

The Notre Dame Scholastic

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

VOL. XL.

NOTRE DAME, INDIANA, SEPTEMBER 22, 1906.

No. 2.

Francis Thompson.*

CHARLES L. O'DONNELL, A. B.



THE first poems of Francis Thompson are divided into three groups, Love in Dian's Lap, Miscellaneous Poems and Poems on Children. It would be interesting to know just what authors Thompson read during those days and nights when he haunted the public libraries of London. One does not go far in his poetry, however, before realizing that his mind has fed among the lilies of literature—Herbert, Crashaw, Vaughan—their influence is at once felt in his work; not that Thompson imitated them, but that there is a side of his soul in which he is one of them. "Before Her Portrait in Youth," the first poem in his first book of poems, is of the seventeenth century, spiritual and remarkable for the delicacy of the thing to say and the nicety of its saying. There is, too, the *conceitti* of Donne as well as Herrick's felicity of phrase; as when he says he is of too shy reverence:

To let one's thoughts light footfall smooth
Tread near the living, consecrated thing.
And when more daintily and sweetly still he sings,
I sit, and from the fragrance dream the flower.

If we take exception to the conceit we must do credit to the grace of the following from a poem called "Her Portrait:"

God laid His fingers on the ivories
Of her pure members, as on smoothèd keys,
And there out-breathed her spirit's harmonies.

* Prize Essay for the English Medal.

And again:

How should I gauge what beauty is her dole,
Who can not see her countenance for her soul;
As birds see not the casement for the sky?
And as 'tis check they prove its presence by,
I know not of her body till I find
My flight debarred the heaven of her mind.

There is something of the artist to these lines, a suggestion of the chisel, and we remember as we read them that not all Thompson's first book was written on back stoops. Yet it is evident that Thompson read the seventeenth century lyrists to good purpose, and to say that he is like them means no more than to say they are like one another. He is of the constellation, not the satellite of any one star.

These dainty poems, though they possess a cleverness and a beauty such as a poet of less imagination than Francis Thompson could never achieve in verse, are not what we turn to for the poet's inmost soul. Not in that great ode "To the dead Cardinal of Westminster," or even the magnificent pageantry of the poem, "A Corymbus for Autumn," but after "The Hound of Heaven" and the weaker but just as true poem, "A Judgment in Heaven," it is in the Poems on Children that the man reveals his naked soul.

Before passing to a consideration of the peculiar charm of these poems, I must make a quotation here and there from the ode referred to above to show the utter strength of Thompson's power of expression, a force now won by compression, now achieved by a process of closest pruning down.

The largeness of effect in the opening lines,

Anchorite, who didst dwell
With all the world for cell!

is a fair index of the matter that is to follow. Was ever verse more vivid than this,

The grave is in my blood?

It takes no commentary to emphasize its life; or again, the quintessential beauty of the following lines;

As sap foretastes the spring;
As earth ere blossoming
Thrills
With fair daffodils.

And feels her breast turn sweet
With the unconceived wheat;
So doth
My flesh foreloathe
The abhorred spring of Dis.

True, there is revelation of self here, but it is dim and shadowy compared with that which the Poems on Children evince. In the Poems on Children we come upon a quality of Francis Thompson's work that hardly reveals itself in poems of his as great or even more remarkable in other respects; this quality is simplicity. Of the five poems which make up this division of the book, "Daisy" illustrates the characteristic best.

Simplicity to a poet of Thompson's nature, who revels in images, for the images come, is a costly grace. It is the ultimate test of his power, I think, that he is able at times to see the thing itself so clearly and visualize it for us so vividly that there is neither time nor need for us to pause and wonder what it might be likened to, beautiful as that might be. Such simplicity is achieved only by the sacrificial strokes of the master's chisel, the hardly-suspected but only means to the highest perfection in art. The loveliness of "Daisy" is due just to this simplicity, the denial of expression which carries so far toward expression, and the fervors and splendors that are so articulate just because they are put to silence. Concretely, this simplicity means that each word in the poem is of all words *the* word and, of course, each thought the inevitable one.

Where the thistle lifts a purple crown
Six foot out of the turf,
And the harebell shakes on the windy hill—
O the breath of the distant surf!

The hills look over on the South
And southward dreams the sea;
And with the sea-breeze hand in hand,
Came innocence and she.

She knew not those sweet words she spoke,
Nor knew her own sweet way;
But there's never a bird, so sweet a song
Thronged in whose throat that day.

Tennyson speaks of

All the wealth of all the Muses flowing in a lonely word,

and surely in the stanzas quoted this line has particular application; notice the verbs, how suggestive, how literally true to the case. And then, again, though remembering Milton's nomenclature and appreciating the rare force and beauty of the proper name as used by Matthew Arnold in his liquid blank verse, I know of no finer use of a proper name in our literature than occurs in the first line of the following stanza:

Oh, there were flowers in Storrington
On the turf and on the spray;
But the sweetest flower on Sussex hills
Was the Daisy-flower that day.

This may seem a small thing to take account of, but I think it is a true thing. Again, would not Shelley and Keats make room on the bench of the immortals for the author of the stanzas that follow?

The fairest things have fleetest ends;
Their scent survives their close,
But the rose's scent is bitterness
To him that loved the rose!

She looked a little wistfully,
Then went her sunshine way:—
The sea's eye had a mist on it,
And the leaves fell from the day.

She went her unremembering way,
She went and left in me
The pang of all the partings gone,
And partings yet to be.

She left me marvelling why my soul
Was sad that she was glad;
At all the sadness in the sweet,
The sweetness in the sad.

Still, still, I seemed to see her, still
Look up with soft replies,
And take the berries with her hand,
And the love with her lovely eyes.

Nothing begins and nothing ends
That is not paid with moan;
For we are born in other's pains,
And perish in our own.

Hoffmann in his immortal "De bist wie eins Blume," and Wordsworth in his "We are Seven," have not struck a truer note or produced more lasting work. But "Daisy" is only one of many poems of similar if not equal perfection in Thompson. The quality of simplicity is wanting in the following, but the fine great lines can be placed beside the stanzas of "Daisy" to

emphasize the beauty of these as well as to heighten their own. With true musician's instinct Thompson in the first line always gives us the key in which the poem is written. Thus, "To my Godchild" begins,

This laboring, vast, Tellurian galleon,
Riding at anchor off the orient sun,
Had broken its cable and stood out to space
Down some froze Arctic of the aerial ways.

This is majestic verse, and in the conclusion of the poem when he refers to his godchild (who is to be a poet) as seeking for him in heaven, occur the powerful, sweet lines:

Then, as you search with unaccustomed glance
The ranks of Paradise for my countenance,
Turn not your tread along the Uranian sod
Among the bearded counsellors of God;
For if in Eden as on earth are we,
I sure shall keep a younger company:
Pass where beneath their ranged gonfalons
The starry cohorts shake their shielded suns,
The dreadful mass of their enridgèd spears;
Pass where majestic the eternal peers,
The stately choice of the great Saintdom meet—
A silvern segregation, globed complete
In sandalled shadow of the Triune feet;
Pass by where wait, young poet-wayfarer,
Your cousined clusters, emulus to share
With you the roseal lightnings burning 'mid their
hair;
Pass the crystalline sea, the Lampads seven:
Look for me in the nurseries of Heaven.

Such a line as.

The starry cohorts shake their shielded suns
suggests Milton at his best, while Keats
never said better than

the roseal lightnings burning 'mid their hair,
and Shakespeare never spoke his soul with
less faltering lips.

In another of his Poems on Children, "The Poppy," Thompson expresses the hope—the sacredest with the poets—the hope for immortality. Notice the fact of natural science glorified with the light of imagination in the opening stanza:

Summer set lip to Earth's bosom bare
And left the flushed print in a poppy there:
Like a yawn of fire from the grass it came,
And the fanning wind puffed it to flapping flame.

But the philosophy of the poem is in the closing lines:

The sleep-flower sways in the wheat its head,
Heavy with dreams, as that with bread:
The goodly grain and the sun-flushed sleeper
The reaper raps, and Time the reaper.

I hang 'mid men my needless head,
And my fruit is dreams as theirs is bread:
The goodly men and the sun-hazed sleeper
Time shall reap, but after the reaper
The world shall glean of me, the sleeper.

Love! love! your flower of withered dream
In leavèd rhyme lies safe, I deem,
Sheltered and shut in a nook of rhyme,
From the reaper man, and his reaper, Time.

Love! I fall into the claws of Time:
But lasts within a leaved rhyme
All that the world of me esteems
My withered dreams, my withered dreams.

(CONCLUSION NEXT WEEK.)

Aphorisms.

It is good to meet sometimes and exchange opinions; it softens the asperities of daily life, makes the young think reverently of the old, and the old charitably of the young.

* *

Now the world, after all, is very small. It looks very large and full of people; but, somehow, we are forever meeting persons whom we thought separated from us forever.

* *

I BELIEVE with that dear barefooted philosopher, St. Francis, who is to me more than fifty Aristotles, as A. Kempis is more than fifty Platos, that a man is just what he is in the eyes of God, and no more.

* *

APART from the spiritual advantages it affords, that closing of our eyes daily and looking steadily into ourselves is a wonderfully soothing process. It is solitude—and solitude is the mother country of the strong.

—Rev. P. A. Sheehan, D. D.

* *

IF thou find truth and love in thyself, thou shalt be able to discover them also in the lives of thy fellows.—Spalding.

* *

MEN should remember that they can not retain their self-respect if they are loose and foul of tongue, and that a man who is to lead a clean and honorable life must inevitably suffer if his speech likewise is not clean and honorable.—Theodore Roosevelt.

Varsity Verse.

HEART'S DESIRE.

No wish have I to struggle
 With the money-maddened throng
 Whose life is one long fight for wealth
 By methods right or wrong.
 No, let me live in quietness,
 With a few choicè friends and books,
 With nature as my only bride,
 Birds, flowers and babbling brooks.
 To watch the robin's crimson breast
 Grow brighter with the spring,
 To hear the lowly swallow
 Teach her little ones to sing,
 To feel a kindred feeling
 For every flower that grows,
 For every bird that warbles,
 For every breeze that blows.

W. J. DONAHUE.

I wish that old Tom Edison
 When he conceived his heater
 Had built instead a neat machine
 For putting thought in metre.
 Back to the farm I'd rather go
 Than write iambic verses,
 Though for degrees they're up in D's
 In every student's c(o)urses.

F. Z.

NORTH.

As the sunlight to the skylark
 As the blossom to the bee
 As the raindrop to the thirsting flower,
 This and more art thou to me.

W. J. D.

STARS.

Jewels flashing rich and rare
 In some dusky beauty's hair
 Who with morning and the light
 Veiling, vanishes from sight.

H. C.

Into the stars it towers sublime
 The wondrous golden dome,
 Forever a nation's beacon sign
 To a nation's student home.

E. O. F.

I wonder if Dan Webster
 With his most powerful brain
 Got through his freshman year
 Without writing a quartain.

P. O'C.

THE CARROLLITE.

Lord!
 But I'm glum
 Since school's begun
 And vacation's over.
 But then,
 'Taint so bad
 Since Beacom's back,
 Though "Bud's" still in clover.
 He's comin' though,
 Heard to-day!
 And say,
 Capt. Bob'll have a bunch
 Yet.
 You bet!
 Got a hunch
 Since Barry's come
 That there'll be fun,
 When we hit
 Just a bit
 That down-state crowd.
 Ow! Ow!
 But Dolan's there
 With his done-up hair.
 And Miller,
 That red-topped killer,
 Aint he great?
 Like Hot plates,
 Or that old cannon
 We called Lou Salmon.
 Meat,
 Yep.
 Loads,
 That's tough to beat
 And tougher still to "eat."
 Oh! we'll show 'em,
 Throw 'em
 Blow 'em
 Clean off the globe
 When they come.
 Say,
 But my heart
 Just thumps
 And bumps
 And jumps
 When they start.
 Gee!
 Aint it great
 To be back.

E. O. F.

Trying a Fall with Obesity.

By P. ED. O'METER.

A bard here dwelt more fat than bard be seems.

—Thomson: *The Castle of Indolence*.

This is a true story of walks and weights, a chapter transcribed from the actual experience of a local bard(let) who got unduly corpulent, got tired of his fleshy burden, "got busy," and got rid of it. Psychologically considered, it may best be described as the record of a somewhat arduous, progressively enjoyable, and measurably successful half-year's campaign against the world, the flesh, and the devil,—the world of totally unsympathetic, not to say cynical and scoffing, onlookers; the flesh that comes with unwelcome superabundance to most middle-aged folks in sedentary professions; and the "noonday devil" of whom the Psalmist makes specific mention, the particular infernal fiend who tempts to gastronomic over-indulgence and subsequent slothful ease, to physical inertia and mental vacuity.

While the record will probably not be hailed by the medical world as an invaluable up-to-date contribution to hygienic knowledge, its publication will still perhaps be justifiable on the score of the general interest attaching to all *bona fide* experiments in sanitary science. Obesity being one of those subjects which, in Lord Bacon's phrase, "come home to men's business and bosoms"—especially *bosoms*—the veracious account of one man's struggle with it is safe to prove fairly readable to a good many others. In any case, should the narrative serve no further purpose, it will at least show that, even for the corpulent, "where there's a will there's a way;" will furnish additional testimony to the incomparable value, in the matter of preserving or restoring perfect health, of the simple, regular, active life; and will demonstrate the utter needlessness, as obesity-reducers, of the hundred and odd anti-fat nostrums wherewith wily advertising quacks bamboozle the intelligence and appropriate the shekels of an all too gullible public.

Incidentally, too, the story may help to convince the residents of Notre Dame and St Mary's, the citizens of South Bend's North and East sides, and, generally, all the dwellers in that circle of territory which, with the golden-domed University as centre, has a radius from three and a half to four miles in length, that the strenuous pedestrian whose figure during the past six months has been a familiar one in town and country and suburban hamlets, on divers avenues and multiplied streets, on clean-swept city pavements and dusty rural highways, on concrete sidewalks and grass-grown side-paths, on crowded thoroughfares and deserted railway-tracks, on highroads, by-roads, post roads, and pseudo-roads,—that the quasi-uniquitous pedestrian in question is not really the escaped lunatic whom some have possibly suspected him of being, but merely a rather determined individual who, having made up his mind that by a course of regular and vigorous walks he could, and should, cause his shadow to grow materially less, has consistently lived up to his convictions, with the result that from having been obesity's victim he has now become its undoubted victor; has, in the phrase of the period, emphatically made good; or, in a sense more literal than usually characterizes that other graphi-locution for success achieved, "has got there with both feet."

This lengthy preamble being finished, it may be well for the writer to disclaim forthwith any sympathy whatever with the unlovely and ungracious character of the extremist. He flatters himself that in ceasing to be fat he has not become fatuous, nor allowed his enthusiasm for personal sanitary reform to disturb his normal sanity of judgment. He has no quarrel with obesity in the abstract, nor, for that matter, in the concrete, either; provided only that the concrete obese be presented in some other figure than his own. With Cæsar he can cordially exclaim:

Let me have men about me that are fat,
Sleek-headed men and such as sleep o' nights,

and, on general principles, he prefers the jolly Falstaff who

sweats to death,
And lards the lean earth as he walks along,

to the dyspeptic and saturnine Cassius with the "lean and hungry look."

As a matter of scientific fact, the amount of fat possessed by an individual may vary widely within the limits of health; but so long as it does not interfere with the bodily functions or movements, it is not pathological, is not a disease that calls for a remedy. It is obvious, of course, that the point at which corpulence becomes so abnormal as to constitute a real pathologic condition depends upon a number of factors that differ materially in different individuals. Of two men of the same age, height, and weight, one may be in excellent health, and the other a fit subject for some such regimen as was followed by the writer.

The said writer, being five feet six and a half inches tall, never, before his thirtieth completed year, weighed more than one hundred and thirty pounds; nor had his waist measure been greater than twenty-seven or eight inches. During his fourth decade, he became from thirty to forty-five pounds heavier, and a trousers-belt less than thirty-three inches long would have caused him discomfort. This increase was normal enough, was quite compatible with splendid health and at least average activity, and, far from causing anxious fears, was rather welcomed as a gratifying change. Once he reached the shady side of forty, however, the gratification at his still growing ponderosity and the relatively bulky proportions of his abdominal projection became "fine by degrees and beautifully less." When, at length, he tipped the scales at two hundred and six pounds and measured fully forty-six inches around the waist, he deemed it incumbent upon him to sit up and take notice.

One of the things he noticed was the relation between excessive weight and the probable duration of life. His views on this subject, the result of personal observation as to the unusually high rate of mortality among those of his friends and acquaintances who were notably corpulent, were confirmed by a study of the following table of heights and weights, drawn up by D. H. Wells, Actuary, and utilized by medical examiners for Life Insurance companies:

For Age Forty-Seven and Upward

Height	Normal Weight	-20 per cent	+20 per cent	+30 per cent
5 ft.	134	107	161	174
5 ft. 1 in.	136	109	163	177
5 ft. 2 in.	138	110	166	179
5 ft. 3 in.	141	113	169	183
5 ft. 4 in.	144	115	173	187
5 ft. 5 in.	148	118	178	192
5 ft. 6 in.	152	122	182	198
5 ft. 7 in.	157	126	188	204
5 ft. 8 in.	162	130	194	211
5 ft. 9 in.	167	134	200	217
5 ft. 10 in.	172	138	206	224
5 ft. 11 in.	178	142	211	231
6 ft.	183	146	220	238
6 ft. 1 in.	188	150	226	244
6 ft. 2 in.	194	155	233	252
6 ft. 3 in.	200	160	240	260

For younger ages subtract $\frac{1}{2}$ pound for each year under forty-seven, and the result will be the normal weight for the given age.

In connection with the foregoing, it may be explained that the applicant for life insurance is considered, other things being equal, as a poorer or safer risk, according as he varies more or less from the normal weight of persons of his height, and that when his weight is 30, or more, per cent above that normal figure, conservative companies, believing that his longevity will be less than the average among people of his age, will issue him a policy only at special ratings. Just why it is that "overweights" are considered poor risks, that is, are thought unlikely to live the average length of days, is thus stated by Dr. O. H. Rogers: "They are abnormal. They are prone to develop heart disease, apoplexy, and premature arteriosclerosis [the increase of connective tissues in the walls of arteries]. They are peculiarly liable to diabetes, rheumatism, and lithemia [excess of uric acid in the blood]. They succumb easily to accidents and surgical operations."

Evidently, neither the table nor this quoted declaration was calculated to reassure an individual whose weight was something more than thirty per cent above the normal. Nor was there any comfort to be found in the dicta of the authorities as to waist measurements. Dr. C. L. Greene, author of "The Medical Examination for Life Insurance," says on this point: "The heavy, big-bellied entrants have proved disastrous risks. . . . If the waist measure exceeds that of the chest, the applicant is a doubtful subject for straight life insurance. . . . The really dangerous applicants are the

flabby, big-bellied individuals who lead sedentary lives, sleep and eat heavily, and have, in consequence, a decided tendency to apoplexy and diseases of the heart and kidneys." Is it any wonder that such testimony as this convinced the whilom obese writer that it was up to him to get busy? Not to alarm unduly, however, any ultra-corpulent friends among his readers, or precipitate through their nervous fears their premature descent into untimely graves, let him quote another table, prepared in connection with the "specialized mortality investigation" of the Actuarial Society of America:

Table of Weights—Age Forty and Over

Height	D	C	B	A
5 ft.	Under 114	114-161	162-174	Over 174
5 ft. 1 in.	" 115	115-163	164-176	" 176
5 ft. 2 in.	" 117	117-165	166-179	" 179
5 ft. 3 in.	" 119	119-169	170-183	" 183
5 ft. 4 in.	" 123	123-173	174-188	" 188
5 ft. 5 in.	" 126	126-177	178-192	" 192
5 ft. 6 in.	" 129	129-182	183-197	" 197
5 ft. 7 in.	" 133	133-188	189-204	" 204
5 ft. 8 in.	" 137	137-194	195-210	" 210
5 ft. 9 in.	" 142	142-200	201-216	" 216
5 ft. 10 in.	" 146	146-206	207-223	" 223
5 ft. 11 in.	" 150	150-212	213-230	" 230
6 ft.	" 155	155-218	219-237	" 237
6 ft. 1 in.	" 160	160-226	227-244	" 244
6 ft. 2 in.	" 165	165-233	234-253	" 253
6 ft. 3 in.	" 171	171-242	243-262	" 262

—Courtesy of Metropolitan Ins. Co.

Persons of weights D and B are considered bad insurance risks, those of weight A are looked upon as *very* bad risks, while those of weight C are classed as persons of ordinary weight. To take a concrete example: when John Jones, six feet in height and aged forty-five years, weighs only one hundred and forty-two pounds, his chances of enjoying a long life are poor, when he weighs anything from one hundred and fifty-five to two hundred and eighteen, his chances are good; weighing from two hundred and nineteen to two hundred and thirty-seven, his chances are again poor; and when he gets beyond two thirty-seven, John needs the treatment diametrically opposed to the rest cure, and had better make no unnecessary delay in adopting it. The lesson which these tables contained for the writer seemed to be that he was, at the very least, twenty-two pounds too heavy, and that while his health might not suffer at any weight between 131 and 185 lbs., still, to be in prime physical con-

dition, to be what the Englishman styles "perfectly fit," he should get rid of, not twenty-two, but fifty-two pounds of his superfluous *avoirduois*.

How effect the reduction? An examination of the books disclosed the fact that among medical authorities it is axiomatic that "most persons over forty eat too much and exercise too little," and that, apart from heredity, these are the causes of obesity. The obvious inference was that the proper way to fight obesity is to exercise considerably more, and eat a good deal less, than has been one's custom. Of genuine exercise the writer had been taking not more than from half an hour to an hour a day. Chained to his desk, six days a week, by professional duties during eight hours of the twenty-four, and forced to devote from four to five more hours to various indoor avocations, he gave the bulk of the leisure remaining to him from a sixteen-hour waking day to congenial books, social correspondence, friendly calls, etc., etc. Fortunately, however, he had always been a lover of method, and it did not take long so to systematize his work as to leave him from two and a half to three hours free for exercise.

As to the nature of that exercise,—in a State with roads less sandy at most times, and less abominably dusty in the summer months, than are those of Indiana, there might have been some hesitation between walking and bicycling; but long-distance wheeling in this State, at least in that part of it known as St. Joseph County, is "a mockery, a delusion, and a snare." The writer has tried it, and knows whereof he speaks. Moreover, while bicycling (on good roads) is a delightful recreation, it is admittedly less beneficial as a health-giving form of exercise than is pedestrianism. The obesity-victim accordingly became a walker, limiting himself to six miles a day for a week or two, increasing the distance to ten miles daily for the following ten or twelve weeks, and, finally, during the past three months (stimulated possibly by his carrying a pedometer throughout this latest period), going at least a round dozen miles a day, seven days in the week.

It is pertinent to the purpose of this paper to quote here what the latest of

encyclopedic authorities has to say of this particular exercise and of the best method of taking it. The New International (Vol. XIII., p. 96) has this paragraph: "Walking, much abused as it is, will do much for health if properly conducted. But walking, as here considered, is different from the employment of 'shanks' mare' to conduct a body from one point to another. In the first place, the walk should be taken at the same time each day. The individual should dress for it in light, loose clothing to give the freest possible play to all the muscles. The head should be held up, shoulders well back, chest thrust far forward, and the arms bent a little, while the hands grasp two banana-shaped pieces of cork like the handles of a bicycle. The stride must be long and swinging, starting from the shoulders and including the hips, so that the whole body swings forward on one side and then on the other as each step is taken, and the side and abdominal muscles are kept constantly at work. The pace should be fast and there should always be a definite point to be reached at a definite time."

As to the last-mentioned detail: what constitutes a fast pace is not a matter to be determined off-hand, or arbitrarily. Fast for one person may spell very fast for another. Our friend, Professor Martin, for instance, can probably walk five miles in an hour with no more exertion than the average professor or student employs in covering four miles during the same time. And the difference between walking a mile in fifteen minutes, and walking one in twelve, will be found, on trial, to be considerably greater than the inexperienced pedestrian deems at all possible. As for the untrained amateur who talks flippantly of being able to walk, or of having actually walked, fifteen, or ten, or even four miles at the rate of six miles an hour, he may safely be called—mistaken. The average man or boy does not take steps a yard long; yet, even if he did, a mile in ten minutes would mean his taking one hundred and seventy-six steps a minute. To do so, he is likely to discover that he must, not walk, but *run*. Personally, the writer's ordinary pace is four miles an hour. As long ago as the middle of April, he walked to Niles and

back (20 miles in all) at that rate, on the Michigan Central track; and with his additional practice since then, and the diminished handicap in the matter of weight, he feels confident that he can walk forty miles in a ten-hour day without being laid up for repairs on the day following. For shorter distances, while he *has* made nine miles in two hours, three miles inside of forty minutes, and two in twenty-four minutes; these quasi-sprints were for purely experimental purposes—and were not numerous enough to constitute a habit. Apropos of walking forty miles a day, Marion Crawford has recently been cited as advocating pedestrianizing to that extent, and 'tis further said that, on occasion, he does not scruple to practice what he preaches.

It should be mentioned, perhaps, that the twelve miles which constitute the writer's minimum daily distance are not covered in three consecutive hours. His schedule calls for three miles in the early morning, two to two and a half shortly before dinner, and from six to eight in the late afternoon. Besides accommodating itself more readily to the exigencies of professional work, and agreeably breaking that work's monotony, this division has the additional advantage of producing a freer flow of perspiration than would a continuous walk three hours long,—and profuse perspiration, however superinduced, is the sworn enemy of obesity. Just here, by the way, a word should be said of another feature of this anti-fat campaign—hot bathing. For some five or six months past, the writer has taken a hot bath just before retiring every night, and during the torrid spells of July and August took one every afternoon as well. While aware of the fact that, according to the traditional and generally prevailing opinion, these baths should have weakened him very considerably, he can only say that he has remained entirely unconscious of their having done so. That they *have* weakened obesity's hold on his system he feels well assured.

The only other expedient resorted to in this business-like struggle with excessive corpulence has to do with dietetics. Eating three full meals a day is a habit rather than a necessity, and for fat persons engaged in sedentary work, a decidedly bad

habit. There are numerous religious communities in which habitual fasting is the rule, and observance of the rule does not disastrously affect the members of such communities, either on the score of general health, or on that of longevity. In any case, it being axiomatic that most persons over forty eat too much, and the writer being determined to shuffle off the superfluous portion of his mortal coil, he forthwith instituted a reform in his meals. Beginning with "cutting out" meat, save at dinner, he gradually encroached upon the claims of appetite until he reached the stage of fasting pure and simple, as enjoined upon Catholics during Lent, Ember Days, etc. Briefly, this means a bite in the morning, a full meal at noon, and a light lunch in the evening. The writer, or perhaps in this connection an apter term would be the *fighter*, doesn't pretend that this portion of his regimen has been invariably agreeable. There have been more than a few occasions when, returning in the evening from a brisk six-mile walk, he has been inclined to regret that his full meal had not been fixed for 6:30 P. M. instead of 12 M.; but the patent results of his aggressive tactics along the lines of walks, hot baths, and fasting, have always reconciled him to their continuance.

What these results are it is fully time to make known, and so finish a paper that has considerably outgrown its originally intended length. As to visible results—in the first place, by a gradual decrease varying from ten to six pounds a month, the writer has reduced his weight fifty-two pounds, from 206 to 154, and so is no longer abnormally heavy. In the second place, his noticeably prominent abdominal protuberance of a few months ago, variously dubbed his *coram nobis*, "bay-window," "corporation," and "hump," and even contemptuously referred to by one irreverently mendacious son of Belial as "pot-belly," has disappeared; his waist measure has decreased one-fourth, from 46 inches to 35, and no longer exceeds that of his chest.

Far and away more gratifying, however, than these external differences is his consciousness of being in an approximately perfect condition, both physically and mentally. Defining a term that is too simple easily to admit of definition, the eminent

Scotch physician, the late Sir Andrew Clarke, once said: "Health is that state of the body in which all its functions go on without notice or observation, and in which existence is felt to be a pleasure; in which it is a kind of joy to see, to hear, to touch, to live."

That exactly describes the writer's present condition, and to the fact of his having brought himself to so thoroughly delightful and enviable a state he may perhaps without impropriety direct the attention of various kindly-disposed, if somewhat oracular, members of the Buttinski family who have, from time to time throughout his campaign, spontaneously proffered their downright condemnation of his "overdoing it"; and have not infrequently, within a brief period thereafter, emphasized the ineptitude of their strictures by swallowing sundry pills and powders and nauseous draughts, for the relief of ailments that a little judicious dieting or a very moderate amount of exercise would have surely prevented. Absolute freedom, during a half-year that included an unusually trying summer, from coughs and colds, nervous and bilious head-aches, diarrhoea and dysentery, vertigo and insomnia, muscular cramps and nervous exhaustion, stomachic disorders, kidney trouble, erysipelas, conjunctivitis, and, generally, pains, aches, and physical discomforts of all kinds,—that, assuredly, was a blessing worth a good deal more to the writer than it cost him. And the genuine zest he has come to feel in his daily walks is as keen and unfailing as is the undergraduate's relish for a "rattling good" contest on the gridiron or the diamond.

By the same token, 'tis now about the hour for to-day's six-mile tramp—a tramp that will just complete the eleventh hundred mile walked since June 26th; so, in default of a more artistic concluding paragraph, let the following stanza, from one of the bardlet's unpublished odes, serve as

L'ENVOI.

There are multifarious methods of annihilating space,
Each evolved from out the think-works of the restless
human race:

You may drive in cart or carriage, you may mount
a wheel or steed,

You may ride in train, or trolley, or in motor-car at need;
But by far the best of vehicles, "as sure as eggs is eggs,"
Is the primal automobile, just one's

Own

Two

Legs.

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, September 22, 1906.

Another September and the classic days here. We drop into the place, and find it the same. It seems the most natural thing in the world to do. The gongs and books, the class-rooms and buildings, the dome and steeple, all seem as though it were yesterday we saw them last. 'Twas a short summer in many ways. On the campus we meet many new faces mingled with the old, and things promise a most successful year. To the new men the SCHOLASTIC bids a hearty welcome; to the old, "Glad to see you back."

—There is an old Greek story of the wrestler, Antaeus, who though repeatedly cast to earth returned to the fray with new strength and vigor. Democracy's probable candidate for the next presidential campaign reminds us somewhat of the legendary hero. Twice has Mr. Bryan been defeated, and now we find him back into the fight as strong, unique and masterful as ever. His position is a singular one: a plain American, the incumbent of no office, a soldier, but not a nation's pet, he stands as our foremost democrat. He leads by his personality. At the head of the republican ticket few can see anything but Roosevelt. The man, the soldier, the diplomat has probably won the hearts of a people as no one since Lincoln. His engineering, his tact and principle have been his party's success. In him there is something strong and invigorating, something rugged that savors of the fight, and which, when brought into the political arena, has placed him most powerfully before us. There were times when the party made the man,

but to-day the reverse seems to be true; and when these two giants meet, party lines will be forgotten and party principles somewhat overlooked in the struggle between personalities.

—On the threshold of a new scholastic year it will be profitable for the student to consider just why he has come to Notre Dame. He is here at a cost of time which might be spent in some useful service, of money which might be employed as capital, and at a sacrifice of all the joys of home. This time and money may be squandered and the hopes of friends and parents blasted; such things have happened. The chance to acquire a college education is not given to all young men; it is a privilege of the few; it must be worked for; teachers can neither bestow it nor thrust it upon you. Yet if this opportunity is made the most of, the cultured mind and the clean, strong heart which result is something more precious than gold piled mountain high, more precious than time itself; something which makes its possessor the pride and joy of friends and home. For this we are here.

—And now exit Chance, Stone and the rest of them. It's time for Yost and Stagg to say their lines. What their lines will be this year, and what plaudits they will receive all depends. Somebody in the audience is always throwing things at the man in moleskin and condemning him and his roughness. To please the crowd an experiment will be tried, and a reform is moving among the magnates who handle big football. What effect the new rules will have is still a question, but at any rate it won't stay the kicking. It's not the man in uniform who is raising a rumpus, nor his colleague on the bleachers. It's the one who doesn't see the game but who still has a kick coming. Football is not the only thing that receives the butts, mostly everything and everyone gets it nowadays, which only reminds us of the old story about the old man and the boy and the donkey, and how they failed to please. At any rate, we are in another season, and, Mr. College-man, it's up to you to keep football.

Athletic Notes.

The football season opened at Notre Dame on Monday, September 17. From now until Thanksgiving Day the football hero will hold the centre of the stage and will demand the time of the dope writer and side-line critic.

Coach Barry, Notre Dame's first outside coach since the time of Pat O'Dea, comes from Brown with a reputation that would make most anyone sit up and take notice. And if his coaching ability can be compared with his ability as a player, Notre Dame has walked away with the State championship and has it locked away right now in the trophy room.

The new rules have changed, or at least hope to change football radically, and it is hard to tell at this early date just what effect they will have on the game. It has opened it up and tends to do away with the heavy line-plays, explaining, as a reason for so doing, that injury to players will be less liable, all of which remains to be seen. The rules at the best are an experiment, and no one who has not tried them or seen them tried can say much regarding the same.

Of last year's team only four will be back, Captain Bracken, ex-Captain Beacom, Sheehan and Callicrate. But a good number of second team men are on hand who will undoubtedly develop this year into Varsity men.

Captain Bracken is the only old backfield man to return. And the absence of available quarter-backs makes him the most likely man to fill the position. He has plenty of speed and a good head, which, coupled with two years' experience, should make him fit for the position unless Coach Barry can develop a quarter from the ranks of the second string of last year.

Beacom raised the hopes of the rooters when he made his appearance the first of the week, for it had been rumored that "large Patrick" would not return, and his presence has boosted N. D. football stock wonderfully. Then, too, Jerry Sheehan of baseball fame, has decided to come back, and his ability as the man in the middle who hands back the ball, is too well known

to waste time trying to tell how good he is.

Callicrate, the star end of last year's team, is on hand, and little worry need be wasted over one end position as he has proved beyond all doubt that he is one of the best ends Notre Dame ever had.

The men who have shown ability and who played the season through last year, are: Eggeman, Munson, Hutzell, Duffy, Doyle and Benz. The men unable to play last season because of the freshman rule are: Dolan, Bervy, Miller and Donovan, all good men with experience. Dolan, a star tackle from Oregon, Bervy, a high-school star from Rochelle, Ill., Donovan, a brother of the famous "Smucsh," which introduces him without more notice, and Miller, a backfield man, who resembles the famous Salmon even to the red hair. Then such men as Mertz who played a star game on St. Joseph's Hall last year, Hagge who did the same for Brownson, O'Flann who played full for St. Joseph's team, and Dwan, clever quarter-back—all are out and all helping to build up the team.

It is hard to say at the present time even the kind of team we may have. We of course hope that Barry will be able to turn out a winner, and judging from the start he has made, if he has any kind of a show he will give us something that Notre Dame can be proud of.

* *

"Bill" Draper, our new manager, because of his late appointment, has been somewhat handicapped in getting a schedule. Indiana and Purdue have accepted dates, Purdue and Notre Dame meeting at Lafayette Nov. 3, and Indiana at Indianapolis Nov. 10.

* *

North Division High School of Chicago will probably be the first game of the season and will play Notre Dame here on Sept. 27. Beloit, Michigan "Aggies, and several other strong teams are considering dates, games being scheduled as fast as possible.

* *

Wanted:—Men between the ages of 15 and 30 to report to Coach Barry to-day, and every day at three o'clock. Each man will be presented with a football suit, free

of charge, and all that is expected of the recipient is that he appear on the field in said suit. Barry will do the rest.

*
* *

Dan Dillon, who was Sorin's star half-back three years ago,—has returned to school and has reported to Coach Barry.

*
* *

The squad is still increasing. On Thursday twenty-two men reported to Coach Barry. The new men to report were: Burdick, Reynolds, Graham, Keach, Diener.

*
* *

Two elevens were lined up for team number one on Thursday afternoon. Dwan handled one team and Captain Bracken the other.

*
* *

C. B. C. Henning is showing up well at centre.

*
* *

The goal posts have been erected on Brownson campus.

*
* *

Captain Bracken received the first honor mark on Tuesday when Bervy butted him in the eye and closed the locker. No more than fitting and proper, though, that the new Captain should receive the first one.

*
* *

There are still a number of good men around the college and watching the game who should be out. It should be the aim of every student to do his share to help us have a winning team.

*
* *

The weather has been good for any kind of a game but football, but Coach Barry is handling the men easy and making all kinds of allowance for the heat. S. E.

Variable Speed Motors.

In this age of Electrical advancement probably the most interesting as well as useful investigations are made along such lines where time, labor, and expense are made a minimum. Among those investigations can be found many varied methods of speed control in driving machinery, and

in the following we shall see just how far such investigations have progressed.

Speed control involves the three named factors above—namely time, labor and expense; and a successful reduction of these will be a decided saving to both the manufacturer and the public at large. Driving large printing presses, operating the various machines in our shops, running elevators, pumps, etc., is where speed control in its simplest form is most imperative.

From an economical standpoint variable speed motors in connection with the various machines in our machine shops are by far the best to have. If, for instance, each machine were driven by individual motors, line shafting would be entirely eliminated. This means a saving of at least 50% of power in the average machine shop. There is always some trouble with the line shafting, and if these line shaftings are done away with even the building can be made of lighter construction; for the vibration and pulling of the shafting is done away with. When each machine is idle its motor is idle and there is no expense. From the foregoing it is seen how the economical factor is obtained.

Through the simple movement of a controller handle the speed of each motor is changed, and no time is lost as is the case in changing belts with cone pulleys. This saving of time will, as a consequence, reduce the price of each article turned out by these machines and so prove advantageous to the consumer. Belting has also proved dangerous, through catching of clothing or limbs of the workmen. Labor is reduced by the use of direct connected motor, since it is by far an easier matter to turn a controller handle to change the speed than to make a series of adjustments with back-gearing and cone pulleys, etc. So we see that variable motors are indeed saving in every respect. In selecting a motor for use in connection with such apparatus as mentioned the purchaser must see that it fulfils the following conditions as near as possible:

- 1 It must have constant speed at its various loads.
- 2 High efficiency throughout the range of load.
- 3 Not to be cumbersome but light and compact.

- 4 Must not spark even though unloaded.
- 5 It should be easily reversed.
- 6 All speed changes should take effect instantly.
- 7 It must have great range of speed variation.

8 Should have superior mechanical and electrical construction. And finally it must not be expensive to install and maintain.

As regards the different methods of obtaining variable speed it will be an easier task to describe briefly those speed controls that are used most extensively now. Beginning with the simplest one, field regulation, by means of the rheostate, they may be enumerated as follows:

- 1 Bullock System of Multiple Voltage.
- 2 Lincoln Variable Speed Motors.
- 3 Inter-Pole Motor.
- 4 Stow Multi-Speed Motors.

FIELD REGULATION.

The fundamental principle in the design of all electrical machinery is that a conductor moving in a fixed magnetic field will generate an E. M. F. In direct current machines, as we are dealing with, E. M. F. is generated by the conductor on the armature moving in a fixed magnetic field as the armature revolves. The three principal factors in the fundamental formulæ of the dynamo are E. M. F. speed, number of conductors and magnetic flux; so that in order that we may have field regulation the magnetic flux must be varied. This is usually done by introducing resistance in series with the field windings. As is observed, the more resistance inserted the less the current through the field, therefore the smaller the magnetic flux. This is, however, very wasteful because of the energy used up in the rheostate. Other things remaining, constant speed may also be varied by changing the E. M. F.

Before considering the Multiple Voltage System of the Bullock Co., which employs balances, a variable speed system which employs nothing but variable voltages might be mentioned. In this system three or more wires may be brought from the main generators, and by means of a controller various voltages can be applied to both the field or armatures. For instance, a large voltage on the field would increase the

magnetic flux and so decrease the speed, and *vice versa*. This method has been used in our laboratories, but it lacks in the fact that a great variation of speed can not be easily obtained.

The next system of speed control to be considered is that of the Bullock Electric Co., and is known as the Multiple Voltage System. As the name implies, this system consists primarily in varying the voltage applied to the armature. In order to use a small motor, field control is combined with multiple voltage, and these two together form a system very extensively used. This multiple voltage system may be subdivided into the three and four wire systems. In the first named of these sub-divisions, a main generator, a balancer, a third wire leading from the balancer to where the motors are placed, and a controller for each of the motors are the necessary apparatus required. The balancer is merely two similar machines coupled together. One armature may be wound for 90 volts and the other say for 160. These armatures are connected in series across the mains of the large generator whose voltage may be 250 volts. This system gives the three voltages at the motor, 90, 160, 250. The controller connects the motor armature terminals with these three voltages, and so the motor speeds are obtained proportional to these voltages. It also introduces several resistances into the circuit and by this means more speed variations are obtained.

Now the four-wire system is very similar to the system just described. Three similar machines coupled together are required now instead of two, as in the previous case. Four wires also are necessary. Assuming the large generator to be of 250 volts and the balancers to be of 60, 80, and 110, respectively, the voltages available in this four-wire system are 60, 80, 110, 140, 190, 250. As is seen, these three and four wire systems incur the expense of extra machines, and what, from the economical standpoint, is required is a motor which will make the necessary variations of speed itself. So it remains to show to what limits the manufacturers have striven to produce such a machine.

(To be continued.)

LAW DEPARTMENT.

The following is a statement of facts of the case now pending trial in the Moot Court.

Statement of Facts.

John Smith came to South Bend in 1835 when the place was a small hamlet. He engaged in the dry goods business and prospered. In course of time he acquired a handsome competence and retired from active business. He bought a large farm in Clay Township, near the state boundary line, and there took up his residence in 1890. Pleased with rural life, he bought several other farms in the vicinity, and soon ranked as proprietor of the most extensive landholdings in the county. Serious attacks of illness in 1897 admonished him to make his will. He did so January 3d, 1898. In it he gave, bequeathed and devised all his property, real, personal and mixed, to his only living child, Mary Angela Smith. The mother had died years before, when Mary was a child, and afterward the bereaved father turned to his little daughter with an affection that seemed to shut out all other faces from his heart. Hence he named her as the sole beneficiary of his will. He named in it as his executor one of the dearest and most intimate of his friends, Norman Eastman. He recovered, however, from his illness, and determined to move back from the country to the city. He then sold all his farms. The buyers were James Jones, Peter Rodman, William Kennedy and Clayton Bulwer. They received warranty deeds in due form and paid for the whole \$65,000. With this money Smith purchased three large business blocks on Michigan Street, between Colfax Avenue and Washington Street, in South Bend. In 1902 he contracted a severe cold, which developed into pneumonia, and on the 10th of March he passed away. The will had not been canceled or modified in any respect, and Eastman had it probated, and qualified as executor under its terms. Mary was only sixteen years of age at the time, and Eastman acting in accordance with the father's wishes, became her guardian. He found soon afterward that many debts had to be paid and heavy expenses incurred

in connection with the repairing and improvement of the property. The maintenance of the young lady in her former station also entailed heavy expense. The income from the estate fell \$800 a year short of what he needed, and he had to borrow from Oliver Adams \$1600 to meet the deficit. When Mary attained to her eighteenth year she married Felix Farmer, a local capitalist and real estate dealer. Eastman had performed his duties conscientiously, and both Mr. and Mrs. Farmer effusively thanked him for his invaluable services. "As you know," said he, "I had to borrow from Oliver Adams \$1600 for the use of the estate. I gave him my note for the amount. You will, of course, pay that. I finished my work as executor last year, feeling certain that Mary would pay the note under my direction." "Oh, yes; I'll pay it; have no fear on that score," answered Farmer. Yet he did not pay it. Eastman sues on the promise thus made to him.

*
*
*

Mr. John L. Corley (Law, '03), 818 Laclede Building, St. Louis, has prepared and published a much-needed and very useful brochure entitled "Notre Dame Legal Directory." It gives the names and addresses of alumni of the University who are engaged throughout the country in the practice of law. It is a neat booklet and strikingly testifies to Mr. Corley's loyalty to Notre Dame and desire to enable the old students to keep in touch with one another. It bears witness to persevering industry on his part, and there can hardly be a doubt that students and friends of Notre Dame generally will welcome it with feelings of appreciation and thankfulness. Almost necessarily some omissions are made in this first edition of the directory, but those aware of them can notify Mr. Corley and enable him in the next edition to include all who are living and in the active practice of the profession.

*
*
*

Mr. P. J. O'Keeffe, of Chicago, whose lectures were received with so much favor

by the law students last year, will this evening deliver in the Law Room his first address of the current academic year. His intention is to deliver at least one address each month until June. He will deal particularly with real property and probate law. All are invited to attend.

Personals.

—Mr. John A. Roth, '84-'85, visited the University during the vacation and entered his son in Brownson. Mr. Roth is now living in Fowler, Ind.

—Albert J. Oberst (Law, '06), of Owensboro, Kentucky, passed with high honor the examination for admission to the Bar. Within the past six weeks he has received handsome fees in three or four cases.

—Daniel K. Murphy (Law, '05), of Chatsworth, Ill., visited his friends at Notre Dame early in the week. He has an exceptionally good business for one in the first year of practice, and his prospects are unusually bright.

—W. D. Jamieson, '05, was a visitor to the University during the vacation. He is now at St. Edward's, Austin, Texas, where he is teaching. Will was looking well, and is still of the opinion that "N. D. is the best place on earth." The SCHOLASTIC wishes him the best of success.

—We are pleased to hear of the honor conferred on Mr. John Shea of Dayton, Ohio, who at the recent International Convention of the Knights of St. John, was elected Supreme Counsel. Mr. Shea is an old Notre Dame man and at present is engaged in the practice of law in Dayton, Ohio.

—Francis Lonergan, '04, dropped in on us for a few days' stay. He was on his way to Portland, Oregon, where he is teaching law, and whipping into line some good athletes at Columbia. Since going West "Happy" has made a record as an athlete and coach. He is still the same worker, he was in school, and we wish him even more success in the coming year.

Wild Birds at Notre Dame.

THE BROWN CREEPER.

This little bird is seen here from October till April. As its name indicates, the bird creeps up rough-barked trees, searching for the larvae of insects. It does not bore deep into the bark like the nuthatch, because its beak is too weak for such drilling. Unlike the nuthatch, too, the creeper always climbs up a tree, beginning near the base, and using its tail as a prop like the woodpeckers. Wherever you find nuthatches working in the woods you will be likely to see a smaller and slenderer bird creeping slowly up the bole of a nearby tree. I have seen the brown creeper in the box-elder grove in Carroll playground.

"The creeper is brown above, varied with many ashy-gray stripes; color lightest on the head; wings brown barred with whitish; tail long and paler brown; beneath grayish white; bill slender, curving. Length, 5.75 inches."

THE ORCHARD ORIOLE.

This bird of restless habits arrives in the north when the apple trees are in blossom. While feeding in the fruit trees, he enlivens his activity with a song of singular sweetness. But even his notes are hurried and in keeping with his sprightly nature. The nest of this oriole is not so elaborate as that of the Baltimore, but still it is marvelously constructed. It is not so long nor does it hang so much as the nest of its brilliant namesake. It is usually placed in the slender, pendant branches of the elm or maple, and would not be discovered were not the old birds seen to come and go frequently from the same place, thus revealing the whereabouts of the nest. Like the young Baltimores, the orchard fledglings make a great deal of noise when about to fly from the nest.

The orchard oriole has "breast and belly chestnut; head, neck and upper back black; lower back chestnut; wings black with chestnut shoulders and a transverse band, some of the quills edged with lighter; tail rounded, black, some of its quills tipped with lighter; bill and feet dark. Length, 7.30 inches.

Local Items.

—Back again.

—Bigger every year!

—Glad to see you, old man!

—Going out for the Varsity? Better.

—What has become of the Vandalia pet?

—Have you noticed the tide of immigration from Corby to Sorin?

—“Commercial Ave.” has assumed quite a cheery appearance since last June. The walls have all been painted white and the floor marble cemented. A new stenographer's room has been fitted up, the large room north of that occupied by the book-keeping department being used.

—The inconvenience and bother incident to dumping the trunks off at the entrance to the Main Building has come to an end, and this year draymen are requested to bring all trunks to the trunk platform in the rear of the natatorium. If you can't find your trunk, better take a walk that way and look them over.

—On Thursday the side-line critics got their first calling from Coach Barry. It was a good thing too, for at Notre Dame there has always been too much disparagement butted from the peanut crowd. If one can't be an athlete he can at least be a decent sport, and instead of criticising can encourage. In any event, he is seeing the show free, and his remarks are limited.

—Because of the growth of the courses in chemistry and pharmacy it has been found necessary to move the machine and carpenter shops from the hall of Technology and devote the whole building to chemistry work. New lecture rooms have been fitted up, the interior has been thoroughly overhauled and many essentials necessary to first-class laboratories have been added. The shops have been moved to the buildings on St. Joe road, where the engineers and mechanics will find more room to work. Here also new things have been added, leaving nothing to be desired by the student.

—Are you out for the Varsity? If not, why not? Do you realize that Notre Dame needs every good man within her bounds. Come out and boost the team, swell the numbers, make the competition fiercer? Work and make the other fellow work to hold his own. We have prospects for a winning Varsity, make them brighter. It's up to you to give us a team. If you have any muscle, any ginger, any fighting blood, anything that goes to make up a man, get out and show it. The side-liner and rooter

is a good thing, a necessity, we need him and his voice; but right now we need you and your mettle. Come and try, Barry has a way, give him a show to help you wear a monogram.

—A bit of Corby's good-fellowship was demonstrated on Wednesday when Scales, the unique, gathered about him the remaining veterans and the new recruits. As of old, the marvel of Corby was the centre of attraction, and his executions on the Kimball box were enough to make the most lonesome one forget it and join in the “Grand old Flag.” It was an impromptu affair, and hence so much the better for that. Young Benz of several different kinds of fame was assistant, and coached the “new uns” into the game. He surely is a killer, and though he failed to induce McCormick to sing he made him promise to lose the bashfulness or the voice.

—Bro. Alphonsus has a silk banner which he intends donating to the hall winning the greatest number of debates in the inter-hall series. The banner is to be transferable, and will go to the hall that is victor. This is something new in inter-hall debating, and is certain to arouse the enthusiasm of the student body. It must not be forgotten that the power to charm the heart and steal away the senses, to hold an audience in breathless spell as the orator paints the rosy tints of heavenly longings, or depicts vividly the horrors of the doomed, comes not by nature but by work. The condition of success in the finished orator lies as much in the management of the voice and method of delivery as in the sentiments delivered. This fact has not escaped Bro. Alphonsus in his untiring zeal to promote inter-hall debating.

—Now that the University is interested in football, it is only proper for the different halls to do their utmost in this particular branch of athletics. St. Joseph's Hall, always the leading hall in athletics, has brought out several candidates for the Varsity, men who will probably figure prominently this season. This is the proper spirit for college students. If we want to have a team that will be a credit to the University, the halls must send out as many candidates as possible. It is owing to this fact that St. Joseph's Hall will probably win the inter-hall championship. Doyle, last year's half-back, is out for the Varsity and already has his eye on a position. Diner, Mertses, Reynolds and Jurishek will help strengthen the squad for Captain Barry, who was unanimously chosen to lead the St. Joe eleven this coming year. If possible games will be arranged with the Elkhart High School, South Bend and possibly Goshen.