

The Notre Dame Scholastic

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

VOL. XL.

NOTRE DAME, INDIANA, OCTOBER 20, 1906.

No. 6.

The Poet.

TEACH me, O Muse," I said, "a poet's duty."
She answering: "Thou must *know* it—thou must *feel*.

Nor thou nor any else can fashion beauty

By any creed or dogma. The thought ideal
Hath no set form, no limit and no rule;

It is a grace of Nature to the few,
And hath no chair in Attica, no school.

Draw, thou, thine inspiration as they drew
Who sang to time; from thine own heart of hearts,

From the humanities, from joy and sorrow,
And build completely in thine art of arts,

Then will thou sing to the unborn To-morrow.
Harness the spirit of thine age, if thou
Wouldst pass the boundary of the fading Now."

J. E. S.

"An Uncommercial Drama."

PAUL R. MARTIN, '09.



WE hear a great deal at the present time in regard to establishing in the United States a theatre where drama may be produced on a basis entirely uncommercial in spirit, and utterly apart from the greed of present-day managers. This drama would not appeal to the masses in the sense that the works of the popular dramatist make their appeal to the play-going public, but would be rather for the benefit of those persons whose interest was centred in the more æsthetic things of life, and whose tastes were for the ideal and not for the mediocre.

It would be to the profit of these people

if they would for a moment forsake the national theatres of France and the endowed theatres of Germany, and turn their eyes in another direction—to Ireland, whose recent literary renaissance has caused the uprising of two uncommercial theatres—one which served, though laboring under every disadvantage, to awaken in a slumbering public mind an active enthusiasm in drama of national interest; the other a permanent institution located in its own home and producing fortnightly some play of historical or national importance.

The first named institution, "The Irish Literary Theatre," owes its foundation to William Butler Yeats, poet, dramatist and mystic, who although seemingly a pagan in thought, is nevertheless an Irishman, bubbling over with enthusiasm for the Irish literary movement.

Mr. Yeats was entirely original in his ideas of stage management, and in place of the usual gaudy scenic effects, which, he contended, "served merely to distract an audience from the true purpose of the play," he substituted a plain back drop of green draperies with a stage almost bare of settings.

Contrary to general impression the plays of the Irish Literary Theatre were produced by English professional actors, not by Irish amateurs, as had been the former production of Mr. Yeats' works. This is probably the reason why the Irish Literary Theatre was not enduring. The actors did not have the national spirit, nor could they interpret the lines of the Irish dramatist so as to produce the required result on their audiences.

That this result was produced in a way was owing to the fact that the audiences were already keyed up to an expectation

of that impulse which is only a natural outcome when the heartstrings of a patriotic people are pulled by reference to some national subject dear to every soul present.

The first of Mr. Yeats' plays to be produced at the Irish Literary Theatre was "The Countess Cathleen," a drama overflowing with national sentiment and forcibly calling to mind the condition of the Irish soul, caused by years of strife and oppression, of starvation and defeat.

The story of the play is simply yet beautifully told in that rich flow of figurative language that has marked Mr. Yeats as a poet of poets—a reincarnation of the bards of ancient Erin.

The Countess Cathleen, the great lady of a famine-stricken district, is the leading character in this little sentimentality. Grieved that her tenants should be starving about her, she sells all she has to provide funds with which they can procure food. But this is not all with which she has to contend, for demons, under the guise of tradesmen, have entered the country and are bartering for the souls of the starving peasants, giving them in exchange gold and food.

Finding all her funds exhausted, the Countess Cathleen sacrifices her own soul to the demons, and in this way saves her people, not only from starvation but from eternal damnation.

Had Henrik Ibsen been the author of "The Countess Cathleen" he would have ended his drama at this point, but not so Mr. Yeats. His poetic nature would not submit to the marring of this beautiful verse by the idea that the soul of the good Cathleen was to remain forever in the keeping of the satanic spirits. Mr. Yeats has provided an after-scene in which God witnesses the charity of Cathleen and, judging her intention not her deed, grants her pardon and life everlasting.

Owing to this bit of sentimentality Mr. Yeats and the Irish Literary Theatre had a most unpleasant odium cast upon them. A band of "rough and ready theologians," construing that Mr. Yeats was advocating a heretical doctrine, endeavored by force to break up the performance of the "Countess Cathleen" and were only pre-

vented from their purpose by a squad of Dublin police.

However, this very act only pointed out more forcibly what might be accomplished through the medium of the theatre. The Irish national public had seemingly tired of reading and almost all other intellectual pursuits, yet if they were so awakened to seriousness through a dramatic performance, it was evidently by means of the theatre that the way would be paved for the Irish Literary Revival.

During the existence of the literary theatre which was from May, 1899, to October, 1901, seven plays were produced in English by Mr. Yeats and his players. Three of them—"The Land of Heart's Desire," by Mr. Yeats, and "The Heather Field" and "Maeve," by Mr. Edward Martyn, followed closely upon Mr. Yeats' "The Countess Cathleen." The others—"The Bending of the Bough," by Mr. George Moore; "The Last Feast of Fiana," by Miss Milligan, and "Diarmuid" and "Grania," by Mr. Moore and Mr. Yeats—were produced throughout the next year.

Then came the most important event in the history of the society, the production in Gaelic of Dr. Douglas Hyde's "Casadh au t-Sugain," which translated into English is called "The Twisting of the Rope." This drama, built upon an old Irish folk tale, serves in a most admirable manner to illustrate the feeling of the Irish peasant toward the wandering bard. It is in no way mystical or symbolical as were Mr. Yeats' plays, but it gives a striking picture of Irish peasant life.

Dr. Hyde intrusted his stage management to Mr. W. G. Fay, who was for several years on the professional stage, and who was, a little later, to become the founder and stage director of the National Theatre Society. Dr. Hyde and Mr. Fay saw that it would be worse than useless to produce the play with English professionals, and therefore resorted to casting the drama from persons who had spoken Gaelic from their cradles, but who had never acted before. These people could at least infuse some sentiment of the Celtic spirit into the play, although their desire was merely to speak Gaelic on a stage rather than any serious interest in acting for its own sake.

"Casadh au t-Sugain," served its purpose, and served it well. It aroused the interest of those to whom the former plays of the theatre had made no appeal. The Dublin press heralded it as marking a new epoch in the dramatic history of the world, and even the English reviews, at all times slow in acknowledging the merit of anything Irish, acclaimed the new movement as being worthy of the utmost consideration.

(To be continued.)

Pike's Peak on a Burro.

VARNUM A. PARRISH, '09.

The most realistic and enjoyable way to ascend a mountain is on a horse, mule or burro. Of these three the safest for an inexperienced rider is the burro. All that is necessary to insure to oneself a safe journey on this little donkey is to hang to the saddle. Such is not the case with the mule and still less with the horse. The rider on the horse must see that his mount steps on no loose stone or infirm ground for fear of his slipping off the trail into the valley below, while he who rides the burro need have no fears. Where the trail is narrow and steep the little donkey seems to consider every step before he takes it. The burro possesses three qualities in the superlative degree,—sureness of foot; stubbornness, and endurance. Although these animals do not weigh over six or eight hundred pounds yet they can carry a load of a hundred and fifty to two hundred pounds up and down the mountains with remarkable ease.

Pike's Peak is also accessible by means of the cog road. But the engine and the coach bear an air of civilization which tends to detract from the beauty of nature and make it less charming. The mode of travel that adds to the genuineness of nature's beauty is the burro. But those not strong physically should use the cog road, for the trip on the donkey is exceedingly tiring.

Mountains are very imposing in their grandeur and magnificence to those who have lived their lives on the broad, flat prairies. They are, as well, quite as deceptive to strangers who attempt to guess

their height or distance. We arrived in Manitou on an August afternoon about one o'clock. When we got off the car one of the party pointed to a mountain, and asked me if that was snow on its summit. I said that it couldn't be snow, for it was only about eighty rods away, while we don't have snow in this latitude until one gets about 10,000 feet above the sea level. I thought it must be white sand. I was afterward informed by a resident of Manitou that the white sand we saw on the hilltop eighty rods distant was snow on Pike's Peak, 14,000 feet high and twelve miles from Manitou.

The burro party left the stable at three in the afternoon. There were about twenty of us. We had two guides on horses and one on a mule. We also had two pack burros with us, one laden with feed for the animals, and the other with food for the party.

We were soon winding our way up the mountain side. The trail in most places was not over a foot and a half to two feet in width. In some places it ran along the edge of a precipice, while in others there was a steep incline leading from it down into the valley. Although the aspect of the former places was far more treacherous, yet in reality one was as dangerous as the other, for one might as well fall off the precipice as get started down the steep incline, for once started there would be no stopping.

We were deeply impressed by the scenery which was new to nearly all of us. And those who knew how to ride had the additional pleasure of being amused by the riding of the others, for there is no place where deficiency of grace and experience is more ludicrously conspicuous than in riding. Now the trail leads through some whispering pines; then, along a stony ledge, next up a steep incline. Here we find a spring bubbling out of the rocks, forming a little stream which crosses our path. We watered the burros, and drank ourselves. Never did water taste better.

After about three hours' ride we arrived at the camp that belongs to the manager of the burro barn. He had pitched tents, and built feed racks for the burros at a place half way between the Peak and

Manitou. The camp serves as a resting-place for parties on both the upward and downward parts of their trip. Although we had ridden three hours we were only about six miles from Manitou. One can not travel more than two or three miles an hour in the mountains if the trails are at all steep. We were all quite ready to rest when we got to the camp, for riding up and down mountains is very much more tiresome for both mount and man than riding on level ground, and either is quite wearing to those not accustomed to the saddle.

We were to stay here in camp until midnight, when we were to finish our journey to the Peak and arrive there in time to see the rising sun. Upon our arrival at this half-way camp, the burros were fed and watered by the guides; wood was gathered; a fire made; and some one got a pail of water and made coffee. The burro carrying the lunch boxes was unloaded and every one got his box. Few had estimated their appetites correctly, and as a consequence few boxes had enough left in them for the meal which was to be eaten next morning at the same place on our return. After our supper was over we talked a while, but as we intended to finish our journey the next morning, between twelve and four we were all rather anxious to get as much sleep as possible.

At twelve o'clock we were awakened by the guides. The burros were saddled, but it was soon discovered that we were three donkeys short. About an hour was lost in looking for them. The guides could find only two of the little fellows, so for the third man, who was still without means of travel, one of the pack burros was saddled. It was one o'clock before we started.

The part of our trip from one until four I thought to be the most enjoyable. The mountains are most impressive by night. They thrill the heart of the awestricken traveller with wonder and amazement as he gazes upon them in their sublime magnificence in the stillness of the night, while the soft pale light of the moon seems to tone down their rugged grandeur. On one side of us there were the dark pine forests, on the other we could look down into the valley below and see a little lake glimmering in the moonlight.

We were soon leaving the timber line which is about 9000 feet above sea level. The rest of the way to the Peak is very barren, bleak and cold. After the moon had set the stars came out brighter and larger than I had ever seen them. As one looked up that bare mountain of rock some of the stars seemed to be resting on its very summit.

Just before we got to Windy Point we wrapped our blankets around our legs, bundled up with all the clothing we had, and prepared for the coldest part of our trip. When we came to the Point the wind blew and whistled, so that it was almost impossible to imagine that it was an August night. We could all have worn more clothes with comfort than we had with us. The lakes that we saw now had ice on them, so one might have gone skating. At this height vegetation is very scarce. Nothing grows but moss and a few varieties of small, brightly colored flowers. Strange to say, these little flowers bloom within a few yards of snow banks.

We got to the Peak just at break of day. The view of the rising and the setting of the sun from Pike's Peak is not to be surpassed. It is the thing that people climb the Peak to see. And surely if one is fortunate enough to see a glorious sunrise or sunset from this mountain he will no longer wonder why people travel so far to see it. To adequately describe the rising sun viewed from the Peak is a task to which few are equal. And yet anyone who sees it is so filled with a something, that he can't resist trying to tell what it looks like.

As the sun rose it tinted the whole eastern sky with the richest and most delicate of colors. The few light clouds that hung just below the Peak off in the east were tinged with innumerable hues. This eastern sky like the door of the old wagon-maker's shop, which is covered with paints of many colors, seemed to be the place where the Maker of the universe tried the blending of His hues.

As we stood there on that majestic Peak which lifts its head far above the others, we could look down upon the smaller mountains and see the shadows of night still lingering on their western sides, and in the deep valleys at their feet, while their

eastern sides were glowing with the bright light of the red morning sun. Day was playing tag with night, climbing the same mountain that night was descending.

An hour later all those delicate colors in the eastern sky had faded away. The Peak had lost all its attraction until sunset. There was nothing left for one to see on its summit but forty or fifty acres of barren rock and the railway station.

After sunrise it got warm as quickly as it had turned cold the previous night. Most of the snow which falls during the night melts the next day, except that which chances to drop in some ravine or shaded niche.

We were now preparing to return to Manitou. As we descended the mountain we kept taking off our extra clothing. We arrived at the half-way camp about ten o'clock, ate a lunch, and then went our way on into the valley.

Going down hill is much more tiring on the rider than ascending, and it is almost as hard on the burro. As we looked down the mountain we could see another burro party coming up the incline on the same trail by which we were descending. As the trail along here was too narrow to admit the passing of two parties on horseback, the guide in the front rode on ahead of our party as fast as possible and stopped the ascending party before they got to the narrow place in the trail.

We were back at the burro barn in Manitou by one o'clock. All declared that they were more tired than they had ever been before, but that made little difference as we turned around and saw the bald old Peak looking down on us.

A Change.

WHEN the green gives way to golden,

When the leaves look somewhat olden,
And you miss the nimble robins from the lawn,
When you hear no more the twitter,

Where the wrens were wont to flitter,
There's a feeling no concealing, summer's gone.

When the darkling cloud which hovered
Far above your heads has covered

All the ground with snow that glitters far and near,
When you hear the sleigh-bell's jingle
And your blood begins to tingle,

There's a feeling no concealing, winter's here.

W. F. C.

Varsity Verse.

IF Stensland should come to Notre Dame
He'd make a haul, I venture to assert,
At the old cash drawer; he would take sure aim
And bring it down when no one was alert;
But when into the library he'd climb
He'd feel plumb sore he ever came.
No book he'd get for fifteen minutes time,
If Stensland should come to Notre Dame.

If Stensland should come to Notre Dame
He'd work his graft and make a few look pale;
But when he struck the library upstairs
I know he'd shake and think it was a jail.
He'd see the books stacked upon each shelf,
Hiding behind the hen wire like game;
He'd thank his stars if he got out himself,
If Stensland should come to Notre Dame.

S. T. D.

LIMERICKS.

A big hefty fellow named Littim
Was marked up by an insect that bit him;
He went to the Doc's,
And when told 'twas small pocks
His dad swore small pocks wouldn't fit him.

T. E. B.

There was once a young lad named Chaucer,
Who frowned very much, and said, "naw, sir,"
When the steak he got last,
At his daily repast,
But the fellows would laugh and say, "chaw-sir."

D. C.

SPONTANEOUS COMBUSTION.

Get wise, back up, get rubber,
This aint no place for you;
It's up to you to "fly your kite,"
"Go, roll your hoop," "skiddoo."

You've got an awful "rush" on,
You're crowded to the feet,
Your "belfry" is full of bats,
You're crazy with the heat.

We've heard you speel the "bull con,"
You've "slipped" a poor excuse;
Come off, get busy, break away,
We have to cut you loose.

We've held the wire too long,
You've got the numbers mixed;
Your trolley line is out of gear,
Drift on, and get it fixed.

Put on the "silent pedal,"
And with yourself elope;
You've made a hit for a home run,
You're favorite on the "dope."

So fade out to the timbers—
Thirteen and fare for two;
If you don't do the sprinter's stunt,
We'll put the boots to you. T. E. B.

The Eavesdropper.

EDWARD F. O'FLYNN, '07.

She was a proud girl. From infancy she had been pampered and petted, and had grown up seeing but little of the real world, and so thinking that it was a very small one and pretty much one-sided. She was pretty, pretty as any modern novelist would want, and to her view of things, dreadfully wise.

In the world and around her there were many others just like her, but she didn't think so. She had read, was accomplished, and to the class of men who called on her she was clever. She had seen so much comic opera, had been bored by so many teas, had become so used to "swell receptions and balls," had attracted so much attention and been duly incensed, that, what society calls the big things, had little effect on her. In a word, she was bored to death—a victim of ennui. That was why she stayed at home that Wednesday afternoon, though the Anchor Yacht Club was having a red-letter time—at least that was why she thought she remained; but Fate was playing another game.

Down the street old Dexter Smith came, and peeking from behind the curtains she saw him. He was forty and beginning to grow bald. At times she thought he grew to be more than a mere friend to her. It was true that he was a friend of her father's and that they both had been implicated in big mining deals. At any rate, she had heard so; she had also heard that her father, old Judge Healy, was a power "in the street." What "the street" was she had a vague idea; what papa's business was she only knew because he had called his great mine, the Minnie Healy, after her.

So much and so little did she know of her father's business. She had never known the tired nights he had spent, planning how to make his family happy. All she knew was, that Minnie Healy was the most petted little girl in the city. But times were changing, and one by one old Judge Healy's mines were lost in gigantic litigation. Only the "Minnie" remained, but that was the

richest of all. How he had lost his others, the Nipper, the Sweat, the Jewel, his daughter never knew. In fact, no one knew but himself, as no one but he knew how he had gotten them.

"Heavens! How I hate that old Smith," she said as she heard the door-bell ring. Mr. Smith, mining promoter and busy man, entered. In the parlor she heard him ask for Judge Healy.

"Right in here, Mr. Smith," said the old Judge, as he led him into his office in an adjoining room.

They closed the door, and she heard her father say, "Take a seat."

"My, I thought he wanted me," she said, "he's come so often of late. He's a nice man for a friend, but that's all."

There was silence for a while, and then her fluffy curiosity became aroused.

"I wonder what he and papa are doing in there locked up alone," she said after a while.

Picking up a book she started to read. It was the latest novel, one young Harold Winters had sent. She opened it and read for a while. She got as far as the fifth chapter, and, contrary to her usual tendency, read the title, "A Bird in a Gilded Cage."

With a flush she closed the book. It was too real, she thought, too much like present circumstances seemed to indicate, while from the room she heard the men's voices, and the murmur seemed to grow louder.

"Oh, why do girls marry old men?" she burst out, but stopped on hearing her father's voice.

"You want her, Deck, why you're crazy man."

"No, I'm not," was the answer in a steadied voice.

"Oh," said the girl in the other room, "I knew it; I knew it."

"But Minnie's all I've got," came from the Judge. "And when she's gone what shall I do, besides—"

Now her father's voice rose higher, and she thought she saw his flushed, angered face before her. She fell back into the chair and listened, the tears rolling down her cheeks. Sad tears of a young girl they were, who rebelled at the thought of a "gilded cage."

"But, Judge, I need her, and I'm going to have her. Why what would I not be

with her. New York would stand and look, that's all, just look, with mouth wide open, at the man from the West they despised, and Judge, all you have to do is say the word."

The Judge was silent and the girl too—New York, and the man from the West.

"Come, now, Judge," began Smith again.

"Well," meditated the Judge.

He looked at Smith, the old grey eyes piercing the promoter through. Yes, only one man in all the world knew his secret, knew how he got the Minnie Healy, the Nipper, and the rest. Now that man was prepared to use that secret. Smith grew impatient, and since argument did not prevail, threat would.

"If you don't"—Smith was plainly growing mad,—"I'll break you, though I ruin myself."

The Judge winced; he knew this man, Smith.

In the other room the girl, arose pale and angered. She started for the room, but stopped, it was her father speaking.

"What's your offer?" he asked; "half a million?"

"No, sir," he answered, and at the thought the girl fell into the great leather chair in a faint.

It was only for a moment, though. Through the haze she thought she heard, "a million."

"Oh!" she screamed.

The men in the room heard her and stopped, then rushing into the parlor they saw the girl leaning on the arm of the great leather chair and weeping.

"What's the matter, little girl?" anxiously asked her father.

"Nothing—only!"

"Only?"

"Only you and he—and,"—she said looking up toward Smith.

The two men looked at each other wonderingly, then her father asked:

"Didn't you want to sell the Minnie either, dear?"

Then she hid her face in his coat and laughed, but the men thought she was sobbing. In a moment she controlled herself:

"That was it, papa. You know you called it after me," she lied as every girl does some time or other.

Late Autumn.

AH, sad are the days of autumn,
Each breeze as it sweeps along,
As it strips the trees of their dying leaves,
Seems to murmur a requiem song:

A requiem song of summer
And all the hopes which it bore,
A song of sadness and regret
For the days that are no more.

Ah, sad are the days of autumn,
For dead are the summer's flowers
And carolling birds have long since fled
From their homes in the yellowing bowers.
W. J. D.

The "Ragtime" Novel.

WESLEY J. DONAHUE, '07.

Some years ago "ragtime" music made its appearance, and suiting the public's fancy soon monopolized its attention. For its appreciation one needs little knowledge or understanding of music. Possessing little depth, ragtime music is best designated as clever and "catchy." Because of its shallowness new selections are always taking the place of the old. Constant repetition of the same number in the slang terminology "kills it," and it must be relegated to the bottom of the music rack. The success of any ragtime selection is measured by its ability to last a season. If for a whole season it is sung by vaudeville stars, played by park bands, butchered by hurdy-gurdies and hummed by everybody in general to the exclusion of all other selections, it is a decided success; for it has brought the author a splendid royalty and has successfully tickled the public's musical palate. That was all the composer ever looked for, that was the fulfilling of his desire. To write something that would live, to write something that could be played or sung years after it was composed without being laughed at, such an idea never entered the composer's mind.

Now much as these ragtime selections are admired during their short reign of popularity, nevertheless, their most ardent admirers, as I have said, turn from them, and in a short time are calling for new productions. There is something wanting

in them, something that can only be found in the classic selection; the selection that has stood the wear and tear of time, and though familiar is ever new. The more these are heard the oftener we want to hear them; the more we hear them the better are they understood, and the better understood the better appreciated. Time far from lessening their claims adds to their perennial immortality. This is true of the classic in any art.

There seems to be an analogy between the situation in music and that in literature. To-day the modern novel holds the public attention; clever but shallow, with little plot and less characterization, it dances about in the limelight of popular favor. Its success or failure is marked by its ability or non-ability to rank among the "six best sellers." Even then its position, like that of the ragtime march or two-step, is only a transitory one. A little while and it is forgotten, overwhelmed in the sea of novels that each year floods the market. It was not written to be read a second time. It satisfies only for a moment. It is the "ragtime" in literature.

What is said here does not apply to every novel—there are exceptions to all rules—but it does apply to a very large number. The sole end for which the present-day novel is created can easily be accomplished without fulfilling the conditions requisite for the making of a classic novel. Thackeray, Dickens, Elliot in their best work, all portrayed life as it was. The idea of drawing a picture of life, however, never creeps into the "ragtime" novelist's consciousness. The reality of the classic novel is here cast aside, and in its place is substituted unreality; here ordinary, everyday life, anything commonplace is foreign. The average mortal never appears in the "ragtime" novel unless as a sort of background against which the author's hero or heroine may stand in strong relief.

All the characters are ideal—ideal in their spiritual and above all in their physical make-up; they are all of heavenly mould. A heroine with a pug-nose and faded hair, or a round-shouldered hero that stuttered would ruin any novel's chances of selling, and of course nowadays that is the important consideration.

The one thing we do find in the "ragtime"

novel is rapidity of action. What speed is to the automobile, that rapid action is to the modern novel. Event follows event in quick succession; one presses the other off the page. Action is all essential to American life, and the new novels are full of action. For this their authors should be commended. They have caught the spirit of the time; but the action in their novels is not the action of life as lived by the ordinary man or woman. Everything is so unreal, so different from what really happens.

The society novel, the novel of "Western" life, the well-styled "hysterical" novel, are full of those exciting but hardly possible happenings. Hand-to-hand encounters, hairbreadth escapes, passionate speeches, scintillating conversations abound. And yet, though characterization and description are subordinated, and the author's whole attention is directed to the plot, there is little originality shown even here. Were old Diogenes to visit us again he could search the "ragtime" novel all night as well as all day for something original, and would give it up in the end with a sullen, "What's the use." We still have the same old plots, now and then enlivened by a bit of cleverness, but, on the whole, the same. It is always the eternal two and always orange blossoms on the last page. In many respects the "ragtime" novel bears a marked resemblance to Nick Carter's "ten centers." Forgotten almost before it is read, and once laid aside never read again, few will hazard the opinion that the "ragtime" novel will ever occupy a permanent place in our literature.

Day Dreaming.

THE time I've lost in dreaming
Of days with gladness beaming
Of hours when life
To me was rife
With smiles of childhood teeming.
This time holds me enchanted
By the joys with which 'tis planted
Of happy days
When life's hard ways
Were sweet with wishes granted.
And vain is each endeavor
Which tries these bonds to sever,
So sweet to feel,
As hard to steal
Away from now as ever.

W. F. C.

The Criticism of Brunetière.

FRANK C. COLLIER, '07.

The creative imagination and criticism are almost inseparable in French literature. We may admire and imitate French literary criticism as we admire and imitate French art, but with much the same reservation; for it may be said of some of the French critics that what they have gained in brilliancy and versatility they have lost in weight and impressiveness. The critic is only too often a clever dilettante who has no aim beyond that of entertaining the public with a display of his own intellectual skill. But it is a marked distinction of Brunetière to have avoided this and to have given back to the word "critic" something of its former meaning. He has an ideal and convictions, and has insisted on judging by them. He possesses the power which belongs to those who have convictions to impose themselves upon those who have none. He has persisted in the idea that books exist to express ideas, whereas most people nowadays turn to books, not for ideas but for entertainment.

The impression that Brunetière gives is that of a man who, by temperament and instinct, has found himself thrown into natural contradiction with his contemporaries. He is the champion of the classical tradition, and proclaims the supremacy of reason at a time when art is given over to morbid subjectivity. His works are marked by eminently masculine qualities. His style is restricted to the syntax and vocabulary of Bossuet. There lingers in his works something of the scholastic temper. He is imperious and dogmatic in tone, and at slight provocation grows disputatious and polemical. In default of a real adversary he often addresses himself as an imaginary one. He has been called the inventor of "militant criticism." Behind his battering rams, says Mr. Jules Lemaître, "there is always a reserve of catapults." The history of Brunetière's work as a critic is, to a great extent, the history of his polemics. At the very beginning of his career as a writer he singled out the naturalist for his attacks,

and continued these in articles extending over a period of nearly twelve years. Later he declared that modern science was bankrupt, that it had failed to keep its promise, and thus became engaged in a war of pamphlets with the advocates of experimental methods.

Brunetière in his pitiless polemics has taken pains to smash the scientific pretension of Zola. He has stripped from his works the veneer of pseudo-science, and has shown that at bottom his works are not a reaction against romanticism, but are in many ways its logical continuation.

Again he has been one of the first to show what he calls the essentially "lyrical" character of the great romantic writers, and by this he means their complete self-absorption, their unwillingness to occupy themselves with anything except their own emotions, the imperiousness to ideas. Brunetière has deplored this isolation of literature from life, and has striven until now he has a clear insight into the remedy. He has declared that literature may escape from dilettante trifling only by proposing for itself some ideal aim. It is in defense of what he believes to be the ideal rights of man that he has been drawn into all his polemics. According to his own definition his work has been a reaction against nineteenth century naturalism, a protest against the absorption of man into nature.

In a word, he has aimed to make of criticism both a science and an art. By his dogmatic temper he is naturally fitted to keep alive that tradition of classical criticism which, begun in Latin by Scaliger, was continued in French by a series of critics extending from Malherbe and Boileau to Nisard. If Brunetière has been more than a mere dogmatic critic, it is because in addition to his observance of the past he has a certain amount of scientific instinct, and at the same time a strong sense of historical development.

If thy faith does not make thee pure,
strong and loving, how canst thou desire
to implant it in another? If thy religion
does not give thee peace and joy, how
canst thou wish to spread it through
the world?—*Spalding*.

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, October 20, 1906.

Board of Editors.

EDWARD F. O'FLYNN, '07.

THOMAS E. BURKE, '07	LOUIS M. KELLEY, '07
WESLEY J. DONAHUE, '07	WM. E. CUNNINGHAM, '07
WILLIAM A. BOLGER, '07	FRANCIS T. MAHER, '08
ROBERT L. BRACKEN, '08	WILLIAM LENNARTZ, '08
PATRICK M. MALLOY, '07	VARNUM A. PARRISH, '09
PAUL R. MARTIN, '09	

—Not long since back we called the attention of the student body to our lookout for a staff. With this issue we give the names of those we have. The list is but partial, however, and we intend to add new names as soon as new names will justify us. We reminded everyone that we knew what we were attempting, that we needed help, and that we looked to every student of the University for that help. Now we have picked from the best. There are other men in mind, and we are only waiting for them to show up in material. To every man who has SCHOLASTIC aspirations we say, "get busy."

—What's the matter with the student body? The mere visitor and onlooker at Saturday's game must surely have stood up and noticed. The students' rooting was mentionable for its silence. True, the Varsity wasn't scoring; true, also was the fact that they were playing a headless game. But we have seen Notre Dame play poorer games than that first half was, and we have seen times when it was just as hard to score, but we never have seen such a disgraceful want of spirit as the side-liners displayed last Saturday. A few Corbyites on the east

side of the field were all that the game stirred enough to give even a "U. N. D."

It's all very easy to root and yell when your team is wiping the others away. The team doesn't need your support then. But when it does need it, when it should have it, is when things are going wrong, when signals get mixed and the men are held. Here we are in the middle of the football season and not one movement on foot for systematic rooting; not one meeting called, not one leader chosen. All of which must make the man in canvas, who hears nothing but his own heavy breathing out on the listless field, wonder what is the matter with the student body.

—All believers in government by the people will applaud the tactful conduct of Secretary Taft in performing his delicate task as provisional governor of Cuba. It would be an easy way out of the present difficulty to adopt the suggestion of the *London Spectator*. Give General Wood a ten years' appointment with a commission to rule Cuba, and at the end of that time invite Cuba to enter the Union with the full rights and obligations of Statehood. This would be easy, and may ultimately prove inevitable; but to do it now would be to decide arbitrarily the vital question at issue. Are the Cubans fit for self-government? The President and Mr. Laft, and all other Americans who have not some personal interest in the matter, believe that they should be given every opportunity under the most favorable circumstances to decide that question for themselves. Less than this would neither be just to Cuba nor honorable for the United States. But this course is expedient as well as honorable. We do not need more territory. Many of us wonder why we took the Philippines. More territory means more problems and more diverse sectional interests, and we already have enough of both.

—To-day we play Chicago Physicians and Surgeons. You are going to the game we know. But once there, what are you going to do? Are you with us; are you a student, or are you a passive on-looker?

Death of Father Mooney.

With deep grief Notre Dame heard of the death of Rev. Nathan J. Mooney of Chicago, who passed away Wednesday morning, Oct. 10, at St. Joseph's Hospital. Father Mooney was an alumnus and very dear friend of Notre Dame. His boyhood days were spent within the shadow of her dome, and during those days he became by his loyalty and fidelity to duty a true child of Notre Dame. In 1877 he was graduated, receiving the degree of Bachelor of Science, and four years later became a student in the famous College of Propaganda, Rome. Having completed the regular course he was appointed vice-rector of the American College, which position he held for over a year. He was ordained priest in June, 1886, his first mission being assistant pastor in Holy Name Cathedral, Chicago. Eight years afterwards he was appointed chancellor of the archdiocese, and in 1899 was made pastor of St. Columbkille's Church. Father Mooney was a frequent visitor at Notre Dame when rector of St. Columbkille's Church and delivered the Baccalaureate sermon in the year 1901. He made his last visit to the University in September of this year, when he attended the annual retreat of the priests of the Chicago archdiocese. No priest was more widely known or universally loved, and his many friends at Notre Dame sympathize with his bereaved relatives.

A Carnegie Medallist.

William J. A. Darst, a 17-year old student of Notre Dame, residing in Corby Hall, was on Wednesday last awarded a bronze medal and \$1000 in cash by the Carnegie hero fund commission in acknowledgment of an act of heroism performed in Chicago on the 17th of May, 1904, by which two young men were rescued from drowning.

Clifford N. Snyder, aged 14, of South Haven, Mich., was honored in a like manner for the same act. The story of the thrilling deed offers a noble example of manly bravery.

Two young men were thrown into Lake

Michigan from a sailing canoe, which capsized a quarter of a mile from the shore. The lake was rough and the water cold, and after attempting to swim ashore, dragging their canoe, the young men became numb and exhausted. They were seen from the shore and alarm was given. Soon a crowd gathered on the wharf, but no one took the initiative, as it was thought the life-saving crew would come to the rescue. It did not, however, and while others tarried, Darst and his companion launched a small boat.

They enlisted a negro's help after several men had refused to go out with them. When they were out about one hundred and fifty feet their boat capsized, and it was necessary to get another one with a flat bottom, which they did. When they were about half the distance to the drowning men the swells so rocked their boat that the negro became frightened and begged the boys to return. They would not do this, so he dropped his oars and refused to row. Darst and his companion continued to battle with the waves until the canoe was reached. Fearing that they would be swamped the negro protested against the men being pulled into the boat, but this was done.

The rescued men had tied themselves to their canoe, so that their people would be able to recover their bodies, they having given up hope of life. They collapsed and were unable to give assistance in rowing back to shore. Despite the trouble which the negro caused on the return voyage, young Darst and his companion were able to land their human cargo in safety.

Mr. Darst was given one gold medal by the spectators who saw the deed, and another by his mother for his heroic act. The Carnegie medal is of solid bronze, three inches in diameter and three-sixteenths of an inch in thickness.

On one side is a likeness of Andrew Carnegie and the date of the organization of the fund. On the reverse is the motto, "Greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friends."

Since the awarding of the medal Mr. Darst has been the recipient of much praise. We also extend to him our sincere congratulations.

Notes from the Colleges.

The Junior class at Purdue has elected Convill, star full-back of last year's Varsity, manager of their football team.

* *

Indiana has a Russian professor by the name of Petrunkviclj. His father is the well-known leader of the Russian Duma.

* *

A college man signing himself an ex-Cornellian, writing to the *Purdue Exponent*, suggests that all the animal spirits and surplus energy that are expended in the animal "tank-scrap," be directed in more advantageous channels. He proposes that the Sophomores and Freshmen draw up a schedule of contests, including football, baseball and track. The class winning the majority of these games to be declared the victor. In this way the coach and trainer would get a line on the men. And the super-heated steam of the first and second year collegians, instead of being manifest by worthless class numerals on a tank, might be so used as to be of a material benefit to the university and the individual participant.

* *

Heming of Purdue is developing into a kicking star.

* *

The Omer (Ia.) college paper refers to the members of their football team as "Cyclones."

* *

The total registration at Harvard on October 1 was 3744.

* *

Purdue is enthusiastic over her track prospects.

* *

The Honor System has been adopted at Minnesota.

* *

And now there is a man in the world who insists that football originated with the Chinese. The man is Stewert Culin. He has unearthed a Chinese drawing which shows a prime minister engaged in a game of football with a king and two chamberlains.

Indiana and Wabash are wrangling over the validity of one of Indiana's touchdowns last Saturday. The difficulty involves the interpretation of the new rules.

* *

By the new football rules football teams made up of college men are precluded from playing High School teams. This is a severe blow to the class team's prospect for "trips."

* *

Purdue went up to Chicago to-day full of pepper and cheered on by a train full of enthusiastic students, who accompanied the team on a special train.

* *

The cigarette lover pays for his enjoyment. Now we hear that Syracuse University refuses scholarships to men who smoke "pills."

* *

Stagg is suffering from a recurrence of rheumatic attacks.

* *

"Jimmy" Sheldon bemoans the fact that his men are too heavy and without spirit. However, Indiana must be reckoned with regardless of their coach's discouragement.

* *

Thirteen men were awarded their M's at Minnesota for baseball.

* *

The Juniors at Yale are to manage the freshmen football teams in the future.

* *

Cooler Luck of De Pauw says of last Saturday's football game between Wabash and Indiana that it did not exhibit a working of the new rules, and expresses the believe that both teams will adopt a different style of play later on in the season.

* *

The *Purdue Exponent* of Sunday, commenting on the football practice at the Boiler-Maker's School, says that the line is weak, and that in the Freshman-Varsity contest of Saturday, forward power in nearly every instance failed, while fumbling was a common offence. Convill of last year's Varsity got in the game, but it is doubtful whether he will play to-day at Chicago.

Athletic Notes.

The best game of football seen on Cartier Field this season was played last Saturday afternoon between Coach Barry's warriors and the fast eleven of Hillsdale College. The result was a victory of 17 to 0 for Notre Dame.

Dan Boone, an old University of Chicago star, who coached the Hillsdale team, brought with him one of the fastest and strongest teams in the State of Michigan, not including Yost's eleven. He was confident of holding down the Varsity, if not defeating it, and he sent word to manager Draper before the game that Notre Dame would find it necessary to use its most powerful men and its finest plays in order to carry off the honors.

Mr. Boone's generous warning was profited by. Coach Barry put his best men in the line-up, but the Varsity was forced to play nothing but straight football in order to win the game.

In the first half, the visitors played fast ball, and aided by fortunate recoveries of the leather on fumbles and on punts were once able to advance the oval to the Varsity's 20-yard line. Here Hillsdale ran up against a stone wall, and during the rest of the game nearly all the honor went to Notre Dame with Captain Bracken, Dolan and Beacom starring. These men worked brilliantly and set a fine example to their team-mates. Hillsdale was twice able to block the Varsity's formation when it was within striking distance of their goal, chiefly, it seems, because the Notre Dame players did not realize that Hillsdale was playing the game of its history. The first section of the game ended in a tie, neither side scoring.

Between halves the men battling for the Gold and Blue had time to think over the situation, and when they came on the field they had made up their minds to journey across Hillsdale's goal line three or four times,—and they did.

Beacom blocked one of Stewart's punts three minutes after the second half started, and Sheehan fell on the ball 20 yards from the goal-line of the men from Michigan. Two end runs netted 15 yards for Notre

Dame, and Beacom crashed through Hillsdale's defense for the first touchdown. He kicked goal, and the score stood 6 to 0 in Notre Dame's favor.

Bracken's brilliant playing and the aid given him by his team-mates soon brought another touchdown, Captain Bob going over for five more points. Notre Dame, 11; Hillsdale, 0. Beacom carried the ball over for the third touchdown, and goal was missed. Notre Dame, 17; Hillsdale, 0. The ball was kicked off again, and the energetic leader of the Varsity was going over for another touchdown when time was called.

Coach Barry was able to use a number of alternates in the game, all of whom played in a manner that justified the coach's confidence in them.

* *

The work of Captain Bracken since the opening of the season proves the wisdom of last year's football men in selecting him to lead the Varsity of 1906. No player on the gridiron has been more successful in gaining ground than Bracken. No man has worked more faithfully for the success of the eleven and the glory of *Alma Mater*, than Bracken, and he is in every way worthy of the support and admiration that is given him by his team-mates and the rooters.

* *

Munson is playing a strong game and will add laurels to the Varsity when the real test comes.

* *

Dolan is a great team-mate for Beacom, and the pair can not be surpassed if equalled by any two tackles in Indiana.

* *

Eggeman, Mertes, Henning, Doyle and Donovan are deserving of honorable mention for their good work during the week.

* *

Keeffe can be relied upon to figure in the headlines this season as he is already showing great form.

* *

Miller is gradually coming to be recognized as the man who has a great future in football. Lou Salmon's place is a hard one to fill, but Miller is surely soon to measure up to the standard.

Dwan, the man to whom the propeller of the team was to be given, had been forced to withdraw from the squad because of parental objections. This was Dwan's first year, and from his work in the two games he did play in he gave every indication of making a great quarter-back. He possessed an abundance of speed and nerve, and was learning the game fast.

*
* *

Last Saturday the St. Joe Hall second team clashed with the ex-Juniors on Brownson campus. It proved that the youngsters have no fear for the new rules, as they played the game like old Varsity men. The St. Joe team is a plucky aggregation, and with a little training and practice would make a good showing against the Hall teams. The line plunges of Conlin and Cull, together with the long runs of Funk, Hurley and Riley account for the gains made by St. Joe. It is to be hoped that this same team will have an opportunity of showing its metal against some outside teams.

*
* *

Binz, the only other possibility at quarter, had his foot crushed on Wednesday, and will be out of the game the rest of the season. Binz was small, but for his size and weight was the best and nerviest little man that has been seen on Cartier Field for some time. Binz's injury, coupled with Dwan's withdrawal, leaves Captain Bracken alone for quarter.

A. O'C.

Personal.

—Mr. John B. Moran of Detroit, Mich., and Mr. Alexis Coquillard of South Bend, Ind., called on their many friends at Notre Dame last week. Mr. Moran finished the short program in Electrical Engineering last June and is now holding a good position in the engineering department of Grand Rapids, Holland and Chicago Electric Railway Co. Mr. Coquillard was a student here in 1903. He is now Vice-President of the Winona and Maxinkuckee Electric Railway Co. and is a member of the board of directors of the Indianapolis, Logansport and South Bend Traction RR. Co. He is also managing successfully a large real estate business in South Bend.

LAW DEPARTMENT.

ORGANIZATION OF COURTS.

The moot and other courts of the University were this week organized. Interest in them is evidently growing, for more cases were tried during the last academic year than in any former ten months. The work of these courts corresponds as closely as practicable to that of the regular trial courts of this and other states. It includes the service of process, filing up pleadings, selection of juries, examination of witnesses, giving of instructions, arguments on the evidence, entry of verdicts, motions and arguments for new trials, judgments pronounced and appeals taken. Young men alive to a becoming sense of duty, attentive to study and diligent in moot-court work, may acquire at Notre Dame a knowledge of the law more thorough and practical than is ordinarily supposed to be within the attainment of student years and effort. They find incentive in the fact that those who industriously and conscientiously do the work assigned to them invariably pass with credit examinations for admission to the bar and engage afterward in the practice with fair prospect of attaining to a high standing in the profession. They realize that industry is the key that unlocked the temple of the law, and that without it not even standing-room in the vestibule can be pre-empted.

All former students say that the benefit to be derived from moot-court work can not be overestimated. Those who enter upon and follow it earnestly acquire a practical knowledge and self-confidence essential to success as trial lawyers.

The weekly sessions of the University courts are held on Saturdays, commencing at 4.30 p. m. Attendance is obligatory. All law students are required to be present, whether as participants in the trials in progress or as spectators. Much can be learned from observing attentively the steps taken in the development of a case on trial, and observers at one session of the court may themselves be engaged in the trial of a case in the next. A full attendance is inspiring to those actually engaged in court

work, and it is a matter not only of mutual courtesy but of duty for all to attend.

Following are the courts and the names of the officers composing them:

MOOT-COURT.

Judge, Hon. William Hoynes; Clerk, James V. Cunningham; Assistant Clerk, Leroy J. Keach; Prosecuting Attorney, Gallitzen A. Farabaugh; Assistant Prosecuting Attorney, Harry Curtis; Referee, Dr. Michael J. Brown; Clerk in Referee's Office, Othmar J. Benz; Sheriff, Michael J. Diskin; Deputy Sheriff, George W. Springer; Coroner, Oscar A. Fox; Deputy Coroner, John Wm. Schindler; Jury Commissioners, Ralph, Feig and John F. Brogan; Notary Public, Walter L. Joyce; Recorder, Thomas Paul McGannon; Reporters, Robert Bracken and Edward J. Arvey.

COURT OF CHANCERY.

Chancellor, Hon. William Hoynes; Clerk, John W. Sheehan; Assistant Clerk, Palmer McIntyre; Master-in-Chancery, William E. Perce; Clerk in Master's Office, Ben. L. Berve; Bailiff, Max Jauraschek; Reporters, Ernesto Quirino and David McDonald.

JUSTICE'S COURT.

Justice of the Peace, J. Frank Hanan; Clerk, John H. Rogers; Constable, George F. Ulrich.

SUPREME COURT.

Judge, Hon. Timothy E. Howard; Clerk, Howard Davis; Assistant Clerk, Daniel P. Dillon; Bailiff, Hugh J. Boyle; Librarian, Rex Edward Lamb; Reporters, Clarence W. May and Clarence B. O'Brien.

UNITED STATES DISTRICT COURT.

Judge, Hon. Andrew Anderson; Clerk, Rupert D. Donovan; Assistant Clerk, Frank C. Walker; United States District Attorney, John Farraher; Assistant United States District Attorney, Edward P. Carville; United States Marshal, Frank E. Munson; Assistant United States Marshal, Francis E. Moroney; Reporters, Alphonso E. Ponce and Walter Quinn.

UNITED STATES COMMISSIONERS COURT.

Commissioner, Edward H. Schwab; Clerk, Thomas W. Phillips; Assistant United States Marshals, John V. Diener and Clement Leo Devine.

Mr. P. J. O'Keeffe, of Chicago, will lecture in the Law room this evening on the subject of wills and probate law. The lecture will begin promptly at 8 o'clock, and all who wish to attend should then be present. This is a subject of exceptional importance—one that will appeal soon or late in practical aspect to everybody—and there should be a full attendance. All are invited.

* *

Hon. Henry A. Steis (Law, '85) of Winamac, is the Nominee of the Democratic party for Judge of the Appellate Court of Indiana. Soon after his graduation at Notre Dame he was elected Prosecuting Attorney of Pulaski and Starke Counties. During the six years he held the office he tried some of the most important cases in the criminal annals of the State, and never was one of his indictments quashed or successfully attacked. In the civil practice since he has steadily advanced until to-day he ranks as one of the ablest and most resourceful lawyers in the State, if not in the country. Above all, however, he is one of the most loyal, faithful, honorable and respected sons of Notre Dame. He is one of Col. Hoynes' first graduates in the Law Department, and no man better qualified or more deserving could be nominated for the judgeship.

Local Items.

- Look out for the exams.
- Anyway, it wasn't big Rheulbach's fault.
- "Fierce college spirit," said visitor on the side-lines.
- From Sorin's bulletin board. Wanted: a football team.
- Attention, Hoosiers! Meeting of the Indiana Club to-night.
- What will we do this year without the famous "Healy Colts?"
- Is Sorin to have any billiards this year? Every other Hall is more than fitted up.
- The SCHOLASTIC needs more contributions; the desk is getting nearly cleared up. Get busy, somebody.
- And by the way, what has happened to the pictures of last year's debating teams and SCHOLASTIC board? We see they find no place in Sorin's Corridor of Fame.

—Flowers dead, century plants in, leaves falling, snow, no rooting, no pep. Is this anything like Indian Summer?

—Is Sorin going to have a football team this year? There is plenty of material around. It would be too bad not to have the senior hall in the University represented in Inter-Hall athletics.

—The Brownson Filipinos have organized a basket-ball team which promises to offer a hard contest to any American team. They intend to meet South Bend, Mishawaka High School and Carroll Hall. The line-up is: Manuel and Cajulis, guards; Aligada, centre; Serrano and Cabrera, C., forwards; Hipolito, substitute.

—As to the dead languages, how about this clipping:

Omnes agunt, sed pater
Toto die sedet;
Pedes arte ignem,
Tubam terrae fumet!
Mater lavanda's prendet,
Anu sororatque—
In nostro omnes agunt
Sed senex-ne!
O condemnati!

—On Wednesday afternoon the juniors and seniors of the pharmacy department met in the pharmacy building for the purpose of forming a club. Carroll acted as chairman *pro tem*, and the following officers were elected: Carroll, President; Hutzel, Vice-President; Bailey, Secretary; McCarty, Treasurer; Wilson, Librarian; Hervey, Sergeant-at-Arms. Aside from the club being a literary and social organization, its chief motive is for the advancement of the pharmacy course. It is well known that the pharmacy course offered to the students of Notre Dame is unsurpassed; but we sincerely hope that the interest taken in it by said students will only tend to bring it above the present standing.

—The Illinois Club, which boasts a larger membership than any state club in the University, held its first meeting of the year last Wednesday evening, and the following officers were elected: Reverend Father Cavanaugh, Honorary President; Rev. Father Crumley, Spiritual Adviser; Col. Hoynes, Legal Adviser; J. A. Dwan, Chicago, President; Robert A. Kasper, Evanston, Vice-President; Frank Munson, Mendota, Secretary; James Cunningham, Belvidere, Treasurer. Honorary Members, Reverend Fathers Regan and Maguire; Professors McCue and Maurus.

The office of Legal Adviser is a new thing in club circles at Notre Dame, and no fitter man could have been chosen for the position than Colonel Hoynes.

—This season promises to uphold the standard set for Inter-Hall athletics. Already Corby, St. Joseph and Brownson

Halls have organized football teams, and are being daily coached in the tactics of the game. The only Hall that has not organized is Sorin. Being a leader in class and college affairs generally, it is proper that Sorin should lead in athletics. Last season Sorin did not put a team in the field owing to lack of material, but this year she has the pick of Corby's last year's eleven and some men who played on Corby in former years, together with recruits from Brownson and St. Joseph teams. Many of the old students still remember the outbursts of enthusiasm occasioned by Inter-Hall contests, especially the gridiron battles between Corby and Sorin. It is two years since Corby and Sorin clashed, when the latter lost the championship to Corby's plucky team. The athletic rivalry of these two Halls has always been intense, and few games ever draw a more excited crowd of rooters to Cartier Field than when Corby and Sorin meet. So, Sorin, get in line, it's up to you to revive that traditional game and to take your former place at the top; you have the players, show us the spirit.

—The following is the schedule of the Inter-Hall Debates, in which all Preparatory and Freshman students in the respective Halls are eligible:

Dec. 6, 1906—St. Joseph vs. Brownson at Brownson.

Dec. 7, 1906—Corby vs. Holy Cross at Corby.

Dec. 10, 1906—Corby vs. Brownson at Corby.

Dec. 11, 1906—St. Joseph vs. Holy Cross at Holy Cross.

March 3, 1907—St. Joseph vs. Corby at St. Joseph.

March 4, 1907—Holy Cross vs. Brownson at Brownson.

The Hall having the highest average after the series is ended shall be entitled to the Inter-Hall Championship and shall have the privilege, for the following scholastic year, of retaining possession of the Championship Debating Banner now hanging in Brownson study-hall.

From the men representing the different Halls in these debates a Preparatory debating team will be chosen to debate with some outside academy or high school. The inducement, therefore, offered aspirants in the debating line is twofold: they have the chance of representing their Hall in the Inter-Hall series, and of winning the Championship for that Hall; secondly, they have the chance of representing the Preparatory School in an outside debate. In addition they shall receive the experience and training along forensic lines that such contests always afford.