually sink into nothingness. I could stand it no longer, and refused to accompany Hope when he called on the poor creature. My friend looked on me with scorn when I told him he must go alone; and I do not blame him, for 'tis cruel to forsake a friend in the hour of trial and tribulation. I would sooner, yes, a thousand times sooner, be rebuked by another man. Still my nature may be different from his, for though I wanted to go I could not. I never fully learned the good qualities of Hope until now. He bore all the pain for her sake. What a priceless friend to have! What a true friend he must have been to go daily to such a torture, a torture exceeded only by the sufferings of lost souls! I became fearful lest Hope's mind give way under the ordeal. He was now generally silent. His countenance was ghastly and as white as marble. Many nights when I awoke from my slumbers he was still up working at his desk. When I begged him to retire he simply said to me: "Hall, I can't sleep. Enjoy your rest; but there is none for me."

I felt sorry for him, sorry for the woman; but what could I do? The latter would not last long, I knew, and sometimes I hoped that her end would be hastened both for her sake and for the sake of my friend. By dying she might save one life, the life of him

whom I held most dearly. One evening I retired early. About twelve o'clock I was suddenly aroused. Hope stood at my bedside. He was evidently the cause of my awakening.

"I have it, I have it," he was saying.

I became very frightened. I thought he had gone crazy.

"Go to bed, Frank," I said, "you need rest."

"Get up," he replied, "and I'll tell you something you will like to hear."

I arose, as I thought it best to listen to what he had to say. If he was demented I'd soon know.

"I have solved the cause of Mike Hamn's death," he said.

"You don't mean to say that he did not commit—?"

"That's just it."

I was almost convinced now that my friend had become insane. He seemed to know what I was thinking of, for he continued thus:

"I know what you think of me, Hall, and that is why I did not tell you of my suspicions before. I knew you would think me foolish. Listen and you may change your mind. You no doubt remember the elopement of Jack Mahsing with Marie Burns, the girl that Jack's brother, the Captain, was engaged to. The papers were full of it at the time."

"Yes."

"Is it possible, then, that the Captain killed Hamn?"

"No!" I fairly shrieked.

"Wait, Hall, I will give you some more. Hamn assisted Jack Mahsing in getting away with the girl, sent them money, etc. You remember Mike told us that himself. The Captain discovers this, and kills Mike out of revenge."

"No, I don't agree with that either," I said. "Mike left a note on the table and turned on the gas. That is all there is to it."

"You are very obstinate this evening, Hall. Suppose the Captain turned on the gas."

"I will grant that for the sake of argument; but then you have the note written in Mike's own handwriting to account for, and also the fact that the door to his room was locked. How could the Captain lock the door from the inside of the room when

he had to leave through the door? He could not go out of the window and drop down because the room was too high up."

"That is easily enough accounted for," Hope retorted. "In the first place, there was a spring lock on the door. In the second place, I will admit that Hamn wrote the note."

"Then your argument is down and out."

"No; it is not. Do you think it is possible that Mike wrote the note as a sort of letter, enclosed it in an envelope, addressed the envelope, intending to mail the letter next morning? The Captain coming to his chamber, finds the letter on the table; it is addressed to his old fiancée. He is now sure that Mike aids Jack. The Captain tears open the note and reads it; he destroys the envelope, puts the note where he found it, turns on the gas and escapes."

"I do not believe it possible," I replied. "There was no envelope."

"That's it, Hall," he answered. "It is probable that some one destroyed the envelope. Let us say the murderer did that also."

An insane person could not reason as Hope did, so I said:

"Come now, tell me what you know, and do not keep me waiting any longer."

He opened a drawer and produced a piece of paper. On it was written the note we have already seen.

"This note is not supposed to be read in the usual manner," he began. "It contains a code. I have learned many codes in my time, and they have aided me in solving this one. Here, look at the note. It is supposed to be read backwards, so to speak. The last letter of each word is dropped off and added to the end of the next word. Then we read each word backwards. The first two words would then be, 'Red Mr.' The next words we can not read. I therefore make this rule. When an 'I' occurs it is not used at all; and we proceed thinking it had never been written. Then we read: 'Sum.' I know a man by that name. He was a friend of Jack's. Sum went with Jack when the latter eloped, and wrote his letters for him. The reason of that was because Jack was afraid he would be located if a friend of his brother's saw a letter written in his hand. The next word 'Lett' does not

make sense; but by placing the three previous words before it we have 'Red Mr. Sum lett.' Is it not reasonable enough to suppose that this expression should read: 'Read Mr. Sum's letter?'"

"Yes."

"Very well, we shall continue. We next have the word 'Owl.' It does not make sense, and I shall take the word 'All' in its stead, because it sounds like the former. 'Ibn' sounds like 'Even,' therefore we take the latter: 'Mahsg' looks like 'Mahsing.' I supply an 'I' and an 'N.' To-be can not be used, for 'Te' does not make sense with what has gone before, nor does 'Bo.' We pass the word 'To-be' over then because it contains a hyphen. I got onto this rule because 'To-Be' should not contain a hyphen. The next word is 'No.' We need 'Know,' let's take it. Then comes 'Me' followed by the word 'Ahm.' The latter sounds like 'Am.' 'Hommm' is next. We will make that 'Home' for the same reason that we made 'Ahm' 'Am.' We now have 'Me am home.' That is incorrect English. 'I am home' sounds better.

"Hall, I ran across a code some time ago, and in it an underlined word was read in the customary way, from left to right. As the first word after 'Tell' is 'Sum' we will apply the rule of the underlined word here. The next word is 'Capt,' then comes 'Will' followed by 'Kill' and 'Me.' 'Ie' sounds like 'I' 'Vil' like 'Will.' The last five words are simple enough. The letter now will read:

"Read Mr. Sum's letter. All even Mahsing know. I am home. Tell Sum. Captain will kill me. I will take care of my body, or I will take care of myself, just as you please."

"You are a wonder, Hope; but don't be too sure that Jack's brother killed Hamn."

"I have already had him arrested, and he has confessed. That's proof enough."

"Good; now the poor woman will be relieved from her sufferings."

"I am glad of that. I never worked so hard in all my life, Hall. This code was beyond me for some time, and I had given all up as lost for many days."

"How did you know this note or letter contained a code?" I asked.

"Well, I was sure that Mike was not insane. Why, we saw him two days before

his death, and he appeared very sane. It seemed impossible that he could become crazy in so short a time and write such a muddled note."

"But his mother said he looked worried the night before his death," I returned.

"Yes, that statement helped me a great deal. I knew that Mike had not been jilted, nor had he lost any money. What should he be worried about then? I took it for granted that Mike was afraid he would be killed by the Captain, having received a warning from some one. Again a man who commits suicide never puts a date on the note he leaves behind. At least I have never heard of it. Also, being aware of a code with underlined words, and noticing the words, 'Will kill me' in Mike's note coming one after the other, I naturally supposed the note was not read right at the coroner's inquest."

"Why did you not tell that at the coroner's inquest?"

"Because they would either think me crazy, as you did, or would think that I was trying to save my friend from disgrace. All the proof was on their side, and I had none at all. I had to get it first."

"How could Mahsing read the note he found on the table in Mike's room? You remember you said that Mahsing read it?"

"Of course he read it; but not the way it should be read. He knew there was a code in the note; but he could not make it out. This made him mad. He thought the note was just what he needed to make people believe that Hamn committed suicide, and therefore did not take it along with him."

"One more point," I said. "If the captain went into Mike's chamber and turned on the gas, how is it that the latter did not awake as soon as the odor struck his nostrils?"

"He did not, and therefore it must be possible. Why, I roomed with him for two years at Yale, and he was a very sound sleeper. Sometimes we would shake him for half an hour, all take turns you know, and he would not wake up. It is also likely that the Captain chloroformed Mike before he turned on the gas."

The next day I aroused enough courage to accompany Hope to the Hamn residence.

Although I could look at a dead man and deal with a murderer, still I found it impossible to listen to the sobs of this woman. Now, however, it was different. I never saw a woman more satisfied in my life. Before many months had elapsed Mrs. Hamn had regained most all of her former good health.

"Do you know Bob," Hope said to me, "that I never did a better deed in all my life. If I never do another good act, I shall feel satisfied, and die thinking I did the world enough good. I feel sorry, in a measure, for the Captain; but it can not be helped. I do not blame the girl for eloping with his brother, for the Captain was very disorderly at times and frequently became intoxicated. He will be hung next month; but we will not witness the execution."

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#### Commerce During the Middle Ages.

JOHN M. RYAN, '06.

Commerce, according to standard authorities, means international traffic; and constitutes the foreign trade of countries as distinct from their domestic trade. Commerce is absolutely necessary to a nation's progress, and is in itself made necessary through the division of labor. This division develops skill and obviates the loss of time and distraction which would otherwise be involved in changing one's tools in order to begin another trade.

During the early Middle Ages navigation and commerce were almost entirely unknown. This age was so thoroughly filled with the principle of absolute power that the man in private life had scarcely any rights or privileges; for absolute power was obtained and maintained only through the sacrifice of individual freedom. The rights of labor, exchange and production were on this account held in check. Even the rulers opposed commerce as a menace to public peace and a means of creating a revolutionary spirit. Excepting Charlemagne, they were the greatest enemies of this industry. Traders could not consider themselves or their goods secure in going from one place to another. It was not so much a question

of losing his wares that the merchant feared as of losing his life as well.

The state of affairs which followed upon the overthrow of the Roman empire present two concurrent facts which deeply affected the course of commerce. First, the ancient seats of industry and civilization were undergoing constant decay. Second, the energetic races of Europe were rising into more civilized powers and manifold vigor. The fall of the Eastern empire prolonged the effect of the fall of the Western, and the Saracen advance over Asia Minor, Syria, Greece and Egypt, over the richest provinces of Spain, and finally into the Danube valley, was a new irruption of barbarians which revived the calamities and disorders inflicted by the numerous Germanic tribes.

The feudal system, although well adapted to the times, can not be said to have been favorable to commerce or trade extension. The commercial spirit in the feudal as well as in the preceding ages had to find for itself places of security, and this could only be had in fortified towns. Trade was too incessantly hindered by wars and violations of common rights or interests to exert its greatest influence over general society, or even realize its most direct advantages.

Wrecking and piracy were considered legitimate occupations during these ages, and the goods went to those who first obtained possession of them. The whole of early naval history proves that piracy was not unlawful. Capturing a foreign merchantman; throwing her crew overboard, or selling them as slaves and appropriating the cargo, was a slightly irregular but by no means a dishonorable proceeding. It was the natural vent for the superfluous energy of the seaboard towns, and a very ordinary method of filling an empty purse. It was merely a serious obstacle to the development of commerce. In the early days the only difference between a man-of-war and a merchant vessel was in her armament and number of men. It was open to any merchant to equip his ship so as to secure her against wanton attacks. Everyone on board had to arm himself and be ready to fight. So armed and manned, the merchant was able to defend his ship; or, if opportunity offered, to do a little piracy on

(Continued on page 67.)



## The Better Choice.

WESLEY J. DONAHUE.

It was all decided and Tom was to go. Like many another boy he was to leave the old homestead and win his way in the busy whirl of city life. Very reluctantly had his aged parents given him permission, for with all their heart they wished that he might remain with them and continue to be their comfort and their joy. But as Tom reasoned and as they agreed the present life offered few opportunities to a young man, and especially to one so ambitious as Tom. So the die was cast, and soon, all too soon for his parents, the day came round for Tom to leave.

Sadly he bade good-bye to the old folks, sadly he turned away from those who loved him and whose hearts were heavy because they were losing their boy. Long had Tom looked forward to this day when he was to leave the monotony of country existence and see the world. But as he passed out through the old familiar gate he almost wished he had not made up his mind to go. Putting aside these thoughts, however, with a stout heart he started out for the railroad station only a short distance away. It was already dark when he passed silently down the country road, with thoughts and memories of the days gone by rushing in upon him. Drawing near to the railroad station he stopped and gazed back at the old home.

Calm and peaceful it lay hidden in the darkness of the night, while all around it the great trees like sentinels stood guard. Through a rift in the trees a single light shone forth. It gleamed from the window of his room, the room which his mother said would always be sacred to him no matter what came or went. Ah, how many happy days he had spent there, how often he had stood at that window where the light was now shining, how often he had stood there looking away off into nowhere, building castles in the air and dreaming of the days that were to come! He recalled his school days, and how when the chores were done at night he would creep up to his bed to happy dreams, or else when he had done wrong during the day and his

father had scolded him, at bed time he would go up to his room with an air of rebellion on his face to sob himself to sleep. Then when all was still and nothing was heard save the tick, tick of the old clock or the noise of the crickets outside, his dear old mother would creep quietly up the stairs and bending over his bed would kiss him; and at the touch of her lips all his stubbornness would vanish and he would promise to do wrong no more. He remembered with what joy, with what perfect contentment, he had sat during the long winter evenings at his father's knee listening to the same old, yet ever interesting stories. Ah yes, but these were things of the past, now he must be up and doing.

Resolutely he turned away, but the light and its associations still pursued him, and he could not drive them from him. Several times he looked back and each time the light always growing fainter seemed to plead more earnestly with him to stay. No, he would not; in taking this step he was doing his duty not only to himself but to all that loved him. So reasoning he continued his walk to the little railroad station. He had not long to wait before the whistle of the approaching engine was heard and a moment later the train swung round the curve. Into the station it leaped, and just as Tom was to take the final step he hesitated. Far down the track gleamed the headlight silvering the road of steel which led to Tom's new home, the road which led to fame and fortune. Wealth, honor, happiness, all lay stretched before him, yet he hesitated; for as he turned to take a last look at the old home he saw the light shining dimly, very dimly, through the trees, but to his big heart it seemed to redouble its call. It told him of those who had watched over and cared for him from his cradle, of those who loved him all his life; it told him of two gray heads that needed a strong, protecting arm; of two hearts that once were happy but that now were sad. So it pleaded, and it did not plead in vain.

Out of the station rolled the train, and swaying from side to side it rapidly disappeared into the night. And the light faintly shining through the leaves seemed to leap with joy and flashed and leaped again and again, for it knew its call had been answered.

# NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC

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—International arbitration has won another notable victory. Norway and Sweden have just drawn up a protocol in which the two nations agree to submit to the Hague Tribunal for a term of ten years, with the privilege of extensions for like periods, all matters of dispute but those of "vital interest." The world has been spared another war. And here enters a matter of interest to all mankind, for when two powerful nations with their hands at each other's throat, with the fighting blood of their people at fever heat, begin to think of peaceably arbitrating, reason and humanity have gained incalculably thereby. It is a far cry to that Christmas night long centuries ago when the hills of Galilee resounded with the angelic promise of "peace on earth to men of good-will," but the connection is substantial enough and the influence most plainly traceable to the Divine Peacemaker born in the crib of Bethlehem. Truly the day when the wolf shall lie down with the lamb is not so remote; and though neither the descendants of the hardy Norsemen nor the children of the "Vikings bold" can hardly be classed in the same category as the latter mild-mannered animal, yet we believe the illustration still holds good in their case.

—Mr. Hall Caine would rather be what he is than be President. This statement at first sight would tend to create in our mind that the novelist had thoughts of plagiarizing Henry Clay's immortal declaration, but charity on the part of the jury would dictate a verdict of "not guilty." Now whether he was referring to the relative profit or to the relative glory of the two

positions is a riddle which the Sphinx of Manx alone can read. If he meant that there is more profit and greater peace of mind to be gained by the novelist than by the President assuredly he is right, for the latter generally feels the blessings of poverty in both. If he meant that the office of the novelist is a greater, a grander or more soul satisfying one than that of the chief executive of this republic he erred grievously and glaringly. We do not intend to deprecate the mission of the novelist nor asperse the character of such a respected literary luminary as Hall Caine, but we do mean to defend our President and our presidency.

Too many times the fiction writer imagines he is put in this world as a teacher of men. Of that notion, however, he must speedily disabuse himself if he aims to succeed in his line. Three centuries ago he might have preached to his readers, but that fortunate time has passed. The novelist must write for the amusement of the people if he would get a hearing. He has succeeded to the cap and bells of the feudal jester, while the reading public has inherited the crown. True, he may sermonize incidentally, but only incidentally, mind. If he would palm off his dogmas and his preachments he must disguise them, he must do them up in capsule form, or sugar coat them so as not to offend the taste. But the President must stand out in bold-relief, he must lead, he must teach, and he must be a target for all the satire, the slings, the stings and base ingratitude of the citizens of his nations. No, truly, Hall Caine would rather be what he is than be President.

—Silence is not golden, as a certain man in New Jersey ascertained quite recently. He had made a vow of perpetual silence, and when the legal representatives came to question him as to his relationship to a certain grand-aunt who had died and left an extensive estate, he remained mute. The probable outcome of the case is that he will receive no part of the bequest. A woman down in New York faces jail for refusing to answer questions put by the presiding judge in an insolvency suit. Young men should beware of the dangers of silence—especially at a football game.

(Continued from page 64.)

his own account. It was only at a later period that this was considered cowardly or ignominious.

Whatever may have been the origin of the wealth and commerce of the ancient Phoenicians, it is quite certain that in modern times the only exception to the rule of naval power springing out of habitual piracy is that of the Hanseatic League. This in origin and strength was purely commercial. When northern Europe slowly emerged from the barbarism of the early Middle Ages, we find several of the German towns occupying a peculiar position, claiming a peculiar acknowledgment and receiving special privileges as trading communities. These towns formed themselves into what has been called the Hanseatic League, and became the most powerful naval power in the Baltic and North Seas. The League was very strict in enforcing its demands and in keeping rules and order. It passed away with the formation of kingdoms, as its usefulness ceased.

The rise of the middle classes date from the days of growing commerce. The rich tradesman and cultured merchant, the skilled laborer and substantial banker came into existence at this time. The turbulent Italian republics, the first great temples of democracy since the overthrow of Sparta and Athens arose from this trade, and by their wealth defied both Emperor and baron. Through commerce the common man had one hundred avenues of escape from feudalism open to him to advance into a higher and more independent sphere of energy. Everywhere the current of commerce cut a channel for itself. European mankind burst the bonds of its infancy. It saw and measured with eagerness the great world, and recognized the fulness and glory of its new opportunities.

The safety of travelling during the ninth, tenth and eleventh centuries, we must remember, was not as it is to-day; then dangers lurked on every side for the bold mariner who ventured forth in ships devoid of compass, load line or chart. It was slow work to make headway at night through fogs, storms, shoals, quicksands and rocks. The fact that owing to want of maps they kept close to the shore greatly increased

the danger. The mariner's compass became familiar in European ports about the close of the thirteenth century. Then European seamen entered upon a more enlightened and adventurous course of navigation. Discovery followed discovery, the Atlantic was explored, and long-sought passages to India became known.

Little as it was known, the art of navigation was a great benefit to the Crusaders, while they in turn helped it. Vessels were made larger for the transportation of pilgrims, soldiers, horses and provisions. Masts and sails were made larger and the art of sailing by the wind perfected. Every such progress was an onward step in civilization. Venice, Genoa and Pisa took the lead in the transportation of the Crusaders, and they instructed the northern warriors in the art of navigation. This spread the commerce and shipbuilding tendency all over Europe, and did away with much of the opposition princes and emperors formerly had against commerce.

Finally the tendency of commerce to connect one seat of population with another, to open roads, to create new centres of industry and traffic on the lines of communication and union, not only of human labor and capacities but also of boundless territorial resources thus affected, to increase the production and circulation of commodities, is too obvious to require illustration.

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#### The Philopatians Reorganize.

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On Wednesday evening, September 20, at the request of their director, Bro. Cyprian, the old members of the Philopatrian Society remaining in Carroll Hall held a meeting for the purpose of reorganizing for the coming year. The following officers were elected: the Rev. J. Cavanaugh, Honorary President; R. B. Wilson, President; H. Hilton, Vice-President; S. Herr and W. Stout Secretaries, and G. Washburn, Treasurer. Brother Cyprian then made a short address in which he stated that from the present outlook it seemed as if the society would rival those of former years. The question of new members was then discussed and the names of a number of applicants were

read off and balloted upon; after this the meeting adjourned.

At a special meeting called for the purpose of enrolling the applicants whom the old members had voted favorably upon, twenty-six new members were admitted to the society.

After a short talk by the director on the purpose and aims of the society for the benefit of those just admitted, the old members entertained the new ones with music and recitations until 8:30, when the society retired to the Corby Hall refectory, and after partaking of refreshments in the form of ice-cream and cake the members dispersed.

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### Athletic Notes.

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NOTRE DAME, 44; NORTH DIVISION, 0.

Last Saturday we had the first chance to see Coach McGlew's men in action when they defeated the North Division High School lads by the overwhelming score of 44 to 0.

Although outclassed in weight, age and experience the High School men put up a good game against their larger opponents. The manner in which they started out made one think that we would be lucky to win, let alone trying to run up a larger score than did Northwestern or Chicago. But they did not last long. Once our men were fairly started the light line of North Division crumbled under it, and our heavy backs and tackles simply walked over them.

In the first five minutes of play the great work of Pollard, the little colored half-back of the High School, carried the ball within 25 yards of our goal. He is perhaps the best little man in the country for his size, and surely no High School has anything on him. To say he is a star is putting it lightly, for the manner in which he dodged and squirmed away from our best men made the rooters marvel. Nash, North Division's quarter-back, played a plucky game and won the admiration of the crowd; repeatedly he was laid out, but stuck to the end, refusing to leave the game even when it was necessary to take out time for him after nearly every down. Dornblazer and Dierssen played a strong defensive game for the

"Prep" team, and it was their hard work which kept the score below 50.

For Notre Dame "Bill" Downs was easily the star. He played as did the famous Salmon, and when anyone can even remind one of Salmon it is enough and the highest praise that can be given any football player. Beacom, Silver, Paupa, Hutzel, McNerny, Hill and Draper, all played a more or less sensational game, making long end runs, good, hard line bucks and hard tackles. The score is the largest that has ever been made against North Division by any team. It proves that Coach McGlew has developed speed among his men, as the halves were only 20 and 10. The latter was to have been 15 minutes, but the High School team was worn out by bucking their heavy opponents, and Capt. Beacom consented to cut the time to 10 minutes.

#### FIRST HALF.

Pollard won the toss and chose the north goal. Draper kicked to the twenty-five yard line, Pollard returning the kick twenty-yards. Two end runs and a fake play brought the ball on Notre Dame's twenty-five yard line directly in front of the goal posts. Notre Dame held for two downs and Nash fell back for a drop kick. The ball was blocked, Notre Dame securing it. "Bill" Downs made five yards through centre. Hutzel added five on a cross buck. Downs gained five more. Notre Dame fumbled and lost fifteen yards.

North Division held for downs and Draper punted. Nelson caught the ball in his own two-yard line and was downed in his tracks. Pollard gained thirty yards around left end; Nash added twenty; Pollard tried a fake end run, and lost ten; Rogers did the same and lost two. North Division punted, the ball going out of bounds, and Pollard recovered the ball. Notre Dame held for downs and took the ball in the centre of the field. Downs made four yards through centre. Bracken cross bucked for eight. Beacom was called back from guard, and in three bucks scored the first touchdown. Draper kicked goal. Notre Dame, 6; North Division, 0.

Silver received the kick-off on the ten-yard line, and returned thirty yards. Downs took the ball five straight times putting the ball

on the three-yard line. Paupa carried it over for second score. Draper missed goal. Notre Dame, 11; North Division, 0.

Pollard received the kick-off and lost ten yards on an attempted line-buck. North Division kicked and Downs caught the ball. Notre Dame carried the ball up to North Division's 20-yard line and fumbled. Nash lost a yard. A tandem play failed to gain, and Nash punted. The punt was blocked, but a North Division man fell on the ball. Pollard tried an end run and lost ten yards. Nash kicked to Silver who returned the ball 20 yards. Draper went around end for 25 yards and a touchdown. He missed goal. Notre Dame, 16; North Division, 0.

Draper kicked over the line. Nash punted out from the 25-yard line. Beacom carried the ball to the 15-yard line. Bracken made 7 around end. Beacom went over for another touchdown. Draper missed goal. Notre Dame, 21; North Division, 0.

SECOND HALF.

Hill went in at right half-back, Draper at left half and McNerny at left end. North Division braced for a few minutes in the second half, but Downs started in on his hurdling stunts, tearing through and over their line and in three minutes scored again. McNerny kicked goal. Notre Dame 27, North Division, 0. By resorting to the same style of play, in a short time Beacom was pushed over for Notre Dame's sixth touchdown. Goal missed. Score, Notre Dame, 32; North Division, 0.

Nash kicked off; line-bucks by Beacom. Hill and Downs put the ball on North Division's three-yard line, and the sturdy full-back hurdled for his third touchdown. McNerny kicked goal. Score, 38.

Draper kicked off to North Division's one-yard line. Notre Dame held for downs, and Downs went over. McNerny kicked goal. Notre Dame, 44; North Division, 0.

Line-Up.

Notre Dame (44)		North Division (0)
Draper, McNerny	L E	Aliner
Paupa	L T	Dornblazer
Beacom	L G	Sacheer, Schillo
Sheehan	C	McCleery
Donovan	R G	Schram
M. Downs	R T	Dierssen
McAvoy	R E	Nelson, Pucell
Silver	Q B	Nash

Hutzel, Draper	L H	Rogers
Bracken, Hill	R H	Pollard
W. Downs	F B	Huxmann

Touchdowns—Beacom, 3; Paupa, Draper, W. Downs, 3. Goals—Draper, McNerny, 3. Referee—Studebaker. Umpire—Fogarty. Timekeepers—Herbert, Cosgrove. Time of halves—Twenty and ten minutes.

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Ed Ruehlbach, long the glory of "our nine," in a recent letter to a member of the Faculty, says that he "hopes to visit the college in the near future and renew old friendships." We shall all be delighted to meet you, Ed.

Ruehlbach's career in the National League has been followed with much interest and pleasure by his friends here. They are pleased at the great success that has come to an old wearer of the Gold and Blue. Ruehlbach was by far the best college pitcher in the West.

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The ex-Juniors played their second game Sunday and lost, 6 to 0, in a plucky fight, being outweighed fifteen pounds to the man. St. Joe played well, bucking the line for five yards at a time in the first half, but were held better in the second. The only touchdown was made in the first half, being largely due to O'Flynn's line plunging and R. Schmitt's end runs. Papin and Barry also played well for St. Joe. Symonds and A. Schmitt were hurt in the second half and were replaced by Milner and Siegler who materially strengthened the lighter line. Heyl, Kelly and Dierssen starred for the ex-Carroll Hallers, Heyl making a fine tackle and quarter-back run. O'Flynn, who did most damage to the ex-Juniors' line, is a Sorinite, this not being known to the lighter aggregation before the game.

Ex-Juniors		St. Joe
Symonds, Milner	R E	Whalen
Drumm	R T	Conlin
Eberhart	R G	Duffey
Roan	C	Mangan
Kinney	L G	Galligan
Williams	L T	Doyle
Dierssen	L E	Papin
Heyl	Q	Rush
Kelly	R H	Barry
Lucas	L H	R. Schmitt
A. Schmitt, Siegler	F B	O'Flynn

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The ex-Juniors played another hard game Thursday on Cartier Field meriting well the

praise of everyone by defeating the Corby Hall team, 11 to 0. It is the first time in years that the ex-Carrollites have had a team capable of playing Corby. Although outweighed by their opponents they surprised the spectators by stopping the heavy line bucks of Curtis, McCoy and McIntyre, and the end runs of Magnus and Esher. Siegler, Drumm and Heyl starred for the ex-Juniors, tackling well and securing good gains when carrying the ball. The record established will give the future ex-Juniors a fine example to follow. The line-up:

Ex-Juniors		Corby Hall
Siegler	R. E.	Magnus
Williams	R. T.	Curtis
Kinney	R. G.	Gagen
Roan	C.	Paine
Drumm	L. G.	Keach
Dierssen	L. T.	McNeelly
Trumbell	L. E.	Altgelt
Heyl	Q. B.	Esher
Lucas	R. H.	McCoy
Kelly	L. H.	Curran
Schmitt	F. B.	McIntyre
Referee—Waldorf.		

### Personals.

—The Rev. Andrew Morrissey, who needs no introduction to the readers of this paper, writes that he has arrived safely in France after a voyage the pleasantness of which was at first marred by the breaking of the propeller shaft on the "Bremen," which necessitated the steamship being towed back into Halifax for repairs. Another boat being substituted for the disabled "greyhound," Father Morrissey continued his journey, and at last arrived in the native land of Father Sorin and many of the illustrious members of the Congregation of the Holy Cross. In his sojourn in Europe, the trip being taken for the purpose of restoring his health, Father Morrissey has the earnest wish of every student of Notre Dame for his speedy recovery and a pleasant vacation on the Continent.

—Father James H. McGinnis, whose ordination we recently chronicled has been assigned by the Most Reverend Archbishop of New York as assistant curate at St. Veronica's Church in that city.

—Edward Rauch, a former student of the University, is now achieving prosperity and

success in the tobacco business in Indianapolis, Indiana.

—Joseph Rowan ('97) is now engaged in the practice of medicine in Dubuque, Iowa. It is a genuine pleasure for us to herald his success in his profession.

—Louis Nash (1900) has been promoted to the managership of the General Electric Railway Company, of Omaha, Nebraska. Mr. Nash's rapid rise is a source of gratification to his *Alma Mater*, as well as one of pride to his friends.

—Bernard F. Wile is general manager of the Chicago *Daily News* office in Berlin, Germany. Mr. Wile is another of Notre Dame's army of successful alumni, and his *Alma Mater* is proud of the opportunity to commend his work.

—Frank L. Houser, a younger member of Brownson Hall last year, is leaving Indianapolis for the purpose of going into business with his father in Kansas. His many friends both among Faculty and students wish him good luck and a prosperous outcome in his undertaking.

—Joseph Carrigan (student '02-'05) is now studying electricity at the Brooklyn Institute of Technology. While at Notre Dame "Joe" proved himself an apt student along original lines, and we have little doubt but that his inventive genius will be of great assistance to him in the further pursuance of his studies.

—Dr. Harrison H. Noble ('83) has been engaged in his profession in Cleveland, Ohio, for the last three years, and has in that short time worked up an extensive practice and is making a grand success of his work. May his prosperity be a long continued, or, rather, a permanent one is the fervent wish of his friends at Notre Dame.

—Francis J. Sweeny of Spokane, Washington, is profiting by his furlough of a few months; he is now engaged in an extended tour of Europe from which he intends to return some time in November. Since he left the University in 1903, Frank has been engaged in the banking business in Spokane, and already he is making his ability felt. His good fortune is indeed well merited, and we wish it may always be with him.

—A recent letter from Dr. Francis E. Carroll ('74) conveys the welcome news that he is

well and prosperous, and possessed of an extensive but select practice in Boston, Massachusetts. Dr. Carroll certainly does not stand in need of our wishes for his continued success, though he has them just the same, but he surely can not have any objection to our tendering him our congratulations, which we offer him in all sincerity of heart.

—Philip J. Bartell is now studying at the American College in Rome, from which institution he expects to be graduated and ordained next year. Mr. Bartell is well remembered here as a seminarian of a few years back. His deportment and studiousness while at Notre Dame were of a character calculated to insure him future fortune, and with all confidence of fulfillment we do not hesitate to predict great things for the young divinity student.

—Martin B. Herbert Jr., of Chicago, was a welcome visitor to the University during the past week, having come down to officiate as timer at the North Division game and also to renew old friendships. "Jimmy" is not nor will he be forgotten here at Notre Dame for years to come on account of the valiant service he rendered the "Gold and Blue" on the athletic field. For four years he was a leading member of our winning track-teams, being captain in his last year and one of the speediest men on the famous relay team of '02-'03. Mr Herbert is happily married and making his mark in the advertising field in the big Western Metropolis. Success to you, "Jim;" and may it be quick and may it be permanent.

—"John I. Mullen, of Williamsburg, Pa., and Miss Marie Poulin, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Eugene Poulin, of South Bend, were married on Tuesday morning at St. Joseph's Church in that city, Rev. Peter Lauth performing the ceremony in the presence of about two hundred relatives and friends. George Senrich was best man and Miss Josephine Poulin, sister of the bride, was bridesmaid. Immediately after the ceremony a wedding repast was served at the bride's home, after which the young couple left for Chicago and Lake Michigan points. They will reside at Williamsburg, Pa. The young people were very popular. Mr. Mullen was long a Notre Dame student

and a leader in its athletics."—*Catholic Universe*, Sept. 30.

Hearty congratulations! "Jack" was captain of the Varsity football team three years, '97, '98 and '99. In 1901 he was graduated in Civil Engineering. We wish himself and his bride all success and happiness.

—Visitors' Registry:—Mrs. B. W. Todson, Geneva, Ill.; Mrs. John J. Dillon, Denver, Colo.; Miss Winifred E. Bardon, Mr. and Mrs. James Bardon, Superior, Wisconsin; M. B. Herbert, C. F. Gormley, Mr. and Mrs. H. A. Gross, L. Alexander Richter, Chicago, Ill.; Edward Lyons, Mary E. Lyons, Wm. R. Lyons, Coleburke Lyons, C. Francis Lyons, Kingston, Ont.; B. G. Smith, Bernard J. Smith, Mishawaka, Ind.; S. D. Hutchins, Columbus, O.; Fred M. Odena, Jr., Detroit, Mich.; John L. Currin, Cincinnati, Ohio; Charles A. Gross, Boulder, Col.; Miss Blanche Witsaman, Angola, Ind.; Miss Mary Witsaman, La Grange, Ind.; Mr. and Mrs. H. E. Adams, Indianapolis, Ind.; Mrs. William Curpe, Plainville, Michigan; Mrs. Ida E. Gardiner, South Bend, Ind.

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#### Editorial Note.

We are obliged to apologize to some of our advertisers for the non-appearance of their ads in this issue on account of an accident to one of the forms.

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#### Local Items.

—The barn which was being erected near the new farm-house, is now completed, as is also the addition which is built on the shops.

—Found.—A watch and chain on the walk between Sorin Hall porch and the pump. Owner may have the same by calling at Room 39, Sorin, and identifying article.

—A partial list of the SCHOLASTIC staff will probably appear in the next issue. Members are selected on the merit of the contributions submitted. Many vacancies will have to be filled, and it is hoped that candidates will come forward and do all in their power to obtain the positions.

—The clock in the church tower has been taken from its position and will be moved

higher in the steeple. Its absence in the same old place, striking in the same old way, has been noticed by nearly everyone, and many necks have been stretched trying to locate its position. As yet it has not made an appearance in the tower, but will soon be ticking off the time the same as ever.

—In one of the English classes the words *cat*, *stroke*, *bat*, and *broke* were announced as rhymes for a bit of metrical gymnastics. The best bit of foolishness provoked by the rhymes was this:

AN OPEN-FACED TRAGEDY.

One night a serenading Thomas cat  
Tried with his lady fair to win a stroke  
But some one sudden hit him with a bat  
And the even tenor of his young life broke.

—It might be well to mention again the benefit to be derived from well-organized, "rooting." From present indications our football team is going to be about all we could ask, and as "rooting" is part of the game we should have it. We play Wabash in two weeks; they are putting up a strong game, and indirectly a big bid for the State Championship. You have two weeks to prepare and perfect songs, yells, etc. Do it; do not put it off. Begin now.

—Corby has long been in need of a campus, and now they can claim one equal to any at Notre Dame. The site of the old barn is levelled, and as it has been rolled and made solid Corby's football and baseball teams have a good place to work. The tract is large giving them plenty of room for all athletic sports. Corby's teams have always been equal to any in the school, and now that they have a campus of their own they will bear watching, especially in the football line.

—A smoking room without a piano is like a man without a country—with apologies to Edward Everett Hale. Something else that Sorin needs, and can be had by a meeting of the students for the purpose of appointing a committee to collect money in order to defray the expense of hiring the same. The long winter evenings are slowly but surely coming and can be made more pleasant by the aid of a piano. Remember the "Sorin Hop" is only rivalled by the "Brownson Formal," the real social occasion of the year.

—It seems that the baseball season is not over yet. Brownson campus, which can boast of two good diamonds, was the busiest place around the school last Thursday. Although Healy's Colts, the Rag Tails and the other far-famed teams will not have a try-out this fall, it is rumored that "Pertoot" is keeping his eye open for ball tossers. When the teams start out in the spring the Colts will very likely be among the first to

appear on the field. Captain Healy's team won every game they played last year—watch them this coming season.

—Last Wednesday evening St. Joseph's Literary and Debating Society held their regular meeting. The question for debate was: "Resolved, That all Christian nations disarm and settle their disputes by arbitration." Messrs. Barry and Doyle for the affirmative were concise and to the point in their argument, while Messrs. Baer and Zink for the negative showed that they were familiar with the subject. Messrs. Schmitt, Riley and Waumech carried out their part with admirable success. After the usual programme had been ended, the constitution was read and adopted.

—Corby can boast of the best furnished smoking room in the school. The walls have been beautifully decorated. New tables and chairs have taken the places of the old ones. All due to Father Corbett's untiring care of his "boys." Father Corbett is thinking of installing a library in Corby Hall. A mass meeting was held Wednesday night and all voted in favor of the new project. It was also suggested that the students of the hall buy a new piano to supplant the old one which is very much the worse for wear. This was also regarded favorably, and many Corbyites have put down their names for contributions.

—The Philopatrians held their third regular meeting Wednesday evening, Oct. 4. Mr. Charles Minotti was elected Sergeant-at-Arms, and seven new members were admitted to the society. There being no further business the regular programme was then rendered. The recitation of H. Hilton was beyond doubt the feature of the evening, and next to that the musical selection by E. McDermott and the humorous description by B. Freudenstein deserve special credit. A very interesting programme was arranged for the next meeting before the assembly adjourned.

—Every hall in the school in the University, from St. Edward's up, has organized a football team, with one exception, the exception being Sorin. Now Sorin is supposed to be the leading Hall in the school, at least in having the largest number of collegiate men, and it does look as though they were somewhat behind the other Halls in this respect. The Sorin and Corby game is one of the great attractions on the local gridiron every year. It is well remembered by all, Sorinites in particular, that Corby won the game last year by the score of 6 to 4. It might be well if the students of the Hall would come together, elect a captain and have a tryout for the team. Sufficient cause, or it should be—Sorin, 4; Corby, 6.