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## En Voyage.

BY ELMER MURPHY (LITT. B. '97).

SUNSET and sea and the night again!  
The call of the land afar!  
Now do they lay them down once more  
Where the hills and the valleys are.

Now do they lay them down to sleep  
'Twixt the tides of the circling sea.  
I wonder, in all the dreams they dream,  
Is there ever a thought of me?

Nothing to keep them kin of mine,  
To bridge the void that bars  
Our parted ways, save the stars above,  
And Him above the stars.

—In the "Ave Maria."

Oliver Goldsmith.

HENRY M. KEMPER, '05.



WE read in Shakspeare: "Some are born great, some achieve greatness, and some have greatness thrust upon them." What the poet has here written may be verified by a cursory glance at the history of mankind. In nearly every epoch there were men of genius, some of whom were planted on the pinnacle of celebrity with scarcely any personal effort, and, as it would appear, despite themselves. If prodigies are few those who had greatness thrust upon them are fewer still. As a rule, the attainment of eminence in any walk of life is the reward of earnest and persevering labor. Rome, we have been repeatedly told, was not built in a day; nor was the most insignificant hamlet. Many men, however, of immortal renown seem to have sprung

into prominence at the mere nod of fortune. Some of a precocious nature were attended by fame in their youth; others groped in obscurity, until by a casual event they stumbled upon the path of supremacy. A character of the latter description was Oliver Goldsmith's, who, in point of development, was what the Germans might call a typical Swabian; that is to say, one whose talents lay dormant until his thirtieth year. True, Goldsmith in the third remaining period of his life did not flash before the world like a thunderbolt, nor did he win immortality without wooing it; but his courtship was so cold, so indifferent, that he himself regretted not to have engaged in active life before its decline. In the words of his friend, Dr. Johnson: "He was a plant that flowered late." Needless to say, his early days of wandering were not wholly misspent. He turns to them repeatedly as to an inexhaustible source of inspiration; thus identifying himself so thoroughly with his writings that most of his works read like an autobiography. Of few persons can it be more truly said that no man was ever written down but by himself; of no poet can one speak with more love and sympathy. Compounded of a bright and a blundering nature, he was, as an author, the composition of simplicity, familiarity and sincerity.

Goldsmith sprang from an honest, religious family, whose taintless blood coursed through many an Anglican clergyman. His mother was a daughter of the Rev. Oliver Jones; his father, great-grandfather, brother, and numerous other kinsmen, were divines, and he himself stood on the threshold of the ministry; but owing to his fondness for gaudy apparel, was happily shut out of this profession to create for us a deathless vicar, an undying pastor. The obscure ham-

of Pallas in the Irish County of Longford gloried in having witnessed Oliver's birth, until in recent years her solitary claim was shaken by the rival village of Elphin in the County of Roscommon. The best authorities, however, assert that the Rev. Charles Goldsmith upon his marriage in 1718 resided at Pallas and remained there until Oliver was two years of age. A fly-sheet of this clergyman's Bible bears the following testimony: "Oliver Goldsmith was born at Pallas, November, ye 10th 17—." The loss of the last two figures with the margin of the leaf obliges us to conclude from other sources that the date was 1728, and not 1739 (Nov. 29th) as engraved by Johnson on the Westminster cenotaph.

In 1730 the Rev. Charles Goldsmith moved to Lishoy in the County of Westmeath, where in addition to his humble living he cultivated a farm of seventy acres and supported a family of seven or eight children. The eldest son, Henry, like the primogenitive Primrose, received a college education in preparation for orders; while Oliver, who was called "impenetrably stupid" by the servant girl, his first teacher, was intended for the trade. At this time the Lishoy school was conducted by a retired quartermaster, Thomas Byrne, who, having laid aside the gun to resume the birch, possessed an unlimited fund of stories and an incurable itch for narrating them. To these recitals Oliver lent a greedy ear, and if they did not inculcate a fugitive knowledge of arithmetic, they instilled an abiding disposition for wandering.

Among other traits that in youth manifested themselves in Oliver's character were his shyness, sensitiveness, jollity, generosity, love of Irish melodies, and a certain vacillation from manly to puerile deportment. In appearance the poor boy must have been a Caliban. The wounds of a national siege are for others so many badges of honor; but for Oliver the marks of a continental scourge—the small-pox epidemic of 1735—had to be a stigma of derision. This cruel defacement was but an additional daubing to an unsightly background; for often in his writings he regretfully intimates that nature's journeyman had made him, and not made him well. He had a round face, low forehead, thick nose, large mouth, clumsy

limbs and a chubby, bungling body. All these unavoidable drawbacks, together with his dullness and awkwardness, combined to make him the laughing-stock of his unfeeling comrades.

When nine years of age, Oliver was sent to the Rev. Mr. Griffin's school at Elphin. While here he boarded at the home of his uncle, John Goldsmith. The story is told that one night the latter held a dancing-party at which a blunt-witted Cummings played the fiddler—for it was more an impersonation than an execution. This *soi-disant* musician on seeing Oliver's ungainly figure dubbed him "Æsop." Forthwith the plump little dancer stopped in his hornpipe and extemporized this couplet:

Our herald hath proclaimed this saying,  
See Æsop dancing and his monkey playing.

Whether or not some other versifier was guilty of this rhyme is a matter of idle discussion. Irving, who owl-like discerns Goldsmith's minutest virtue, but sees naught in the sunshine of his frailties, seems to credit the story under this reading of the first line: "Heralds, proclaim aloud, all saying." Goldsmith was not the first nor the last genius to have his grave decorated with nosegays of pretty allusions to precocity. No impartial biographer can deny that in repartee Goldsmith was inferior to all, and in conversation all were superior to him. Of this equal failure Garrick remarks: "He wrote like an angel, but talked like poor Poll." Although Boswell—not without a taint of envy—records an occasional smart rejoinder made by "Goldy" to Dr. Johnson, still he multiplies instances which bespeak for him no better social tact than that possessed by young Marlowe.

Timid and awkward as Oliver was, he must have inspired his parents with brighter hopes, for in lieu of their original plan we find them pursuing the work of his education. In 1739 he left Elphin to attend school at Athlone, and after two years came under the ferule of the Reverend Patrick Hughes at Edgeworthstown. With this pedagogue Oliver was better pleased than with any he had had, and under his direction labored faithfully until he entered the University. At this period of Goldsmith's life occurred an event with which all are familiar who have read its

dramatization in "She Stoops to Conquer." Oliver on a homeward journey passed through Ardagh—twenty miles distant from Lishoy,—and being seized by his love of gayety more than by the fear of dusk, he asked a villager in a lofty air to be directed to the "best house." The amused interlocutor mischievously led the guinea-proud student to the residence of Squire Featherstone. Oliver, firmly believing himself to be at an inn, did not scruple about lording over the proprietor and his family, who cheerfully continued the wag's deception. In his usual way, as Dr. Primrose would remark, "Goldy" desired the landlord to let him have his company over a bottle of wine, and cautioned him not to forget a plate of hot cakes for breakfast. Imagine the guest's confusion the next morning when his host, instead of offering a bill, presented himself as an acquaintance of Oliver's father!

This trait of vanity which Irving seeks to minimize in the son he does not overlook in the parent. It can not be denied that the pastor of Lishoy possessed some of that family pride which the Vicar of Wakefield in all his simplicity confesses to have. As an instance, we may cite his daughter's marriage with a gentleman far above her means. To furnish Katie with an ample dowry for this alliance, the Rev. Charles drained his resources and obliged Oliver to matriculate as sizar in Trinity College, June 17, 1744. Menial as this position was it in no way prevented Oliver's jovial nature, his love of song and story, to make him a ready favorite among his fellow-students. With them in his garret he revelled many an hour in sweet oblivion of Latin and Logic. In his mid-college career the poet lost his father, whose place the Rev. Thomas Contarine, an uncle and former sizar, attempted to fill. However indulgent this relative was, neither he nor another could long withhold Oliver from poverty's door.

If the poet had any weakness it was his obstinate improvidence, nurtured by his happy-go-lucky disposition, by his indiscreet prodigality and, what is more culpable, by his irresistible bent for gambling. When funds from home were insufficient; when borrowing was sapped of all promise; when the pawn-shop contained his non-essentials;

then Goldsmith, as a last resource, set to work at composing street-ballads, which he readily sold for five shillings apiece. Many a time would the naïve collegian steal from his quarters by moonlight and listen with joyful heart to the singing of his latest lyric by a ragged vocalist. Often the beneficent composer returned from the bookseller with the price of his work in the hand of some mendicant. Poor Oliver's bounty went beyond his purse; for if he had no money to give to a shivering pauper he would himself turn beggar, or relieve the unfortunate wretch by parting with his last coat or blanket. In this respect Goldsmith was Mr. Burchell's counterpart, who was touched to the quick by the slightest distress, and whose soul labored under a sickly sensibility of the miseries of others.

It would be rash to conclude that Goldsmith's university life was one of indolence, or of such dullness as many of his biographers would have us believe. In opposition to their statement is the fact that he was an adept versifier of Latin translations, a proficient scholar in Greek, a connoisseur, if not of Parisian paintings, at least of the French language, and a successful contestant for the Christmas literary prize. At another competition Oliver just failed to obtain a scholarship, and in lieu thereof won the second reward, valued at thirty shillings. Alas! it proved an ill-fated premium. Oliver, ready at all times for a lark, could not forego the celebration of this event by gathering a coterie of boys and girls in his attic for a merry dance. His hot-headed tutor, the Reverend Mr. Wilder, was no sooner apprised of this frolic than he hastened to suppress it. Blinded by passion the irate instructor dealt his pupil a blow that hurled him before his cronies. The humiliation was too much for Oliver. With the break of day he sold his books, slammed the college gates behind him and resolved to bury the past on the shores of America. With his wonted fickleness he loitered about Dublin until he had but one shilling remaining and then proceeded towards Cork. This journey, though never fully accomplished, visited Goldsmith with so many pangs of fatigue and hunger that he gladly consented to return to college provided his brother could effect a reconciliation. In this Henry

was but partially successful, for the recollection of their disunion widened the breach between teacher and student, and increased their mutual coldness until the latter's graduation, February 27, 1749.

Oliver put his baccalaureate degree in his pocket and dug his hands deep into its inner folds. He was in a woeful plight: without purpose, without ambition, without endeavor. Plans of his own he had none; those of others he thwarted. In this bedouin unconcern he performed odd chores for his mother, occasionally assisted his brother in teaching at a humble school, and fished, fluted, or drowsed the remainder of the day. Uncle Contarine suggested that he enter the ministry, to which Goldsmith unconcernedly agreed. We are told that he presented himself for ordination before the Bishop of Elphin in a pair of scarlet breeches and thus prejudiced his acceptance. Though Irving very charitably ascribes this rejection to Oliver's youth—he being then twenty-two years of age—the truth is, as the poet born confesses, that he preferred crimson paduasoy to clerical cloth. This attachment to gay attire clung to Goldsmith throughout his checkered life, and left him at death financially indebted to his tailor, Mr. Filby. That the poet was not intended for the ministry may be surmised from his "Vicar of Wakefield," where we must, on the one hand, reprove his theology, and on the other, commend his morality. For him Olivia must never divulge a secret of promise; for him perfectibility must combat a vicious hydra; for him heaven is little better than a meeting-ground for opulent and indigent, for prosperous and miserable. Better for humanity that Goldsmith was spared to minister to our petty grievances by his cheerful, winning exhortations.

To Goldsmith's disregard for precision and utter aversion to all restraint may be attributed his second failure, that of tutor, at which profession he labored a wearisome year. Then of a sudden the liberty-loving Oliver tore loose from confinement, saddled his horse, and vanished—no one knew whither, no one knew why. After six weeks of painful expectation the anguishing mother beheld at her door a hungry, tattered, penniless horseman on the skeleton of a nag. It was only through the entreaties of his sisters

that the prodigal was re-admitted into the maternal home. An explanation for this strange metamorphosis was in order, and Oliver was ready to comply. He told how he travelled to Cork, took passage for America, strolled about the city awaiting a change of wind, and returned to the harbor to find his vessel and kit far out at sea. Thus circumstanced he planned to go home after providing himself with "Fiddleback," which purchase left him but five little shillings. Needing more money, he bethought himself of a college friend to whose house he directed his way; but pity meanwhile depleted his purse to succor an ejected tenant and her eight children. Goldsmith was warmly entertained by his acquaintance until he broached the purpose of his visit. His recital drew from the host a long tale of recent illness, personal expenses, and unnumbered misfortunes. This pitiful narration concluded, the guest was coldly suffered to share a scanty repast and a night's lodging, which the want of a better alternative made him accept. Before leaving, the wanderer politely asked his friend for advice, and the latter suggested that he sell "Fiddleback" and procure from him a cheaper horse. On being asked to show the animal, his entertainer, with a sardonic grin, exhibited a walking-cane. Goldsmith incensed at this needless taunt, prepared to apply the stick on its owner when a neighbor chanced to enter the room. In this newcomer the poet found a better friend, and by his aid managed to return home. Though this episode sounds strangely romantic and draws from Thackeray the assertion that if Mrs. Goldsmith believed it, she must have been very simple, for "it was a very simple rogue, indeed, who cheated her;" still, we have an indication in the Wakefield novel that seems to support its truthfulness. We refer to the Vicar's farewell and parting words to George: "Take from me the same horse that was given (your ancestor) by the good Bishop Jewel, this staff."

(To be continued.)

THERE would be no real misery on earth if every man studied the life of the soul as carefully as he studies the life of the body.—*Mgr. de Ségur.*

## Retrospection.

E. J. KENNEY, '07.

WITH deepest grief my memory doth recall  
 The days whose charm with me will live for aye,  
 When to the village churchyard would I stray,  
 And, silently, a boyish tear let fall  
 Upon the grassy mound of one whose small  
 And feeble form was the fairest rose that lay  
 Along the innocent and flowery way  
 Where I knew naught of life's most bitter thrall.

Though now I'm far removed from that loved scene,  
 Still fancy often brings me back once more,  
 While drifting outward on life's stormy wave  
 To that green spot—most dear on earth, I ween.  
 O would that I, when my bark runs ashore,  
 Might sleep beside my dear old mother's grave.

## "Beardology."

ROBERT A. KASPER, '07.

It was a beautiful day. Not a cloud decked the pale blue sky. The sun was shining and the birds sang sweetly as we wended our way towards the park on our after-dinner walk. We strolled on leisurely and neither of us spoke. Hope's silence assured me that he was debating some question in his mind, the import of which I could not imagine. Finally he asked:

"Hall, why have you been so silent for the last week or so? Surely, something must have gone wrong."

Something was worrying me; but I did not like to speak of it. I tried to evade my friend's question by saying:

"Nothing is wrong, Frank, except that I have not been feeling very well of late. Was not aware of the fact that I showed any outward signs of illness."

I would have gone on explaining, but Hope interrupted me with:

"Come, Bob, none of that kind of stuff goes with me. You are not sick, because you eat very heartily. Has anyone left your apartments without paying the rent?"

This was to the point. I decided to make sure of my ground before speaking, so I replied:

"If I were to tell what ails me you would say I was either crazy or had become

superstitious. Now I hate to be considered crazy, and I do not want people to think that I am superstitious; so the best thing I can do is to hold my tongue."

"Have you discovered a perpetual-motion machine," Frank continued? "Tell me about it, as I had a craze on that score once upon a time myself."

"No, no, you are off the subject. I am not in that kind of business."

"Well, then, tell me what business are you into. I am all excitement. I will not call you crazy or superstitious."

With this assurance, I replied:

"I am losing my rent, Frank. Six families have moved out of my flats, and the remaining two have given notice that if I do not solve a certain problem before the first of the month they will call all bets off."

"Solve a problem! What do you mean?"

"Well, there is a very mysterious gentleman living in my place, and the people say he is possessed."

"Throw him out."

"I can't. He has rented three rooms for one year. If I took the case to court I would be sent to the madhouse."

"Why do they say that he is possessed?"

"Because when seen in his room he wears a full-grown beard, but when outside, it is cut close to his face. It's always the same old story in the same old way."

"Are you sure the beard is real?"

"I think so. I have never seen the man in his room over five minutes at a time, but the beard does seem real."

"How long has this thing been going on, Hall?"

"Well, I should say about three weeks. The fellow—Tarkington is his name, James Tarkington—was at the place two weeks at least before this change in beard took place, that is to say no one noticed the fact before that time. If I don't settle this affair before very long, it's me for the poor-house, unless I sell the place; and I will not do that, because I could not realize a quarter of what I paid for it with such a mystery connected with it."

"Are you sure it is the same fellow all the time?"

"On that point I am positive, Frank. I would know my man in a thousand if I had seen him but once."

"You are surely in deep water, Hall, and we must get after this thing as soon as possible. What time does Tarkington appear at the house, as a rule, at night?"

"Oh, about ten o'clock."

"What sort of lock is on his bedroom door?"

"A spring lock."

"Good. To-night, about nine, we will slip up to his apartments and hide in his sleeping chamber. When we are sure he is asleep we—well, you will find out soon enough what I intend to do when the time comes for action. I am the real burglar, and you my assistant, my fellow lawbreaker. We must be careful not to be detected, for should we be discovered the whole thing would be given away, and we might be lodged in jail until we could disclose our identity."

"I am with you, Hope. What you say goes."

About a quarter of nine that evening we stole into Tarkington's bedroom. I got behind the wardrobe and Hope took to the screen. We had provided ourselves with masks and revolvers. The masks might be of use to us, or at least mine might be serviceable, for should I be detected it would not be very pleasant to meet my tenant face to face. Tarkington did not know Hope, or at least I did not think he did. The revolvers—

"Well, I guess they are a good thing to have about, especially when one turns highwayman," said Hope. "Take your revolver, Bob, as it's better to be prepared. Do not wait for some one to put the red flag before your eyes."

I obeyed orders, as was my habit when Hope told me to do a certain thing. What I could not understand was this: Why should my friend wait until the gentleman was asleep. If he wanted to search the room why not do that when Tarkington was out. I could not imagine what Frank wanted to do in the room if not to search it. Probably he wished to see how the man would act.

These thoughts were interrupted by the entrance of Tarkington. He walked across the room, and after depositing his coat and hat on the table, went to his desk and sat down. The screen was beside the wardrobe, and I could get a glimpse of him by stretch-

ing my neck. Tarkington—he wore no beard now—took up a paper and began reading. When he had absorbed all the news he threw it aside and picked up a magazine. He laid the latter down after glancing hurriedly through it. He got up now and walked in our direction. I was fearful lest he detect us, for he halted directly in front of the wardrobe. He evidently wished to secure something from it, and had forgotten what he was after, because he lingered in indecision for some moments. Finally, Tarkington opened one of the doors and took out a handkerchief. It seemed as though I had been concealed for ages. I wondered when the fellow would retire. I looked at Hope, and I noticed that he also was becoming tired of the suspense. At last about twelve o'clock, or a quarter after, our victim slowly undressed, donned his evening clothes, turned out the lights and went to bed. What I did not like was the fact that he put a revolver under his pillow. It seemed queer to me that whenever I had seen Tarkington in his room he had the beard, but now it was lacking. Before many moments we could hear Tarkington breathe heavily, and after a half hour or so he sank into a deep slumber. We thought it prudent to make sure that our friend was asleep, so we lingered a while longer. The moon shone brightly in the heavens and cast its rays about the room, so we did not experience any difficulty in watching our man. Suddenly Hope stole noiselessly from behind the screen, and moved towards the bed beckoning me to follow. My friend bent over the now unconscious form, and gazed intently at it for some time. He passed his hand across the face and examined it very carefully. The man stirred, first slightly, and then turned over on his side. My hand was on my revolver. Finally, he lay quiet once more. After another examination of the man's face, Hope stole towards the door and I followed. We walked downstairs and soon stood in the fresh air. I was the first to speak.

"What have you proved?" I asked.

"Nothing, Hall. I am just as far away from the solution now as ever. I came here this evening to see the beard, and have been disappointed."

"So have I, and I can't understand it."

"Well, Bob, to-morrow morning we shall

go to this gentleman's room, and you will give me an introduction to him. I want to get a glimpse of the beard before I give up the case."

The following morning at ten o'clock we appeared before Tarkington. I introduced Hope, and the now bearded man acted very indifferently, for he did not even arise from his chair when we entered. He most likely thought I had brought my friend up in order to show him the greatest wonder of the nineteenth century, or probably guessed that we were before him in order to try our hand at solving the case.

Hope engaged him in a conversation, and I could plainly see that Tarkington was anxious to be rid of us. My friend would not take the hint, however, and talked the more. One thing that appeared queer to me (I had not noticed it in previous visits, probably because my tenant always showed by his actions that I was taking up his time, and I like a good fool never remained longer than a few moments); but what seemed queer to me now was that Tarkington sat erect and very still. I could plainly see Hope was enjoying himself. Finally, after we had been in the room for about forty-five minutes, my tenant said:

"Gentlemen, kindly leave me, as I have important papers to look over before dinner."

Hope answered: "I am sorry we have disturbed you, and I beg a thousand pardons for remaining so long. We will go; but I trust you will allow us—Good heavens! Look!" This last gazing intently out of the window. The trick worked. Tarkington, caught off his guard, turned, and the beard was now on the side of his face. He realized his error the next instant, and became greatly excited. He had worked the beard trick by the use of mirrors placed about the room. A real beard was out in space, the reflection of which was cast upon his face, and appeared lifelike and real. His chair was always at the same fixed point. Many of you have doubtless seen this done at fairs, so it is unnecessary to go into further details.

"Why did you try to ruin this man?" Hope asked. "Be sure to tell the truth, as I am a detective and have the right to arrest you on the spot."

"I am a real estate man, and make it

a business to go to different cities, rent suitable apartments for a year, drive the tenants out by the mystery that surrounds me, and then have a second man buy the place for a very small figure. Later I sell it at a large profit."

"Good. How much have you lost thus far, Hall?"

"One thousand dollars."

"I'll give you your choice, Tarkington, one thousand five hundred or the penitentiary. Which shall it be?"

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### Battling for Triumph.

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(Air: "Marching through Georgia.")

START the good old rooting, boys, and start it with  
a swing,  
Limber up your vocal chords and make the welkin  
ring,  
Rouse our gallant fellows with each lusty yell you fling  
As they go battling for triumph.

#### CHORUS.

Hurrah! Hurrah! for the glorious Gold and Blue;  
Hurrah! Hurrah! for our athletes tried and true!  
Stimulate their courage, boys; it's up to me and you,  
As they go battling for triumph.

Pluck they have in plenty, boys; they know not what  
is fear;  
Strength and skill are theirs, besides, they've often made  
it clear;  
Yet the bravest spirits may be heartened with a cheer  
As they go battling for triumph.

Theirs is all the hardship, boys, the toil, fatigue,  
restraint;  
Theirs the stress of combat, too, with never a  
complaint.  
Just to keep our colors free from any sort of taint  
As they go battling for triumph.

When they've won their battle, boys, our hearts with  
joy will thrill;  
Now's the time to help them win; so, rooters, don't  
keep still;  
Cheer them on to victory, and cheer them with a will  
As they go battling for triumph.

TH. E. DEECEY.

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THE heart of youth throbs in the bosom of the future, and its life-current bears the seed of richer harvests than have ever been garnered. O fathers and mothers, O teachers and ministers of God, be mindful that in your hands lie the issues of life and death, that to you are committed the highest and holiest hopes of the race.—*Spalding*.

## Evening Chimes.

HEARKEN thou to those evening chimes  
Melodious floating o'er the air,  
Their soft-toned mellow tinkling rimes  
Are soothing to the soul as pray'r.

I listen till my soul is fed  
By their sad, sweet, fading note,  
And feel the music that they shed  
Will down my life forever float;

For though the sound of those sweet chimes  
Shall sound no more in life for me,  
Surely I'll feel their power sometimes  
While sailing o'er life's rugged sea.

J. L. COONTZ.

## Blind Tom.

BERNARD S. FAHY.

It is old Tom, a negro, poor and blind. There in an out-of-the-way corner on a much worn camp stool he sits; his head is bent forward, his arms crossed before him; he is asleep. Around his neck is a wire which suspends upon his chest a much-dented tin cup. At one side lies a cracked and scarred violin case, on the other, close to his feet, crouches his faithful guide, a frightened little black cur.

As the passers-by become more numerous, the dog gets up, softly rubs against his master's leg, and barks as if to say: "The people are gathering; it will soon be train time." The negro awakes, realizes what the dog means, and with a slow and painful movement stoops over to pick up his violin case; he opens it and carefully takes out an old grease-besmear'd fiddle and bow. Once he feels the beloved instrument in his grasp, his careworn, wrinkled brow relaxes, his head moves gravely from side to side as he slowly passes the bow over the strings.

But as the old negro plays no one pays any attention to him. Men of the rougher class, who are employed around the station, hurry past without noticing him excepting a few who cast a glance in his direction, and then seem to hurry on the more, as if they feared the old man might ask for an alms. Soon, however, there is gathered around the negro a crowd of old men and

boys, little human sparrows of the street with their newspapers in hand. As the old negro plays, these boys, who at first were talkative and trying to sell their papers, become silent; now and then one is seen brushing a tear aside with his sleeve, while another is trying to suppress a sob. Presently with long-drawn-out chords the negro stops. For a time no one moves, then a little black-haired boy reaches into his pocket takes out one of his ten pennies, drops it into the cup, and as if embarrassed by his own generosity hurriedly skips away. And so one after another these little fellows drop their mite into the cup as the old negro pronounces his benediction, "God bless you." He begins to play again, this time the low and plaintive notes of "Home, Sweet Home." But why is it his face is overspread with an expression of thoughtfulness; why are those eyes, but a moment ago glassy and vacant, filled with a look akin to life and feeling? Does "Home, Sweet Home," mean anything to him?

Ah! again he is young and in the happy bonds of slavery. He sees the old plantation; he is in the fields, a boy without care. Again he hears the rich voices of the negroes singing at dusk as they slowly return from the fields; he hears them, gathered together at evening around their cabins, again singing and laughing—free in their very slavery. He throws his whole soul into that old fiddle and draws forth strains of exquisite music that show the purity and peace of the old negro's soul.

The men stand around in silence. Does that picture come before their minds of the old home of happiness and content that was theirs? But the cruel war overshadows it—that parting from home—the long and bloody struggle, the final defeat, the return and the finding of naught but a pile of ashes and ruins on all sides.

The negro stops, the old men offer their little pittance and slowly pass on down the street.

## A Word.

Better far than book or sign

That tells of science, of human art

Is one kind word or earnest line

That gladdens one poor aching heart. MCG.



## Virtue.

WITHIN a plot of gruesome thorns  
 With care I plant a precious seed,  
 And ere a leaf the bulb adorns  
 My neighbors say it is a weed.

It grows apace and blooms in turn;  
 Men come to gather of its seed;  
 Its beauty some have failed to learn,  
 For them it blossoms still a weed.

W. O'D.

## . Cleary.

Bill Cleary was a "cop," and as such he was hated by all the boys in his district. The circumstance which made matters worse was that Bill had a very good way of using his fists, and upon the slightest provocation these weapons of defence were put into play. Many a lad had felt the hardness of Bill's knuckles, and no doubt if he had had the choice he would rather have marched to jail than to have undergone the treatment the big policeman was ever willing to give.

Jack Meagher and Alfred Rivard, two jolly young fellows, had unfortunately come into the officer's clutches. As evidences of this, Rivard could put his finger on several very sore spots, and Meagher was trying to hide a black eye. Of course Jack's pride was hurt more than his face, and so he resolved to get even.

At an appointed time Meagher and Rivard met for a council of war. Plans for playing a trick on Cleary were made and discussed, and in their fancy these youths already saw the much-hated and dreaded "cop" paying the penalties of his pugilistic tendencies. The rest of the gang were informed, and all were only too eager to lend a helping hand.

About a week later on a dark evening a small group of young lads was seen standing on a street corner. The gas lamp had been extinguished, and there in the darkness these boys were awaiting the victim of their revenge.

It was about nine o'clock, and Cleary had not yet shown up. The boys began to fear that the policeman would not run over his whole beat and that their work must be postponed to another night. Suddenly, however, they heard the striking of a "billy" against the curb stones. It was Cleary

announcing his approach. The boys immediately yelled a nightly hurrah, and before they were aware of it Bill Cleary was within a few feet of them. The boys of course ran away; only one remained, and this one stood close to the lamp-post. When Cleary caught sight of the figure standing there in the dark his anger rose to a high pitch. He could not understand how anyone could have the daring boldness to stand there. In a gruff voice he ordered the person to move on, but seeing that his command was not obeyed he repeated his order, and, as if to give emphasis to his words, he drew back his fist and struck the figure a terrible blow in the face. The next minute there was a muttered curse, a stifled "ouch." In the vicinity arose merry laughter, for Cleary had broken two knuckles on a wooden dummy which the boys had borrowed from a clothing establishment near by.

F. J. ZERHUSEN.

## Bookless Land.

(Air: "Dixie Land.")

I wish I was in a Bookless college,  
 Naught to do but breathe in knowledge,  
 Look away, look away, look away, Bookless land!  
 The Bookless college I would enter,  
 Has no prefect nor no mentor,  
 Look away, look away, look away, Bookless land!

## CHORUS.

Then I wish I was in Bookless,  
 Hooray! Hooray!  
 Oh! Bookless land, it beats the band—  
 I'd live and die in Bookless.  
 Away, away, away out West in Bookless!  
 Away, away, away out West in Bookless!

Professor X. asked Jones a question,  
 The kid he pleaded indigestion,  
 Look away, look away, look away, Bookless land!  
 But, once upon the festive campus,  
 Jones he snorted like a grampus,  
 Look away, look away, look away, Bookless land!

Two Juniors got their bills for Sorin,  
 Stayed one day and found it foreign,  
 Look away, look away, look away, Bookless land!  
 But when they hied them off to Corby,  
 Bet your life their eyes looked orby,  
 Look away, look away, look away, Bookless land!

In Bookless land is no demerit,  
 Or, if there is, you soon can square it,  
 Look away, look away, look away, Bookless land!  
 So friends and others, just take warning,  
 To Bookless land I'm off some morning,  
 Look away, look away, look away, Bookless land.

A. WHEELER.

# NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC

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Notre Dame, Indiana, October 14, 1905.

—It will be noted that in this week's issue of the SCHOLASTIC we have received two more contributions in the form of college songs. We hope that these shall act as a stimulus not only for the students, but for the alumni and friends of the University as well. The class-poets of former years must surely have made marked progress in versifying ability; and a song or two from them—as well as from former editors—will be highly appreciated.

—Public opinion has again been justly aroused on account of football fatalities, this time the chief source being the unpleasant incident which happened last Saturday in a game.

The usual outbursts against the barbarity and brutality exhibited in this chief college sport are once more heard. Some have been continually warring against the game, arguing that it should be absolutely prohibited; while others of better judgment seek only the exclusion of all brutal and cowardly acts. This latter class which should find an ardent apostle in every student, has its most powerful advocate in the chief executive of the United States. But laying aside the fact that he occupies that first and highest position in the land, we must take cognizance of his views for other strong reasons.

In the first place it is known that from his youth Mr. Roosevelt has ever taken an active part in athletics and other manly sports. He advises students to participate in sports which involve slight risks, and which demand a display of courage and bravery; for he that indulges in but parlor

games, etc., becomes little more than a milksop. He loves football as do the vast majority of college men; but he heartily detests anything which savors of brutality. His is not a cry against the injuries accruing from the rough game, but it is an expression of abhorrence for the conduct of those who intentionally and wantonly seek to inflict injuries. Those who commit such dastardly acts as that one of last Saturday are certainly deserving of ostracism. Spectators should show their detestation of these malicious deeds. And let us hope that the coaches and the managers themselves will take heed of the good advice tendered to them by the President, and see to it that football does not enter that domain of athletic combats to which prize-fights especially belongs. Football is the spice in the life of the student during the first semester, and the prohibition of it would come as a death-blow to its many admirers.

—From Nebraska, land of wheat and cyclones, comes the intelligence of a unique movement which in time must rival even Woman Suffrage in the affections of the discriminating public. This great movement is none other than the formation of a Red Head's Club by such students as may be eligible at Nebraska University. The ends of this club, so far as can be learned, are to promote fraternity among red-haired men and to compile a list of famous personages whom nature has so adorned. The importance of this great movement should not be underestimated. Indeed so deep is the impression it has made upon us that we should like to assist the project by placing before the committee on eligibility as a candidate for honorary membership the name of Esau.

Of course it is not to be expected that our candidate should come up to the full requirements of admission, for Esau sold only his birthright, whereas every present member of the organization has bartered his reputation for common-sense.

—There is nothing more offensive, more brutal in college life than hazing. In former years the East had been the chief scene of this intolerable misdemeanor; but with the

opening weeks of school in our Western Universities we find that the field of this particular sort of misconduct has been changed. Two of our largest colleges have received well-deserved censure for the actions of their students. However, there is one redeeming feature connected with these, and that is the action taken by the presidents and faculties. In yesterday's paper we read of the expulsion of several students from the University of Michigan. The principal reason for which the action was taken, was the hazing of two of the professors whom the students mistook for freshmen. In other places the assistance of policemen has been found necessary to quell the rioters and prevent destruction of property. The method adopted by President Angell is highly commendable and should serve as an excellent example for others to imitate.

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—Nearly seventy-five years ago during a performance of "Othello" in a London theatre, the "pride and glory of the English stage" was stricken down. Last night, in a manner hardly less dramatic than Edmund Kean, that peerless tragedian, Sir Henry Irving passed out of this life immediately after the conclusion of a performance of "Becket." His death at the present time was unexpected but not unheralded, for he himself only a few days ago remarked that "the sands of my life are running out." And it is a still more singular thing that up to the moment of his death there seemed to be no diminution of his power. It is, however, a most fitting end for a man who accomplished such success in his lifetime, that his last performance should be one of his best, his swan-song as he floated away from the river of life into the sea of eternity.

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The following may prove interesting as an instance of the opposite extremes which men sometimes reach on the same question. In the State of Texas recently a petition was received by the Governor requesting that it be declared legal to lynch negroes. Although from the standpoint of the person aggrieved no punishment can fully compensate for or equal such crimes as have usually been the cause of lynching, yet the general welfare of society forbids such an

illegal proceeding, and the Governor of Texas replied to the petitioners that the constitution of the state would not permit him to acquiesce in such a proposal. The other extreme is noted in the sentimental cry against capital punishment in the state of Vermont. The condemnation to death of a woman guilty of an almost incredible crime gave the signal for certain effeminate and over-charitable personages to hold up their hands in horror at the—to them—sacrilegious act of hanging a woman. Following her reprieve this condemned person showed her worthiness of such treatment by committing another most unnatural crime within the prison walls. Defense of such a character is childish and foolish. The old Biblical law of "An eye for an eye and a tooth for a tooth," which is regarded by some as cruel and excessive, can be rightly applied in such cases as this, and the modern method of administering capital punishment is often an ill-deserved kindness.

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—In the great metropolis of the United States there is a band of men, numbering one hundred, organized for the purpose of perpetuating the fame and glory of our chief American citizens. The club, which holds quinquennial meetings, began its career in 1900, at which time twenty-nine names were enrolled among the imperishable. Eleven were elected at the last balloting, making the total number of immortals forty. To enter the Hall of Fame it is necessary that the candidate receive at least fifty-two votes. One may imagine how difficult it is to win a place when they learn that such illustrious men as Andrew Jackson, Garfield, Blaine, Daniel Boone and Calhoun, were cast out as unfitted for the select. Practically, all Americans, men and women, are eligible after death, but more especially those that have distinguished themselves in politics, law education, literature. The organization is as yet but in its infancy; and we may look forward to its far-reaching effects. It shall be an incentive to the latent ambition of the young men and women to-day; it shall be a reward for a profitable life; and lastly it shall keep continually before us the lives of men to whom we owe an unforgettable debt of gratitude.

## Senior Class Election.

On Wednesday evening the senior class held a meeting in the Columbian room for the purpose of organization. The following officers were elected: President, J. F. Shea; Vice-President, A. J. Stopper; Secretary, H. P. Fisher; Treasurer, T. A. Lally.

Though there are many popular men in the class of this year, probably none are better equipped to occupy the highest offices than are John Shea and Anthony Stopper who are known not only as conscientious workers in the class-room, but as stars of the baseball team. Both played their first year on the Varsity last season, and distinguished themselves for their remarkable ability in handling the sphere, the former scooping "grounders" at short-stop, the latter taking in the "pick-ups" at first base.

The class, as a whole, is much pleased with the result of the election. Every officer chosen is the choice of the majority, as the member most fitted for the position to which he has been elected. The selection of class-poet, historian and orator was suggested at the meeting; but after a thorough discussion, it was decided to lay the matter on the table until the next meeting. Judging from the work of the '06 men in the English class and from their excellent contributions to the SCHOLASTIC, it is safe to say that the remaining offices will be filled by men as capable, if not more so, than those who have held these honors in former years. The class is one of the largest in the history of the University; and from the present outlook and their work in the past, the members are to make their last year the brightest and most profitable. To-day the class appeared at Mass in caps and gowns for the first time.

## Athletic Notes.

NOTRE DAME, 28; MICHIGAN "AGGIES," 0.

Coach McGlew's men defeated the Michigan Agriculture College team last Saturday by the score of 28 to 0. Although the score is not equal to the one made the week before against North Division it nevertheless shows a decided improvement in the team.

While McGlew was not exactly satisfied with the work he gave the men all the credit due them, and feels certain that if they follow his instructions and work hard in preparation for the game, they will hold Wisconsin to a low score, and may score on them in the coming game.

The Aggies proved a formidable lot in weight and speed. In the first part of the game they promised to furnish the Varsity with a fierce contest; but after the first ten minutes they lost some of their stubborn opposition, and although by no means quitting—for they were a scrappy team and good fighters—the Varsity scored 28 points on them.

McKenna was the only man who could gain ground for the visitors. Time and again he squirmed through the line and cross bucked for good gains. On defense he was a tower of strength, and not a yard was made around him during the whole game. Michigan's defense was good at times; their ends were almost impossible to circle, most of our ground-gaining being done first off tackle and straight line bucks by Captain Beacom, B. Downs and Funk.

On defense our line showed well. They charged faster and harder than in the game a week before; on offensive we were at times ragged and slow, possibly due to the backfield, Hill, Downs and Bracken, as they had never worked together before. Once they were finally settled they tore up the Aggies' line, and shot across and around tackle for good consistent gains, Downs being especially strong in bucking the line, while Hill's short end runs were good for first down several times. Funk replaced Downs at full-back in the second half and played in unusually good form. Several times he appeared to be down, but struggled along for three and four yards more. Captain Beacom was, when called back of the line, a sure ground-gainer, and tore through the visitors' line for six and eight yards at a time. McAvoy's sixty yard run was the only real sensational work during the entire game, as straight football was played by both teams.

Due to a misunderstanding a complete account, including summary of the game was not taken for the SCHOLASTIC, hence the write up in full is impossible.

Line-Up

Notre Dame (28)		Mich. Agric. College (0)
Draper, Callierate	L E	Holdsworth
Funk	L T	Strand
Beacom	L G	Fisk, Parker
Sheehan	C	Burrows
Donovan	R G	Boonsluter
M. Downs	R T	McDermid, Fraser
McAvoy	R E	Boyle
Silver	Q B	Small
Bracken, Draper	R H	McKenna
Hill, Hutzal	L H	Shedd
W. Downs, Funk	F B	Doty

Touchdowns—Silver, Beacom, W. Downs, M. Downs, Funk. Goals—W. Downs (2), Funk. Referee—Studebaker. Umpire—Kilpatrick. Linesmen—Stoeckley, Keefe, P. McKenna. Timekeepers—Hitchcock and Cosgrove. Time of halves—Twenty-five and twenty minutes.

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The three North Division men, Hill, Paupa and Rennacker, have received an undue amount of notoriety in and out of the school, due to their so-called desertion of Notre Dame's football team. It has been known that for some time, in fact ever since school opened in September, that the three men above mentioned were somewhat discontented here; it is also known that a certain Le Roy, an old North Division athlete, now at Wisconsin, has been trying to induce these men to leave Notre Dame and join the Badgers. Whether or not their intentions are Wisconsin is not known; it is sufficient they have gone from here. Alleged reports in the newspaper have caused comment. Coach McGlew has been censured for his favoritism, so-called by the newspapers. That these men met with disfavor with the Coach has been circulated freely, but on its face that is untrue.

Every man in school has always, and has now, only to prove his ability as a better football player than any man on the Varsity, and the position is his. A discussion on such a subject is not worth time spent in so doing, suffice it to say it is absurd to think that these men, or any other, would be kept off the team due to personal likes or dislikes. It has, moreover, been proven that such was not the cause for their leaving, as the men themselves denied that they left because they were not receiving fair treatment as has been said. It is an unfortunate affair from beginning to end, and for a time will hamper the progress of the team, as these men were working daily in active

positions, and now new men will have to be developed to fill their places. Yet although they will be missed, the Varsity will not disband, or in any other way be corrupted by these desertions; in fact, Notre Dame has and can play football under most any condition, and this case, although the first of its kind here, will make but little difference in the team.

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Lawrence McNerny, Captain elect of the baseball team and for the past two years end on the football team, has been compelled due to injuries to give up football for good. Last year in the Wisconsin game McNerny was injured, and among the other bruises he sustained the most injurious was water on the knee. For a time last season he thought of giving up the game, but as his knee grew better he again made his appearance on the field and played in the last game of the season against Purdue. This year he returned late, and when hardly in condition went in the second half against North Division High School, and again injured his knee. As a result he has been laid up in the infirmary for more than a week, his knee being in a dangerous condition, and although there is no doubt as to its recovery in the proper course of time, he has played his last football game for Notre Dame. McNerny will be missed as he was a good reliable end, a hard worker, a sure tackler and above all a heady player; but as he intends to play baseball and is captain for the coming year, any further attempts at football is liable to put him out of baseball as well as football, so it is expedient that he give up the latter. All unite in wishing him speedy recovery, and in thanking him for his services for the past two years.

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"Jim" Keefe, the star quarter-miler and "sub" end last year on the football team, made his appearance on the field for the first time this year, Tuesday. Keefe has had but one year's experience at football, but proved that he could be relied upon whenever he was called to fill a position either in the back field or at end.

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The lights have been installed in the "Gym" and every night the team line up and go through the plays and signals by

electric light the same as they do in the daytime. Every means possible is being employed by Coach McGlew to fit the men to meet Wisconsin Saturday. If hard work, care, and untiring energy on his part can make a team, Notre Dame should have as good a team if not better than ever before. All the available men on the squad are being worked hard. Men are being developed to take the place of regulars. Those who start in the game next Saturday can feel that there are men waiting on the side lines to take their places who can creditably fill them. Heretofore that was one thing Notre Dame lacked—good, reliable “subs;” but this year she is most fortunate in having men who can go in whenever called upon and put up a game nearly as good as the regular Varsity men.

Since McNerny's injury, Callicrate has been working at left end, and he will probably start the game there Saturday. This is his first year, but he has proven that he is Varsity material, and is putting up a good steady game in his position. Munson, Eggeman and Joyce are working hard in the line, and all can be depended on should their services be required.

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The Corby Hall football team is working hard in preparation for the game with Benton Harbor next Thursday. Ambrose O'Connell has been elected manager and is a popular favorite, energetic and capable, and is conceded by all to be the right man in the right place. The squad of candidates has been largely increased during the week due chiefly to the efforts of Captain Keach. Quinn and Scales made their first appearance as half-backs and are showing up well. They are fast and aggressive and can be counted on to do their share.

Nabers at centre is playing a good game, and will make a valuable lineman. Berteling is putting up a star game at quarter and shows good judgment in running the team. Altgelt and Magnus are the ends, and both are fast and sure tacklers. Paine is successfully filling the hole left vacant by the retirement of Henning.

The defeat at the hands of the ex-Juniors has put new life into the team, and the men hope to put up a creditable showing against the fast Benton Harbor aggregation.

Although greatly handicapped for want of a campus on which to practise, Captain Keach is drilling his men well, and they promise to rival the famous team of last year.

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## EX-JUNIOR SECOND TEAM IN DEFEAT.

The Carrollites, captained by Hilton and backed by Bro. Vital, won 6-5 in a fine exhibition of football from the ex-Junior second team. Although outweighed considerably, the lighter line held well, and the ex-Carroll Hallers' end runs always resulted in losses. Hilton, Petritz and Garrity played a fast game, but Garrity in making a tackle back of the line in the second half sprained his ankle and had to be taken out of the game. After the touchdown Long kicked the goal from a great angle and won the game for Carroll. The ex-Juniors need coaching and practise; Reilly, Sorg and McAleenan, however, played a star game. The ex-Carrollites missed kicking goal, thus failing to tie the score.

Bro. Vital says the prospects of winning from St. Columbkille's on his team's second annual trip to Chicago are good; Carroll, Petritz and Rice, new men, giving the backs tussles for their positions.

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The following will probably be the Notre Dame line-up in the game with Wisconsin this afternoon:

McAvoy	Right End
M. Downs	Right Tackle
Donovan	Right Guard
Sheehan	Centre
Beacom, Capt.	Left Guard
Funk	Left Tackle
Callicrate	Left End
Silver	Quarter-Back
Draper	Right Half
Bracken	Left Half
W. Downs	Full Back

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 Personals.
 

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—Mr. Varnum A. Parrish, Momence, Ill., paid a short visit to the University last week. Varnum's old friends among the Faculty and students were very glad to meet him. He is now teaching school in Illinois. In his student days, Varnum was

always among the foremost in his class. May the success that attended him here follow him through life!

—Mr. Edward Opfergelt, a former student of architecture in the University, stopped over here last Tuesday on his way East. Mr. Opfergelt was at Notre Dame from 1900 to '04, and during that time he was active in athletics, developing into a fine pitcher. Last spring he was on the University of Illinois team, and he is now going to Fordham, New York. We wish him success in his new venture.

—We are in receipt of a card announcing the marriage of Miss Bertha Adele, Montgomery, to Mr. J. Francis Corr. This glad tidings is especially interesting to old students who well remember Mr. Corr as one of their number. We are always glad to hear of old friends joining the ranks of the benedicks, and the SCHOLASTIC joins in wishing them every happiness and success in their new sphere of life.

—Mr. Peter McElligott (Law '02) was a very welcome visitor at the University last Sunday. Mr. McElligott left his home in New York City to spend two weeks' vacation with friends in Chicago. He rightly deemed it disloyal not to stop off at his *Alma Mater* on his way back. During his entire collegiate course Peter was a steady, hard worker, a fact which now counts for his great success at the bar.

—Mr. Frank Petritz (E. E. '02) of Rockford, Ill., paid a brief visit to his brother and to his many friends at the University during the past week. Frank was always a hard, conscientious worker. The excellent record in class work established by him will not soon be forgotten. He is rapidly progressing, and may his success continue.

#### Card of Sympathy.

Whereas, God, in His infinite goodness and mercy, has seen fit to call to Himself the stepfather of our fellow-student and friend of Carroll Hall, Pascual Orozco; and

Whereas, we feel heartily sorry for the great loss he has sustained; therefore, be it

Resolved, that we, the undersigned, on behalf of his friends and companions, tender him and all the members of the bereaved family our sincerest sympathy; and also that a copy of these resolutions be printed in the SCHOLASTIC.

Luis Palomar

Luis Villanueva

Xavier L. Carcuera

Gustavo S. Trevino

Samuel Guerra

Benjamin Enriquez

Sincere sorrow has been expressed on account of the sudden demise of Mr. T. L. Parada who departed this life in Chicago while on his journey to his home in Mexico. The funeral took place in the Sacred Heart Church at Notre Dame, Oct. 5. The Very Rev. President, Father Cavanaugh, sang the Requiem High Mass, after which the Latin-American students, numbering about one hundred, marched in procession, accompanying the remains to Cedar Grove Cemetery, where the body was laid to rest. Father Marr officiated at the final obsequies. The pall-bearers were: Ignacio Cañedo, Evaristo Batlle, Samuel Guerra, Juan L. Carcuera, Manuel Moreno, and Manuel Quevedo.

#### Local Items.

—Found.—A fountain-pen. Owner may obtain same by calling at Room 36, Sorin Hall, and proving ownership.

—Lost.—In the Main Building or trunk room, a long, light-brown rain-coat. Please leave in care of prefect of Brownson Hall.

—The tall and short Hoosiers met in the the Sorin Hall reading-room last evening to organize for the ensuing year. Owing to lack of space a full account of the meeting will not appear till next week.

—Have you seen the new picture of the Rev. Dr. Kilroy, '49, one of the first two graduates of Notre Dame? It hangs in the second corridor of Brownson Hall. Dr. Kilroy's classmate was Father Gillespie, C. S. C.

—What about a kodak club? It certainly ought to take. Will it develop? Let's try. Already the firm, Thomas, Leo & Co., have been taking the eye of the close observers, and, incidentally, they have caught the sun.

—The Sorin Debating Society met in the smoking-room this week and held a debate on the question: "Resolved, That we need some steam." The contest was very one-sided and resulted in a unanimous decision for the affirmative.

—Last Tuesday evening the first rehearsal of the "Merchant of Venice" was held by the Senior Dramatic Organization. The cast is under the capable direction of Mr. Frederic Carr, Prof. of Oratory. It is planned to stage the play some time in November.

—Several valuable historical works have been recently added to the library shelves. These books were selected by Prof. Edwards during his recent sojourn in Europe, and their addition to the present historical section will greatly increase its efficiency as a source of unimpeachable reference.

—This morning the little men of Saint Edward's Hall held their annual

games, in part celebration of the feast-day of the Founder of the University and of their hall which received its name from his patron saint. Running, jumping, hurdling and bicycle races constituted the amusements. The prizes will be distributed this evening. A full account of their sports will appear in the next issue.

—The fourth regular meeting of the Philopatrians was held last Wednesday evening, Oct. 11. A motion was made that a new pin for the society be adopted. The motion was not carried. A very interesting and enjoyable program was rendered. As usual Mr. Hilton made the hit of the evening in his recitation. New reporters were chosen. There being no further business before the house, the meeting adjourned.

—Amazed and bewildered beyond all hope of expression was one peace-loving Sorinite last week when he discovered that an unorganized band of White Cappers demanded \$25 to be put under the steps of the Main Building at twelve midnight. But Conan, a sleuth of Sorin fame, traced the odious perpetrators of the villainous infamy to their lurking-place, and to-day they lie imprisoned in the Tri-county jail.

—The experiment of forming a circulating library of the best contemporaneous fiction, introduced last year by Prof. Reno in his English classes, has proved an unqualified success and will be continued this year. The fund for the purchase of these books is provided by the monthly assessment of a small amount on each member of the class. At the end of the school year the accumulated volumes are distributed among the class members, and become their permanent property.

—By mistake an account of the Senior Law Class election was omitted from last week's issue of the SCHOLASTIC. We hereby wish to apologize to the members of the aforesaid body for our seeming dereliction of duty and subjoin a list of the officers as chosen by the class: President, Lawrence A. McNerny; Vice-President, Clayton C. Golden; Secretary, William F. Perce; Treasurer, Ralph C. Madden; Sergeant-at-Arms, Albert A. Oberst. This class has a total membership of seventeen, and bids fair to rival the best of the classes of former years.

—Mr. Andrew Hunt canvassed Brownson Hall for subscribers for the SCHOLASTIC and increased the number to fifty. Brownsonites who do not take the SCHOLASTIC may get a free copy from Mr. Hunt to judge of the character of its contents. If they do not find it of varied excellence, they will be less appreciative than many outsiders. In a certain convent school the SCHOLASTIC

was found so interesting and instructive that the directress had many of the articles read publicly in the refectory. Let us then support our college paper by subscribing for it, by furnishing it with items of news, and by making its merits known to others.

—Last Wednesday evening St. Joseph's Literary and Debating Society held their regular meeting. The lengthy programme was well rendered. The debate: "Resolved, That Canada be annexed to the United States," was upheld by Messrs. Wolfe and Schmitt on the affirmative; while the negative was upheld by Messrs. Kelly and Doyle. Judging from the keen interest which was manifested throughout the debate, the success and stability of the society is assured for the coming year. After Messrs. Cleary, Brown and Collier had contributed to the carrying out of the programme the success of inter-hall debating was again discussed.

—The Ohio Club met last Saturday evening and organized for the year with an increased membership. The following officers were elected: President, A. Alton Kotte; Vice-President, A. W. McFarland; Treasurer, C. Leah Devine; Recording Secretary, F. A. Zink; Corresponding Secretary, H. L. Danemiller; Sergeant-at-Arms, W. A. Hutchins. The Rev. Fathers Cavanaugh and Crumley were unanimously elected Promoter and Spiritual Director, respectively. Prof. J. F. Edwards, to whose efforts the origination of the club is due, was made Honorary President. Plans of entertainment were discussed, and a year of social profit and pleasure is anticipated. Reverend Fathers Cavanaugh, Crumley, Regan and Moloney, and Profs. Edwards, J. J. Green, R. L. Green, and S. Steele, were made Honorary members.

—The Browning Literary Association reorganized for the coming year last Wednesday evening with great pomp. Mr. Van Dalia of Alabama was elected to the office of club elucidator but was unable to accept the position owing to his failure in passing the necessary examinations which consisted of the reading of a section from the U. S. Constitution. The elections were held over again, and this time the balloting resulted in the choice of T. Aloysius Hammer of Knoxville, Tenn. The remaining time of the evening was devoted to social pleasures. Mr. McNearland rendered several vocal selections in his own pleasing way, and was followed by Mr. William Robinson who recited for the delectation of his admirers a selection entitled "Regulus to the Carthaginians." Mr. Robinson had his subject well in hand, and this together with his well-modulated voice and ease of gesture won warm applause.