

The Notre Dame Scholastic

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

VOL. XXXIX.

NOTRE DAME, INDIANA, DECEMBER 2, 1905.

No. 12.

Thanksgiving.

THOMAS E. BURKE, '07.

THIS day a mighty nation lifts its voice
In gratitude for benefits untold:
A free and happy people all rejoice
Within a common fold.

Be it that plenteous peace forever live,
Or famine, war or plague invest our sod;
This day an earnest nation yet will give
In thankfulness to God.

The Martyr Chancellor of England.

WILLIAM C. O'BRIEN, '06.



ROM out the heart of England rise hundreds of monuments bespeaking the life and deeds of her deceased sons; men who served their country, who loved and cherished all that is noble in life, whose memory perfumes the land day after day, around whose tomb the nation weaves garlands of glory every year that their names may not pass into oblivion. Some of these were valiant men who fought amidst shot and shell, in hunger and cold, till they fell bathed in their own blood to preserve the nation's name; some were great orators who thrilled the hearts of the multitude; some were great kings or queens who swayed the sceptre of power. Although all these may shine out like luminaries in the firmament of fame, this one, on account of his noble life and his glorious death for a divine principle, stands out before them all.

He was one of those whom Heaven sends when we need them; who have grown out of an age of corruption like a flower that springs from the withered bramble; one of those who have been our light in times of darkness, our hope in the hour of despair.

Long years ago when the world was crushed by despots, lost and sunk in an abyss of slavery and oppression, and every ray of hope seemed gone; when the whole world seemed lost in the darkness of confusion, a star appeared in the heavens proclaiming "Peace on earth, good will to men." The Saviour of the world was come to heal the bleeding wounds of slaves. And when our colonies were weighed down with tyranny, and men no longer able to sustain its burden were crying out for freedom, the great orator, Patrick Henry, came forth and stirred the nation to action by those burning words: "Give us liberty or give us death." When the gleaming light of peace and unity, so much enjoyed by the Church in England, was fast fading away; when Christian kings and princes were battling with one another; when the Church was becoming corrupt from heretics gnawing at her bosom, and men's consciences seemed crushed with the too eager desire to serve their king; when that king that was to force men to approve his unjust demands was soon to be born and men were gazing out into the dark horizon wondering who their savior would be, the clouds rolled back and there appeared the vision of Sir Thomas More, clothed in a mantle of truth and beauty, love and duty.

Born of a noble family, gifted with a powerful intellect, a keen judgment, a rich imagination giving forth its thoughts in strains of choicest words; cheerful, kind and amiable; a friend to the rich and the

learned; a benefactor of the poor and the ignorant; a fond husband, a gentle and indulgent father—a model for every man; graced with every manly beauty and with a genius more than human, he saw the evils impending over the king's court, its folly, its crimes and injustice. Day after day he fasted, and prayed, and meditated, and hoped; and oft as he leaned his cheek upon his half-closed hand gazing out on the vast world, he wondered what work God had destined him to do. His soul beheld for a moment the means by which he might create a reform. At last the hour of his public career came. That life that had gone about silently scattering its perfumes to the breezes every day was now to be revealed that men might see its grandeur and admire its beauty. The doors of the king's court were thrown back and he was bade to enter. A new life—combats and dangers surrounded his mortal frame on every side; his soul beheld in anticipation the work before him; the future was but a picture of tears and smiles.

With slow and solemn steps he entered that hall of fame, for at that moment a halo seemed to play around his head telling him he had taken the first step toward his execution. His learning, his reputation and his legal acquirements lifted him higher and higher in the king's favor, so that in a short time he was promoted from a mere lawyer to councilor, treasurer, knight and even to the lofty dignity of Lord High Chancellor—the noblest and best that ever filled that sacred office. His power and ability were shown on every occasion. It was he that guided the king's hand in the affairs of government, that devised every good plan, that warded off the evils. When his voice was raised, others became silent; when others had debated, favored, resolved upon a certain bill, and every member of the entire council had given his approbation, his arguments over-ruled them all, so that all alone he could sway the judgment of the whole court. He was not led off by others nor bound by human respect. He never sought shelter in the shadow of any man's shield, nor did he "pin his soul to another man's back."

Yet it is not these things alone that have made his name immortal. His greatness had a deeper, a nobler, and a holier source.

The time came when his soul was to be tried in the furnace of temptation. Henry VIII. who had been leading a licentious and dissipated life, was about to make an unjust demand upon his court to satisfy his pride and passions, to further his divorce from Queen Catherine and his marriage with Anne Boleyn. He had hoped to use Sir Thomas as a powerful aid for this end; but Sir Thomas seeing the inevitable outcome, and seeming to forget every preferment, the honors and dignity around him, the friends he would lose and the enemies he would make, speedily sent his resignation to the king. But Henry was not to be overthrown in his design. Accordingly he sent out a decree demanding every man over twenty-one years of age to sign the oath for his divorce and marriage under the penalty of death. This was the beginning of the contest between More and Henry. Hundreds of others had been conquered by the king's demand, but Sir Thomas was the first to refuse: "Some," he says, "may do this for favor; some may do it through fear; some may satisfy their conscience with some strange idea; some may swear one thing and think another; some may do it in good faith, but for me, I can not, nay, I will not, sign the oath. When my conscience says 'tis right, then, and not till then, shall I give my consent."

Upon this refusal, the king sent four of his greatest dignitaries to persuade him further. At first they sought to win him by kindness, reminding him of all the favors the king had conferred on him, and of all the others that were yet to come if he should sign the oath; showing him the long list of members of Parliament, the universities, the bishops, priests, and rectors who had already done so, urging him by every gentle means. The parched lips of the beggars in the street uttering the last cry of bread could not have entreated so earnestly as these men besought Sir Thomas to sign the oath. But their prayers melted away like drops of dew in the morning sun. When they saw that kindness was of no avail, they changed their words into threats calling him an ungrateful traitor (the worst name that could be given), telling him that refusal meant dishonor, ruin and death. But to all these he answered: "My lords, these be arguments for children." Here were the two

great paths open before him: one which led to wealth, power, glory and fame; the way which led to the society of all the nobility; the way which led to ease, comfort and every luxury; the way which led up to the temple of fame wherein hundreds of names were carved in gold—all this Sir Thomas could have if he would sign the oath. The other was the way bestrewn with thorns, lonely and dreary; marked out with bitter tears; overhung with the shadow of death: the way of truth, justice and loyalty—this was the way Sir Thomas chose.

The vision of an hundred mortal enemies ready to plunge upon him and flashing shields on every side; the sight of the humiliation and reproaches; the thought of punishment, torture and death; the exhortations of friends and weeping children urging him on every side, but all in vain. This virtuous and noble man, this great statesman, this most loyal of subjects whose life had withered away in the service of his king and country, whose intellect had been a tower of strength in the government, whose heart had always vibrated to every gentle wish of friends and family, could not, nay, would not, do so now. Neither genius, nor eloquence, nor love, nor threats could turn his mind from the path of righteousness.

So he was cast into a lonely prison; shut off from the beauty of God's sunlight; deprived of friends, honors and every comfort. He that ever had servants to run at his call, friends and loving children around him, who was greeted with honors everywhere; he who had stood on the highest pinnacle of fame next to the king, whose freedom had been as great as the birds of the air, now all alone living among the vermin that tormented his body by day and gnawed his body while he slept, living among filth, in extreme poverty and want. If we measure the greatness of a deed by the sacrifice it costs us, then indeed this was a sublime one.

Nor was this the end. The day for his trial came. Hundreds of persons assembled round the prison walls, not to greet him with acclamations of joy nor to hail him who had been their friend and benefactor, their counselor and their advocate, but to insult and jeer him. The iron doors that have entombed his body during fifteen months grate with joy. And there from

that dark prison cell comes one that had been so strong, so active, so beautiful in every feature; who had received every honor from the lowest to the highest; who had been the nation's judge, comes forth now as a criminal, old and worn from long confinement, ragged and beggarly, his hair stiff and silvery, his feeble body leaning on a staff, dragged through the streets by a brutal guard in obedience to the king's command. His friends and family who loved him dearly, strangers who had never known him before, and even enemies, could not restrain their tears so terrible was the scene.

The trial was but a repetition of his refusal. The sentence of death was passed upon him, and he was led back to prison to await the execution. Two scenes that occurred on his way to the prison were not only touching, but were even greater inducements for him to sign the oath. The guard, after urging him with a heavy heart and the tears streaming down their cheeks, bade him farewell for the last time. And just as he was about to gaze upon the world for the last time, when he was on the verge of stepping from life into death, his daughter that he had always loved with a tender love rushed through the crowd and ran to him, embraced him lovingly and begged him to consent. When she had gone away, unsatisfied she ran back again, seeming to forget everyone around her; and throwing herself into his arms, clung to him and entreated him again and again to sign the oath. Oh, this would have changed the most obstinate mind, but More persevered. He took his last look on the world and entered the prison to await his death.

On the morning of the 6th of July the guard announced to him that he had only a few hours to live. Having thanked them he sent them away and robed himself for the execution. A mighty king was to wreak vengeance on a poor crumbling mass of flesh. All alone he came to the place of execution; no streaming banners to announce his coming; no soft music to cheer him on; no comrades to spur him to victory; his head bent, his heart uplifted, ready for death. The hand of the executioner was raised for the blow. One chance yet remained for him to set himself free, to lift himself from the depth of misery to the

highest pinnacle of fame—one chance to choose between life and death; but Sir Thomas remained unchanged. Having breathed a fervent prayer to Heaven, he placed his head upon the block and received the fatal but glorious blow that will adorn his brow forever with the martyr's crown.

Thus More, the Chancellor and statesman, hero and man, passed away. His bleeding body was lifted from the place of execution; his noble soul that lived and thrived with lofty aims on earth had found its rest. The ever-flowing stream of time went on, and More's death seemed to have affected it little; but his life and his death have purged that stream and left it purified forever. His battle was not directed for a nation's political good, nor for its mere reform, nor to stir it to action by his patriotism, but against an evil that has been the ruin not of one nation alone, but which has eaten the bosom of many nations; the evil that destroyed our families; scattered far and wide our children—the flowers of the land; the curse that every noble citizen and every patriot soldier must fight against—the evil of divorce. We reap the golden harvest of his life and death; our minds have been ennobled, our intellects strengthened, our hearts purified. As time, which marks all events with its gentle hand, stirs again the recollection of bygone days, the spirit of More will live again, and every mournful breeze, chilled by his death, will receive new warmth from his memory.

THE love of pleasure is inborn—it gives potency to faith and hope—the wellsprings of joy. It is the business of religion and education not to weaken this impulse, but to control and guide it that man may learn to find pleasure in thinking and doing the best things. Love of action is inborn—vital force must exercise itself or dwindle and perish. Here again it is the business of religion and education not to thwart or undermine energy, but to lead men to become self-active in their spiritual being. They who combine, in this way, the love of pleasure with the love of action, are the noblest and the most useful.—*Spalding*.

Restoration.

CHARLES L. O'DONNELL, '06.

FROM these dead leaves the winds have caught
And on the brown earth fling,
Yea, from their dust, new hosts will rise
At the trumpet-call of Spring.

Thus may the wind our ashes take,
Yet in that last dusk dim,
When God's eye hath burnt up the worlds,
This flesh will stand with Him.

The Fire at Miza Park.

ALEXANDER H. MCFARLAND, '06.

Situated on a bluff overlooking the Hudson River, at the little hamlet of Selville, was the magnificent country home of J. W. Haven, a Wall Street millionaire. This beautiful estate, which was situated just on the outskirts of the village, was surrounded by a wooded park. It was a typical rich man's retreat, one of the many found on the shores of the Hudson. Thoroughly equipped with fine colonial mansion, stables, kennels and a large retinue of servants, the establishment represented a small fortune in itself. In the village little was known of the Haven family beyond the fact that they were rich city folks who had bought Miza Park some ten years before the event which I am about to relate. People of the village who dealt with Mr. Haven described him as a shrewd, cunning man who loved to win in a bargain and who was not scrupulous as to the means he used to gain his end.

On the night before Thanksgiving a few years ago the mansion of Miza Park was burned to the ground. Several curious incidents about the case caused the State Fire Insurance Company who had insured the property for one hundred thousand dollars to refuse to pay the policy. As a private detective I was given the investigation of the fire, and some of the facts connected with it were put before me by the insurance company for examination. It seems that

by some unaccountable stupidity on the part of the company the house had been insured for twenty thousand dollars more than it was worth. The policy would have expired at the end of November, and as Mr. Haven was well aware that he could not renew for the same amount, the insurance company believed that he had destroyed his home to gain the twenty thousand dollars over-insurance.

The same day that I accepted the case for the company, Mr. Haven came to me and offered a thousand dollars if I would clear up the mystery of the destruction of his house. Here was a quandary indeed. Perhaps he knew that the insurance people had employed me, and this was only a trick to throw me off the track. If, however, the insurance people were right in their suspicions, to be working for Mr. Haven would only serve to find the culprit more quickly, so I accepted his proposition.

From Mr. Haven I learned that a few days before the fire he had had trouble with a servant and had discharged him. The man had gone away vowing to get even. Mr. Haven's theory was that the man had set fire to the house.

The day of the fire the house had been closed for the winter and the servants celebrated the event by a dance in the village. Besides Mr. Haven there was left at the Park only the watchman who related that he had gone to the stables for a few minutes and that when he returned to the house he found the interior of the east wing enveloped in flames. By the time he had given the alarm and assistance from the village had arrived the fire was beyond control. In the east wing was situated a storeroom full of old furniture and other inflammable material, and from the dense black smoke the watchman believed that oil had been burning.

Some suspicion might be connected with Mr. Haven's movements that night. He had come up from the city in the morning to tend to the final shutting up of the house, and seemed particularly anxious to be rid of the servants that evening. When the last of the household had left for the dance he was still there, according to the watchman who did not know when he had left the grounds. Mr. Haven appeared at the fire with the

villagers. He said he was on his way to the train when he saw the flames and hastily returned.

I employed an expert fire-insurance examiner and took him over the ruins. After a thorough examination of the blackened walls and *débris* he declared that from what he saw there—such as the appearance of one of the fuse-boxes, several half-melted wires and the direction of the spread of the flames—his experience told him that the fire had started from defective electric wires. Another examiner arrived at the same conclusion. The State Company's man did not concur in this view, for he said the current of electricity had been turned off from the house some few days previous to the fire. He talked, however, like a man who had made up his mind before the examination, and was determined to stick to his opinion. Of course it was to his company's interest to find some irregularity in the cause of the fire. The result of all my investigations was kept secret, even my employers did not know how I was succeeding.

I paid little attention to Mr. Haven's theory of the revengeful servant until a day or so after the fire when I happened to see a lineman cutting some wires which led from the ruins to the telephone line. When I questioned him he became greatly perturbed and excited. He said the telephone company told him to remove them. When confronted with the fact that they were electric wires he acted so strangely as to arouse my suspicions; all the more so when I found him to be a brother to the servant, Ward. When I questioned the discharged servant as to his movements the night before Thanksgiving he could give no accurate account, and the alibi he tried to establish seemed very untrustworthy.

In a conversation with the telephone manager he said that he had ordered the wires removed as they were "blind" and did not belong to his line. We traced them together, and found the end in an empty dwelling on a side street where they were attached to the electric light line of the village. The other end had been fastened to the wires which furnished the current to the Haven house.

Now I had occasion to go to New York the week after the fire, and while there I

called on the President of the State Insurance Company, and reported what I had found in my investigation thus far. He seemed slightly vexed when I spoke about the two "blind" wires. He ordered me to leave them alone and watch Haven; but on second thought ended by telling me to drop the case altogether and giving me my pay for the work thus far done.

On my way up to Selville I chanced to pick up a newspaper about three weeks old, and the following article therein set me to thinking most vigorously.

"The recent large conflagrations in this city have caused much apprehension and trouble for the State Fire Insurance Co., which held several very heavy risks. This company's securities are so tied up as to have left it high and dry after the payment of three policies amounting to \$130,000. Unless a loan can be negotiated immediately President Hall says the slightest call on them for the payment of a risk will send them to the wall. Present policies and stock, however, are safely secured,"—and so on.

I immediately returned to the city, hunted up Mr. Haven and asked him what kind of a policy he held with the company and what he knew of the organization. He replied that he owned a Special Premium Policy by which he was to receive twenty-five thousand dollars at the expiration of the risk. He also intimated that he knew the company would have had great difficulty in paying his premium when it came due, and that the reason of their objection to paying the policy now was their inability to raise the money.

Although I was no longer working for the insurance people I did not give up the case, for Mr. Haven still held to his offer. I believed that I was beginning to see light.

What reason had Mr. Haven, a millionaire, for destroying his home to gain the twenty thousand dollars over-insurance when by leaving the policy expire he would get twenty-five thousand dollars? Why had the president of the State Company, shown such agitation when I told him of my discovery of the "blind" wires? Had not the lineman also shown nervousness when I spoke to him about the wires? Clearly the

wires had quite a bit to do with the case, for had not the two examiners said that the fire had started from defective electric wires? Here was an Insurance Company self-acknowledged as unable to pay even a small policy, confronted by the fact that a twenty-five thousand dollar premium was soon due. Would it not be a good plan to destroy the house in such a manner as to throw a reasonable suspicion upon the holder of the policy and thus cause it to be forfeited? Indeed an excellent plan which, aided by the seemingly suspicious movements of Mr. Haven, almost succeeded.

Once more I interviewed the lineman, told him I knew the whole affair, and that he had better fill in some minor details as to the part he had played. He finally confessed that a few weeks before a stranger came to him and gave him a sum of money to string secretly the "blind" wires. The watchman at Miza Park told me of a man who represented himself as an electrician and who spent some time presumably fixing fuses in the storeroom. The description of this stranger tallied with the one of the man who dealt with the lineman.

It was very clear now that the insurance company had destroyed the house themselves by means of an electric current igniting judiciously placed shavings, or the like, and then casting suspicion upon Mr. Haven, in order to avoid paying the policy. I told Mr. Haven the result of my investigation, but as I have never been required to make public the facts of the case, I presume the matter was settled quietly.

Philosophy II.

T. E. B.

Tell me not in idle numbers
 Realism's all a dream,
 That the man's awake who slumbers
 And things are not, but they seem.
 Things are real and not perceptions:
 All exist without the mind;
 Our ideas are deceptions
 When the substance's left behind.

How Much Culture?

CHARLES L. O'DONNELL, '06.

Well established poets sustain the belief that men at college do not make the most of their opportunities to acquire that general culture befitting the gentleman. Recently a professor in the University of Chicago, addressing one of the higher classes, thought it needful to say that college, while it is indeed, as we are so often told, a preparation for life, is itself life, offering numerous chances for cultivating the social qualities of character. Not long since Sir Richard Jebb, the noted professor of Greek in the University of Glasgow, speaking before a scientific educational association of South Africa, laid particular stress on the desirability of liberal culture for scientific men.

Specialization, he showed, is brought about by the needs of a country, a new country requiring above all specialization in the technical sciences; there must be road-building, railroad-laying, bridge-building, and for all this work specialization of a high order is needed. The Germans have an institution unknown to us in the form of the technical high school, designed particularly to fit men for work of this nature. We have no such half-way house between the grades and the college. Our scientific men for the most part make their studies in the same institutions in which our students of literature, art and philosophy likewise assemble. Growing out of such surroundings are opportunities, even obligations, of attaining to a liberal education which are seldom realized or complied with.

As it is characteristic of a university to teach several branches of higher study, so it is the distinctive advantage of such an institution, notes Prof. Jebb, that it brings together in one place students of various subjects. "By doing this the university tends to produce a general breadth of intellectual interests and sympathies; it makes the specialist to acquire some sense of the relations between his own pursuit and other pursuits; he is helped to perceive the largeness of knowledge." In a practical way, then, a university or a college with as comprehensive a course of studies as Notre

Dame, ought to prevent the scientific student, or any student who is specializing in a given branch of knowledge, from being narrowed down to his own little work bench. The sight of others about him deeply engrossed in work totally different from his own ought to set him thinking, and out of this aroused interest will spring the sympathies that make for culture. For there is always this danger to specialization, particularly scientific, the student's mind, his personality and his life are apt to become a sealed room with no entrance possible except to those who knock in the name of the craft, and for himself no exit. Far is it from the purpose of a university to make men fossils or machines. True culture, which it aims to give, means, as Huxley says, "something quite different from learning or technical skill. It implies the possession of an ideal, and the habit of critically estimating the value of things by a theoretic standard;" it means, according to Matthew Arnold, "the harmonious expansion of all the powers which make the beauty and worth of human nature."

Aside from this concrete educative force that works in the university environment, there is, moreover, a subtler, less defined, informal education that young men give one another. It was this, no doubt, the professor at Chicago had in mind when he declared for the social life, and it was consideration of this influence that called forth from Dr. Jebb the striking statement: "The social life of the colleges at Oxford and Cambridge is a most essential part of the training received there." Social life with us means hardly more than being constantly in touch with our associates, the meeting, converging and crossing of the little paths of daily life. True, there are events distinctively social, such as banquets and the like class affairs, but these are too rare to have much influence in a cultural way. Our social life is chiefly made up of the interchange of the simple amenities of living among our fellows. Yet it is attention to these little things and care in perfecting ourselves in the ways of good-fellowship that marks the college man off from hundreds in the wider world.

But to acquire that other culture, the deep culture of mind, and not the mere manners of good-breeding, should be our main con-

cern. Prof. Jebb sets before his scientific audience as the great means to this end the study of literature. Here indeed the scientific man, sometimes by his own confession, sometimes by self-betrayal, shows up *minus habens*. It is a huge commonplace to say that literature is an indispensable element of a liberal education, yet how many there are who disregard the study of it. In his last years one of the greatest of modern scientific men, Charles Darwin, made this weighty utterance: "If I had to live my life again, I would have made it a rule to read some poetry and listen to some music at least once every week.... The loss of these tastes is a loss of happiness, and may possibly be injurious to the intellect, and more probably to the moral character, by enfeebling the emotional part of our nature." John Stewart Mill furnishes us with another instance on which Prof. Jebb notes:

"It is not merely to the happiness and mental well-being of the individual that literature can minister. By rendering his intelligence more flexible, by deepening his humanity, by increasing his power of comprehending others, by fostering worthy ideals, it will add something to his capacity for co-operating with his fellows in every station of life and in every phase of action; it will make him a better citizen, and not only a more sympathetic, but also a more efficient member of society." "Education," he says elsewhere, "consists in organizing the resources of the human being; it seeks to give him powers which shall fit him for his social and physical world."

What have we to show in the way of culture for the first session that we are now bringing to a close? This is a favorable moment for taking stock of our progress in education, just as the ensuing days of vacation will make unflinching test if we have any.

THE aim of education as of religion is to hold the animal man in subjection to the spiritual, and we have come to understand that to weaken the body is not the way to accomplish this end. A healthy mind can hardly be found except in a healthy body, and the greater our mental and moral power, the greater our need of physical vigor and endurance.—*Spalding*.

Varsity Verse.

A BOY'S SOLILOQUY—A YAWP.

(Thanksgiving Day, 5:30 p. m.)

That dinner!
I was thinner
By far when I came to the table
And ran my eyes
Side-wise
Over the long board, gleaming
With shining dishes—the turkey steaming
The cranberry sauce, and, in the glass dish,
The leafy celery. I wish
They were here now!
Oh, how
I'd bow
To Mrs. Brinks and pass her down the pickles.
I wish I had it to do again,
Minus the pain
Of waiting till the folks were through—
The talkative few—
Who can't chew
And keep a-talking, too.
Mrs. Brinks
Thinks
"We ought to eat slow, for time"—
Her's not mine—
"Is seldom pressing."
She's got me guessing.
Now it's plain
If Mrs. Brinks would let her fork alone
And take that bone
In her fingers, and leave her cup
Where it belongs and hurry up,
I'd get some show.
But no!
She's got to eat slow,
So
The sweet potatoes can chill—
And such a hollow to fill!
Well,
These good folks tell
Us we ought to know
What's polite,
And I can sit all right
And wait
With my empty plate;
But then,
Again,
Thanksgiving comes but once a year, ...
What's that I hear!
Yes, I'll be there! Supper? That means bizz
Gee whizz!
Brace up now!
Bow—
It's very easy when you know
How.

E. P. B.

A SINGULAR BEE.

A charming young lady from Lee
Once went to the country to tea;
On the table she saw
Some fresh honey. With awe
She exclaimed: "O you pasture a bee!" S. T.

An Exile's Plea.

L. J. C.

Levonian, Levonian,
 Sunlit land of the youthful free;
 Land where my childhood sports matured
 Beneath yon overspreading tree,
 Take me in thy clasp once more,
 Dispel afar my scalding tears,
 My heart, sweet land, doth still implore,
 Thy love, thy love, Levonian.

A Thanksgiving Day Tramp.

"Hello, Johnny, you haven't had your dinner yet, have you?" asked a long, lean tramp as he bent over the fence and watched the little fellow perched on the door stoop.

"No, we ain't," answered the boy continuing to play with a little spaniel, while with a saucy look he eyed the stranger, "and you needn't expect any either. Pa's home, and he ain't got no use for tramps—he ain't."

The man drew back at hearing this blunt refusal, but as he was weak from hunger he continued: "Your pa wouldn't turn away a man to-day—Thanksgiving Day—would he?"

"Well, I don't know. You see pa hates tramps awfully and he mightn't even let you in on Thanksgiving."

"Your pa must be a mighty hard man then. Why is it he hates tramps so?"

"Oh, pa's brother he wasn't no account; and did heaps of bad things to pa, and then he runned away, and pa says since he never was any account he's most likely a tramp or something worse'n that. So when pa sees a tramp around he just lets out on him, and I tell you it don't take that tramp long to git."

"So your pa's brother was no good, was he?" and the tramp looked more closely at the lad. "Tell me are you a Mellville and did you once live in Salem?"

"You bet I'm a Mellville. Frank, my brother, ain't though. He's just like ma, but pa says I'm a Mellville out and out. But how did you know us? We left Salem three years ago."

"Oh, I knew your pa long long ago when

I was just a little shaver like yourself; but your pa don't know me now."

Something in the tramp's expression won the child to him, and getting up the boy said:

"Seeing how it's Thanksgiving maybe pa wouldn't mind you eatin' here to-day. Besides he ain't always so cross at tramps. Only yesterday I heard him say as how if it weren't for fear of disgracin' us he'd try to find that brother of his and start him out again; and then pa got feelin' awful sad and picked me up and kissed me, and said as how I looked just like his brother did when he was a little boy. So come in and maybe ma'll get you some dinner."

"No, I guess not," answered the tramp; "no, I'm not so hungry as I might be, and besides—maybe I'd spoil your pa's Thanksgiving. But, little one, I hope you'll have a good time with your brother to-day, and don't ever be unkind to him. Good-bye, my boy; I wish you and your pa and the rest a very happy Thanksgiving."

"What a funny man," thought the boy as he watched the tramp turn and hurry down the road.

W. J. D.

The Thanksgiving Turkey.

T. E. B.

Home they brought the feathered fowl
 Large and plump and strong of limb,
 And the children one by one
 Gathered round to look at him.
 Came the mistress of the house,
 Tried the turkey's leg to ply,
 But she neither smiled nor wept,
 All she did was try and try.
 Stood the eldest daughter near
 With a teardrop in her eye,
 "Mother dear," she softly said,
 "It must bend or it won't fry."
 Rose, a cook of ninety years,
 Old, and grey, and somewhat lean,
 Thrust the turkey by the neck
 Far into the grinding machine;
 Turned the crank till she was blue,
 Added just a little lye,
 And before the dawn of day
 Made a luscious turkey pie.

NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC

Published every Saturday during Term Time at the
University of Notre Dame.

Entered as second-class matter at the Post Office, Notre Dame, Ind.

Terms: \$1.50 per Annum. Postpaid.

Address: THE EDITOR NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC,
Notre Dame, Indiana.

Notre Dame, Indiana, December 2, 1905.

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—Within the week we have read two notable denunciations of our judiciary: the Chicago Bar Association taking to task the judges who browbeat their juries, while District Attorney Jerome inveighs in very positive terms against the degradation of the Supreme Court justices of New York. In all likelihood, there is some ground for these attacks; but is there any justification? Our judicial system, though the result of ages of enlightenment and centuries of experience, is yet imperfect—nor are our judges as stable as the laws with which they deal. And it should also be remembered that it is much easier to pull down Humpty Dumpty than it is to put him together again. Moreover, it is extremely doubtful whether Mr. Jerome and the Chicago advocates would be as ardent in reconstructing as they are in demolishing.

—It is not often that a cabinet officer attends any conference outside of the United States, and the fact that Secretary Root has intimated his intention of heading the American delegation to Brazil, shows the importance which the state department attaches to this Pan-American conference. His purpose to be present will give the gathering an exceptional importance in the

eyes of the world, and shows that we are beginning to realize that the other states of this hemisphere will furnish a good field for diplomatic activity in the near future. The approaching conference should do much to clarify our understanding as to the feelings of the Southern republics towards the Monroe Doctrine and the right of the United States to exercise a sort of suzerainty over the international affairs of South and Central America. It should also do much to impress upon the Latin republics the necessity of fulfilling their lawful obligations with the outside world and the futility of using the Monroe Doctrine as a shield for iniquitous conduct.

—The recent resignation of the president of the Mutual Life Insurance Company is only another modern instance of killing the goose that laid the golden egg. Had the erstwhile advocate of corporate munificence been blessed with even a small share of moderation he would not now be the subject of an enforced withdrawal. At all events, the downfall of McCurdy marks the loss of a heavy weight on the side of the frenzied financiers. If the New York Life would only follow the example of the Equitable and the Mutual the chances of bringing about a more perfect adjustment of the financial scales, would be vastly improved.

—Arent the essay published in our columns this week under the caption "The Martyr Chancellor of England" an interesting question presents itself to our minds. In order to be a "genius" must a man be a puny weakling, a disordered sot, a disgraceful libertine? Byron, Marlowe, Shelley and Poe, have been one or the other; and they are "geniuses," while those who led clean, open, austere, noble lives as did Tennyson, Longfellow Bryant, Thackeray, and more prominently Sir Thomas More, are merely "men of letters." True, the former did great work, did splendid work, yet their vices have proved entirely a too active force in establishing their place in the literary hall of fame. Virtue is undoubtedly its own reward; but when it comes to securing recognition in a literary congress vice seems certainly to be the better lobbyist.

Book Notice.

"The Violin-maker" is the title of a small volume translated from the German of Otto Von Shoching by Sara Trainer Smith. The translator in her zeal to be faithful to the original text has in some instances sacrificed mode of expression to thought. Many of the sentences preserve their Teutonic construction, and jar our sense of harmony and rhythm as do discords in music; The story, however, is thoroughly Catholic and has a pleasant charm all its own. Without hesitation we predict its hearty enjoyment by the juvenile world.—Benziger Brothers.

—"The Dollar Hunt" is a well-named story by E. G. Martin. The hero, a French marquis comes to America in search of a rich heiress. At first everything favors him. He meets the heroine whose mother has but one ambition, to secure a titled husband for her daughter. Success would have crowned the marquis' efforts had not a victim of a similar marriage revealed her unhappy life to the heroine. The warning thus received arouses suspicions which ultimately lead to the marquis' failure. The interest is well-sustained and the composition good.—Benziger Brothers.

—"The Children of Cupa" is the title of a very interesting book, lately published by Mary E. Mannix. The author narrates in a pleasing way the journey of a family to Francisco and a summer spent among the mountains with the native Indians, or children of Cupa. Shortly after their return the Indians were driven into exile by the whites never again to return. "The Indians obeyed the mandates of the stronger race like the sullen but not insubordinate children they are. And as wagon after wagon from the deserted village reached the summit of the hill, each paused upon its onward course and the occupants looked back upon the home they were leaving forever. Then folding their garments about them and bowing their heads in voiceless sorrow, the children of Cupa, lonely and broken-hearted, passed into exile." The book is most instructive for children and may be purchased from Benziger Brothers for forty-five cents.

Athletic Notes.

PURDUE, 32; NOTRE DAME, 0.

Purdue settled the question of the state championship last Friday when they rolled up thirty-two points on Notre Dame. And that was our end. No one quit; the men did the best they could, but Purdue were just thirty-two points better, and won because they deserved to win. They have a team to be proud of and one that ranks among the best in the West. And although it does not seem an essential to the game, it is well worth mentioning that they have a team of gentlemen as well as football players. In the game last Friday not a sound was heard, but the shrill signals of the quarter-backs and the whistle of the referee. What few disputes arose were at once settled by the captains.

Once during the game King, Purdue's left-guard, was injured and had not recovered sufficiently to re-enter the game when the allotted two minutes were up. Capt. Beacom readily requested the officials to allow him all the time he needed, and the cheers which arose from the bleachers at once showed that acts of that kind are fully appreciated at Purdue.

The playing of Thomas, Conville and Emeis for Purdue was a feature of the game. For Notre Dame Silver at end for the first time this year played a wonderful game and is deserving of a great amount of credit. Draper and McNerny were conspicuous. Draper's thirty-five yard run on a fake play and McNerny's quarter-back runs were our longest gains.

Captain Beacom played the same steady game for which he has always been noted, and although he ended his football career at Notre Dame with a defeat it was an honorable one. To say that he is one of the best guards playing football is not excessive praise, for without a doubt there are few better men in the game.

FIRST HALF.

Thomas kicked off to McAvoy who returned the ball to the forty-five yard line. Draper and Downs made the distance. Notre Dame failed to make their yards, and Draper punted. Thomas, Allen, Conville and

King carried the ball straight down the field to Notre Dame's four-yard line, and Allen took it over after three minutes of play. Johnson kicked goal. Purdue, 6; Notre Dame, 0.

Draper kicked off to Zimmerman who returned twenty yards. Thomas and Allen made first down. Purdue was penalized, and Conville punted to Draper. Purdue was again penalized. Notre Dame could not gain and Draper punted. Allen and King carried the ball the greater part of the distance for the second score, Hoffmark going over. Johnson missed goal. Purdue, 11; Notre Dame, 0.

Draper kicked to Zimmerman who returned ten yards. Thomas, King and Frushour carried the ball to Notre Dame's twenty-yard line where Johnson tried a drop kick. The kick was blocked, but Johnson recovered the ball. Frushour and King made twenty yards in four plays, King scoring. Johnson missed goal. Purdue, 16; Notre Dame, 0.

Draper kicked to Johnson who made no gain. Johnson and Thomas tore off a fifteen and ten-yard gain each. Zimmerman followed with twelve yards around left end. King hurdled and added ten more. Allen ran fifteen yards for a touchdown. Johnson missed goal. Purdue, 21; Notre Dame, 0.

Draper kicked off, the ball going over the line. Conville punted out from the twenty-five yard line to McAvoy who returned fifteen yards. Notre Dame failed to gain and Draper punted to Shakleton who was downed in his tracks by Callicrate. Purdue failed to gain. Conville punted to McNerny. Downs made six yards off right tackle. On a fake play McNerny booted the ball over Purdue's goal and Silver fell on it, but he was declared offside and the score was not allowed. On another fake Draper got around end for thirty-five yards. Notre Dame could not gain, however, and Draper was forced to try a place kick which failed. An exchange of punts followed, the half ending with the ball in the centre of the field in Purdue's possession.

SECOND HALF.

Draper kicked off to Thomas who returned ten yards. Thomas and Conville carried the ball to Notre Dame's twenty-yard line. Allen made twelve yards and repeated for

eight and a touchdown. Johnson failed at goal. Purdue, 26; Notre Dame, 0.

Draper kicked to Conville who returned twenty yards. Thomas and Zimmerman made steady gains through the line and off tackle, and then Notre Dame's defense stiffened. Conville was forced to punt.

McNerny ran thirty-five yards on a quarter-back run. Downs failed in two attempts and Draper punted. Conville and Thomas, aided by Frushour and Longebaugh carried the ball to Notre Dame's fifteen-yard line. Conville broke through centre and ran the distance for a touchdown. Allen kicked goal. Purdue, 32; Notre Dame, 0.

Seven minutes of play followed. Purdue kicked off to Bracken who returned ten yards. McNerny got away with a quarter-back run for twenty yards, but was called back for off-side play. The half ended with the ball in possession of Purdue on Notre Dame's twenty-five yard line.

LINE UP.

Callicrate	L. E.	Johnson
Funk	L. T.	Emeis
Beacom	L. G.	Hoffmark
Sheehan	C.	Wellinghoff
Donovan	R. G.	King
M. Downs, Healy	R. T.	Allen
Silver, Bracken	R. E.	Frushour
McNerny	Q. B.	Shakleton
Draper	R. H.	Thomas
McAvoy	L. H.	Zimmerman
W. Downs	F. B.	Conville

Touchdowns—Allen (3), Conville (2), King. Goals from touchdown—Johnson (2). Referee—Lieutenant Hackett, West Point. Umpire—Henry, Chicago. Head linesman—Windgard, Butler. Time of halves—Thirty and twenty minutes. Attendance—3,200.

* *

The hall-teams are working daily in the "Gym," and the coming Inter-Hall Meet promises to be a big success. As yet Sorin has not had any men out, but when the time for the meet arrives they can be relied upon to "be there."

Personals.

—In a letter received last week from Mr. Dan Sully, that accomplished artist—says: "The entire company have talked of nothing else but the University since our visit; and I take this opportunity to extend our hearty thanks for the hospitable manner in which we were treated."

Illinois Students Organize.

In summing up the number of students each state sends to Notre Dame annually, Illinois must be accorded first place. For many years she has held this distinction at Notre Dame, and for some time past the desirability of forming some kind of a permanent organization was most apparent. It would bring fellow-statesmen into closer relationship with one another; strengthen the bonds of college life and make college days more congenial. Accordingly last Saturday evening, Nov. 25, a large number of Illinois students assembled in the Main Building and the following officers were elected: Hon. President, Rev. Father Cavanaugh; Spiritual Adviser, Rev. Father Marr; Hon. Members, Rev. Fathers Crumley, Regan, Maguire; Colonel Hoynes; Profs. McCue, Maurus and Cosgrove; R. A. Kasper, Chicago, President; James A. Dubbs, Mendota, Vice-President; James J. Flaherty, Peru, Corresponding Secretary and Treasurer; John D. Lynch, Monmouth, Recording Secretary; and Frank Munson, Mendota, Sergeant-at-Arms.

Speeches were made by the officers-elect, thanking the members for the honors bestowed upon them and expressing the intention of doing all in their power to further the interests of the club. Several plans were put before the house, chief among them that of holding a dance in Chicago during the Christmas holidays, under the auspices of the club. The venture was discussed at some length, and a committee appointed to look into the matter and report at the next meeting on December 2. At present the organization numbers about fifty members, which includes a number of the graduating class of '06.

Pennsylvanians Banquet.

The Pennsylvania Club of Notre Dame held their customary ante-Christmas banquet at the Oliver Hotel last evening, forty-four members from the Keystone State being present. In addition to good things for the stomach, spices of wit and flavorings of

humor were indulged in to make the evening pleasant.

Gallitzen Farabaugh, of Loretto, first president and organizer of the club, was toastmaster, Edward H. Schwab of Loretto, ex-president, was the first speaker, and being a professor of law at Notre Dame University, his subject was "Law and Lawyers of Pennsylvania." The idea he developed was the uprightness, integrity and learning of men of legal lore away back in that commonwealth.

Mr. Schwab was followed by Prof. Benitz, formerly of Pittsburg, head of the department of mathematics at Notre Dame. His subject was "The Comparison between the Dry and Unwholesome Science of Figures, and the Interesting and Toothsome Science of the Kitchen."

M. A. Diskin, of Scottdale, president of the organization, spoke upon the history of the club, what it had done for Notre Dame, how it has led in social matters of the University, and rehearsed the prospects for the future. Edward Monaghan, treasurer, delighted the banqueters in his unique and inimitable way by a most learned defense of small towns and villages in general and his own native "burg" in particular.

Dr. Brown of Philadelphia made a fitting close to the list, speaking upon the subject of "Brotherly Love," how it ought and does animate and inspire every citizen of the Keystone State, and that not only is his native city a city of fraternal feeling, but the state itself stands out as a state of brotherly love.

The club attended the Oliver theatre, at which was produced "Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch," and between the acts the students delighted the audience with the song, "Good Old Penn."

The Pennsylvania Club was the first organization of its kind at Notre Dame. Its history extends over a brief period of three years during which time it has had a goodly share in the making of social history at the University and won an enviable reputation for itself.

Arrangements are now about completed for the annual New Year's reception to be held in Pittsburg. The affair is always looked forward to by Pittsburg society and especially by friends of the club.

LAW DEPARTMENT.

CASS AND MASON V. BROWN:

(NOTRE DAME MOOT-COURT.)

The plaintiffs in this case are partners and engaged in the fruit business. They have a large wholesale and retail store in South Bend and ship yearly large quantities of fruit to Chicago. They are named respectively Caleb Cass and Milton Mason, and do business under the firm name of Cass and Mason. On the 7th of September, 1903, they entered into a contract with Walter Warren, of Warrenton, Berrien County, Mich., which contract is couched in the words and figures following, to wit:

"SOUTH BEND, IND., Sept. 7, 1903:

"It is hereby agreed by and between Cass and Mason of South Bend, St. Joseph County, Indiana, and Walter Warren of Warrenton, Berrien County, Michigan, that the said Walter Warren hereby sells and undertakes to deliver, not later than October 1st, 1904, to the said Cass and Mason 15,000 baskets of grapes and 2000 barrels of apples. He guarantees hereby to furnish the same under this contract at the prices respectively of 25 cents per basket for the grapes and \$1.00 per barrel for the apples. And the said Cass and Mason agree to accept the same at the prices stated.

"Cass and Mason,

"Walter Warren."

Grapes and apples were comparatively scarce in the year 1904. Hence they advanced materially in price. In July Cass & Mason notified Warren that they desired to receive the fruit at as early a day as practicable. He answered that he would stand by his agreement in all respects and begin to make shipments as soon as possible.

About the middle of September Benjamin B. Brown, of South Bend, visited Warren, and maliciously sought to dissuade him from carrying out his contract with Cass & Mason. Brown is a business competitor and has maliciously sought for a long time and in many ways to injure them. September 25th he induced the firm of Sears & Harlan, of Chicago, to send a representative to South Bend in the interest of arranging

to buy all the fruit on Warren's place. He entertained this representative, a man named Edward Walker, at his own home, and accompanied him next day to Warrenton. On arrival they proceeded to Warren's place, and Brown introduced Walker, referring in most complimentary terms to him and the house he represented. An offer of \$3,750 was made for 15,000 baskets of grapes and \$2000, for 2000 barrels of apples, the supply that Warren had then on hand, in preparation for shipment. Walker agreed also on behalf of his house to pay the freight. The offer was accepted by Warren, who, on the same day, wrote Cass and Mason to the effect that he had sold all the fruit grown on his place to Chicago parties and that consequently he had none to ship to South Bend. Cass & Mason thereby suffered an approximate loss of \$2700.

On inquiry and investigation they find that all the property in Warren's name is heavily mortgaged, and that it would be useless to sue him, as he is practically bankrupt. He has nothing that could be taken under execution. Hence they sue Brown, whose wrongful and malicious interference caused Warren to break his contract with them.

J. HOYNES.—It appears that the defendant sought actively to prevent Warren from delivering to the plaintiff the fruit specified in the contract and as actively endeavored to induce him sell it to the Chicago firm, which actually purchased and received it. The matter is not complicated by any question of trade competition, for a person is not forbidden to buy goods simply because the seller had previously agreed to sell them to somebody else. The defendant was not a party to the contract, nor was he in any way personally concerned in it. Nevertheless, he actively, wantonly and maliciously interfered with it, coming between Warren and the plaintiffs and causing it to be broken. If his act in the premises were proper and legal, his motive, no matter how malicious, could cut no figure in the case; for it is immaterial with what motive a lawful act is regularly performed. But here there is no legal justification for interfering. The Statute

of Laborers, 25 Ed.-III., provided that any interference by a third person between a master and his servant, causing the latter to quit the service, thus breaking his contract with the master, was actionable, and entitled the master to damages. That statute has been re-enacted in modified form in many of our states, and it may be said to have entered in broadened meaning the sphere of the common law. In Kentucky and some other jurisdictions, however, the courts still adhere to the old and conservative rule. They betray a decided reluctance to broaden its application to contracts for the sale of goods and chattels, or not involving the relation of master and servant—*Chambers v. Baldwin*, 91 Ky.-121; *Boulier v. Macauley*, Id.-135; *Heywood v. Tillson*, 75 Me.-225; *Bryson v. Thorn*, 98 Cal.-578. But the British courts and a majority of our own recognize and apply the rule in its broadened meaning. They take the view that a duty rests upon all third persons alike not to interfere with the due performance of a contract between other parties. These have a right *in rem* to the observance of that duty by all others. According to this view, any person who unjustifiably induces one of two or more parties to a contract to break it, intending thereby to injure the other, or to obtain a benefit for himself, is answerable in damages for the injury thereby caused to the person or persons whom he has thus wronged. In short, it is an actionable wrong maliciously to induce another to break a contract.—*Brown v. Hall*, 6 Q. B. Div.-339; *Lumley v. Gye*, 2 El. & Bl.-216; *Angle v. Chicago, etc., Ry. Co.*, 151 U. S.-1; *Lucke v. Clothing Cutters*, 77 Md.-396; *Chipley v. Atkinson*, 23 Fla.-206; *Van Horn v. Van Horn*, 56 N. J.-L.-318; *Morgan v. Andrews*, 107 Mich.-33; *Doremus v. Hennessy*, 176 Ill.-608.

The demurrer is therefore over-ruled; and it is ordered, adjudged and decreed that the plaintiffs recover from said defendant the damages actually sustained by them in connection with the breach of contract as aforesaid. The clerk will compute and assess the same, together with costs.

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*

The law students will meet at 8:00 p. m. to-night and organize a debating society.

Local Items.

- Where's E. String's guess:
- S---i---r, the worst is over.
- A fine chance to study nature this year.
- The regular bi-monthly examinations are scheduled for December 18 and 19.
- The broken pieces of the old fountain south of the Sacred Heart statue have been removed.
- Students sitting near the south door of the Senior refectory will be pleased to learn that the door will be locked during the meal hours this winter.
- The list of entries for the Notre Dame-Iowa Debate now numbers over fifty; and more men are expected to hand in their names within the week.
- The recent installation of electric lights in the post office has already proved an inestimable boon to the students as well as to the postmaster and his assistants.
- Owing to the increased size of the special Christmas number, and the extra work attendant on its publication, there will be no issue of the SCHOLASTIC until Dec. 16, which will be the last one of the semester.
- A pleasing fall and winter effect in the landscape at Notre Dame is obtained from the red-stemmed dogwood bushes which have been planted at the edge of the grounds near the Grotto and by the narrow inlet at the west end of St. Joseph's Lake.
- In northern Indiana the winter season usually begins about Thanksgiving Day. It is not inappropriate that there is a snow fall on that day; for the falling flakes seen from our comfortable houses emphasizes the duty of thanksgiving for the great blessings we enjoy.
- The Minim's Gym has been enlarged one-third of the required size and last Monday night it was formally opened. New lockers have been installed and everything possible has been done to provide a safe and pleasant room for the little fellows to spend the long winter days in.
- Mr. Sully's characterization of Father Daly in "Our Pastor" was so perfect that one of the students asked: "Is he really a priest?" If the accomplished actor heard this question he would surely feel complimented. Mr. Sully said that he never before had such an appreciative audience as that which witnessed his performance here.
- An important case will be tried in Moot-Court this afternoon at 4:30 p. m. The counsel are Messrs. Brown and McGannon for plaintiff; Messrs. Farabaugh and Hanzel for defendant.

—November 30 marked the sixty-third anniversary of Father Sorin's first Mass at Notre Dame. He offered the divine mysteries in a rude chapel in a log cabin, which was the only structure standing on these grounds in the midst of a mighty forest of oaks. What a wondrous transformation has been wrought since, and that within the limits of a lifetime.

—The imposing granite pedestal for Father Sorin's statue was put up last week. Canton Bros. of Barre, Vt., furnished the stone, which was cut from a block twenty feet in length. The crevices between the slabs and the shaft were filled with lead to keep out water and frost, which would eventually crack the stone. The height of the pedestal is twelve feet and its width at the base ten feet.

—Waive all further disputes concerning the weather, for winter has undeniably made his appearance were we to judge by the pleasant surprise he gave us on Thursday morning. The first snow for this season has fallen. Before long, thinks the weather-wise observer, studying the present barometric uncertainty there will be another downfall of glistening flakes to whiten the fields—those happy fields reminiscent of still happier days that are no more.

—Saturday night saw the great meeting of the Western Club. The purpose of this club is to bring together, in a social way, all the boys of the great West, and later on to secure them a banquet. The following officers were chosen: Father Cavanaugh, Honorary President; Father Marr, Spiritual Adviser; P. M. Malloy, President; J. T. Keefe, Vice-President; T. Joyce Secretary; John W. Madden, Treasurer; T. A. Tobin, Sergeant-at-Arms. Meetings will be held the night of every full moon.

—On account of the number of entries in the competition for the Breen Oratorical medal it was necessary to hold a preliminary contest on Monday last. The judges were Fathers Crumley, Trahey and Schumacher. The successful candidates and their speeches were as follows: 1st, Patrick M. Malloy, "Joanne of Arc"; 2d, Cornelius J. Hagerty, "Leader of the Lost Cause"; 3d, Edward F. O'Flynn, "Savonarola"; 4th, Joseph J. Boyle, "Robert Emmett." The final contest will be held Dec. 6.

—If the fabled Ali Baba had only happened along the main corridor on the second floor of Sorin Hall last Thursday morning with his "Open Sesame," a certain freshman lawyer would have welcomed him most joyfully, for the aforesaid gentleman having tried sundry keys, to wit; one hundred in number, in a vain endeavor to unlock a recalcitrant door and gain admission to

his domestic domicile, would have given all he possessed if he could have availed himself of the magical words. Howbeit he succeeded at last, and the latest advices report that he is in imminent danger of being drowned in his own tears of joy.

—The Brownson Literary and Debating Society held another meeting November 23. An amendment was made to the constitution to the effect that the society should open and close with a prayer; this being in response to Mr. Depew's convincing arguments. Another amendment passed was: "That an assessment be hereafter made instead of regular dues." St. Joseph's society has chosen as the subject for the debate with Brownson on January 24: "Resolved, That all nations should disarm; and depend on arbitration for the settlement of disputes." St. Joseph's will uphold the affirmative side, while Brownson will pin their faith on the negative.

—An interesting feature in the meetings of the Brownson Debating Society is the part that Mr. Pamphile Depew takes in the debates and discussions. Mr. Depew is frankness itself. He is also utterly oblivious to anything resembling ridicule. He can talk with perfect calmness while others continually laugh either at his manner of speaking or at the refreshing openness with which he expresses his opinions. He has something to say about every matter brought before the society, and his ideas always throw light on the subject. His colleagues have a genuine regard for his worth as a man and for his efforts as a speaker. His one drawback is his awkward use of English, which is not his mother tongue. Mr. Depew's example should be helpful to the ultra-timid members, who fear nothing so much as being laughed at.

—At last Wednesday's meeting of the Senior Parliamentary Law Class, drawings for places on the preliminary debates were made. Forty-two candidates have already received places, and it is hoped that this number will be greatly increased before the next meeting. The University will probably have two debates this year, one with Iowa, and one with DePauw. The question for debate has not yet been chosen, but will be selected as soon as possible to give the candidates an opportunity to look up material during the Christmas vacation. The manner of choosing the teams will be the same as last year. There will be no rebuttals in the preliminaries, but they will be required in the semi-finals and finals. Both the Iowa and DePauw debates will probably be held in Washington Hall. A debate will possibly be arranged between the Notre Dame Law school, and the law school representing Georgetown University.