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The Profligate.

JOSEPH J. BOYLE, '08.

FOOTSORE he tarried near a temple old,
Whose ancient walls and towers bespoke decay,
Whose shattered windows made a passage-way
For birds that built their nests within; the cold,
Brass tongue, that once had summoned all the fold,
Had long been silent; where men knelt to pray,
The wild weeds grew in plenteous array,
But 'mongst them no frail flower might one behold:

A place of worship, also, was his soul
Some years ago, and there God's grace did dwell,
But O the writing on the awful scroll
Of his lost years! the silence of the bell
Of conscience! the remorse that fills his brain!
And those dark thoughts that in his heart now reign.

The Martyr of Canterbury.

OTTO A. SCHMID, '09.



HERE is a sublimity in heroic natures which conquers time and towers above the ordinary level of history, as a mountain looms above the surrounding country. After the lapse of ages we look back upon history, and our mind is fixed on a few rare men who made the age in which they lived. This is especially true of those men of the past who laid down their lives and their all for truth and a principle; those deceased sons of a nation who cherished all that was good and noble in life, and who in the spirit of self-sacrifice fought and died for their fellowmen. The grave and the fear

of death has no power over these heroic sons of the world, who are oft spurned by their friends and persecuted by all: but the monument and the praise of posterity is their triumph and their reward. As we stand here to-day on the threshold of the twentieth century and look down the long line of dynasties and nations, back to the very dawn of civilization, we behold many epochs in the development of ideas, and we see the diversity of the aims and ambitions of mankind. But the history of mankind is no more than the story of a few great heroic characters. Every age has its great man, be he prince or pauper, priest or soldier. The names of these few heroic characters stand out emblazoned on the pages of history, bright guiding stars in ages of oblivion. When we speak of heroes, we mean men whose lives were Christlike, men who had a Godlike constancy to God, a grand vitality which survives in memory. We speak of saints, the only true heroes—saints who never die. The memory of these keeps alive in us the fire of zeal, and from age to age they are green in an immortal youth: "They grow in veneration and vigor and influence, and they attract a deeper and deeper interest as the stream of time flows on, bringing forth fresh proofs of the truth of their principles and the depth of their wisdom." There are but few such men in any age, few who stamp their own individuality on the history of their time; such a man was Thomas à Becket, the Martyr of Canterbury.

Such men as Becket, men who were martyrs for a principle, are emphatically for all time; they are as much for us to-day as for the age in which they lived. Despite

the lapse of ages, despite the changes of time and customs, the achievements of those heroic characters of the past retain an engrossing interest and an attracting influence, for the principles that confronted them are the same principles that confront us to-day.

Born of a wealthy family, gifted with a powerful intellect, a keen judgment, amiable and learned, Thomas à Becket was well fitted and endowed to lead his people in time of danger. When the demon of crime, injustice and oppression became known in the land, Becket arose, a Daniel come to judgment, the champion of the people. In rapid succession he rose from one office to another until he was Chancellor of England. Handsome, ready of speech and wit, firm of temper, he soon became a power in the realm. Before the dignity of this great office came to him he had led a quiet life as assistant to Theobald, Archbishop of Canterbury. His learning, his reputation, his freedom from all vice raised him higher and ever higher in the estimation of the people. As Chancellor he ruled the country; it was he that guided the king's hand in the affairs of government; it was he that steered the ship of state through storms, and he it was that warded off all evils. His voice was the most potent and commanding in the king's court. Becket was not led by others; he was never led from the straight path of life by feeble policies, he cared nothing for popularity; he ever set a great principle before him, and he never once swerved from the beaten path that led to the attainment of his principles.

Although Thomas à Becket led the people, although he was their friend and champion as Chancellor, it is not for his work as a courtier that we remember his name. His great vocation came after he left the service of his king for that of a higher Master. Once in the life of every man and nation comes the hour that decides the future. When at last the hour of change came to Thomas, he was prepared. A new career was opened to him, new dangers surrounded him, and new duties claimed his hand. This hour of change came when Becket entered upon the duties of Archbishop of Canterbury.

As a Chancellor, Becket had been a friend

of the king; he had been a fearless, loyal courtier, faithful in the service of his king, never seeking selfish, private gains. It was because of this that the rapacious King Henry desired that Thomas fill the vacant Archbishopric of Canterbury. Becket regarded his elevation to this new office with sorrow, for although the sky seemed clear, he saw clouds gathering on the horizon. We can well imagine that his prophetic eye peering into the dim and distant future saw the brewing storm, and we can well believe that he knew sorrows and trials awaited him in his new office.

As Becket donned the robes of the See of Canterbury he warned the king that their former friendship would turn to bitter hate. "I can serve but one Master," he said as he became the successor to the great St. Augustine and St. Anselm. As a courtier and Chancellor his master had been the king, but as the head of the Church in England his master was God, and his guide the Church of Christ.

The break between Becket and the king soon came, and the former love and companionship turned to bitter hatred and malice. Henry's aim was the spoliation of the Church, but in all his efforts he was frustrated by the new prelate. Once in his new office Becket cast aside all the vanities of life, resigned the Chancellorship and led an austere life, ever laboring for God and for his fellowmen. At the time when the freedom of the Church in England was fast fading away, when tyrant kings oppressed the Church, when the people groaned under a yoke of tyranny and absolutism, when men were slaves to power and pelf, and when their consciences seemed crushed by the too eager desire to serve the king, there arose but one man in all England, but one who braved the monarch's ire, but one who fought for freedom and a principle, and that man was Thomas à Becket, disciple of St. Anselm and soldier of Christ: he was the man to whom all England, people and clergy alike, turned for safety and freedom.

As he was the shepherd of the flock of Christ in England he resolved to protect it at any cost or perish in the attempt. History affords no parallel to the persecutions which the holy man had to undergo.

Again and again he was tried by the king's dupes and slaves; time and again his life was endangered; on all sides he was importuned by his friends to acquiesce in the demands of the king. To all the entreaties of his friends and the threats of the king his only reply was: "The martyrdom of the servants of God is nothing new,—His will be done."

There are few instances in history that display a grander calmness and a firmer purpose, for he well knew that his refusal was the first step toward his martyrdom. It is a noble thing to be willing to die for a cause, but it is far grander to suffer actual death for it. Each day brought Thomas nearer the end for which he lived. At last the hour came, the final struggle between life and death. Here on the side of life was every inducement that led to wealth, glory, ambition, the way hundreds of others had lived a life of ease and luxury, the way of earthly joy; the other the way of death, the way which offered no terrestrial bliss, beset with trials and difficulties—this is the way he had determined to go. Alone in the quiet of the great cathedral his heart had stolen on the wings of thought toward its Creator; there on his bended knees he raised his eyes toward heaven in peaceful prayer, praying alike for friend and enemy as He on the Cross of Life had done, praying "Forgive them, Father, for they know not what they do." While the sweetness of its flavor was dying on his lips,—the mighty friends of King Henry struck the fatal blow that sent him to eternity.

And why did he die? Was it because of his obstinacy, or was he erratic? No; he persevered in his belief. King Henry never should, never could control the Church of Christ. Becket would never be the means to such an unlawful move. The whole of Christendom did him justice; they embalmed the heroic character of the martyr in their memories. His life was spent in sowing that after generations might reap a golden harvest. His life and his death were an inspiration to the lovers of justice and righteousness that came in after years. As the stream of time flows on, as the morning sun passes to its setting, and as the seasons roll by, each succeeding generation will pay homage to the Martyr of Canterbury.

The Home-Coming of William Hempton.

COE A. MCKENNA, '10.

John Burrows worked late that night on his editorials for the *Congress City News*. The office clock was mechanically striking eleven when he laid his pen down with a sigh of satisfaction. As he had not yet seen the evening paper, he picked up a copy and glanced rapidly over its columns. Nothing in particular seemed to interest him till the name "William Hempton," attracted his attention. He remembered Bill Hempton as one of the boys with whom he had been on familiar terms. Bill had lived a rather reckless life and for several years had been away from home. It was known that he had gone West; but what he hoped to do no one knew. One day, however, a letter reached his parents bearing the sad tidings that their son had been placed in the penitentiary, convicted of robbery. The wayward youth pleaded his innocence and begged his parents never to believe him guilty. That was the last time they heard from him, although they wrote repeatedly. His father died a short time after the arrival of the sad news, and his mother, worrying over the downfall of her son, failed rapidly.

When John Burrows saw the name "William Hempton," he was naturally much interested. The article ran as follows:

"William Hempton, the young man who two years ago was convicted of highway robbery, has been declared an innocent man. The real criminal confessed on his death-bed, and as soon as his sworn statements were in the hands of the officials young Hempton was immediately released. The young man left this morning for his home in Congress City."

Burrows reached for a Southern Pacific time-table which lay on his desk, and quickly scanned the numbers:

"That car is due here at twelve fifteen," he said to himself. "My work is finished, so I will just walk down to the station on my way home, and see if there is anything I can do for the young fellow; I believe his mother is sick, so there is not likely to be anyone there to meet him. The

old lady will have one merry Christmas anyway."

At twelve o'clock John Burrows was pacing nervously up and down the platform of the station. He wondered what Hempton looked like now. He remembered the evening before Bill ran off. The young fellow appeared gloomy and downcast.

"The people around here seem to think I ain't good for anything," he had said, during the conversation that night, "and nothing I can do will change their opinion of me. When once a fellow is down, there doesn't ever seem to be a chance to get up again. I am going out West some time where no one will know me, and start all over." This was the last Burrows saw of him, for the next day he was gone,—gone where he would not be known—to start all over.

The whistle of a locomotive put a stop to his thoughts. The train pulled into the station, and a number of persons got off. Foremost was a shabbily dressed young man who nervously glanced up and down the platform. Burrows immediately recognized him as Will Hempton. The young man apparently did not recognize Burrows, for he turned to go without a sign of recognition. Burrows touched him on the shoulder.

"Hello, Bill," he said kindly, "I am glad to see you back."

Hempton whirled quickly around and stared for a moment at his unexpected friend. Gradually a light of recognition spread over his countenance, and he stammered out:

"John Burrows! can it really be you?"
 "Yes, it is I. I heard you were coming, and I thought I would just drop around and see if there was anything I could do for you."

"I only want to get home. Possibly, John, you could show me the way. I am simply crazy to see my darling mother and to feel once more her loving arms around my neck. Something seems to say hurry, hurry."

John Burrows, seeing the state of the young fellow's mind would permit no conversation, led the way toward a street-car.

"No, let's walk," said Hempton. "Some way or other this rain feels so good. How grand it is to be free!" He threw his head

back, and though the rain beat hard and cold against his face he seemed not to notice it. "What a sad home-coming," he added, "from that which I had dreamed of when I left."

The rest of the walk was made in silence, each left to the contemplation of his own thoughts. The rain fell, the wind whistled and howled, yet neither of the travelers seemed to mind the raging elements. They were absorbed in pleasurable musing: the one overcome by an undefinable joy of freedom and thought of home, the other's pleasure was occasioned by that deep instinct of human nature which experiences happiness in the happiness of others.

As Hempton neared his home, his eagerness increased. Finally, a light stole forth from the darkness shining as if to lead him to the house where a mother waited his coming. It needed no directing voice to tell him he had reached his goal. He threw open the gate and sprang to the door. A knock brought no answer; he knocked again. The door was gently opened and a tired-looking girl confronted him. An instant and she was in his arms.

"My sister!" he sobbed in his joy.

"Will! Oh! how glad I am you've come. Poor mother has been calling for you in her delirium; if she can only recognize you."

"What? Is mother sick? Take me to her." The girl broke from his embrace and led him quietly up the stairs and into the bedroom. His mother rose up in her bed at his entrance. Her pale face, as if in response to his appeal, seemed to brighten with recognition; her sunken eyes beamed with pleasure.

"My boy," she gasped, and he threw his arms around the wasted form. "Thank God, you have returned. My last Christmas is my happiest. My own Will is home again."

She fell limp in his arms, and the noble life faded away; he laid her down. A bright smile remained on her peaceful face.

The Cloud's Soliloquy.

My moisture I'll try to retain;
 My longing to drip I'll restrain:
 In this land of the free
 All the people would be
 Revolting, if I tried to reign.

R. L. SALEY.

Varsity Verse.

A TIMELY SUGGESTION.

WE were crowded on the street-car,
Half our number on a skive;
It was Thursday 'long toward evening,
And return we must at five.

'Tis a thing to make you worry
And at skivers' luck to scoff,
If you hear that fateful sentence:
"Say, old man, the current's off."

So we shuddered there in silence;
No one cared to make a kick,
Every soul—just meekly waiting—
Hoped the juice would come back quick.

All the time the silence thickened;
Each one turned his thoughts toward home:
All were wishing that blamed trolley
Soon would start on toward the dome.

Then outspoke a little maiden,—
Child was she not more than ten,—
"If the current's really off, sir,
Please, sir, put it on again."

Straightway came the magic current;
What a piece of blessed luck,
For we reached our destination
Ere the church-clock five had struck.
G. J. FINNIGAN.

TIT FOR TAT.

For a punster who merits our pity,
Cast your eyes toward the neighboring city;
U will find in St. Joe
Little F. X, you know,
Ling'ring over his jokelets so witty.
SORIN SNORER.

STUDIES IN LITERATURE.

A youth residing in Munster,
Facetious and likewise a punster,
When asked what he read,
Once laughingly said,
"My jokes and my puns which thou shun'st, sir."
J. A. QUINLAN.

HOW PAINFUL.

There was a young lad they called Possum,
Who studied at Greek, and knew law some;
But at playing football
He had odds on them all
In the scrimmage, the way he would toss 'em.
B. B. MULLOY.

QUITE TRUE, DON'T YOU KNOW.

Three Sorinites who went out gunning
Shot a rabbit they all thought quite stunning;
But the warden was wise
And hooked onto the prize;
So from now on all gunning they're shunning.
L. C. McELROY.

HARD LINES.

TURN, gentle prefect of the Hall,
Don't mind me when I'm gay,
Just turn your optics toward the wall,
And let me have my way.

If in a rough-house I engage,
And try to have some fun,
Don't drop in at the busy stage
And give us all the run.

If in my room my pipe I light,
To have a little smoke,
Forget for once your awful might,
And take it as a joke.

If I should skive a class or two,
And beat it into town,
Remember I have joys so few
And sorrows that must drown.

I've been two months at Notre Dame:
At street-cars now I shy,
The city pavements make me lame,
And waltz songs make me cry.

G. T. MCGINTY.

WORTH THINKING ABOUT.

There was a young maiden from Cluny,
Who laughed until she was lunny;
When asked for the cause,
She said after a pause,
"Tis occasioned by drinking Peruny."
R. R. SHENK.

A HANDICAP.

A maid from the state styled Palmetto
Sang all songs in a mode allegretto;
When asked to sing faster,
She answered, "Nay, Master,
I can't, for my teeth are falsetto."
W. P. LENNARTZ.

AN AFFECTIONATE WISH.

There once was a maiden, Ann Rizer,
Who married a wealthy old nizer;
She spent all his dough,
And now, don't you know,
She tells him, "I wish you would dizer."
C. J. MARSHALL.

A SHAKESPEARIAN CONUNDRUM.

For a man of morals so very sound,
Extremely strange it seems to us:
The question, therefore, we propound,
How could Titus Andronicus?
F. L. DERRICK.

SI DALL.

There once was a man named Si Dall
Who for ginger-ale high-balls would call;
Some know what's enough,—
But when he drank the stuff,
He really knew nothing at all. J. M. FOX.

A Treatise on Height.

—
 GEORGE J. FINNIGAN, '10.
 —

A dwarf may see farther than a giant, provided he has the giant's shoulders to stand on.—*Didacus Stella.*

As far as we are able to judge, nature has distributed heights pretty evenly; that is, we see in our every-day life about as many extremely tall men as we do undersized ones. Dividing heights into the tall and the short, and omitting the middle class, we see at a glance that each division has its advantages as well as its disadvantages. For example, to be short may have the advantage of living easily and cheaply and never being in the way, but if a man otherwise great, is so undersized as not to be able to command the proper authority and respect, it is a disadvantage. To be tall may have the advantage of being prominent and commanding in appearance, but to be so monstrously high as to have to sleep with an appendage of a couple of chairs at the foot of the bed; as happened recently to a fireman in one of our cities, is a decided inconvenience.

Tradition tells us that Christ was six feet tall. Christ was of course a perfect man. St. Paul, however, the greatest spreader of the name of Christ, was, we are told, very short.

If we look at the men of history, we notice that the tall and the short alike hold laurels of greatness. Washington, our country's father, was tall; but Napoleon, the great soldier and ruler of France, was short; Lincoln, the emancipator of the negro, was tall; Sheridan, the plucky and level-headed General, was known as "Little Phil." Bismarck, the master intellect of Germany, was tall; Windhorst, his able opponent, was quite small. Alexander Pope, whose literature embodies the perfection of form and finish, was about four feet in height. His intellect was great, but he was the personification of irritability and peevishness—a desirable intellect and a very undesirable disposition! We may ask if the one is a compensation for the other. We very often hear tall men designated as "empty tops" or "vacant stories." In Shakespeare's play, *Andronicus*, Fuller says:

Often the cock-loft is empty in those whom
 Nature hath built many stories high.

James I. once asked the Lord Keeper Bacon what he thought of the French ambassador who resided at the court. Bacon replied: "He is a tall and proper man." "But," asked James, "think you he is the proper man for an Ambassador?" "Sir," answered Bacon, "tall men are like high houses, wherein commonly the uppermost rooms are worst furnished."

During the middle ages the dwarf played a prominent, though often undesirable, part at the European courts. He took the place of the clown or court-fool. When it was impossible to obtain an undersized man, the process of dwarfing was carried on. Many different recipes have been used to this purpose, perhaps the most effective being to rub the back-bone with the grease of moles, bats and dormice. Lady Montague, when visiting the Viennese court, saw some of these miniature men. She describes them as being "as ugly as devils," and "bedaubed with diamonds." Although these dwarfs were playthings, they were not without value. Being so intimate with kings and emperors, they did not hesitate to tell them their faults. On this account a king of Norway once made a dwarf his prime minister. Among the famous dwarfs of history we find Richebourg, who was only twenty-three inches tall; Tom Thumb, the first court-dwarf in England, who resided at the court of King Edgar; and Jeffrey Hudson of Rutlandshire who was only eighteen inches tall, and is said to have fought two duels during his life, one with a turkey, the other with a Mr. Crofts, whom he killed.

In the 17th century, at the caprice of an empress, all the dwarfs and giants of the empire were brought to Vienna and lodged in one building. The dwarfs were told not to fear the giants, but the giants were put in fear of the dwarfs. The little fellows teased the giants, running between their legs and tripping them until, with tears as big as pearls in their eyes, the giants begged the authorities to release them.

Of famous giants there have been quite a number. I will mention a few: Hans Bar, who reached about the limit for height, was eleven feet tall. His full-sized likeness

was preserved in the castle at Innsbruck. The Archduke Ferdinand had a Hungarian foot-soldier of the same height. The Irish Giant, Patrick O'Brien, was eight feet and seven inches tall. From the palm of his hand to the tip of his middle finger, was twelve inches. His feet were proportional to his height, his shoe being seventeen inches long. In Trinity College there is the skeleton of a youth named Magrath, who at the age of sixteen was seven feet tall. Soon after he was sixteen, he became an imbecile. Could height have been the cause of his insanity?

Some persons affirm that tall men are, as a rule, better looking than short men, because the features of short persons, not receiving their proper expansion have the appearance of being crowded. If this is true, Johnson's words, "In small proportion we just beauties see," would hardly hold good. Others say that tall men's features are too much spread out, giving them an awkward and ungainly appearance. This may be true, but it is also stated that big men are, as a rule, more generous, kind-hearted and cheer-loving.

"Our experience in connection with big and little men," says a tailor, "leads us to the conclusion that little men are generally vain and decidedly fastidious in the matter of dress. They are fully conscious of their own deficiency in the matter of height and bulk, but will not tolerate its being mentioned by others. They want the tailor to make the most he possibly can of them and to give them the smartest styles and the best of fits. With the big men, and by these we do not mean corpulent figures, but tall and well-developed men, our experience is that they are often clumsy and indifferent in matters of dress; they are easily suited and satisfied."

When it comes to society, the big man, it seems, is received into new company quicker than the small one. The little fellow must show the requisite qualities to earn his way for him. Ladies, we are told, prefer big men for husbands, because there is at least the outward assurance of something to depend on.

After all, the best way is to be satisfied with your height. If you are short or tall don't wish to be otherwise, for it

will do no good. If you are undersized, you may console yourself as did Watts, who was small. He says:

"Were I so tall to reach the pole,
Or grasp the ocean with my span,
I must be measured by my soul:
The mind's the standard of the man."

If you are short don't wear high-heeled shoes or try to stand on an elevation in a crowd to appear tall, and if you are tall don't think that by lowering your head or standing in a bent position you appear short. Young says:

"Pygmies are pygmies still, though placed on Alps,
And pyramids are pyramids in vales."

Little fellows should not ridicule tall men, simply because they could never reach such heights; nor should tall men despise their under-grown neighbors on account of their size, for there never lived a big person yet, outside of our first parents, who was not small once. David Everett says:

Large streams from little fountains flow,
Tall oaks from little acorns grow.

A Demagogue Thwarted.

FRANK X. CULL, '09.

"See here, young man, I mean just what I say. You instruct your men how to vote, or I promise you that in two weeks you will be up against a strike that will lay you in the shade for good. I've argued with you long enough. I didn't want to speak so plainly, but you've forced me to it. Now you see where you stand: it's either your influence or your ruin; because I'm out to win."

This threat, emphasized by a blow of his fist on the table in the office of the Parker Iron Company, was uttered by James Corey, walking delegate for the Iron-Workers' Union, and "people's" candidate for alderman. The positive statement enunciated in this telling manner, Corey twisted his fat countenance into an ugly scowl, and leaned forward, awaiting intently his answer.

The second party to the scene, Fulton Parker, the young president of the Iron Works, remained silent, staring pensively out into the gathering mists of the autumn

twilight; his set features, furrowed by deep lines of anxiety, told of the struggle being waged within.

Here, after only two months had elapsed since his father's death had left him in charge of the mills, he was confronted by the crux of his business career. Too well he knew the power which enabled Corey to put his threat into execution; and all too well he realized the disastrous consequences which must ensue from a strike during the rush season, with warehouses empty and orders unfilled. And yet to submit to this scheming rascal was more than his honor could endure. He loved to think of that honest application to duty by which his father had built up the Parker Iron Works from the limitations of a country wagon-shop to a position of prominence among the large mills of the country. His father's sturdy manhood had always been a source of inspiration and courage to him. To bring dishonor on that enterprise now would be almost equivalent to defaming the name of his dead parent.

Corey drummed restlessly on the table and awaited his reply. The deep roar of the smelting rooms, borne hither by the wind, caused the window-panes to vibrate in their sashes, and the rattling of a half-dozen typewriters in the main office adjoining clattered a tuneless jargon of thrift and industry.

Parker arose from his chair, excused himself for a moment, and passed out into the main office. He signalled Shirley, his secretary, and told him to pass a summons to all hands to gather in the assembly-room immediately. A few words were passed in an undertone about the lights, and the subordinate departed immediately on his mission. Parker returned to his office with a clear brow and easy tread.

"All right, Corey, you'll have your answer in a few minutes," he said and turned to his desk to put his papers in order preparatory to closing for the day. This task took some minutes, and then taking the wondering politician by the arm, he said:

"Come along, your answer awaits you." Corey was unable to divine his purpose, but dumbly obeyed. Through a long corridor he led him, then through another, poorly lighted, to a door at the end. Passing

through this, he found himself in absolute darkness, with a buzzing sound as of many voices arising from beneath him. Non-plussed, he turned to find his companion; but Parker seemed to have deserted him. Groping blindly about he found a brass railing and was following it in a state of complete mystification, when a burst of light from a thousand incandescent bulbs revealed to him his true situation.

He gasped in amazement when he comprehended the source of that buzzing sound. Beneath him were assembled two thousand workmen, some dressed for the street, others with brows unwiped of the grime and perspiration of the furnace-rooms,—all with eyes fastened intently on him in his elevated position. Scarcely knowing what he was doing, he surveyed that mass of laborers in amazement and stupefaction.

Suddenly a voice rang out behind him, clear and decisive. He turned, and to his further astonishment, saw not two yards away Fulton Parker,—not the thoughtful, cautious Fulton Parker he had seen in the office a few minutes before, but a reincarnation of him, strong, erect and aggressive, with the face and features of an intellectual-giant, aglow with indignation, and with fierce antagonism written on every line of his countenance. Sharp and clear that voice rang out over the hushed audience in a stentorian tone; volley upon volley of cutting invective poured forth from those lips, now curled into a contemptuous smile. Corey quailed beneath the lash of that awful tongue as a dog beneath the whip of his master. Now pleading, now thundering, Fulton Parker gave vent to every passion of his spirit in a torrent of denunciation—a Cicero denouncing a false Catiline before a senate of brawn and common-sense. He played on every chord of their natures, and each touch was followed by a responsive vibration of interest and sympathy. In fiercest sarcasm, he told of Corey's prostitution of their faith, his shameful misuse of his official trust, his recent threat; in grief, almost in tears, he told them that he would leave the answer with them: with them it must lie to decide which course to choose, to vote for Corey, or to strike.

Under this blinding assault Corey at first quailed and cowered. Retreating to the

door, at the back of the narrow platform, he found it locked. Escape was impossible, even to shield himself from view was out of question on that shallow stage; he must stay and take his many-times merited punishment. Aroused once to a storm of opposition, he became livid in the face and rushed with clenched fist upraised upon his persecutor; but a threatening roar from the multitude below arrested him, and he saw that further struggle was useless. With lowered head and sullen countenance, he listened to the sentence of his doom.

That vast throng seemed to hang onto every word of their youthful employer, and their angry frowns indicated that his words were sinking deep into their hearts, and rousing them to a pitch of righteous indignation.

Satisfied at length with his appeal, Parker put to them the question:

"Shall we vote for James Corey?"

"No," was the thundering response that shook the very walls of the structure.

"Shall we strike?"

"No," again rang out from two thousand lusty throats in a volume that filled the room as the report of a cannon.

After a moment of silence, Parker turned to his companion, now trembling with fear of violence from those whom he had wronged.

"There, you have your answer," he said. "Now do your worst. Go." So saying, he opened the door, and the beaten politician made a hasty retreat, followed by volleys of jeers and hisses.

Fulton Parker turned to the crowd to express his gratification, but ere a word was uttered, a call for "three cheers for the young boss" was given, and responded to with heartiest enthusiasm.

A Reverie after the Game.

JESSE H. ROTH, '10

The cheers of the opposing team still rang in the ears of the victorious eleven as the train rapidly bore them toward their own *Alma Mater*. They were happy because by defeating Kirkwood they had not only established their own superiority over that school but had won the state champion-

ship, a much-coveted honor. They were scattered in groups of twos and threes through the car, some laughing and talking some playing cards and others reading.

But Robert Hardy, the captain and one of the best players on the Varsity for years, occupied a seat by himself at the rear. In some way the merriment of the situation did not appeal to him as it had upon former occasions. He was struggling desperately to keep an obstinate lump from rising in his throat. He had played his last game for the Varsity. Many times he had pictured to himself how he could surrender his place with a sigh of relief. But now that the time had come—it was so different.

As he gazed out of the window he saw not the trees, the fields and posts as they sped past, but a tall, slim country boy standing at the end of the college avenue gazing with wondering eyes at the slender spires and the multiformed roofs of the great university. How he looked with admiration at the old fellows; in almost every stalwart youth he saw the typical college man as described in the novel! How he admired the easy manner and the becoming clothes in comparison with his stiff manners and new store clothes. With timidity he picked his way to the students' building and registered as Robert Hardy, a Freshman.

A tear stole down Robert's cheek; he brushed it away with the back of his hand. He saw an altogether different picture. It was Thanksgiving Day and the Varsity was playing the last and most important game of the season. Time and again the tall, slim half-back broke away and tore down the field for long runs and each time the bleachers rang with cheers for the young fellow. He was not the shy country lad that had entered school nearly four years before, but "Bob" Hardy who had become the most popular man of the class. The singing of the car wheels over the iron rails became music to his ears and the fleeting, sun-lit fields changed to whirling dancers. How his heart sang as he looked into a certain dark face; how his pulses throbbed as he heard her musical voice—

"Roxana Crossing," called the conductor, and Robert picked up his suit case, and left the car with the rest of the team.

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—How to employ those hours of the day when class routine suspends is a puzzling question to some students; to others it

Varieties of Recreation.

gives no more ground for thought than does the manner of employing their working hours; that is to say, it gives them none whatever. At the stroke of the recreation gong, one fellow starts for the library, there to browse in some musty philosophical tome; another hurries to his room and flings himself on the couch to enjoy the gush of somebody's latest tribute to fiction; a third goes to the smoking room to contribute his mite of smoke to the fetidness and to take away with him a quantity of poisoned air as his recompense; a fourth with hands dug deep into his pockets stamps up and down the side-lines, adding his quota to the knocker's chorus, while his team goes panting through a hard work-out.

But the fellow who appreciates the utility of his recreation period is found, as a rule, in none of these places. His tastes may run along one of several channels, but he will invariably follow some line of physical exercise. Kicking football is one method that affords both enjoyment and practical results; a fast set in the hand-ball alley, or a rough-and-tumble game of basket-ball is another; still a third, and one that is probably most beneficial of all, is a brisk walk along the country roads or a cross-country jaunt through the fields. The ingenious stu-

dent will devise methods of his own. But the primary object in all these activities is to get a vigorous, healthy flow of blood through the system and to throw off the stagnation that three or four hours of sedentary work has produced.

To those who generally loiter their free time in a state of passivity, let this be a suggestion. It may for a time require the exercise of some will power to undertake what some may consider physical labor, but subsequent results both in freedom from coughs, colds, headaches and other petty ills, which ordinarily assail one during the winter months, and in the increased ability and zest for work, will be ample reward for the time thus employed.

—The name of the late Theodore Thomas may not appear in any list of the great educators of the United States, but such nevertheless he was. Music

The Study of Music.

was considered by the ancients among the essentials of training. But the mass of people nowadays, though they may say they like music, have not sufficient musical education to appreciate what is really fine in this art.

We study literature to improve our style of writing; but why do we neglect to cultivate this sister art, which is not a bit less worthy, and which appeals more to esthetic feeling than either painting or sculpture?

The indispensable "musical ear" is not infrequently the result of application and study, merely like any talent, an "infinite capacity for taking pains." It is within the reach of everyone. If we are to get any good out of music, we must cease regarding it as an accomplishment only to be acquired by the talented few, and consider it rather an indispensable part of our education.

—We like to think that our judiciary is free from taint of bias or party influence; and yet we have seen enacted before our

The Powers' Trial.

very doors a travesty of justice which gives the lie to our cherished hopes. The spectacle of Caleb Powers, accused of complicity in the murder of

Governor Goebel, thrice convicted by Republican jurors, thrice sentenced by Republican judges, and thrice granted a reversal of decision by Democratic Courts of Appeal, is one calculated to disturb the minds of those thoughtful of our nation's welfare.

To allow our courts thus to subserve party interests is to take a step backward and to set at naught the labors of our fathers who have left us the priceless heritage of a free judiciary. Our courts are the nation's final bulwark against anarchy: to weaken them is to rob the country of its only protection against lawlessness. What better way to foster disorder than to deprive the state of its strongest defense? Kentucky has a great reckoning to make, a national scandal to retrieve. Let us hope that Governor Wilson's promise of a fair trial will be realized and that justice will be done.

—In Kankakee, a citizen petitioned the court for an injunction to prohibit interscholastic football, on the grounds that the game is a violation of the

A Lawful Pastime. statute which prohibits prize-fighting. The judge wisely refused the writ, holding that there is considerable difference between football and prize-fighting. He further declared that it is the sacred right of the father to see how the boy conducts himself after school hours, and that the principal of the school has no right to interfere with the lawful pastimes of a youth.

The decision met with the approval of the country. Football and prize-fighting are not synonymous. The number of accidents in football is comparatively small; moreover, the majority of accidents generally befall those who are not in physical condition. Any citizen should be punished who infringes on the rights of a parent. If the father permits his son to play football as it is played to-day, the law can not interfere unless the Constitution is violated. Football trains the youth in the principles of self-defense and endurance; join these to the sciences and arts of the class-room, and you have the typical American.

—The proper use and distribution of time is a consideration of vital importance to

the college student. Every well-meaning student, after he has determined upon a course of study, should seek to arrange in the most practical and economic way the time allotted to him

The Spirit of Delay. for the preparation of his classes. A strict adherence to the plan he lays down for himself will insure him success. The student who lacks method and who defers from one time to another a task that should receive prompt attention, will nearly always find himself delinquent in his classes. There is a time for everything, and when the hour set aside for the performance of some task arrives no other duty should be permitted to infringe upon the time specified for the performance of that task. Procrastination is the stealthiest of thieves, and only the student who keeps continual vigilance over the golden moments of his life will be able to preserve intact his precious treasure. Delay seldom brings with it anything of worth, and is nearly always fraught with losses.

—The universities of the present are the embryo of future America. If democracy exists in colleges to-day, twenty years from now results will show. The

An Enemy of Equality four years' stay at a college makes or mars for life, and a score of years hence the present college students will be the makers of public opinion,—the leaders. Democracy in our colleges to-day means a purer and better democracy in the future; but, on the other hand, if horizontal lines of stratification remain as marked as we find them to-day in many of our older universities, the result can be nothing but a blow at our democracy of equality, and a heavy blow at that. It is a bad sign indeed when a wealthy frat man refuses to associate with a poor fellow-student who lacks the lucre to spend for frat dues and frat frolics. So long as some consider themselves a peculiar and privileged set, abnormalities and class cleavage will develop more markedly each succeeding year. Keep college life natural and wholesomely democratic, and a great good effect on the future will be the result.

Illumination in the Study-Halls.

As a result of certain investigations made by the class of electrical engineers it was found advisable, at the beginning of the present scholastic year, to make a change in the methods employed for illuminating the study-halls at the University. It was decided that whereas one candle foot is considered sufficient for easy reading, a greater intensity of light was desirable. Two plans were taken under consideration; one of these was to decrease the distance of the source of light, the other was to make the total candle power greater. The former plan would unquestionably be the wrong way of procedure under the given conditions. Decreasing the distance of the light source would mean a longer chandelier, and using the same total candle power would not give a uniform distribution of light, and would even lower the average intensity of illumination below .5 candle ft. on the horizontal plane in question, saying nothing of the increase in length of the chandelier which would inconvenience a person walking beneath it.

The method of increasing the candle power was adopted in each hall. The additional candle power added in Carroll was that produced by eight high efficiency "Gem" Metallized Filament Lamps of 140 c. p. each, making a total of 1856 c. p. These lamps were spaced so as to give, with the c. p. already in use, the desired intensity of illumination—1.5 candle ft. on the desks. Actual measurement after the installment was made, shows the average intensity of illumination to be 1.43 candle ft. This intensity is reported to be very satisfactory. The ordinary low efficiency 16 c. p. lamps are in use in this hall with the high efficiency "Gem" units.

Brownson Hall is illuminated the better of the two halls. Not only were eight high eff. Gem units added, but the low eff. 16 c. p. lamps in the two light fixtures were replaced by the high efficiency Tantalum lamps of 22 c. p. each, making the total of 2126 c. p. Actual measurement at present gives the average int. of illumination at 1.63 candle ft. which is spoken of as very satisfactory. The number of watts per sq. ft. of floor

surface in Carroll Hall is .76. The number in Brownson is .68 watt.

All the light flux in Brownson Hall is emitted by high efficiency lamps, while in Carroll Hall we have a mixture, nearly a half of each kind. A practical example is shown here of what the high efficiency lamp means and does, and should appeal strongly to one who is paying for electrical energy in the form of light. The figures show that Brownson Hall exceeds Carroll Hall in intensity of illumination by 13%. Also that with this 13% better illumination, 11% less watts per sq. ft. of floor surface is required; that is, 11% less electrical energy is expended, and therefore a decrease of 11% in cost to operate. Certain variations in the intensity of light are caused by the fact that other institutions beside the University are cared for at the same switch-board that is used for Notre Dame. This defect will soon be remedied.

Professor Starr's Lecture.

Professor Starr, of the University of Chicago, spoke in Washington Hall last Saturday. His subject was "The Natives in the Congo Free State." The position which he holds as an authority of international distinction in matters of ethnology added interest to what he had to say in his lecture. Fully an hour was spent by the speaker in describing his trip to the Congo and in telling of the habits and customs of the natives whom he met in his travels through their country. This most interesting presentation of his experiences was followed by a series of pictures which illustrated much of what he spoke about in the first part of the lecture. He was listened to with interest throughout the hour and a half during which he held the platform, and received generous applause when he had concluded his lecture.

Obituary.

We regret to announce the death of Mr. J. D. Dodge, father of George Dodge who was a student of Brownson last year. George has the sympathy of all his friends in his bereavement.

Athletic Notes.

NOTRE DAME, 22; KNOX, 4.

The combination team of regulars and subs which Coach Barry sent against Knox last Saturday, proved to be of some class, and without much trouble succeeded in defeating the Illinois team by the score of 22 to 4.

Knox put up a good defensive game at the start and held off the Varsity for over twenty minutes, yet in that period Munson and Duffy gained enough ground to win the game, but owing to ragged work and loose playing, the Varsity was unable to score. Toward the end of the first half Duffy went over for a touchdown, but dropped the ball, and Munson fell on it. The second score came within a few minutes after the first. By a series of end runs, long passes and tackle-around bucks, the Varsity rushed the ball to Knox's ten-yard line and Munson took it over.

Munson's playing at end was particularly noticeable. Time after time he received the long pass from Berteling for good gains and his punts were long. Aided by a slight wind, Munson's kicks averaged fifty yards throughout the entire game. Duffy and Young made a very creditable showing, as did Schmitt and Berteling. Duffy got away with the longest run of the game, going straight through centre for fifty yards and a touchdown. Berteling's long passes were good, and on defense the young "Doc" played a strong game.

The visitors were never dangerous. Their place kick came as a result of a foul committed directly in front of the goal posts, Notre Dame losing the ball. Prince had little trouble in putting it between the bars. Once in the second half Knox took a spurt, and in two plays, both forward passes, carried the ball fifty yards, but the Varsity stopped them there, and they had no chance whatever to score. Nevertheless, the visitors showed considerable strength in the line.

West, the 117lb. quarter-back with Knox, played a good game, and his return of punts was exceptionally good. He is a fast little man, and behind a good team would play fast football.

Line-Up.

Notre Dame		Knox
Boyle, Burdick	R. E.	Gebhart
Lynch, Dugan	R. T.	Smith
Paine	R. G.	Gamble
E. Mertes	C.	Swanson
Ditton	L. G.	Stagge
Donovan	L. T.	Scammon
Munson	L. E.	Prince
Berteling	Q. B.	West
Schmitt	R. H. B.	K. Aldrich
Young	L. H. B.	Essick
Duffy	F. B.	J. Aldrich

Touchdowns—Munson (2), Schmitt, Duffy. Goals from touchdown—Munson (2). Goal from field—Prince. Referee—Lantry. Umpire—Sullivan. Head linesman—Dolan. Timekeeper—Devan. Time of halves—30 and 25 minutes.

* *

The regular backfield shivered on the sidelines last Saturday. Coach Barry expressed himself as wanting to win the game and save the regulars, and in doing both nearly froze them to death.

* *

Chicago's overwhelming defeat of Purdue makes Notre Dame's chances look good for the Purdue game. The Varsity has not been scored on yet this year save by the air-route—a drop kick and a place—and if they succeed in defeating Purdue they will have gone through a season without losing a game and having an uncrossed goal line. Here's hoping.

* *

Coaches Barry and Bracken have already started hard work for the Purdue game. The team was given a rest after the Indiana game, and from now on the squad will receive the stiffest kind of work.

* *

"Woody," Varsity right end, who has been laid up in the infirmary with blood-poison, is getting well; and although the chances are that he will be unable to get into the game again this season, no bad effects will result from his injury.

* *

For the first time in several years Notre Dame will have a Varsity basket-ball team this winter. Owing to the number of hall stars there should be a wealth of material in school, and a good team will undoubtedly result. Manager McGannon is working on a basket-ball schedule, and if a good team can be pulled together, the manager promises a first-class schedule.

Notice.

Mr. T. Dart Walker will organize a class in magazine illustration if a sufficient number of students make application for it. The class will be taught daily, and the tuition has been set at \$25 a term. The first term will end March 1st. The permission of parents to take up this work must be presented in writing at Students' Office, as a preliminary. Those interested may consult with Mr. Walker.

Personals.

—George Kuppler, '01, is practising law at Seattle, Washington.

—Franklin B. McCarty, '07, is studying medicine at Harvard.

—James D. Jordan, '07, is studying law at the University of Pennsylvania.

—Carl B. Tyler, student at Notre Dame from '03 to '04, is in business with his father at Monroeville, Ohio.

—James V. Cunningham, '07, has passed the examination for admission to the State Bar Association in Illinois.

—P. J. Corcoran, '01, is connected with the Industrial School in Butte, Montana, where he has been located for several years.

—Dr. R. C. Monahan, who was a student at the University twelve years ago, is now a prominent physician in Butte, Montana.

—Last Saturday we had the pleasure of a visit from the Viscounte Fitzjohn von Michaelis, Portuguese vice-consul at Chicago.

—Mr. and Mrs. Ben Dolson, of Galveston, Texas, visited the University last Saturday. They were accompanied by their little son Norris.

—J. Collins West, student at Notre Dame from '92 to '94, was a welcome visitor at the University a week ago. Mr West is in business in Billings, Montana.

—Mr. Daniel E. O'Shea, who was a student of Brownson Hall eight years ago, was among the recent visitors to the University. Dan is practising law in Mishawaka.

—Harry Rothwell, who was a student at Notre Dame four years ago, paid a visit to

the University recently. He is now taking a course in law at Northwestern University. He came to visit his brother who is a student in Brownson Hall.

—W. P. Burns, '96, is connected with the *Catholic Sentinel* of Portland, Oregon. Will was for several years a member of the faculty of Mount Angel College in the same state.

—R. W. Donovan, '06, has a good position in the Chicago City Hall. Mr. Donovan will be remembered for the good work he did on the football team while he was at Notre Dame.

—Mr. Joseph Sullivan, '02, has discovered the road to success. He is in the City Hall in Chicago, and is likely to reach the position of judgeship ere long. "Joe" was a good student and popular athlete when he was at Notre Dame.

—Mr. John A. Rigney has enjoyed his full share of success during the five years since he left the University. Last September he resigned his position as Local Freight Claim Agent of the Michigan Central RR., in Chicago, to form a business partnership for the sale of pianos.

—It is reported that Richard C. Kerens, a member of the Latare Medal group of distinguished personages, has bought a controlling interest in the *New York Evening Mail* and the *St. Louis Times*. Those who have studied the reasons for and against a Catholic daily are in a position to realize how much good Mr. Kerens has it in his power to accomplish by his new venture.

—Frank W. O'Malley, student '95 to '98, is heralded as the teller of a good story that was recently published in the *New York Sun*. The story, which happens to be one of fact and not of fiction, tells of "The Death of Happy Gene Sheehan," a policeman who recently lost his life while on duty in the city of New York. Frank belongs to the staff of reporters on the *Sun* and handles his assignments with remarkable skill. This story has been universally praised, being reprinted in the *Outlook* for November 9th and in other recent weekly publications, in each case with editorial comment. Frank will be remembered for his charming contributions to the *SCHOLASTIC*, and for his genial, lovable character.

Local Items.

—To-morrow evening the ex-Philopatians will meet in Washington Hall at 7:30 o'clock.

—The Electrical Engineering Society visited the Studebaker Wagon Works in a body last Thursday.

—Edgar Banks, the antiquarian who lectured in Washington Hall yesterday, will speak again to-day.

—It is probable that the Cross Country Run which has been scheduled for Thanksgiving Day will be held next Thursday.

—An unusually large number of orations have been written for the forthcoming contests. There will be about fifteen in the Varsity contest.

—The Iowa Club was organized last Thursday evening. R. Saley was elected president, with R. Dougherty as vice-president, and J. Roach as secretary-treasurer.

—St. Joseph Hall, 5; Latin-American, 0; is the properly authenticated score of a game of football which was played on the 6th inst. St. Joseph Hall was represented by its second team.

—The work of cutting away the banks on the quarter-mile track in Cartier Field has been resumed. Cinders and loam have been hauled on the field for the rebuilding of the track.

—The Corby Hall Glee Club is preparing to put on a black-face minstrel shortly after Xmas holidays. This is something new at Notre Dame, and will be looked forward to with much interest and satisfaction.

—The man with the ax has done violence to the thick grove of oak that stands to the east of the boiler plant which is attached to the community house. The trees which remain will have a better chance to grow.

—A new catalogue of the law department is among the forthcoming publications of the University. The catalogue has been thoroughly revised and has received the personal attention of the dean of the department.

—Work has begun on two new cement block handball alleys at the seminary. The grading has been for an additional tennis court. Both of these improvements are located in the low land just west of the Holy Cross dining-room.

—The SCHOLASTIC is to have a new cover before long; it is to be the work of T. Dart Walker who did such splendid work for the Dome two years ago. Mr. Walker is a contributor to *Leslie's* and other illustrated publications of national reputation.

—It is a long time since the upper lake at Notre Dame has weathered the summer so satisfactorily as has been the case this year. No one has had reason to complain this season that the lake is drying up. The water level has not been so high for several years.

—The Varsity football team has been using the Carroll campus during the last few days for scrimmages. The work has been as interesting as if a regular game were in progress; the soil is so soft that the players are not injured in falling.

—Monday night the Corby basket-ball squad held a meeting and elected Heyle as temporary captain until the team and "subs" are picked, when another election will be held. Manager McKinney is arranging a schedule of games for the early part of the season.

—The basket ball teams in the various Halls have been rounding into shape. Three games were played lately. Brownson Hall broke even with the South Bend Commercials, winning the second by a score of 18 to 3; Corby Hall played the Commercials Thursday evening, and lost by a score of 17 to 27.

—It is about fifty years since Mr. Drumm, who is employed in the repair department of our shoe shop, first got a prize for his work as an apprentice at his trade. The bench he sits on and the wringer that stands at his side are relics of the defunct city of Bertrand where they were in use half a century ago.

—At last the property man who stands behind the curtain in Washington Hall is ready to welcome Thanksgiving; he is ready to celebrate at a moment's notice, if he hasn't already celebrated, for the masons and carpenters have completed their work at the northeast corner of the stage, and he has shifted his scenery into its new quarters.

—The young fellow who uses indecent language in the presence of gentlemen may not know what a gentleman is; the young fellow who fails to give courteous attention to a public speaker in a public place may have been reared among barbarians who know no laws of politeness; the young fellow who whistles in the corridors of the University buildings may not know any better, but it is a pity. Of course, he might do worse things.

—The Corby Hall second team, captained by a promising young athlete, G. Blackman, played two games of football during the past week. The first game, with the Brownson Hall second team, was fiercely contested, and resulted in a tie, neither team being able to score. James Cahill, at left tackle, distinguished himself by his spectacular

playing. The second game, with the ex-juniors, resulted in Corby winning, 11 to 0.

—The celebration of the fiftieth anniversary of the founding of St. Mary's parish in Michigan City is only one of the many reminders of the work of Holy Cross in this part of the country half a century ago. The celebration of this particular event took place during the early part of the present week. Our Rev. President, Father Cavanaugh, preached at the solemn services which were held on last Sunday. Father Burns was also one of the speakers who took part in the Jubilee exercises.

—Thirty-eight Ohio men met in the Columbian room, Sunday evening, for the purpose of reorganizing the Buckeye-State Club. The following corps of officers were elected to guide the club's destinies for the present school year: President, Henry Burdick; vice-president, Wm. Ryan; secretary, F. X. Cull; treasurer, H. Beckman Ohmer; Honorary president, Father Cavanaugh; Honorary vice-president, Father Crumley. The club membership is almost double that of last year, making it in point of number second strongest in the University.

—The Philopatrian Society, with a membership of eighty, is as prosperous and active as any of the literary and social societies in the University. The chief number in the program set for last Thursday evening was a debate on the question, "Resolved, That the use of tobacco is a vice." E. Delana and R. Bowles spoke for the affirmative and were victorious; the negative was upheld by A. Christie and D. Collins. The members of the society are to give a reception to the Faculty in the college parlor on the evening of December 12th.

—We are pleased to announce that active steps are being taken in several cities looking to the organization of Notre Dame clubs. Such clubs already exist in New York and in Boston. The Chicago boys are preparing for their organization in the immediate future, and the Pittsburg boys will be organized in connection with the Notre Dame dance in that city. There will also be a club soon in Milwaukee and one in Portland, Oregon. Before the end of the year it is hoped that at least twelve of those clubs will be working for the advantage of the University in the larger centres of population.

—Coach Maris pulled off a hare and hound chase on Thursday afternoon. This was the third of these events which show up the sticking qualities of the long-distance men. In this chase, six "hounds" pursued the two "hares" for some eight miles, but were unable to overtake them. Coach Maris has his cross-country runners in shape for the

next Thanksgiving morning, and a good race is expected. The men who will compete are: Cripe, Capt. Moriarty, Keach, Roach, Roth, Parish, and Dunstan. The race-course will start from the Gym and end there, the distance covered being six miles. The race will start at ten o'clock.

—On Saturday evening the twenty students representing the state of Michigan, met in the Columbian Room and organized a club; it being the first independent Michigan club ever organized at Notre Dame. Two years ago the state was represented in the year book with Minnesota and Wisconsin; last year found no representative at all. The Michigan boys have prepared something new this year in naming their organization the Michigaman Club, and their officers are styled after the representatives of an Indian tribe. Following is a list of officers: H. G. McCarty, Big Chief; A. T. Mertes, Little Chief; A. E. DeClercq, Medicine Man; Dan Keefe, Wampum.

—The St. Joseph Literary and Debating Society continues its good work. The program for the meeting held Nov. 7 was varied and interesting. An overture, "Popular Selections," was rendered by Verne McGillis, after which the following question was debated upon: "Resolved, That Theodore Roosevelt should accept the nomination to the presidency of the United States for another term." Messrs. Gaffney and Hilkert upholding the affirmative, and Messrs. Quinn and Fitzgerald speaking for the negative. The members showed that they had put real, earnest effort into their speeches. A pleasant deviation from the regular formality of debate came in the shape of a series of anecdotes told by the members.

—The Brownson Literary and Debating Society has so far attained great success. The membership limit has been reached already, but there are still many applicants for admittance. The interest displayed by the members on programs is very encouraging. The program rendered on Nov. 7 was as follows: "Beautiful Hands" by J. Ely, "Sketch of William McKinley" by D. Kelly, "Burial of Sir John Moore" by C. Bentley, "The Value of a High School Training" by J. Moloney, "Ring out, Wild Bells" by G. Sands, "The Value of Classical Studies" by R. H. Keefe, "The Village Blacksmith" by A. Rosenberger, "Nantucket" by W. Moore. An extemporaneous debate followed. The question was: "Resolved, That Mr. Roosevelt should be given another term as president." Affirmative: Messrs. Kenefic, Lyons, and Coggeshall; negative: Messrs. Barslow, Duncan, Smyth. Judges: Messrs. Scanlon, Ely, and O'Brien who rendered a decision in favor of the affirmative. Mr. R. Parker made a few extemporaneous remarks.