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When the Snowbirds Sing.

THOMAS E. BURKE, '07

WHEN the lark and thrush and robin
Flee before the winter wind,
And the last sweet bloom has faded
That the summer left behind,
There's a sadness unexpressive
In the storms that winter brings,
There is sorrow in the music
That the snowbird sings.

Out across the whitening meadows
Where the children used to play,
Steal the heavy clouds of even
Robed in penitential grey;
All is dark and cold and gloomy
Where we oft did roam in spring,
And my heart is filled with sadness
When the snowbirds sing.

Relative Values in Ivanhoe.

I. E. MCNAMEE, '09.



IR WALTER SCOTT was born, lived and died between the years 1771 and 1832, which fact places him in the productive literary epoch with Thackeray and Dickens, though he can scarcely be called a contemporary of theirs since he had attained middle age before either of them saw the light of day. All three wrote the same class of literature, in the same period and for the same general public; the milieu in which the three lived was the same, yet each had, however, peculiar to himself, qualities differing strictly from those of his contemporaries.

Dickens is a man of the lower classes: he lived their life, enjoyed their pleasures and

shared their woes. Their habits, customs and manners appealed to him forcibly and being by nature an impressionist, he exercised his singular ability of reading characters to revivify them in his novels, sacrificing none of their wit, drollery and pathos; herein lies his supremacy. His characters are drawn more charmingly than are those of any author before or after him within a range of fifty years. When that has been said, however, Dickens' loudest praise has been told.

Thackeray was above all a stylist; if we except Newman and Stevenson, he probably has no equal in that respect. Munificently endowed with intellect, surrounded by an air of classical refinement and thoroughly educated in England's most prominent institution of learning, Thackeray had every advantage to cultivate his latent talent. How completely he assimilated the benefits afforded by these environments can be judged from the literary heritage he left us. Despite the circumstances of his training, which certainly were not conducive to the fostering of a one-sided view of life, we nevertheless find that through "Vanity Fair," "Pendennis" and "The Newcomes" runs a vein of satire and irony. The foibles and petty strifes to which man is heir are Thackeray's chief themes, though he uses them not so much in a spirit of cynicism as he does to moralize on the vanity and folly of life.

Of the triumvirate it is left for Scott to deal with the more elemental passions in man. The power vividly to portray action, mental and physical, gives him his prestige. He tells a story more beautifully than any other writer of the age, and his thorough insight into the workings of the human mind gives him a position beside

Henrik Ibsen as an annalist of the deeper emotions. There is, however, this difference between them: Scott's ideas are not tainted like Ibsen's with morbid pessimism. The aphorism: "In all that's bad there yet remains a grain of good," is the optimistic keynote to all Scott's work. He was greatly handicapped in building up a style on account of his non-English birth and parentage and on account of his brief university training, which covered a period of only two years at the University of Edinburg. A vast amount of reading taught Scott how to construct plots, a genial love of fellowship gave him a comprehensive view of life, but a lack of schooling impaired his technique. His invention was good, his aptitude for character portrayal remarkable, but an inferior style, it would seem, lessened the effectiveness of his genius.

I shall deal briefly with a single aspect of one of Scott's novels. The novel is "Ivanhoe," and the phase from which it is to be regarded is the peculiar apportionment of description. Ivanhoe himself, to whom, it is only logical to suppose, a goodly amount of time and care should be devoted, receives, descriptively speaking, little consideration. The character is plot-ridden, and what we learn of him is gotten rather through the technical relationship that exists between him and the other characters than through any direct delineation. Whether or not this is a fault is a question. It is customary to paint heroes in vivid colors so that they will stand out distinctly from the rest of the cast, but this is not true of Ivanhoe. The unravelling of a plot usually devolves upon the minor characters, or at least upon others than the hero but here again Scott disregards the law, if a law it may be called. Some will consider the treatment of Wilfred in the light of a defect; others as a rare bit of originality; at best it is not offensive, and it is done so artistically that a casual reader would never discover the inartistic lapse.

Apart from the hero, among six leading characters in the novel, the three less important, regarded from the reader's point of view, which is rather that of plot development than of character analysis, are given descriptive prominence disproportionate to their relative usefulness: they

are Isaac, Rebecca, his daughter, and Brian de Bois-Guilbert.

Considering him technically, we find that upon Isaac much attention has been lavished. Scott evidently took great pains to make his picture of the Jew as complete as possible, a fact which can be said of only one other individual in the entire romance. Isaac, we are told, was "a tall, thin old man. His features, keen and regular, with an aquiline nose and piercing black eyes, his high and wrinkled forehead and long gray hair and beard, would have been considered as handsome," were he not a son of Israel. The description is clear, concise, artistic, and because of these qualities overshadows the pictures of four other characters more important than the Jew. Again, upon a delineation of Isaac's inner characteristics, even greater care is exercised than upon the physical outline—to it is devoted as much as ten paragraphs, several pages of the volume. So great an expenditure of effort and space on one who plays so small a part in the evolution of the plot is scarcely justifiable.

Patterning after the novelists of an earlier period, Scott writes with a tendency toward character contrasts. He maintains, or attempts to maintain, among them a certain balance which at times becomes so pronounced as to be almost inartistic; yet between the amount of care devoted to psychological contrasts and the amount exercised on those of a physical nature there is a marked discrepancy.

The case of Rowena and Rebecca is a good example in part of this lack of descriptive balance. Both, if not quite antithetical, must be considered as comparatively so in many respects. They are women, and have in common some traits peculiar to their sex; but with these few traits their likeness ends and the contrast between them begins. The one is timid, confiding and trustful; the other bold in the face of danger, stoical to a degree for one so young in years, and for the most part skeptical of everybody. Rowena has been cradled in luxury and reigns as queen in her own domain; Rebecca has suffered the pangs of hunger and knows the unrest brought about by constant persecution. Both love the same hero but with far different motives;

the Saxon maid loves with the confidence of meriting reciprocal affection, the Jewess reverences with a love born of gratitude and hopeful of little response. We note from careful reading that the mental contrast is complete, but touching the physical outline one observes no such accuracy of proportion in development. Rebecca is completely depicted, so completely that we can not make a mistake in our conception of her; an artist would have to imagine few details to reproduce her on canvas. But not so with the heroine, Rowena.

One description gives us a vague outline of her proportions, and specifies a few details which could have been inferred from the fact of her Saxon lineage, but beyond this we have nothing. Prior Aymer speaks of "the purity of her complexion and the majestic yet soft expression of a mild blue eye," and again we read that she "looked as if born to exact general homage;" the rest of the picture we must create for ourselves. In this contrast lies Scott's lack of balance in physical description.

Richard Cœur de Lion and Brian de Bois-Guilbert, two other leading members of the cast, opposed to each other, present even a better illustration than do Rowena and Rebecca of the unequal balance in Scott's work; in this case, however, the improper balance lies rather in the psychological than in the physical descriptions. The pictures of both men are comparatively complete, but when the question is asked: "What sort of man was Richard?" we are at a loss for a reply. Were a similar question put in regard to Bois-Guilbert, the answer would be this: "He was a reckless knight, proud in his ancestry and in his own strength, wilful, cruel and rapacious, and careless of his vows." His temperament is developed as fully as any reader might wish; to contrast it, however, with any corresponding element in the character of Cœur de Lion would be futile because we know so very little about the latter. Richard the First's character is the most puzzling thing in all "Ivanhoe."

Wamba is another character in whose development Scott shows an apparent lack of appreciation for the relative importance of his characters, though in this case the disproportion lies between Wamba and

all the other minor characters rather than between him and any one of them. Wamba is not an essential element to the story; he does not hold even an important position in it, yet so far as the space devoted to him is concerned, he ranks in a class above Rowena and Ivanhoe.

Some will argue that art can not be bound by fixed rules, that every author is a law unto himself; but such men are extremists, just as those who would put all literature under scientific rules are too radical. Granting that he may describe his characters as fully or as meagrely as he chooses, one can not, however, see the reasons why an author should disregard the laws of symmetry and proportion in accomplishing that description.

Hearst's Farewell to Tammany.

TIME.—*The Day After.* PLACE.—*Entrance to the Wigwam.*

No more I'll lie beneath this wigwam's shade,
No more down shouting Broadway I'll parade
A democrat,
Oh me.
Oh Tammany,
Oh heap big chief Murphy,
When shall we
Three
Meet again?—Soon?
Well not for mine.
'Nuff tiger rides for me.
Gee!
But they did skin
Us and tin
Can us
000 plu.
Lem'me skidoo.
O shades of Croker,
Rise and choke her
The muse that first gave me the thirst
For politics:
Say something "Bris"
Tell "Boss" McCarney what he is,
Call Hughes a salamander,
Call Root a cackling gander,
Say Teddy's teeth are false,
Speak up—I can't;
Tell how New York is lost
Her Governor's a frost.—
And me—
I'm done with 'lection capers; I'll go and sell my
papers
Out West I'll blow
To Kokomo,
And there
Be mayor
Some day
Who knows.

W. J. DONAHUE.

The Misery in the World.

ROBERT A. KASPER, '07.

The first time I saw her I felt sorry for her; sorry for the pale, drawn face, for the eyes, dismal and dull, for the hands, all bony and white. I wondered how her feeble frame held together. She sat facing me, and I saw the weariness in her features, the misery of a body in her tattered and torn clothing. I could readily imagine the sufferings, the trials and privations she daily endured. A tinge of remorse came over me as I compared her hapless condition with mine of mixed pleasure and comfort. I was not rich, still I never wanted for anything.

I glanced for a moment at the man beside me, the "diamond man," I termed him, because of his display of gems; and as I gazed I wondered why great riches and extreme poverty should exist side by side in the world. I questioned the justice of it, and in vain sought to explain to my own satisfaction why this evil had never been remedied. I was wholly carried away by sentiment, and resolved to give the woman every cent I carried on my person. Before I put my plan in execution, however, the man at my side produced a roll of bills and offered them to her. She accepted and was profuse in her thanks. "May God reward you some day," she said.

Her voice was hollow and low, and I immediately surmised that a disease had taken hold of her, and was eating out her very existence. She sat silent now, and a great struggle seemed to take place within her. She stood up, motioned to the conductor to stop the car, and fell forward into the arms of her benefactor. In a short time she revived. An ambulance was in waiting; but she preferred to walk home, she said. We protested; but since she insisted that she felt all right, we allowed her to have her way.

II.

Some weeks later, while riding in an electric car going to a suburb of Chicago, I saw her the second time. She had altered a trifle in looks, still her face and figure retained the same pitiful appearance. Her

clothes, though not expensive, were neat, and well fitting, and this took away the misery that I remarked the first time. She saw me when I got on, and a little color appeared on her cheeks, but vanished in an instant.

The well-dressed man, who had aided her, boarded the car at Edgewater. He saw the woman and immediately came toward her. I wondered would he aid her again. She did not notice him until he stood within a foot of her, and then their eyes met. The blush again appeared upon the woman's face, and this time remained a while longer. It must be a little embarrassing to meet the man whose money bought the clothes on your back, I thought. "We will get off at the next corner," I heard the man say in a friendly but authoritative tone.

"Why—why, no. I am in a hurry and then—"

Her voice was sweet and clear, not hollow and low as I had once heard it. This fact seemed peculiar to me; but then I remembered that she was very weak when she spoke at the previous meeting.

"You'll do as I say," the man retorted in not altogether too pleasant a voice, interrupting her in the beginning of a sentence. "There's no cause for this nonsense. You understand me perfectly, and I see no need of creating a scene."

"Very well."

So he was connected in some mysterious way with her. His gift surely did not warrant the attitude he had assumed. I thought he spoke a little rude for a gentleman, and I felt sorry that this woman, above all women, must be forced to yield to the wishes of a man. No explanation would justify the man's action.

III.

I saw her a third time. It was a dismal, dreary day, and I had wandered into the court-room in order to while away the time. A sentence was being given as I entered, but I did not catch it. I recognized her and her benefactor. I learned later that the former, of dramatic fame, occasionally fainted into the arms of men who wore diamond studs, bit the gems from the shirt with an apparatus fixed on her teeth, and went home.

The Scôp.

GEORGE J. FINNEGAN, '06.

As far back as we know the English people they have been great lovers of song and story. Although they were bold warriors and sometimes implacable enemies, still their love for music, and especially song, takes away from their hardness, and shows that they cared for other things besides battle and plunder. At all times and in all places song was welcome. Kings often sang of battle; the bard of the court told in measured cadence the doings of royal ancestry; the knight rhythmically related his personal exploits; the warrior band recounted its chivalrous feats, and even menial servants, as Cædmon's instance shows, plucked the harp as it passed from hand to hand in the circle of the festive board. If a noble and his fiefs met for any purpose, the harp too was passed around, and, beginning with the master, each in turn sang his song to his own accompaniment. Tacitus tells us that the Germanic tribes, of which the Saxons were a part, advanced in battle with a wild chorus of valor rendered more full and sonorous by applying their mouths to their shields.

But among a music-loving folk like the old Saxons, it must seem that men of exceptional musical talent were much appreciated, and this was true. Thus, we find that England was well supplied with public singers who ranged in worth from the professional to the common ballad-singer.

Of all the old bards the Scôp held by far the most prominent position, for besides being a singer, he was frequently a poet of no small worth. The name Scôp comes from the word *sciëppam*, which means to make, or create—creation being generally recognized as the supreme faculty of the poet. His position was a very elevated one, and he was recognized by all as a man of most excellent worth. "He," says Mr. Pancoast, "by his life, given to song, stood apart from all the rest, the forerunner of that great world-power called literature."

The proper home of the Scôp was at the court of a king or the hall of some great noble. Often he was a thegn, and

as such was of noble rank receiving land and a heritage, or even he was a noted captain, an example of which is given in the *Beowulf*.

At night when the king and lords returned from the battle or the chase, they gathered in the great Saxon mead-hall with its massive benches and heavy tables. Throughout the centre of the hall fires blazed on the stone flaggings, lighting up the gold-woven tapestries and glittering on helmet and buckler hanging on the wall. There the warriors banqueted on boar's meat and venison, and drank long draughts of ale and mead, for "they were huge feeders and deep drinkers."

After the noise of the merry-making had ceased, the Scôp who had held the seat of honor next his lord, took his harp which was called *Gomenwudu*, or *Gleobéam*, and sang in rich tones of bold deeds, of kings and of far-off countries, or told the accomplishments of his own master. All sat enraptured while he sang, and such was the power of his song that he swayed the fiery spirits of the knights at will.

Priscus gives a passage that serves to show how other countries also adopted the use of professional singers at court. In describing a banquet to which he was invited by Attila, he says that after the evening torches were lighted two bards came in and standing opposite to Attila recited songs previously composed, in which they sang of their chief's victories and warlike virtues. His description of the effect of the song on old and young incidentally shows the power of the singer.

Much sought after, the Scôp, though holding a fixed position, frequently sang among the neighboring people, to the poor as well as to the rich. His song was not always of war, but, as *Cynewulf* says, he sang "of plunder to the warriors, but used a different kind of song for elder and wiser men."

The mission of our bard was undoubtedly to make others happy, and so we find him of a truly cheerful and sympathetic nature, always in company except when he hid himself for a few days to muse over new poems.

Sometimes, though rarely, we read of a wandering Scôp. As a rover he became

even more valuable, for then he served as geographer, historian and the bringer of news. It was he that made myth and fable the common property of the different tribes.

The Scôp in the poem "Widsith" wandered simply from his love of travel. Widsith was a singer, "who most of all men visited kindreds and nations, and received in the hall for his singing memorable gifts." He was born among the Myrgings, and while still very young became a singer at court. In this position he gained such favor that when the noble queen Ealdhild went to seek Hermanric, king of the Ostrogoths, to sue for peace, she took him as a companion. Widsith tells us of this embassy in beautiful words: "Many men and rulers have I known, through many stranger lands I have fared throughout the spacious earth. Therefore, I may sing in the mead-hall how the high-born gave me gifts."

He sang away his youth in joy, and when old composed his life-song in which he praises the bard and shows his love for the poet's art by glorifying it. Speaking of the wandering Scôps he sings:

Thus roving, they who shape songs for men
Pass over many lands, and tell their need,
And speak their thanks, and ever, south or north,
Meet some one skilled in songs and free in gifts,
Who would be raised among his friends to fame
And do brave deeds till light and life are gone.
He who has thus wrought himself praise shall have
A settled glory underneath the stars.

He believed that even great kings are but little without their Scôps, for in their head and hand lay the monarch's history and honor.

As the "Widsith" represents the happy, wandering poet, singing from land to land and court to court, so Deor's "Lament" pictures the Scôp in his sorrow.

Deor did not wander as did Widsith from a love of change and travel. Once his master's favorite he received costly gifts and much honor, but being dispossessed by a rival whose verses were more pleasing he was forced to leave his position. Deor's sensitive nature felt this very keenly, and he could not stay near the home of his former honor and happiness. He wandered away his life in sorrow singing a sad lamentation of better days:

Whilom was I Scôp of the Heodenings;
Dear unto my lord! Deor was my name.
Well my service was to me many winters through;
Loving was my lord; till at last Heorrenda,—
Skilled in song the man!—seized upon my land-right
That the guard of earls granted erst to me.
That, one overwent, this also may I.

Endeavoring to comfort himself, he calls to mind the many wise and good men that have overcome sorrow, and repeatedly comes back to the refrain:

That, one overwent, this also may I.

Thus though Deor passes his whole life in sadness, nevertheless he tries to be cheerful and to benefit others, bringing out the instinct characteristic of the true poet.

In that most valuable Saxon poem, the "Beowulf," mention is made frequently of the Scôp.

Beowulf was a noble prince, who lived in a far-off country by the ocean. He loved the water and was fond of roving the seas. He became a mighty swimmer, and so powerful was his wrist that he could without weapons destroy thirty men or fight the great sea monsters.

In another country several days' journey from the home of Beowulf lived Hrothgar, chief of the Danes. That this king was a lover of song we know from the poem:

There was chant and harp-clang together
In presence of Healfdene's battle-scarred heroes.
The glee-word was welcomed, tales oft recounted
When Hrothgar's Scôp, delight of the dwelling,
After the mead-bout, took up the telling.

Hrothgar had built a large mead-hall called Heorol near his castle, but was unable to feast there because of the repeated raids of a monstrous marsh-demon who carried off about thirty men at each raid.

Beowulf felt sorry for this good king, and with his bold companions resolved to rid him of this monster. Accordingly he sailed away in his "tight ocean-wood" to the land of Hrothgar.

The advent of the prince was unexpected; but in keeping with the customary laws of hospitality he was received with tokens of religious respect. When, however, he had made known the benevolent intent of his mission the king and court rejoiced exceedingly. Preparations were made for a great feast, and the Scôp retiring to the groves back of the palace passed the day composing and rehearsing his songs for the evening.

Once more Heorol was ablaze with fires and the long tables were filled with joyous warriors. A thegn bore round the enchased ale-cup and poured out the pure drink. Danes and geats sat together, tales were told.

And the Scôp, from time to time
Chanted clear in Heorol. There was cheer of heroes.

When the merriment had ceased, all retired, leaving Beowulf alone with his companions. The fires died out and the great hall became dark. The prince rested with naked hands in wait for Grendel, the monster, but he waited not long, for,

From the moorland came, under misty hills,
Grendel ganging on! wrath of God he bore;
Neath the clouds he strode.

He was of immense size: his head so large that four men could scarcely have carried it; the nails of his claw-like fingers were as iron, and no sword could bite his skin, for he was proof against all weapons; bloodthirsty and fierce, he bore a strong hatred toward all mankind.

Grendel smote the door and it fell in. Snatching the first man he quickly devoured him, and then in the dark laid his claws on Beowulf. No sooner had he touched him than he knew that he had met his match. Beowulf sprang up and the two closed in deadly combat. The hall resounded with the struggle as they fell from bench to bench. At last with a terrible effort Beowulf dragged out Grendel's arm from the shoulder; the bone burst, the blood gushed forth, and the demon fled back to his ocean cave to die.

Great was the rejoicing at Heorol over the destruction of Grendel. Knights and thegns, Geats and warriors, all gathered to a feast unsurpassed in the history of the hall. The arm that Beowulf had torn from Grendel was hung above the king's chair, and a famous Scôp, Ætheling, sang of the deed just accomplished. He sang also the saga of Finn and his sons, of Hengel, Hnoef and Hildeburh.

The song was sung out,
The gleeman's tale ended. Spirits soared high,
Carousing re-echoed.

In after-years Beowulf told how the noble king Hrothgar, had sung at the feast.

Song was looked upon by the old Saxons as a sacred and precious gift. The story

of Cædmon, told by Bede, shows that he was miraculously favored with the poetic gift. During the greater part of his life Cædmon was but a poor illiterate man. On this account he was obliged to keep silent when the harp passed from hand to hand at the evening merry-makings where each was expected to assist in the general entertainment.

"Sometimes," says Bede, "when he saw the harp coming near him he rose and silently slipped away." One evening thus he betook himself to the stables, the care of the cattle having been for that night assigned to him. There he fell asleep, and as he slept some one stood beside him and called him by his name: "Cædmon, sing me something." He answered: "I know not how to sing, and for this cause I left the feast, because I could not sing." Then the other said: "All the same, you shall sing for me."—"What shall I sing?" Cædmon asked. "Sing," said the other, "the beginning of things created." Whereupon he immediately began to sing in praise of God, the world's upbuilder, verses which he had not heard before.

When Cædmon awoke he remembered the dream and was able to sing the verses he had recited while asleep. From that time he was a true poet and sang the themes that Milton sang one thousand years later.

Cynewulf, in the poem "Elene" tells how once his own art for weaving words was taken from him, and when he was about to lose hope, God "unbound his breast, unlocked the craft of song, and again he practised with delight his versing." Cynewulf was a Scôp who had in his variety of experiences hours of pleasure and pain. He had been both Widsith and Deor.

The Scôp, then, one may infer, played a prominent part in early mediæval life, and the poems composed by him are invaluable not only for their literary worth but also for their historical value. The Scôp exercised a beneficent influence over the people who looked upon his utterance as divinely gifted as we know from the Gnostic verse, "So then, he who knows many songs and can greet the harp with his hands, hath the less of vain longings, for he hath in himself his gift of joy which God gave to him."

Varsity Verse.

THE CITY PEARL.

SOILED her chubby hands and face
 All her tresses out of curl,
 With a ragged doll her friend
 Sits my little city girl.

But her eyes are piercing deep
 Richer than the violet's hue,
 Fairer than the whitening stars
 In the deep eternal blue.

And her soul, ah! fair and white
 In that earthly form doth dwell,
 As the pure unsullied pearl
 Hidden in the stained shell.

Men see not her purity
 Covered by an earthly sod,
 But the lustre of it shines
 Noted by the eye of God.

T. E. B.

THE PSALM OF TO-DAY.

Tell me not in idle talking
 Football's not a foolish game,
 For the man who straight is walking
 By to-morrow will be lame.

Life is real, and life is earnest,
 Every man should save his head;
 He who hits the line returnest
 Badly injured, nearly dead.

Deaths of players don't remind us,
 We go into games as well,
 And departing leave behind us
 Half our senses where we fell.

Senses that perhaps another
 Might have used to write some verse,
 Did I hear you ask my brother,
 "Could he use his senser worse?"

You are right, be up and doing,
 Doing Indiana State,
 You ahead and they pursuing;
 Show them you can keep your gait.

S. T. D.

THE TAMMANY TIGER.

He was not the young lady from Niger,
 But he smiled as he rode on the Tiger;
 They came back from the ride
 With Willie Randolph inside.
 And the smile on the face of the Tiger.

W. J. D.

DAY AND NIGHT.

Francis Day by his prowess and might
 Won the prize in a tournament fight.

Said the king: "Knight this man."
 The report forthwith ran:

"That one Day had been changed to a night."

W. J. D.

Roller Skates.

LOUIS M. KELLY, '07.

The whir of the roller-skates seemed to Barker the sweetest music he had ever heard. Though the swish and rumble was not more regular nor more noticeable than usual, the electric lights blinked just as fiercely, and the machine-made music banged out in the same mechanical time; but it all seemed better to him.

He had worried about this roller-skate party for some time. In fact, he knew that something like it would happen before the Christmas vacation was over. Laura Adams was popular, a little too popular to suit him. He imagined that being just home from college (you know now he was a freshman), he could easily get ahead of the ordinary city boys; but there were others whom he would have to look out for. Dalton from De Pauw was "slow." John Quirk from Purdue—he "cut him out" last summer, and why couldn't he do it again? But there was Carr from Indiana, a good-looking fellow, a smooth talker, end on the foot-ball team, and something of a track-man. Barker hoped that he was interested in some other of Kokomos' beauties; but he was not. Laura soon had the enviable pleasure of being the object of attention of two of the most sought-for young men in town.

He did not know exactly how it happened, and he did not much care, but here he was doing the "Dutch roll" with her before the admiring eyes of friends and the envy of Carr. It seemed that he could roll right out into space until suddenly he noticed the girl grow pale and dizzy. In a moment he brought her to a seat.

"Oh, I have such a headache," she said and leaned against the cushioned seat, while the glimmering light shone on her pale face. Barker was all attention. He fussed around like most fellows do, and finally stumbled back to her with a glass of water. He stood watching her sipping it, then took the glass she handed him, as she again closed her eyes and rested against the cushion. He liked to see her that way, if she wasn't so sick. Finally he gathered

himself together enough to call a carriage and take her home.

"Gracious, I was so sick!" she said sweetly, as they neared her home.

"I hope you are better now," he offered.

"Oh, yes, I'll be all right in the morning after a good sleep," she replied, "and it was so good of you Tom, you dear." This she whispered to him very close.

In the carriage he could hear the quick palpitation and feel the sudden flush and ecstasy that comes at twenty. But no more skating for him, skating was a "frost" without her. He was feeling too good to go home, so he went to the club. He was not there long before some of his fellow-chums who knew all about the skating party came in.

"Well, old man," one asked, "why so soon, or didn't you go, or were you thrown, or?"

"Not your uncle, Dud," he answered sending the cue ball over the table for a scratch. "And, say," he continued, "if you fellows knew, wouldn't you have the laugh on Carr, beat him out ten ways!"

He laughed as he thought of the really fortunate outcome of the evening. He was going on to explain how easy the thing happened—there was nothing clever about it—any of them might have done it, "if" he exultingly laughed, "you fellows were not too slow to—"

"We may be slow, Tom," one broke in, "but if you had been a little slower in leaving the neighborhood of Tenth Street you might have seen Carr slip up to the gate you had just left, whistle softly, and lead your sick girl back to the rink, where they are enjoying themselves now. 'We're slow!' but sometimes the slow bird catches the worm."

TRUTH fixed on the page has never the charm and livingness of that which we see springing from the mind of the author; and hence to read even the best books gives less pleasure than to listen to a great orator, rightly uttering himself, when the occasion calls for the noblest thoughts:

RELIGION is a growth, the most complex and slowest of growths, which must be fostered through the whole course of life and education.—*Spalding*.

Writing Home.

The student leans lazily over his desk, repeatedly dips his pen into the ink, but does not touch the paper before him—he is writing home.

The steam pipes banged loudly at first, and the thermometer over the prefect's desk raised its red flag higher. No attention was paid to these warnings, and now the victor, Heat, quietly picks off man after man and drops him at his post. The study-hall is at sleeping heat, but the student braces himself; for he 'must write home.'

"I received your letter"—Outside the wind tugs teasingly at the few leaves that still cling to the shaking trees, knocks at the windows of the study-hall, then whistles across the fields and lakes, and like the Pied-Piper lures away the thoughts of the student writing home.

Writing home? He is home now, stretched on the couch, where so many times before he had fallen asleep. The fire cracks and sputters in a homelike way, familiar faces look on as kindly as ever. Why should such pleasant dreams be disturbed? But a gentle reminder that the "dream-laboratory" is on the next floor rouses the student.

"This letter must be written." How will he pack his request for more money; so that his demand will neither appear too crude and exaggerated, nor be lost in the packing? With what will he sandwich the fact that he was "plucked" in Latin? What kind of capsule shall hold the bit of news that he has lost his sweater and can not well get along without another? What has been going on lately that will be interesting to the folks at home? Football? To them that is but another name for manslaughter, a sort of gladiatorial contest, where the spectators always hold their thumbs down.

In despair he stabs at the ink well, scratches some excuses about time and classes, tells several bitter facts, asks a few favors, and finishes up

"I am as ever, awaiting an answer,"

K.

"IN saying or doing what is unkind or unjust we hurt ourselves more than others."

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—The winning of the Purdue game makes to-day's the most interesting and palpitating game of the year. It is many years since we have been regarded as the most dangerous rival in the field for the State Championship. To-day we are too confident, nor are we too eager in predicting an Indiana victory. The SCHOLASTIC sends out to the fighters its hopes for victory. But win or lose, the Never-Die spirit will be there, and we are with you, N. D., to the last white line on the gridiron. We all hope it will not be crossed on us this year.

—Well, the first big game is over, and for the first time in many years Purdue has taken its place among our defeated rivals. It was a hard-fought game and worthy of both teams. We worked no less than Purdue, who had great expectations of winning. The fight was fierce, which of course only makes it all the better to win. While the score was not large still we are satisfied, and it was enough. If we can only administer the same dose to Indiana we will not ask for anything more.

One sure thing about it is, that the Notre

Dame-Purdue contest was of the right order. The clean playing and fighting, no less intense because of its fairness, was the right thing. Everyone in college athletics looks with condemnation on "hated" rivalry, and tries to promote just such spirit as was manifested in the big game.

We like to meet Purdue in contest. They are good, clean sportsmen and gentlemen. So here's to Purdue. May we always meet in such wholesome, manly competition.

—“Shall the government control the corporations and the people control the government?” Thus, in a word, the outlook states the issue before the American people. We believe this statement to be correct. Disinterested students and the men who do things alike are agreed that giant combinations of capital are at once a natural outgrowth of modern industrial conditions and an economic necessity. As such they are with us to stay. Some say the government should own them, no one says it should not control them. Intimately and inseparably connected with the public regulation of corporations is the political problem of boss rule. The greedy corporation is too often the power behind the throne in the kingdom of Bossdom. It furnishes the boss with campaign funds, and, through him, rules the people. The Philadelphia “Gas Ring” is the stock example of this kind of thing and the most notorious.

The people must oust the political boss and control the government before the government can be expected to regulate the corporations in the interests of the people. The campaign against the trusts and against the bosses is but a different aspect of the determination of the people to make self-government a fact, not a farce. His attitude towards the trust and the boss, this is the touchstone to be applied to an aspirant for political preferment. Is he glib in abusive denunciation of the corporations “who rob the people,” or does he propose a definite practical means of public control? Does he follow his conscience or his political boss? Let the people answer these questions aright and then they will control the government and the government will control the corporations.

Monsignor Vaughan's Second Lecture.

Athletic Notes.

Yesterday afternoon Mgr. Vaughan again lectured to the students of the collegiate English classes. It may seem ungracious toward our right reverend visitor, an unfair imposition on his good nature, to break in after this manner on his brief rest; but only those who do not know Mgr. Vaughan will be likely to censure us. Monsignor belongs pre-eminently to that sufficiently small class of persons for whom recreation means change of work. The nature of his "talk" yesterday, the product of his "idle" hour, would convince us of this. And we think, at least we like so to think, that on Friday afternoon he felt more genuine pleasure in illustrating for us from transcripts of original texts the Foreigner's View of Mediæval England than from weeks of dignified leisure.

Mgr. Vaughan's full recognition of the literary axiom—Nothing between us and the author—gives his words an appositeness and interest which would be wanting to the mere antiquary's curious account of fourteenth-century England. The learned prelate believes that the more criticism agrees that literature is the natural expression of life, the more consistently does it urge that to understand a writer we should fill around him, as fully as may be, the numerous contingencies which have influenced his work. No detail is insignificant. The most reflexive movement of his times will clear up an author's thought far more vividly than pages of his text. Our judgment of a writer will be trustworthy in so far as we project ourselves into his surroundings and see life as he saw it, otherwise our estimate of him will be merely impressionistic, based on appearances, not on evidence. Data such as that which the lecturer presented yesterday open to view the background of literature and show us the literary figures in their proper perspective. Probably no epoch of English literary history so needs illumination from all available points as does the century of Langland, Wyclif, Gower and Chaucer. We hope that Mgr. Vaughan will soon have "idle" hours to make the Foreigner's Impressions of England on the Eve of the Renaissance more accessible than in their present manuscript form.

For the first time in many years Notre Dame succeeded last Saturday in defeating Purdue. The score, although small—only 2 to 0—by no means indicates the strength of the teams. Four times the Varsity crossed Purdue's goal line only to be called back for some violation of the rules. And in each case, although the decision was carried it was simply a case of hard luck for the Varsity, for they deserved every score they made.

Callicrate's run of 60 yards for a touchdown early in the first half was as pretty a play as was ever seen on a football field, and the score was lost because Waldorf used his hands.

Several times Sheehan, Beacom and Hutzell carried the ball over for a touchdown, but each time there was something wrong, some one held in the line, or some one tripped, etc. Still we have no kick coming; we won, but we deserved to win by a better score.

We will play Indiana this Saturday for the Championship of Indiana, and the team that gets away with this game will have a clear title to the Championship. Neither team has been defeated and both will go into the game with clean slates. The *Indianapolis Star* says of the game:

"Not a great deal of time was lost in the arranging of preliminary details. Notre Dame won the toss and chose to defend the north goal. When the referee's whistle blew the sun was shining and the weather comfortable, with no wind to mar the effects of good punting.

"Fleming kicked off for Purdue at 2:40, the ball going out of bounds on the west side of the field. On the second trial the ball went to Dolan on Notre Dame's thirty-yard line. In the line bucking that followed, Callicrate made five yards and Chapman was hurt in the scrimmage, having his ankle badly sprained, compelling him to retire in favor of Reed. Callicrate hit the line for five yards, but off-side plays gave Purdue ten yards.

"With the ball on Notre Dame's sixteen-yard line, Munson punted, the ball bounded over Holdson's head, but the Purdue

quarter fell on it on Purdue's forty-yard line. Afterward the ball went to Notre Dame on a fumble.

"Callicrate made three yards. Notre Dame punted to Holdson, who was downed in his tracks. Long hit the Notre Dame line for a short gain, but was thrown back for a loss, and Fleming was compelled to punt, sending the ball to Purdue's forty-seven-yard line. The punt was caught by Bracken, who returned the ball eighteen yards, running out of bounds.

TOUCHDOWN NOT ALLOWED.

"On a double pass from Diener to Callicrate, the latter ran sixty yards for a touchdown, but this was not allowed on account of Notre Dame holding in the line. The ball was taken back to the twenty-five yard line and kicked out. Notre Dame fumbled, but Beacom fell on the ball. This was followed by an attempt at a drop-kick which failed.

"Line-bucking tactics yielded small gains for both teams and the ball see-sawed back and forth. This was followed by Bracken being tackled for a fifteen-yard loss by Freshour on an attempted quarter-back run, and Munson punted thirty-five yards; Long fumbled and Bracken fell on the ball.

"The ball was recovered for Purdue soon afterward by Long on a fumble. Fleming punted to the fifty-yard line, Callicrate returning the ball five yards. Dolan gained six yards through Purdue's line, and in the quarter-back run which followed Bracken was thrown for a loss.

"With the ball on Purdue's four-yard line, Fleming fell back of the goal line for a punt. He fumbled the pass, and Holdson fell on the ball back of Purdue's line, thus making a safety for Notre Dame, the only points scored in the game. The half closed shortly afterward with the score 2 to 0 in Notre Dame's favor.

"In the second half neither team made any change in its line-up. This half was fiercely contested, Purdue several times making a brilliant defense at critical stages. Munson started the ball rolling by kicking off to Long, who caught the ball on Purdue's twenty-five-yard line and returned it three yards before being downed.

"Holdson failed in a quarter-back run and

Fleming punted to Purdue's fifty-yard line. Notre Dame failed in a triple pass, and Callicrate attempted to go through the line, but was unsuccessful. Shortly afterward Notre Dame was compelled to punt, the ball going to Holdson, who fumbled but regained it.

"Reed went through the Notre Dame line for four yards, but Purdue failed to follow with the necessary gains, and Fleming punted, kicking the ball out of bounds on Purdue's twenty-six-yard line. This was followed by short gains by Beacom and Dolan, and Purdue was penalized five yards for offside play.

"Here Purdue took a brace on her own fifteen-yard line, but the Catholics steadily advanced the ball by heavy line plunging to the ten-yard line. By a pretty play Bracken then carried the ball to Purdue's four-yard line, where Wellinghoff and De Lauter stopped the progress of the opposing team, and Notre Dame was held for downs.

KICKS OUT OF DANGER.

"Fleming punted out to the thirty-five yard line, and a sigh of relief went up from the Purdue rooters. The ball was returned to the twenty-yard line by Notre Dame before it was stopped by Greeson. Bracken kicked to Holdson, who made a fair catch on Purdue's three-yard line. Fleming punted out to Purdue's forty-five yard line, Bracken returning the ball nine yards.

"Notre Dame failed to gain, and Munson punted to Purdue's one-yard line, Holdson failing to return the ball. Fleming punted out to Purdue's thirty-yard line. The game ended shortly afterward with the ball in Notre Dame's possession near the centre of the field.

LINE-UP:

Purdue (0)		Notre Dame (2)
Fleming	L. E.	Hutzel
Freshour	L. T.	Beacom
De Lauter	L. G.	Eggeman
Wellinghoff (Capt.)	C.	Sheehan
Berkheiser	R. G.	Munson
Robertson	R. T.	Dolan
Wyant	R. E.	Bervy
Holdson	Q. B.	Bracken
Chapman, Reed	L. H.	Waldorf
Greeson	R. H.	Callicrate
Long	F. B.	Diener

Officials: Referee—Kennedy of Chicago. Umpire—Lowenthal of Illinois. Head linesman—Kilpatrick of Wisconsin. Time of halves—30 minutes.

Officials Talk of Game.

"Referee Lowenthal of Illinois—The best team won. Purdue showed decided improvement since the Wabash game last Saturday. The players of both teams have certainly studied the rules to a nicety, for the game was clean throughout. Holdson for Purdue and Captain Bracken of Notre Dame showed good generalship.

"Umpire Kennedy of Chicago—Purdue in general showed great progress since the game of a week ago. I think Notre Dame played the stronger game, and while they were given more than the ordinary number of penalties, they were justly deserved. Notre Dame should have made a touchdown, but their men were caught interfering with their hands which is a clear violation of the rules.

"Head Linesman Kilpatrick—Both teams played clean ball. I think Purdue was slow in charging and did not show a diversity of plays. They used the same plays too often. Notre Dame tried a number of trick plays, but these showed a lack of perfection. I do want to say that Purdue is to be commended for the spirit she shows in defeat and the handsome manner in which the student body stands behind its team.

"Coach Witham of Purdue—The score, of course, is quite disappointing to me. The boys put up a good defense at critical stages of the game, but their offensive play was very weak. I think Wyant was a little discriminated against, as he was fouled repeatedly. Chapman being hurt so early in the game, and Gordon having taken ill yesterday after drilling all week, completely broke up the backfield, and thus you see we were unfortunate."

Coach Barry on his arrival home from the game said:—"While the score would indicate a hard fight and a narrow escape, yet in point of fact we outclassed Purdue in every department of the game, and at no time did they even threaten our goal, whereon we gained almost at will. My team surprised me, it is true, but I knew that they had the stuff in them, if it could only be gotten out. They simply tightened up all around Saturday; hence their easy victory over Purdue, which, however, should have been 17 to 0 at least."

Halloween at the Colleges.

CHICAGO—An encounter between the freshmen and the upper classmen at a masquerade party given by the girls of Kelly Hall at which the guests appeared in the uniform of the Cubs and Sox.

NORTHWESTERN—Willard Hall, a young ladies' apartment entered by a gang of fifty and a dancing party thrown into a panic as a result; a street-car stopped, and the motor-man and conductor subjected to a dousing with water by the same party.

LEXINGTON—The college students of Lexington, Kentucky, engaged in a fight with the policemen of that city.

NOTRE DAME—Sweet and peaceful sleep.

DE PAUW—An anticipated victory over Rose Poly caused a huge bonfire at De Pauw. It caused five hundred students to prance around that same blaze of "anticipation." It caused Coach Luck to make the usual prophecies of a big score, and debater Jewett to inspire the gathering by his high-flown oratory, but in the end, it all caused double disappointment, for Rose Poly gotten, while De Pauw drew a nine spot.

* *

The *Orange and White*, the University of Tennessee publication, says: "If you want to kill your college paper, never hand in news items, and be sure to criticise everything in the paper—be a coxcomb."

* *

Whitcomb Riley, coping with Shakespeare, Milton, and Dante, and overcoming all of them, is the substance of an article in an exchange; but then we never criticise; then, too, we have a picture of the Hoosier high up on our wall, and we once wrote a eulogy on him almost as elaborate as this.

* *

For the benefit of the small boy who has mental pictures already of his home-coming reception, and for the man who has a girl, and the man that wants to get away on general principles, we have clipped the following from *St. Vincent's Journal*:

And we feel with keenest sorrow
 Christmas time is far away,
 But we know that each to-morrow
 Finds us closer than to-day.

Notes from the Colleges.

Because they're not in hot water the track candidates at Minnesota are complaining. The football men, they assert, have the "warm stuff" all to themselves.

*
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The Illinois Sophomores formally converted the entire town of Urbana into their own property recently and labeled each parcel with their trade mark, '09.

*
**

J. Fred Powers, famous in the annals of Notre Dame athletics, has severed his athletic relations with Holy Cross, and is now trainer at Worcester Academy.

*
**

Hughes, the Republican candidate for governor of New York, is an alumnus of Cornell.

*
**

The officials who acted in the Purdue-Notre Dame game Saturday were: Referee, Fred Lowenthal, Illinois; Umpire, Kennedy; Head linesman, C. H. Kilpatrick, Princeton; and those for the Indiana game are: Hoagland, Ralph Davis, Indiana, and Kilpatrick.

*
**

No! no! it's Walter, not Lincoln G. Steffen, that is playing football. Of course one is as sensational as the other—nearly, with odds in favor of Walter.

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Coach Sheldon of Indiana announces his intention of giving up the football business and going into the practice of law.

*
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Wabash had three hundred and fifty rooters down to see them defeat Purdue.

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A meeting of the representatives of the Indiana State Oratorical Association was called at Indianapolis Friday to decide on the judges for the State Contest in February.

*
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Acting President Judson of Chicago University in his report for the summer quarter announces the receipt of a million dollars in gifts.

P. M. M.

Personal.

—H. E. Brown, '02, spent Sunday at the University.

—Carlos Hinze, '96-'99, writes from Havana where he is in business.

—Mr. and Mrs. John Benz of Pittsburg visited their sons at the University.

—Theo. Gorman (student '05-'06) is in business with his father at Fairmont, Minn.

—Mr. and Mrs. John F. Ohmer visited their son Beckman of Corby Hall during the week.

—J. J. Cullinan, famous in athletic circles here, writes us that he is with the Southern Pacific at Wright, Cal.

—A letter from Harvard University brought us good news from Kanaley '04, Kasper '04 and Voigt '05.

—J. F. Cushing (C. E. '06) is holding a responsible position with the J. J. O'Hearn Construction Co. of Chicago.

—Prof. J. Francis Smith, Director of the Art Academy of Chicago, visited his old friends at the University. He brought with him an excellent and very valuable painting which he had on exhibition at the French Salon in Paris.

—Visitors' Registry:—Mr. and Mrs. John Benz, Dr. J. H. Benz, Pittsburg, Pa.; H. E. Brown, Mrs. J. E. Baggot, Chicago; Fairbanks, Washington, D. C.; Mary C. Lowry, Fort Wayne, Ind.; Mr. and Mrs. John F. Ohmer, Dayton, Ohio.

—An interesting article on the Esperanto, to the *Times-Democrat* of Lima, Ohio, has attracted our attention. The author, Prof. John W. Forbing, is an alumnus of Notre Dame. While a student Mr. Forbing was known for the same scholarly activity which he is showing as a member of the faculty of Lima College.

—Fred W. Wile has headquarters at Berlin where he is correspondent in chief for Germany of the *London Daily Mail*. He was five years in the European service of the *London Daily News* in London and Berlin.

—Rupert D. Donovan was called home early in the week because of the death of his mother. All Notre Dame joins in sympathy with the young man in his sorrow.

LAW DEPARTMENT.

The following is a statement of facts in the case of *The People vs. Harrison*, which has been set for trial at the November term of the Moot-Court.

August 1st, 1906, George Harrison of Clay Township, St. Joseph County, Indiana, invited Robert Walters and some other neighbors to dine with him at his home on the Niles road, three miles north of South Bend. Walters finished his work early in the afternoon, and was the first of the invited guests to reach Harrison's house, arriving there about 5 o'clock. He was cordially welcomed and made to feel, as he said, "quite at home." Soon afterward his friend Frank Smith, who owns the adjoining farm, appeared, and was likewise cordially welcomed by Mr. and Mrs. Harrison. Dinner was announced at 6 o'clock, and those present, some ten in number, took the places assigned to them at the table. The following hour was very pleasantly spent at the hospitable board of the Harrisons. All united in praising the dinner for the variety, quantity and quality of the things furnished. They said that the meal prepared for them would do credit to any hotel in South Bend. Alexander Jones said that about a year before he had attended a banquet at the Oliver Hotel, "and, would you believe me, gentlemen," he continued, "it couldn't hold a candle to the meal we've just had." The cigars were then passed around, and soon afterward Harrison and his neighbors were smoking and chatting in regard to current events, and interchanging views relative to the crops and the probable prices of wheat, oats, corn, and pork during the approaching Fall and Winter. They engaged later in a game of cards, and during its progress drank and smoked as freely as they desired. After 11 o'clock they became quarrelsome, and Walters charged Harrison with stealing his handkerchief and cheating in the game. Mrs. Harrison entered the room at this time and acted as a peacemaker, saying to Walters that he had promised her early in the evening not to drink intoxicating liquors and not to create a disturbance. He thanked her and promised to obey. Then Smith's eldest

son, aged 17, entered the room, and announced that he came for the purpose of accompanying his father home, as his mother was uneasy, anxious and fretting. Walters said that he would go with them, and so he did, accompanying them as far as the road. There he said, "Wait for me," and turning quickly, he returned to the house. Standing at the open window he said to Harrison: "I want to take home with me the shot-gun I loaned you last week." Mrs. Harrison found it in a corner of the next room and promptly handed it to him. On his way to join the Smiths at the gate Walters appeared to be very much enraged. He shouted his defiance to Harrison, using profane and threatening language, and saying that a man who would cheat his guests and steal from them ought not to be permitted to live. Thereupon Mr. Harrison, who had evidently become greatly exasperated at this proceeding, seized his own shot-gun, which he had but recently purchased, and started to leave the house. But Mrs. Harrison seized hold of the gun, and implored and begged him not to go out—not to leave the house. At her instance, too, their son, Harold, went out, spoke kindly to Walters and accompanied him to the gate. Two or three minutes afterward Harrison succeeded in leaving the house with his shot-gun, despite the entreaties of his wife. As he approached, Walters passed quickly to the outside, shutting the gate after him. Thinking then that his act would be deemed an evidence of cowardice, he turned, seized his gun firmly, raised it in a manner indicating that he intended to use it as a club, rushed at Harrison, who by this time had reached the gate, and paused only when he observed that the gate was shut and barred the way to his getting near enough to Harrison to strike an effective blow. As he advanced, however, Harrison raised his gun, aimed and fired. Walters staggered but did not fall until he had opened the gate and struck Harrison two ineffectual blows with the butt or stock of the gun. He then fell and soon afterward died. The shot took effect in his abdomen, perforat-

ing some of the intestines and causing a severe lesion of the lower part of the stomach and liver. Harrison is indicted for murder.

* *

Hon. Timothy T. Ansberry (Law, '94) has just been elected to Congress in the Fifth District of Ohio, defeating after a stubborn contest his Republican competitor. We feel assured that in the House of Representatives at Washington Mr. Ansberry will make a record creditable to his constituents and *Alma Mater*. His friends at Notre Dame cordially congratulate him.

* *

In the selection of an attorney the choice of the Northwestern Railroad Company has fallen upon Daniel Byrnes (Law, '92). In his student days Mr. Byrnes gave promise of attaining to eminence at the Bar, and to be placed in charge of the legal department of a great railroad corporation at his age is a signal honor and in line with the promise of his work at Notre Dame.

Local Items.

—Indiana to-day.

—Bulletins were read Tuesday evening.

—Parrish went home for a few days.

—Bracken dropped off at Palo on his way back from Lafayette. Tri-county press, please take notice!

—The momentum of Pat's form when it hits the line is the latest development of a problem in Physics.

—The post-office is preparing for winter, as we notice by the appearance of the storm doors. It's a bad sign.

—Judging from the amount of eloquence displayed in the discussions in Parliamentary Law there are fine prospects for renewed success in this year's debating contests.

—Congregational singing is a beautiful practice as well as edifying. Drawling in singing, however, is laborious and wearisome. A little more spirit in singing the hymns will improve matters wonderfully.

—"Lead, Kindly Light." What bids fair to become the kindest light at Notre Dame was lately put up at what we may call our 'five corners.' It points the way to St. Mary's, better still it guides the late Corbyite returning by the back way. Its rays dimly light the Grotto and the stone steps leading to the church. Brothers, seminarians, students, all unite in blessing "the kindly light."

—"Lectonem sine calamo somnium puta." The meaning of these words is, consider

reading without note-taking a dream; that is, vague and incoherent. There is no one, I think, who will dispute the truth of this statement. For human memory, no matter to what degree of perfection it may attain, can never be as accurate and reliable as anything in black and white which can be referred to at pleasure. Instead of this truism, therefore, I should wish, if I may be so bold, to improve (?) on the original a little, as follows: "Annotationem sine ordine somnium puta," taking "somnia" in the sense of "nightmare." This is something practical, twentieth century, and up-to-date; none of your fourteenth-century aphorisms. It will appeal to every student who reviews his notes just before an examination.

—Thursday morning the big "gym" resounded with N. D. U. yells, while the inspiring strains of the college band echoed and re-echoed through the great building. The tiers of seats were filled with enthusiastic rooters and the school yells were given with the right spirit. Speeches were delivered by Capt. Bracken and Manager Draper which were well received. The spirit shown was good; considering the absolute lack of college spirit which has prevailed on Cartier Field for the past season, but it certainly could be improved upon. There is no doubt but that our 250 loyal rooters will evince the true N. D. spirit at Indianapolis to-day, but we must not let this spirit die out after the Indiana game. Win or lose, let us keep up the good work. Keep at the college yells; remember the game with Beloit at South Bend.

—Last Thursday evening the Brownson Literary and Debating Society held a preliminary debate for the purpose of choosing an inter-hall team. The question was: "Resolved, That Public Utilities should be owned and operated by Municipalities." The speakers on the affirmative were: Messrs. Coffee, Boyle, Dougherty, Rowlands, D. McDonald and Arvey; those on the negative, Messrs. Hallearn, H. McAleenan, Roth, Depew, Sock and C. Murphy. All the debaters were good, both in delivery and argument. Those who were given the first four places were: 1st, Mr. R. Dougherty; 2d, Mr. D. McDonald; 3d, Mr. H. Boyle; 4th, Mr. E. Arvey. The judges were Father Schumacher, Prof. J. Green and Prof. Schwab. Mr. G. A. Farabaugh acted as chairman. The young men who are to represent Brownson Hall in the inter-hall debates have excellent natural ability as well as great enthusiasm for the work that is before them. The students of Brownson Hall feel sure that the honor of holding the inter-hall championship is safe in the custody of these hall-mates.