

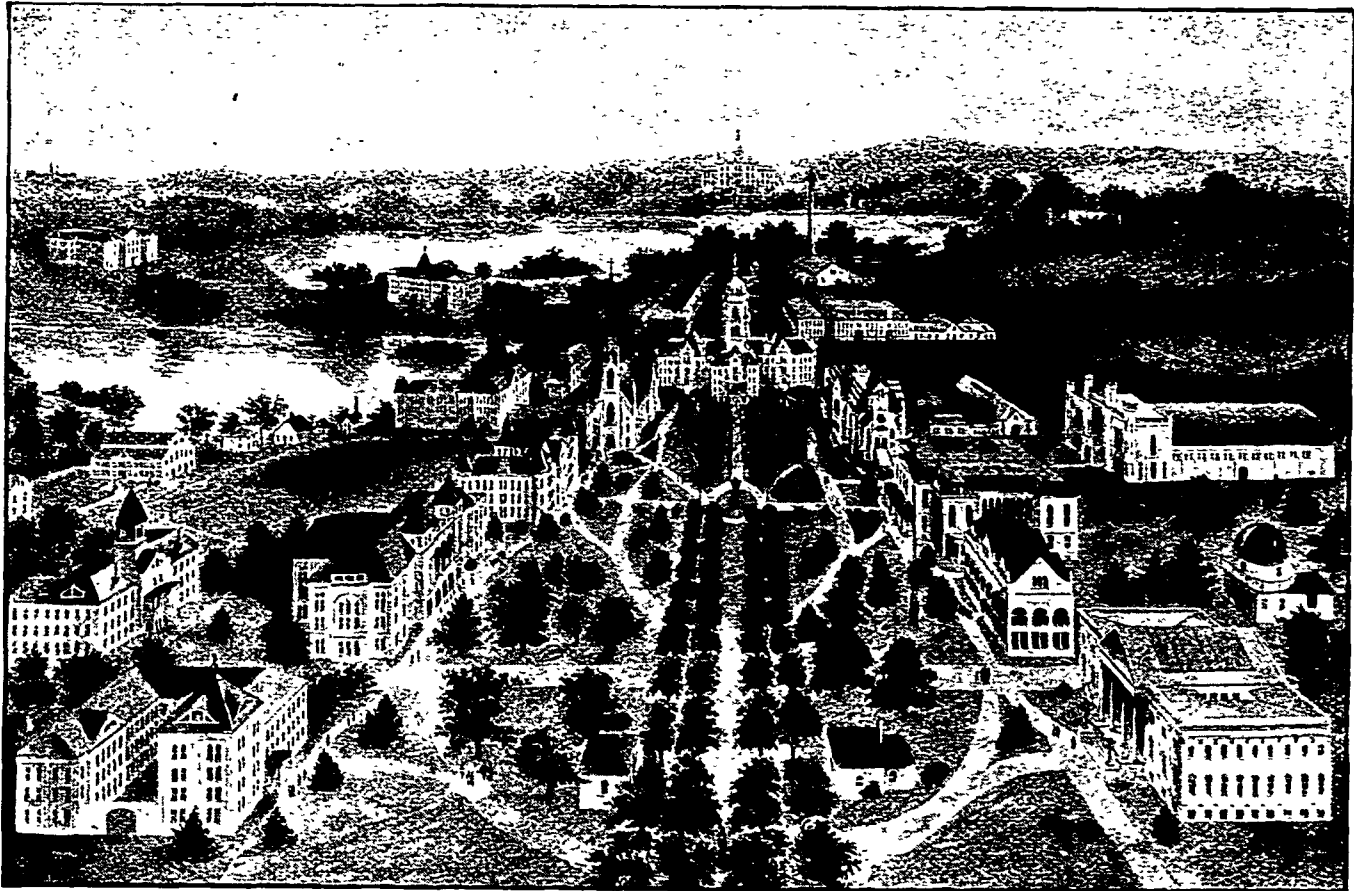
~ Che ~ Notre Dame Scholastic

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

VOL. XLI.

NOTRE DAME, INDIANA, NOVEMBER 2, 1907.

No. 8.



Bird's Eye View of Notre Dame.

THOU of the stars, believe us, Lady Queen,
This knighted band on bended knee who wait
The benison of parting at thy gate,
Ere in the nearing fray our arms be seen,
By Day, that quickens all thy lawns to green,
By Night, that here her starred locks e'er will plait,
By Life, and all it holds,—its love, its hate,
Thy sons go forth, high-purposed, strong, serene.

What time we feel the strain of manhood's
fight,
Which comes with sternest test in peace's day,
On earth and sea, what way our footsteps
roam,
Know thou our hearts are lifted to thy light,
Believe we go illumining life's way
With lessons learned beneath thy golden dome.



THE WELL.

A Modern Monastery.*

BY THE REV. JOHN TALBOT SMITH.

WHERE I sat, the pump could be seen, somewhat rusty, but inviting to the thirsty on a hot summer day. Tall trees waved over me; the rocks of a shrine, Our Lady of Lourdes, rose vine-covered, moist and cool, directly before me, and to the right were the walls of the sacristy, above on the brow of the slope. Turning about I could see the blue waters of a little lake. It was aggravating. Water, water everywhere, but not a drop to drink!

I recalled far-off days when I lay on my face beside a mountain spring and drank my fill of the most beautiful and satisfying of all the liquids known to thirsty man. That time had passed many years. A dyspeptic twist in an otherwise capable stomach had made all liquids,—in particular the cool,—impossible, disquieting, sometimes dangerous. I knew the pump covered a

spring, for this region is full of springs. The little lake behind me, and the other just out of sight beyond the road, have no inlets, because the water gushes clear and plentiful from the marl bottom. I longed to drink, to repeat the rich pleasure of boyhood; and finally I did, accepting the consequent discomfort, or the joy of drinking deep of water from the natural well.

[What delicious coolness, sweetness, refreshment! The barbarous flavor of iron pipe, the arctic chill of Penobscot ice, quite absent! Fill up the tin cup again, and again, and again! Here's to the mountain spring, to boyhood, to the sprite of this well! And in spite of quantity and dread, Adam's ale cut no capers with the astonished alimentary canal, but soothed the dark and timorous shores, uplifted the spirit, and brought repose where most other intruders brought horror. From that

* Reprinted with permission from *Donahoe's Magazine* for October.

moment the pump and I became devoted friends. Were I a poet, its peaceful glory should often be my theme of song.

I sang its praise to an invalid friend from the Nova Scotia shore; and urged the tin cup upon him. He had to be very careful about introducing strangers to the fearsome creatures which maintained and yet threatened his inner life, he said; but overcome by the memory of his youth he, too, drank, at first cautiously, then freely, and thereafter copiously with benefit. For both, the effect of this natural water direct from the spring was a revelation, and we spent some minutes in discussing and denouncing the piped water of modern cities, which might do for cleaning purposes, but fomented rebellion, discontent, reform and puritanism in the stomachs of the multitude. The hermits of the Thebaid on bread, dates, and spring water, lived a hundred years without serious effort to live. Perhaps this Indiana well is the least significant thing on the beautiful grounds of the University of Notre Dame. To me it became symbolic of the institution itself, which seemed like a fountain of the Middle Ages, set in the plains of modern Indiana,

to water the arid, modern field with the mystic stream of the Christian ages. A few yards away from the shrine stands the church, a great temple, a cathedral in size and beauty, in which I sat on Sunday morning to see the Holy Cross community and the University colony at their public devotions. Before eight o'clock the worshippers trooped in with the brisk, decided tread of a regiment on the march, while a bell of deep, sweet tone resounded gigantic on the summer air. The Brothers of the community, old and young, filled the space in the apse, their peaceful faces turned towards the main altar; then came the collegians and novices of the community, in cassock and surplice, lean and vigorous youths, to fill the stalls on either side of the sanctuary, along the wall; the lay members of the faculty in their black gowns with colored ribbons took the front pews; and behind them a thousand youths and boys, students and others, marched to their places.

The procession entered from the sacristy as the clock struck the hour, boys, servers, and clergy, the latter wearing the black cape of the community over the surplice;



A PROCESSION AROUND THE QUADRANGLE.



FATHER EDWARD SORIN, C. S. C.
Founder of Notre Dame.

the great organ pealed and the choir sang *Introit* and *Kyrie* in the Gregorian chant. It was a spectacle which I had never seen before, and I doubt if any other church in the land could reproduce it. There was something thunderous about it, as of an army hearing Mass on the eve of battle; so that as I sat there the vision of that great world outside came to me, the world in which the tremendous struggle between good and evil roars like Niagara to the listening ear, without diminuendo or cessation. Here, indeed, were the warriors of to-morrow's battle, drinking in strength under the eye of the Leader Himself.

This display of strength, of unity in purpose and method, has an inspiring effect on the modern Catholic. We are so scattered, almost diluted, in the malicious, materialistic, skeptical, flippant society

of the time, that we rarely feel our solidarity of aim as well as of doctrine. I said, as I drank in the wonderful scene for over an hour: "We should have one hundred such centres as this in the Republic, with a million youths preparing for the fray; and parents, leaders, isolated captains of frontier posts, should come when they could to feast eyes and hearts on the army of the future, making ready joyously to take their places in the field." The army marched out again and left me alone in the majestic temple. Sixty years ago, the spot where I sat was part of the Indiana prairie, occasionally trod by the Indians and the missionary, Stephen Badin, who taught them the ways of grace. His grave is only a few hundred yards away, under a replica of the log church in which he said Mass for the red men.

What a marvel of human labor! Without subsidy from state or millionaire, beginning their work with a handful of men, the Holy Cross community has covered the prairie with the buildings of a town, structures, great and small, capable of entertaining and educating a community and a student body of two thousand members; and has shaped an educational instrument of wonderful resource, great power and originality. How was the marvel accomplished? Through the men whose quiet graves I can see in the distance, priests and brothers; and through the men whose sturdy hands are guiding and shaping the work at the present moment. I met a score of them and studied them with infinite curiosity, from the simple brother who waited on me at breakfast to the most finished product of community life. The dominant quality struck me as alertness. The sacristan in spite of age flew about like a bird amid sacristies and sanctuaries of exquisite neatness and order. I looked long at a group of young lay novices mending the roads, with much chat and laughing, but working at top speed and energy. I sat in the first college, a little building on the smaller lake, still in good repair, now used by a section of the lay novices, and chatted with young men, who promptly provided me with

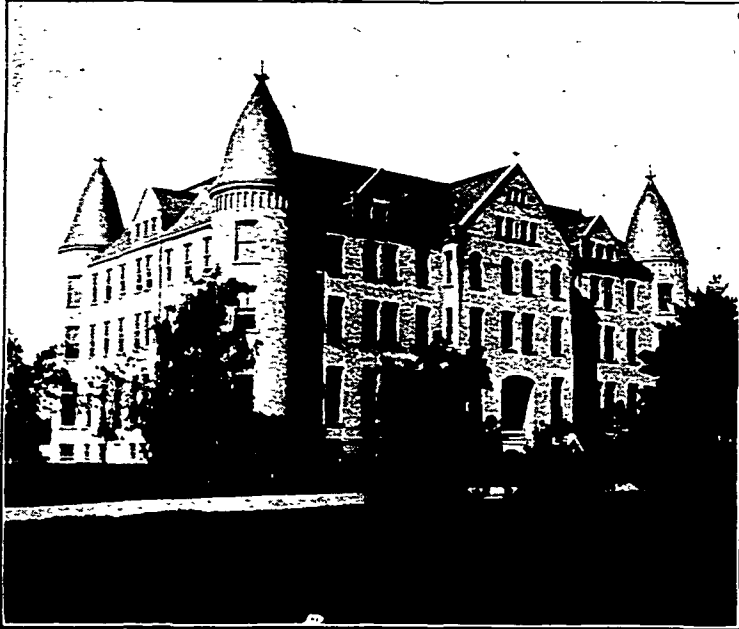
literature and information as to their own particular circle. All the signs about me indicated that each department had something extra to do and could lose no time in doing it.

The great problem in our Catholic colleges is concerned with discipline. The ancient French method has been discarded, as it had to be, in a community which tolerates, if it does not admire, the latitude of Harvard and Yale; but neither the Catholic parent nor the Catholic teacher will ever accept the modern indifference in protecting the youthful student against both himself and his seducers. Notre Dame has been seeking the golden mean. It would be indiscreet to ask if it has been found. I sat on the veranda of Sorin Hall, the main building, in the evening. Lights twinkled in a hundred windows. From a dormitory opposite came the twang of a banjo, the wail of a violin, the chatter of conversation, the music of an accidental quartette; young men came and went across the broad square, mounted or descended the high steps, did the usual things peculiar to a village street; and yet nowhere did the sounds indicate riot, disorder, or horse-play. It seemed more like the decorum of a populous hotel. When the study-bell sounded, a pleasant silence followed.

After night prayers in the main building I was at pains to watch the young fellows going to bed. In my day we marched in silence from the study-hall to the dormitory, two long lines of lank young men against the walls of the corridor, so that the master could see our behavior from the head of the line. In silence we went to bed. They do it amusingly at Notre Dame and in a home-like way. After the prayers the boys dawdled a few minutes in and around the study-hall, closing the accounts of the day quietly; some left hat, coat, vest, collar and tie on their desks in most admired disorder; then they went off in twos and threes at their convenience to bed. The grand dormitory for this section presented a remarkable appearance. Each bed being surrounded by spotless linen curtains, one saw only a great spread of linen, a floor with carpeted aisles, and the high windows. The boys disappear within the curtains, where they find a bed and a chair. No disorder, no noise, no capers! The single chair explained why some left part of their costume on the desks of the study-hall, there being no room for them in the dormitory. Wardrobes and lavatories are elsewhere. However, these trifling matters are but the straws showing how the wind blows.



THE FIRST COLLEGE BUILDING, 1842.



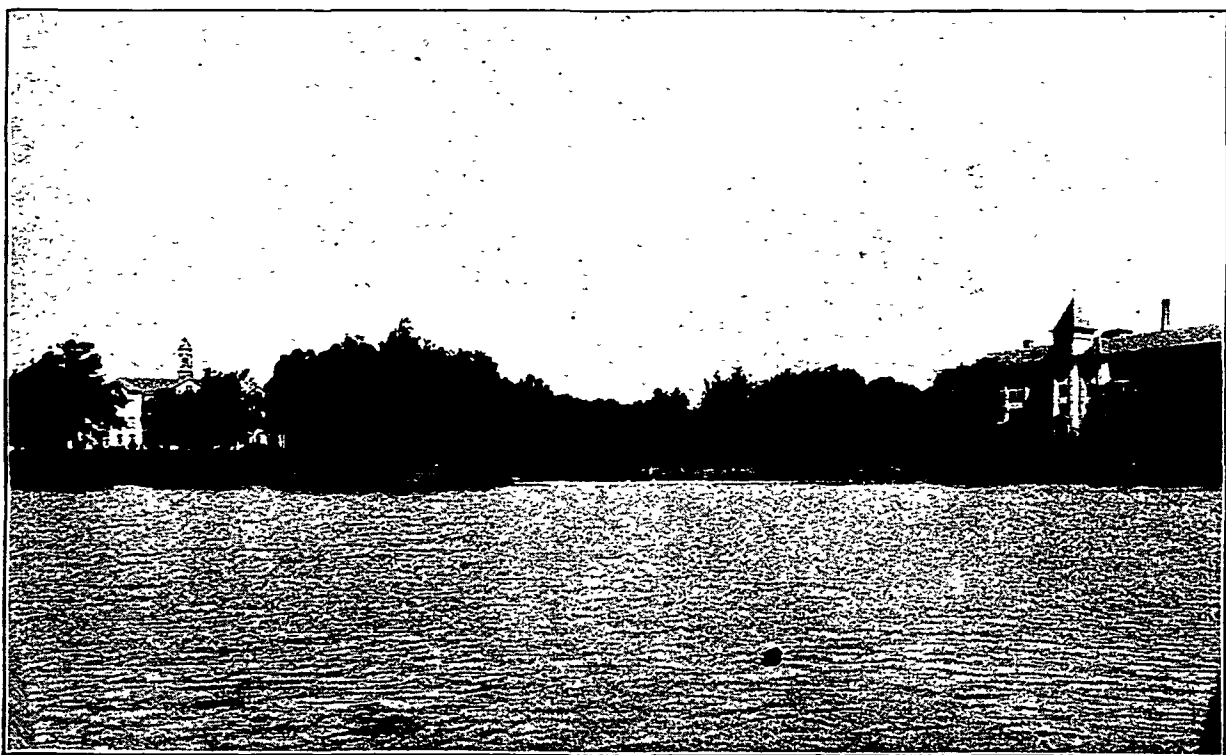
SORIN HALL

Around which the College traditions mostly cluster.

As Notre Dame shelters nearly nine hundred boys and young men for ten months of the year, one could naturally look for considerable uproar at times. I heard none. They drifted into dinner from all directions, with the ease and indifference of well-bred society people. Prayer was said, the meal finished in twenty minutes amid the usual chatter, and after grace they drifted out again in the same fashion. The absence of rigidity was no less conspicuous than the absence of disorder. I did not ask how the result was produced. Anyone who has experienced the difficulties of rul-

ing the perverse, mischievous, wilful multitude will ask no questions of that kind. If there were not in us forces working for the general good, a strong current of life in favor of higher things, human perversity, or perhaps petulancy, would make any discipline impossible.

Aggregations like Notre Dame are better viewed from above than from the level plain, and I surveyed it from a height one morning, after its variety had made an impression. The Main Building, in which the chief business of the day is transacted, reminds one of the stately capitols of other days, with its shining dome, fine corridors and tremendous dignity. Away beyond the larger of the two lakes stands the novitiate, the nest of the community, which fashions the earnest youth to the particular work of his life. On the banks of the smaller lake is the little seminary, which gives the future novice his college training. Between the two lakes stands the community house, as large as the ordinary college, which from its use might be called the home of the brethren when particular duties call them to no other residence. Then come the buildings of the Brothers who form an integral and important part of the Community of the Holy Cross providing teachers and workers in various departments. They also have their training-school and novitiate, their aims,



THE SEMINARY AND MONASTERY FROM OVER THE LAKE.



AT A BIG FOOTBALL GAME.

methods and traditions, nobly based on the spiritual life which surrenders all to God for the good of the race.

An entire town lies before the eye, full of beautiful buildings, gymnasium and indoor track, theatre, science halls, junior colleges dormitories, observatory, post-office, with printing-office and bakery, and all the other out-buildings needful. The old, beautiful monastery life, with its sweet activities, its mingling of the simple and the complex, of the lowly life and the highest intellectual quality, thus flourishes on the soil of Indiana as powerfully as in the vale of Clairvaux. Who would not thank God for it?

Bede or Bernard would find himself at home in this place, so like what they made beautiful and comprehensible to their times, and begin again to make beautiful and comprehensible to ours. Here are walks by the lake, through the woods, across the meadows, along the high roads; little retreats where no sound but nature's reaches the sensitive ear; companionship and solitude; not only the virtues of the higher life, such as faith and chastity, but of the lower life, too, such as industry and patience carried on through long years for a certain aim.

An Italian artist painted the walls of

the church and of Sorin Hall, devoting a third of his life to the work, seemingly full of the ancient spirit, in love with his art. Gregori later returned to his native Italy and died there. The walls of Notre Dame are covered with portraits and mementoes of the Catholic workers of the past. The available spaces are crowded with innumerable objects bearing upon the history of the Church in the Republic. For a quarter of a century Professor Edwards has labored to accumulate these useful treasures, soon to be priceless; and for another quarter of a century he will keep up the work. There are no endowments at Notre Dame, no large salaries, and no glittering inducements for workers. Whatever is achieved, beyond merely earning a living, must be its own reward. One may say with justice, after taking in the entire beauty of the work, that connection with it is sufficient fame for the average monk; and these priests and brothers whose graves lie in the shadow of the great dome have the envy of the stranger for their share in the achievement.

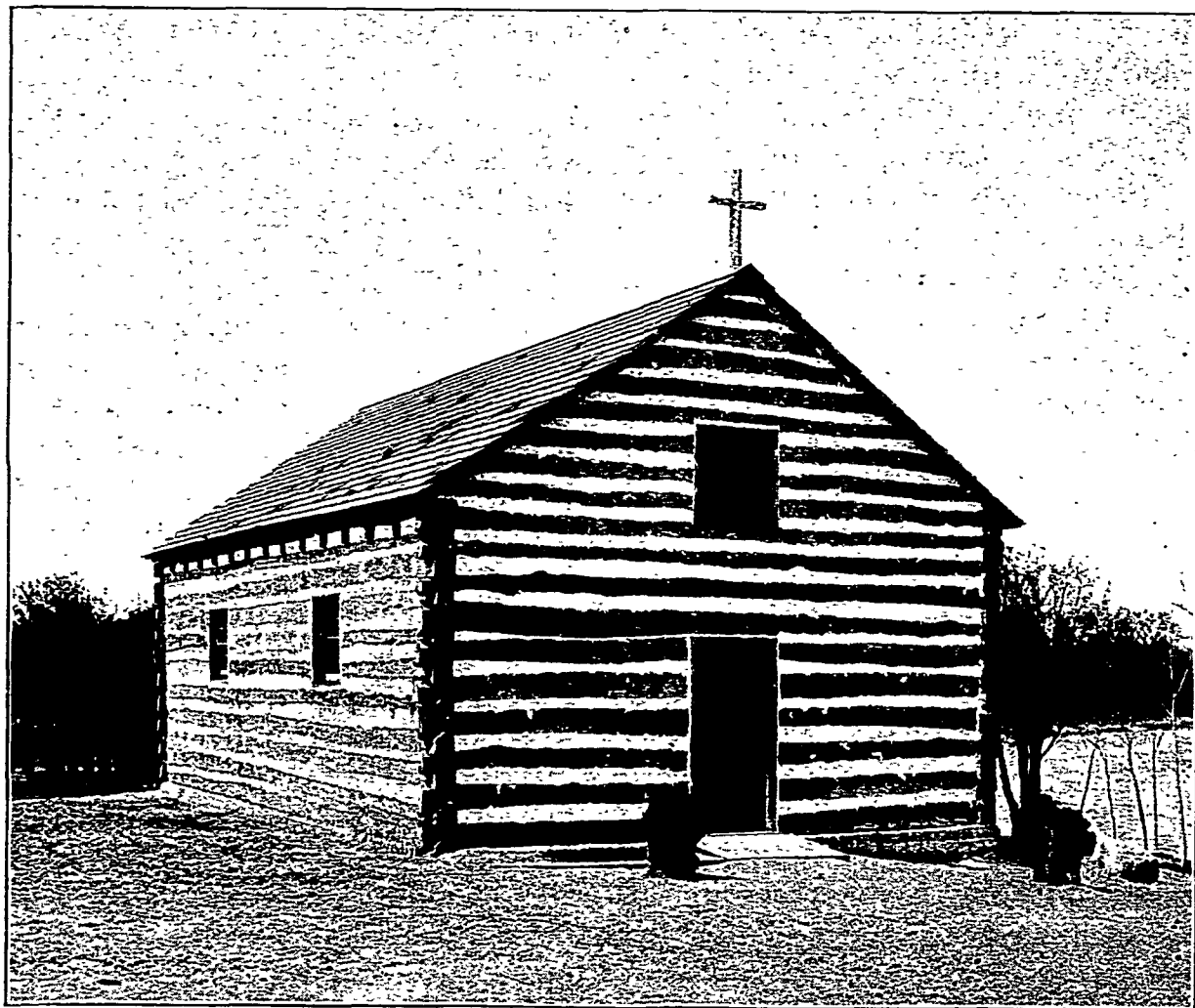
To produce it in its full glory many must have labored in peculiar ways, with many sacrifices. I sought them out where possible. Father Stephen Badin owned the ground, which he presented to the Bishop

of Vincennes, who gave it over to Father Sorin and his community on condition that they build the college within two years. Father Badin died in Cincinnati, and his remains now rest in a log chapel on the grounds, a reproduction of the chapel in which he officiated. I had no idea a log church could be so spacious, dignified, and holy in its appearance; and no more beautiful monument could stand over the bones of a faithful priest. The statue of Father Sorin, whose dreams were fulfilled to the letter in the growth of his institution, stands at the entrance of the grounds. It bears a resemblance to Father Hecker, although the expression belongs more to the practical man of affairs than to the mystic.

The living managers assembled one night in the auditorium of the commencement orations, rather quiet men in a public place, I thought; but of course this was the hour of the orators and their parents. The chief official, the Rector of the University, presided, a genial young man, with the flexible manner and ready smile of the

successful administrator. I heard him tell the invited orator, just before he stepped on the platform, that the audience of visitors, graduates, and students, had assembled principally to listen to him, and therefore, in spite of the late hour and the heat, he must take his own time and deliver his full thought. With such encouragement the orator earned all our thanks by a discourse much briefer than any of his predecessors, and by a graceful allusion to the influence of the *Ave Maria*, which he rightly and aptly termed the voice of Notre Dame.

Happy the community and society which owns such a voice, so sincere, so penetrating, so sweet! I liken the influence of that publication to the silver stream flowing from the depths of the everlasting hills, through the shades of the virgin forest into the arid world; preserving its crystal beauty from all stain; communicating to those who use its sparkling waters something of its own clearness, sweetness and repose. In the forty odd years of its life the magazine world has seen many revolu-



THE BADIN CHAPEL.

A replica of the chapel built by Father Badin.



THE RE-INTERMENT OF THE PROTO-PRIEST, THE REV. STEPHEN THEODORE BADIN.

Father Badin was the first priest ordained in the United States, and the first resident priest at Notre Dame. He died at Cincinnati and was buried there; his remains were re-interred in the log chapel, May 30th, 1906. The original log chapel was built by Father Badin and the Indians in 1831 and was burned in 1856.

tions in principles, tastes, methods; its leaders have been mired often enough by will-o'-the-wisps; but the *Ave Maria* has never swerved from its course, never changed its wholesome waters.

The personality behind it for many years, the Rev. Daniel Hudson, seems to avoid the highway, content to sit watching the source and flow of this perennial stream, like an ancient hermit, for whom it is the only connection with the outside world. The practical topics discussed in the magazine, its literary and other judgments, and its general matter, prove the editor anything but a hermit in knowledge of his times. Its studied moderation, discreet avoidance of controversy, delicate stories and poems, and persistent encouragement of the right and fit, undoubtedly represent his convictions, experience and temperament. Since 1865 the *Ave Maria* has scattered its sweetness in the world, and many of us, old lovers of the printed word, jarred and confused by the magazine babel of the times, turn to it at the close of the day for that refreshment elsewhere denied. Father

Hudson reminded me somewhat of Father Hecker in his last days by his silver hair and beard and the intense expression of his eyes; but these unimportant details fail before the expression of the priest in the pages of the *Ave Maria*.

I must say that the chief burden of my thought concerning this modern monastery was, how did so few accomplish this work? I found no clear answer to the question. It amused and astonished me to discover another Jarrow on the banks of the St. Joseph, with all the savor of Bede's renowned convent; but the means seemed so inadequate compared with such results in the short space of half a century that I gave up the problem. The factors are simple enough: a high aim, a noble plan, intense effort, the surplus of the community turned into development, the blessing of God; but while these things inevitably earn success, they do not always produce the unique. Therefore, I came away delighted and wondering, and for satisfaction I must take the same road back again another June day.

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—It is with unusual pleasure that we reprint the eloquent tribute of the Rev. John Talbot Smith to *Alma Mater*. We wish every old student of Notre Dame to read these words of a master of the art of expression, who has seized and analyzed with remarkable success the charm of this storied place. The sincerity of Dr. Smith's words are beyond question, hence we may properly feel a pride in the admiration which he professes for our college. He is an expert in questions of education, and has written a classic—and critical—volume on Catholic schools.

—It is probable that no feature of modern journalism is so remarkably prominent in crystallizing public opinion as is the cartoon; certain it is that

The Newspaper Cartoon. the cartoon is a power in politics and in other departments of human activity as well. The cartoon has a function quite peculiar to itself and holds a recognized position in the daily newspaper. The more prominent the newspaper, the more skilful the artist who is employed for this kind of work. In many cases his work is far more eloquent than that of the editorial writer, and without doubt his message is read by a wider circle of readers. He is endowed with the sword of the

satirist, the wisdom of the philosopher, the eloquence of the orator, the playfulness of the humorist, and the versatile sentimentality of the poet. In a figurative sense, the gift of tongues is his to speak to the nations of the world.

—The week that has just come to a close is in many respects the most important of the scholastic year. It has given the student a twofold view of himself: one is consequent upon the test of the examinations in the classroom, the other has come from a deep spiritual inspection of his whole life. Neither of these events should be allowed to become a part of his experience without wholesome results.

—Probably there is no more useful individual on earth than the star boarder, who frequents our American college halls. That may be a broad assertion to make, and, on second thought, we are inclined to modify it to the tamer dictum that there is no more useful individual connected with college life than he. The skeptical will poo-bah even this statement, yet we know whereof we speak and will give them our proofs.

Regarding the star boarder from a purely mercenary standpoint, we find him invaluable to the institution he patronizes, be it academy or college. When some fraternity, class, or other enterprise is being urged before the student body, he is always on hand with a rippingly enthusiastic speech and a twenty-dollar bill, which he flashes alluringly before the eyes of the collecting committee. Of course, they are unprepared to change it, and the bill creeps crinkling back into the would-be donor's pocket, not to be further molested till it *can* be changed, and we may pretty safely say that, in the majority of cases, the owner will take good care it shall not be disturbed again. The four-flush has accomplished good, however. Consider the moral effect which this performance works upon the general atmosphere. There is a story current about a certain steer in the Chicago stockyards, who, for the

past ten years, has been leading bunch after bunch of cattle up to the killing pens, but never yet has been found on the wrong side of the fence when the gate dropped. That steer has at least one trait in common with the star boarder. The latter's twenty-dollar bill, flaunted before the crowd, brings about an electrical liberality and the students begin to cash in, or rather to cash out, with something of abandon. The star boarder has "steered" the bunch.

Again, were it not for our hero, where would the *vulgus rabilis* in our American colleges get their ideas concerning the fashions and the poetry of the haberdasher's art? When you see a man strut across the campus, gathering to himself the gazes of the *plebs* and the near-greats, know then that the fellow is either an athlete or a star boarder, an athlete if his hair isn't trimmed and a star boarder if it is. When provincial relatives or friends from across the border visit our American colleges, be the place great or small, who would show them the latest cut in demi-box effects or the proper rashness a student may put into the roll of his trousers without bordering on vulgarity, were it not for the indefatigable efforts of the tireless star boarder, who specializes in art—the tailor's—while at college.

—The man of liberal education far surpasses the specialist as a citizen, because his field of vision and understanding is broader and he knows better

how to look at life. A well-

Liberal educated citizen means an intellectual vote. The man

of liberal education under-

stands conditions through the knowledge of history, of literature and of science; the specialist on the other hand looks at life through the eyes of his profession, from the standpoint of law, or pharmacy, or medicine, or any other special line which he may have chosen to follow. In the past it was the tendency in America to specialize, to the detriment of the higher forms of art and literature which were neglected. The result was a decline of art, while in European universities nearly the opposite was true; there, liberal education was the rule rather than the exception.

Here the artistic side of life in our men of business was not developed, it receded, dwindled, was forgotten. But happily a reaction is beginning to set in. Yearly the entrance requirements of universities are becoming higher, and the two-year professional course is now nearly obsolete; three, four, and six year courses are displacing it. Men become deeper and broader with more education, they become better fitted for life, public or commercial. As this tendency progresses, America will turn out more men of the St. Gaudens type, and at the same time we will become a more enlightened nation, our pleasure in the beauties of art, and our joy in the higher forms of culture will increase.

—Rumors of war with Japan are not wholly suppressed. The alarm was sounded some time ago, and all the country stood

on tiptoe in an endeavor to

War with have an unobstructed view of Japan. the situation; some are still

craning their necks, and a few

are making a positive effort to have the fireworks anyway. Certain newspaper interests seem to be concerned in the movement, and in consequence of this there is not a universal feeling of serene assurance that the war cloud has drifted by. The modern newspaper can drive nations to war, and in certain particular cases the inherent tendency to exercise this power seems difficult of restraint. After all, the newspaper has nothing to lose and everything to gain during war times; indeed, it would be difficult to list completely the methods by which a big newspaper corporation might reap a harvest of wealth during the progress of a great war.

It is not to be overlooked that the prudent foresight of wise statesmen might prompt them to declare for war long before it would be of itself inevitable. Certainly, if Japan is looking for a quarrel with us, and if she is now making the necessary preparations to carry out such a plan, it rests with the statesman to determine under what conditions of time and place his country can best defend herself; this means that he must determine whether or not he will precipitate, as Japan did in her relations with Russia,

a war that is deemed necessary. The spirit of justice should not, however, be eliminated when one contemplates the character of any statesman to whom should be entrusted the destinies of nations. It is bad enough that our country went through the experiences of one war which many a wise and just statesman has thought to be unnecessary.

—The absence of fraternities, Greek Letter or otherwise, which are such a prominent factor in the social life of our leading universities, is but slightly felt

State at Notre Dame, owing to the
Clubs. organization of state clubs, a movement set on foot in

Nineteen Hundred and Three by the students from New York State. Since that time many other clubs have been formed, and to-day we have the Illinois, the Indiana, the Pennsylvania clubs and numerous other state organizations which are moving forces in the social activities of the college year.

The primary purpose of the State Club is to promote a closer intimacy and feeling of comradeship among the students coming from the same state, which result could not otherwise be attained, at least so successfully, as under the club system. This aim is best subserved by the frequent holding of meetings at which musical and literary programs are rendered, and in this manner the club becomes an educational as well as a social benefit to the student. At present the Pennsylvania Club gives, in Pittsburg during the Christmas holidays, an annual ball which is ranked among the leading social events of the year in that city.

The spirit which has brought forth the State Club is also at work in the organization of State Alumni Associations, and these may be properly considered an outgrowth of the student societies. New York and Massachusetts have already entered upon this work, and a movement is in progress tending to the formation of similar associations in other states. Viewed by its results, the State Club enjoys its rightful place among the list of college organizations, and if its true aims are properly realized, it can not fail to be an influence for good in the social, educational and moral life of the student.

Athletic Notes.

NOTRE DAME, 22; OLIVET, 4.

In a game replete with forward passes, on-side kicks and trick plays, Notre Dame succeeded last Saturday in defeating the fast Olivet College team by the score of 22 to 4. The visitors had won from Albion on the 19th by a score of 73 to 0, and came with high hopes for victory.

Olivet worked the forward pass successfully every time they tried it and netted large gains by it. They were, without a doubt, the fastest minor college team that has played here in years, and too much credit can not be given them.

The Varsity's first score was the result of a fumble, McDonald grabbing the ball and sprinting forty yards for a touchdown. Again in the second half the same man broke loose on a cross tackle buck and ran 50 yards for another score. Capt. Callicrate caught a kick-off near the end of the game and dodged through the entire Olivet team. Munson and Miller played star ball on defense and Munson added several yards on tackle-around plays. Paine playing right guard put up a great game and outplayed his man from beginning to end.

In the kicking game the honors went to Ryan, although Hurlbut was some kicker himself.

During the first half of the game Olivet had the ball in Notre Dame's territory the greater part of the time. And it looked a half a dozen times as though they were going straight down the field for a touchdown, but a fumble, or the great defense put up by Capt. Callicrate's men, would hold off for the visitors and Ryan could punt out of danger. On an exchange of punts Olivet got the ball on their own thirty-yard line and in attempting to circle right end dropped the ball, and McDonald grabbed it and ran for a touchdown. Near the end of the half, Olivet was making another march for the Varsity's goal-line, and it rather looked as though the whistle saved a touchdown, for they were plowing straight through the line.

During the first ten minutes of play in the second half, Olivet by a series of long passes carried the ball into Notre Dame's

territory and Hurlbut put a drop kick between the posts from the 25 yard line. Both teams resorted to the kicking game after Olivet had scored, and the Varsity finally got the ball on Olivet's 20 yard line. Capt. Callicrate, Munson and McDonald carried it within 5 yards of the visitors' goal, and Callicrate was finally pushed over for a touchdown. Within four minutes after Callicrate had scored, McDonald broke loose on a cross buck and sprinted 50 yards for his second touchdown. Capt. Callicrate caught the next kick off on his own 10 yard line and dodged through the entire team for a touchdown. After the last score both teams started the kicking game again, and the half ended with Olivet in possession of the ball on their own 20 yard line.

Line Up.

Notre Dame (22)		Olivet (4)
Wood	R. E.	Gifford
Lynch	R. T.	Morrison
Paine	R. G.	Barry
Miller	C.	Barker
Donovan, Ditton	L. G.	Harwood
Munson	L. T.	Blake
Burdick	L. E.	Weed, McWilliams
Ryan	Q. B.	Hurlbut
Callicrate	R. H. B.	Machtsheim, Dee
McDonald, Duffy	L. H. B.	Thomas
O'Leary	F. B.	Hiller

Touchdowns—McDonald (2), Callicrate (2). Goal from field—Hurlbut. Goals—Ryan, Munson. Time of halves—30 minutes.

*
* *

Capt. Callicrate was easily the star of the afternoon. His offensive work was wonderful, and his defensive playing was the best on the field.

*
* *

Ryan's punting against the wind was as good an exhibition of kicking against a strong wind as one could ask to see.

*
* *

Olivet had one play which involved five passes.

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Notre Dame meets Indiana to-day in the first big game of the Indiana Championship race. On dope the chances appear to be with Indiana, but the men who left Notre Dame yesterday to uphold the Gold and Blue went to Indianapolis to wipe out the defeat suffered at the hands of the State University last season, and, although

Coaches Barry and Bracken would express no opinion on the outcome, both men conceded the Varsity a fighting chance. Both Indiana and Notre Dame suffered by the three year rule and by graduation, and neither team is as strong as last year. So far as coaches and captains of the respective teams are concerned, the teams are about equal. As a ground-gainer Callicrate has it on the Indiana captain and will have to be watched every minute, for each time Callicrate is given the ball with half a chance he will get away for a touchdown. Indiana outweighs the Varsity and has an older bunch of men on their team, and the odds are with Indiana for a victory. An individual comparison of the teams is impossible, as neither team has played a team that has met the other.

Obituary.

The sympathy of a very wide circle of friends and acquaintances goes forth in the hour of his bereavement to cheer and console Master William Cotter, who was called to his home in Chicago a week ago to say an affectionate and last farewell to his mother on her deathbed. The members of the University Faculty and the students of the University were grieved greatly on Sunday last when they heard the report of Mrs. Cotter's death.—*R. I. P.*

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The old "boys" of forty years ago are dropping from the ranks one by one. The latest among these is Denis J. Hogan who died in Chicago, October 27. Mr. Hogan was a prominent citizen in the metropolis in which he lived, having occupied various important political positions during his lifetime, and being at the time of his death the secretary of the democratic state central committee. He was a student at Notre Dame in '66, '67, and '68, and has frequently visited the University since his school days. His sorrowing relatives have the warm sympathy of the officers of the University and of a large number of Notre Dame men who knew Mr. Hogan and admired him for his many lovable qualities. May he rest in peace!

Varsity Verse.

THAT GAME,—A YAWP.

ELEVEN men from Olivet
 Essayed to play a game
 Of ball at Notre Dame;
 But in dismay
 They went away
 Defeated, sore,
 As twenty-two to four
 Was the score.
 It was an even bet,
 That game,
 But then
 The trouble was
 They couldn't stop
 That doughty Mac,
 The N. D. back
 Who played so well.
 Then Callicrate,
 Mac's running mate,
 The cap., has got some grit
 And likewise "git."
 They won the day
 And glory, too,
 For Gold and Blue,
 And fame
 For Notre Dame.

O. A. S.

A TRIAL.

As here I sit and try to write some verse,
 A duty which is now just four days late,
 I stop and think of what shall be my fate,
 If I should chance to fail; and, what is worse,
 I don't know what to write: it makes me curse,
 To think that I have waited till this date
 To finish up my work. You know I hate
 To poetize when all my rhymes disperse.

It is not wise to let a duty pass,
 When you have lots of time to do the same;
 You soon will be the dummy of your class,—
 And, surely, no one else will be to blame.
 In future always bear in mind these words:
 Be up and working with the early birds.

F. G.

QUITE NATURAL.

Two emigrants once had a chat, and did
 Endeavor to have their names patented;
 They had just crossed the "pond,"
 Having come from beyond
 Where the names of the two had been Pat
 and Ted.

W. L.

OUT OF DATE.

Last winter a novel called "Keller"
 Was rated the very best "seller,"
 But if you're inclined
 To look now, you'll find
 In the cellar that "seller" so stellar.

C. W.

A HARD-LUCK STORY.

I REMEMBER, I remember,
 The day we had no school;
 We hastened through the cornfield
 And forded yonder pool,
 We headed for a melon patch,
 We heard of long before,
 But didn't see the darky
 Who stood behind the door.

I remember, I remember,
 We crept beneath the fence,
 Avoiding all its ugly barbs,
 Then on with confidence;
 And as we neared the melon patch,
 Delighted with the view,
 My partner turned to me and said,
 "I guess we'll each take two."

I remember, I remember,
 He quickly changed his mind
 When some one with a loaded gun
 Came sneaking up behind;
 We had one fine, big melon
 And with it half its vine,
 Then turned and skooted for the woods
 And took a straight bee line.

I remember, I remember,
 We didn't use our heads;
 We tried to clear the barb wire fence,
 And tore our pants to shreds;
 But that was not the saddest part
 Of the unlucky scene:
 The worst came later when we found
 Our measly prize was green.

A. A. H.

THE STRIKE SITUATION.

There came a young laddie from Natches,
 Who, in smoking, used up many matches;
 Now, they won't strike on air,
 So his trousers grew bare,
 And the scratches of matches brought patches.

I. E. M.

WHAT GRANNIE DID.

There once was a girlie named Annie
 Who in anger gave sass to her grannie
 But the moments of bliss,
 Just following this,
 Weren't many, if any, for Annie

F. D.

STUNG.

Unto his wife a young man said,
 "Your cooking is a fake,
 For you can never bake such bread
 As mother used to bake."

The sharp young wife said, "Maybe so,
 You've no offence to take,
 For you could never make the dough
 That father used to make."

G. F.

Personals.

—Theodore Gorman, '06, is in business with his father at Fairmount, Minn.

—Edward C. Smith, '81-'84, formerly of Circleville, Ohio, is now in business at Harrisburg, Pa.

—Emil Ahlrichs, a member of the class of '94, keeps in touch with his *Alma Mater* like a true son of Notre Dame.

—Leo J. Coontz, '07, has entered the Catholic University of America at Washington, D. C., where he is specializing in English.

—Maurice J. Uhrich, C. E. '06, has a position in the Construction Department of the Great Northern Railroad, and is located at Newport, Wash.

—Ambrose O'Connell, '07, is now engaged in practical journalism in New York City, where he is also taking work in law at Columbia University.

—The Rev. Dr. T. Crowley, now beginning his labors in India, spent the early part of the month of October in Rome. Before continuing his journey to Dacca he had the pleasure of an audience with the Holy Father.

—Michael W. Carr, who was a student at the University from '69 to '73, contributes his share to the literary atmosphere for which Indiana is noted. He is one of a number of N. D. men who have made Indianapolis their home.

—Thomas M. Johnson, A. B. '76, A. M. '92, besides being editor of *The Platonist*, is the publisher of original translations from the Greek. His latest publication consists of translations from Iamblichus. Mr. Johnson lives at Osceola, Missouri.

—Carol Von Phul, for several years a student at Notre Dame, is enjoying the pleasures of a trip abroad. He is at present studying at Dresden, Germany, where he will remain for the rest of the year. Next September he expects to be at Notre Dame again.

—Frank O'Shaughnessy, '98, and Augustine Meehan, '88, were welcome visitors to the University in the early part of the month. Frank is one of Chicago's promi-

nent attorneys, while "Gus" is successfully engaged in the iron business at Chihuahua, Mexico.

—Leo F. Craig, '06, is superintendent of the Casparis Stone Co., at Romona, Ind. Leo endeared himself to a wide circle of friends during his stay at Notre Dame, all of whom will be grieved to learn of the loss he sustained in the death of his uncle, P. J. Geary, on the 23d of October.

—D. Fitzgibbon, of Indianapolis, was a student at the University nearly half a century ago,—to be exact, it must be said he was here in '59. He is as hale and hearty as a man of less venerable years, and has a keen and happy recollection of the persons that he met and the events that occurred in those early days at Notre Dame.

—Pamphile Depew, student '05-'07, has gone to St. Mary's of the West, Cincinnati, where he is continuing his studies. Pamphile will be remembered by all with whom he came in contact at the University and particularly by his companions in the Brownson Literary Society, of which he was a member and before which he displayed his oratorical ability on more than one occasion.

—Peter P. McElligott, LL. B. '02, is now attorney and counsellor at law with offices at 112 Wall St., New York. Peter is a loyal alumnus of Notre Dame and takes an interest in all that concerns her. In a letter to the SCHOLASTIC he says: "Though away from Notre Dame five years, I still take an interest in the happenings there. New names appear and old ones disappear. The same work goes on, however. Occasionally there is a reference to a student or teacher in the personal column. Such news is interesting. The local items serve to remind the reader of places and incidents of his own time, and are pleasurable on that account as well as for their own merit. Old Notre Dame men here look for personals and local items on first taking up the SCHOLASTIC to read. In my own home the SCHOLASTIC is welcomed every week not only by myself but by the members of the family. They talk about Notre Dame as if they had lived there. I suppose that is the way in the home of every student or graduate receiving the SCHOLASTIC."

Local Items.

—A week from to-day the Varsity will play a game of football with Knox College.

—FOUND.—A Watch-fob. The owner may have the same by calling on Bro. Alphonsus.

—The Philopatrians are making arrangements for an inspection trip through the Studebaker Wagon Works.

—On the afternoon of the 24th ult. the Carroll Hall football team was defeated by the ex-Carroll Hallers who are now in the upper departments.

—The Minims have formed an athletic organization, the officers of which are as follows: W. Bensburg, president; J. C. Peurrung, vice-president; B. Bogy, treasurer.

—The old-time baseball cage has gone to pieces: this is literally true; for it has been cut into sections to be used for picture netting in the private rooms about the University.

—Ere long we will see a station erected at our local street-car terminus; officials of the company have already taken steps to have a suitable shelter put in position before the winter weather sets in.

—Students who have not a pair of beads should not let the month of the Rosary go by without procuring a pair. Those who so wish may have the "Crosier" indulgence attached to the beads by applying to Father Maguire.

—This number of the SCHOLASTIC will have an unusually wide circulation, the edition being 5000 greater than that which was printed last August when the mid-summer number was issued. We are printing 20,000 copies of this issue.

—The Brownson Glee Club, in co-operation with the Brownson Literary and Debating Society, is preparing for an entertainment to be given some time in November. W. Vaughan is the leader of the club, and E. McDermott is pianist. The club has a membership of thirty-two.

—Three numbers of our lecture course have been announced for the coming week. On Tuesday Mr. S. E. Doane will talk to the engineering classes. On Wednesday we will all have an opportunity of hearing Judge Ben Lindsey, the distinguished advocate of juvenile courts; on Saturday America's greatest ethnologist will speak.

—On Friday evening, October 25, the Wisconsin Club attended a lecture given by United States Senator Robert M. La-Follette. The Senator delivered the lecture at the Auditorium in South Bend. The representatives of the University were treated

most graciously by the committee on arrangements, and were seated in a body on the stage. "Representative Government" was the title of the lecture which the Senator delivered, and it was listened to with interest, not only by the students who were present but also by a number of members of the University Faculty who likewise attended.

—Last Thursday morning the University Faculty and the students attended solemn requiem high Mass in the university church in commemoration of the fourteenth anniversary of the death of the Founder of Notre Dame, Father Edward Sorin, C.S.C. Father Cavanaugh was celebrant, Father Maguire being deacon, and Father Heiser sub-deacon.

—At the last meeting of the University Faculty it was decided to make a change in the order of recitation periods with a view to prolong the recreation interval which comes immediately after breakfast. According to the revised schedule, now in operation, the recitations will come in the same order as formerly but slightly later, as follows: 7:45 to 8:15; 8:15 to 9:00; 9:00 to 9:45; 10:15 to 11:10; 11:00 to 12:00 sharp. In the afternoon the arrangement is the same as it has been in the past.

—The following arrangements have been made for the gymnastic classes: the Minims will have class on Mondays from 11:30 to 12:00 and on Tuesdays from 3:00 to 4:00, the Freshmen have an hour from 8:45 to 9:45 on Thursdays; Carroll Hall has an hour and a half on Wednesdays from 3:00 to 4:30, and may use the gymnasium for practice on Saturday during the same period; Brownson Hall, Corby Hall, and Sorin Hall will attend class from 3:00 to 4:30 on Mondays, being assigned the same period for practice on Fridays.

—The Brownson Literary and Debating Society is continuing the splendid work for which it is noted. It holds its meetings regularly on Thursday evening, and is rapidly increasing its membership. The program for the last meeting contained the following numbers: "The Death of the Flowers," by R. Wilson; "Feats of Some American Engineers," by H. Burdick; "The Evening Winds," by J. Kenefick; "A Sketch of Abraham Lincoln," by J. Coggeshall; "The Song of Marion's Men," by W. Rice; "A Sketch of George Washington," by J. Daly. In an extemporaneous debate, which was introduced as a conclusion to the program, it was shown by Messrs. Maloney, Ely and Sullivan that "the universities which have abolished football are to be commended for their action." The negative of the question was supported by Messrs. Dillon, Keefe, O'Brien.