

The Notre Dame Scholastic

· DISCE · QVASI · SEMPER · VICTURVS · · VIVE · QVASI · CRAS · MORITURVS ·

· F · X · A ·

VOL. XLI.

NOTRE DAME, INDIANA, JANUARY 25, 1908.

No. 17.

Unchanged through Centuries.

H. A. LEDWIDGE, '09.

I DREAMT I stood beside the Tuscan sea,
And saw an ancient galley plunging by;
I heard a brazen bugle's strident cry
Blare out to slaves a merciless decree.
The vision changed; I looked, and there did see
The myriad wheels of commerce spinning nigh,
And multitudes, too vast for mortal eye
To number, slaved to earn a pauper's fee.
Though changed in form, the slavery of old
Counts them as thralls who struggle all day thro'
To earn a pittance of the hoarded gold
That makes and unmakes kings. If none subdue
This octopus, his tentacles will hold
The children of the unborn future too.

What Are We Going to Do about It?

ROBERT L. SALEY, '08.



IF greed for gold makes a golden age, then ours is a golden age. It has been this greed for gold which has brought about the centralization of forces so noticeable in the present century, for centralization means power, and power means gold. Centralization has given us millionaires; it has given us trusts and combines; it has given us labor unions; in politics it has given us an institution which demands the serious consideration of every earnest citizen.

Unpopular as it may be to attack any institution, it is, nevertheless, of some use to know just what has developed in politics

during the past few years and to what it leads.

The safety of a democracy lies in party strife. When the balance of power is too long in the hands of one party the tendency has ever been towards corruption. In the United States, as years passed, the struggle for power increased. Each party strove to overcome the other, and each sought to strengthen its forces. It was not until the latter part of the nineteenth century that the gradual development of the idea of centralization gave us the political machine. The political machine was the acme of centralization; it placed in the hands of the political parties the desired strength, the ability to retain the balance of power; but it did more, for with the added power came an evil, a child of circumstance—the boss.

With politics under the control of the party machine, politics changed from the science of government to an occupation, a mere money-making business proposition; the politician who formerly was the servant of the commonwealth became a master, a tyrant who ruled with an iron hand. The politician became the boss.

It is only necessary to go back a few years into history to see of what recent growth the boss really is. In 1870, when Tweed was the ruling power in New York political circles, the boss was so rare that his corrupt rule stirred the entire country. To-day the boss is so common in every city that he is looked upon as a necessary evil, and not even the grafters themselves complain of his corrupt methods. Surely under such conditions the boss will continue to prosper and increase.

The pages in our national history which

deal with the doings of the boss, are indeed dark. To read of the deeds of these dishonest, scheming grafters, who pretend to do all for the "dear public," is revolting to the civic morality of the good citizen. Boldly these corrupters have made robbers', roosts of our legislatures, have impoverished our cities with burdensome taxes, have robbed the citizens blind by a bald spoliation of the public money, and then from the protecting folds of their political party, they grin at the gullability of the people, and taunt them with: "What are we going to do about it?" That is the question the American people must answer: What are they going to do about it?

The twentieth century has come and a new Renaissance has blossomed forth in our land. Our Western Republic has taken a place supreme among the nations of the world. Commerce is bounding forward with enormous strides; manufacturing has taken a new lease on life; prosperity smiles upon our land; there is every indication that the twentieth century will be recorded as the golden age of America. But in politics? What are we going to do about it?

A few of our American cities have answered this question in the last few years. Folk answered for St. Louis when, as prosecuting attorney, he broke up a ring of bosses who had sacrificed the interests of the people for the satisfaction of a full pocket-book. Prosecutor Heney answered for San Francisco when, backed by honest citizens he placed behind the strong steel bars of the penitentiary Boss Ruef and his tool, Mayor Schmitz: Ruef and Schmitz who long had thieved, extorted, bribed, and purchased votes.

Pennsylvania, which has long been a fostering mother to the corrupter of municipal politics, is soon to tell the world what she is going to do about it. The peace-loving Quakers and the stolid, complacent Dutch, who for years have been the victims of a high-handed and open robbery, have at last arisen in ire, aroused by the new Capitol scandal. The cases against the followers of Quay, who robbed the State of millions and who ably taught his insidious, underhand methods to his hirelings, are about ready for court. And it

now seems that the shame of Pennsylvania, which has long been a blotch upon the records of republics, is about to take its place in history.

But there are other cities, and other grafters. The time for reform has come. What are they going to do about it? Will they allow those who should be the servants of the people to continue their tyrannical reign—their reign of robbery and corruption? Will they by the consent which silence gives, let this curse live and thrive in a free country? Will they smilingly continue to tolerate the raids of these oppressors upon the honest man's pocket? Or shall they, as the citizens of St. Louis, San Francisco and Pennsylvania, arise in their anger and rid themselves and our democracy of this pest? The crisis has come. Now they must answer the question: What are we going to do about it?

Let us hope the time will soon come when we will be rid of these tyrants, when our cities shall be ruled by upright, conscientious men and not by thieves, when all work shall be clear and free from the taint of wrong doing, when the citizens will exercise their powers of vigilance and persistence and choose the right of free government instead of rule by bosses. Then indeed will the shout ring from coast to coast, "Now we are free;" then will the question have its answer, and the whole world will know what America has done about it.

The Leaf's Vanity.

GEORGE J. FINNIGAN, '10.

A GOLDEN leaf on a wind-swept tree,
Still safe from autumn's death-decree,
Said: "On this throne
I rule alone;

All other leaves in fear have flown."

The haughty leaf swung to and fro,
And in lofty tone said to those below:

"Your lives were vain,
But I still remain
In beauty and lasting joy to reign."

Just then the wind with a mocking cry
Swept the leaf from the tree to a stream near by.

A flash of gold,
As the waters rolled,
Was the last that was seen of the leaf so bold.

My Queen.

THOMAS A. LAHEY, '11.

THE stately rose upholds its head in proud
 Disdain, nor fears to make display of all
 Its charms before the vulgar world. And loud
 The praise of men, proclaim its subtle thrall
 O'er human kind. But ah, red rose, I know
 That where thou art there too sharp thorns outgrow.
 Oh, fair red rose, I often marvel, but I can not love!

The lily, queenly beauty, fairest child
 Of nature's handicraft in wood or dell,
 Unfolds each morning that the breezes mild,
 Might kiss each tiny, whitened forest bell;
 And yet to touch thee, lily of the vale,
 I fear, lest thou shouldst die, thou art so frail.
 Oh, fragile bud, I often marvel, but I can not love.

The humble violet, blue-mantled queen
 Of all the flower world, bedecks in fair
 Profusion every hidden sylvan scene,
 Nor scorns withal to see up-growing there
 The baser plants, but wafts aloft its breath
 Of incense, ere it fades away in death.
 Be thou, my queen, O modest one, 'tis thee alone I love.

The Reporter.

EDWARD M. KENNEDY, '08.

Jack Barry and his father were in the library enjoying an after-dinner cigar. There was a lull in the conversation for a few moments, then Mr. Barry said:

"Jack, we may as well settle that point we have been discussing. Mr. Lewis resigned to-day, so I have decided to give you his place in the bank."

"But, father, I do not wish to work in the bank; I can not endure that sort of work. As I have said, I wish to be a reporter, and I know that is the only field in which I will be satisfied. Why not consent to my working on a paper?"

"Work on a newspaper! Why, you couldn't make enough to supply yourself in cigarettes and that auto with gasoline."

"Perhaps not at the beginning, but later I will draw a good salary. Besides, my income from the property which mother left me is over twenty thousand a year. Accede to my wishes, father. Ever since I was a boy, I have had a mania for report-

ing. When I was in High School, I went around to all the campaign speeches, jotted down a few notes and brought them home to mother and you. You would laugh and seem to enjoy what I had done; furthermore, when I was on the college paper staff, you complimented me for my work, and now when I ask you to let me carry on that work, nothing displeases you more. Why—"

"That's sufficient Jack, you either go to work in the bank and learn my business, or we separate. I'll have no son dictate to me."

Jack hesitated for a moment, then stretching forth his hand, he said, "Good-bye, father; I'm sorry we can not agree."

Jack knew that newspaper work would not be a bed of roses, but he did not expect to find as many thorns as he did. He was assigned to police station reporting; the work was most desultory. If an important case was called, a special reporter was sent; no chance was given him to demonstrate his ability.

One day Jack was surprised to be summoned to the office of the "chief." This was a dilemma, as it meant that he would either be discharged or advanced. With great timidity he turned the door knob. What if he should be discharged and would have to admit defeat. He hesitated to enter—but he may as well see the editor.

"You are J. E. Barry, the banker's son, are you not?"

"Yes, sir."

"How do you like reporting?"

"Police reporting doesn't appeal to me."

"Then why stick to it? You don't have to work."

"Because I expect to rise."

"Well, young man, I had a letter from your father a few months ago, asking me to do everything to discourage you. I've inquired about your work, and I find that you are capable of something better. Our assistant exchange editor has gone to Denver. How would you like to succeed him?"

Jack was stunned. He had never expected to advance so rapidly.

"I'll do my best, sir."

"Well, I can't expect more; start in to-morrow."

Stock reporting was a new field to Jack.

He knew very little of the market except what he had cursorily read, so his position was rather difficult. For the first five or six months, his success, as the editor clearly pointed out, was not phenomenal. But afterwards by hard study and close observation he quickly mastered the intricacies of the exchange and one day finally blossomed into head reporter.

In some manner his identity became known. As his father was influential in money circles, many brokers, who otherwise would not have deigned to notice him, treated him most courteously. From them he later received points which were not generally given to the press. This pleased the boss, and on one or two occasions elicited a word of praise, all the sweeter because so rare. Naturally, he took great interest in the rise and fall of stock, and he could tell, as a rule, on what ones the greater part of the exchange would be centred, and thus obtain a quicker and more authentic account.

About the middle of November he saw that there would be great activity in wheat in the near future. He obtained all the outside information possible and then went to his friends. All were very reticent on the matter, and from this Jack reasoned that something out of the ordinary was maturing. Besides, John Yates, one of the principal men of the exchange, seemed deeply engrossed in the matter, and from his former campaigns Jack knew that when Yates was at the helm no small storm was brewing. A glance at the western horizon assured him.

Newspapers fairly bristled with the subject. Some contained exaggerated accounts; others showed a few touches of the true nature of affairs, but the four o'clock, or stock edition of the *Evening Standard* always furnished such an accurate report that brokers shook their heads and wondered who was "on the inside."

Suddenly there was an abatement in the wheat market. The crisis predicted by nearly all the papers failed to develop. Then most of them dropped the subject entirely, but any one well versed in the language of the exchange could easily see that the stock reporter of the *Standard* did not consider wheat at a standstill.

Then a remarkable change came over the aspect of affairs. The bulls began to make such plungers that they fairly seemed to run away with the market. Never in the history of the market had any stock risen so rapidly. This demonstrated most conclusively that the plan had been clearly outlined and the crisis was near at hand, since the abnormal rates for the several previous weeks had not been effectually reduced. Jack watched the movements on both sides with the utmost interest. This was to be the greatest undertaking since he had been in the market, and he wished to obtain a most thorough account.

Finally, the eventful day arrived. Jack and his lieutenant were among the first on the floor. By ten-thirty every available seat on the floor and gallery was filled. Wheat continued to rise till it reached one hundred and eighty; there it hung fire. A fraction of a point either way meant ruin to hundreds of men and involved the loss and gain of millions of dollars. Jack keenly watched the indicator for a rise or decline, but in vain. It looked as if the crisis would not come that day. About one o'clock a report came that on account of the shortage of cars only one half of the grain could be delivered. A panic ensued. Men rushed madly to and fro shouting figures. In twenty minutes wheat dropped from one hundred and eighty to ninety-six and was still on the decline. Jack seemed omnipresent; wherever the largest crowd of gesticulating madmen gathered he was in their midst. He hastily but clearly gave orders to his assistant and hurriedly wrote results which he handed to the errand boys. At three o'clock he left the exchange; at four-thirty a complete account of the crisis was in print.

The following day the *Market Bulletin* said: "The *Evening Standard* contained the first, most perfect and graphic account of the greatest crisis that ever occurred in the pit. We do not hesitate to say its stock reporter is among the foremost in the country." This pleased Jack exceedingly; but that which brought unalloyed joy to his heart was a telegram which read:

"Congratulations. Come home. Nothing ever gave me more pleasure than your work yesterday.—Father."

Varsity Verse.

HARD TIMES.

DEAR DAD:

Now can't you send me five?
I need 'em sure as I'm alive;
I'm broke, at least I'm badly bent,
And all my money I have lent
To friends of mine, whom you don't know
Who will, I'm sure, return the dough.
Now listen, Dad,—can't you be fast,
And this will be the very last
Of cash I'll need or want this year;
And please oblige, your son so dear.

DEAR SON:

You know all banks are broke,
And, son, I fell beneath the yoke.
Tight money, son, is all I'm told,
And, son, the banks lost all my gold.
I'm broke, at least I'm badly bent
And all my money I have lent
To crazy fiends of Heinze's fame—
Good coin that I'll not see again.
And, son, you need the cash, you say,
Demand it in an off-hand way.
Those friends of yours whom I don't know
I'm sure that they'll return the dough,
And though I'm broke through Heinze's crash,
I'll send some soon. Your Pa. E. Smash.

J. T. McELHONE, '11.

ACQUITTED.

A policeman whose name was Dunlapping
Once arrested a young goat for napping;
But the case was dismissed,
For the judge did insist
That no kid napping could be kidnapping.
J. H. ROTH, '10.

A STARTLING DISCOVERY.

A popular dame from Bellair
One day found a mouse in her hair;
She screamed loud with fear
And a crowd gathered near,
Then some one said: "Give the Belle air."
W. J. HEYL, '11.

AN IGNORANT YOUNG BRIDE.

There was a young lady from Aix,
Who baked for her husband some caix;
Though he tried to seem pleased
Yet quite soon he was seized
With aix from the caix that were faix.
C. J. MARSHALL, '11.

BRAVE COLUMBKILL.

Jim Harney's friend Columbkil Arney,
Just fresh from the land of Killarney,
Down a dark alley tore,
With a rush and a roar,
On a fellow who tried to kill Harney.
R. R. SHENK, '11.

THE FIGHTER'S FATE.

There once was a young fellow named Wellser,
Who at a bar ordered a seltzer;
He then started a fight,
But a cop gripped him tight;
Next day he was found in his cell, sir.
W. J. MOORE, '11.

SOO-SOO AND ZU-LU.

Soo Soo had a job at the Zoo
Where he married a pretty Zu-Lu;
But she dared to steal pickles
And other men's nickles,
So she's sued, Mrs. Zu-Lu-Soo-Soo.
J. M. FOX, '09.

UNTRUTHFUL HORACE.

A modern philosopher, Dwyer,
Said, "Horace's name would be higher
On the pillar of fame,
If he hadn't the name
Of speaking in tones of a lyre."
P. E. HEBERT, '10.

NOT AN EXPERT.

There was a young lady named Weiss
Who went for a skate on the eiss;
She sat down too quick
In attempting a trick,
So Miss Weiss broke the eiss in a threiss.
C. J. MARSHALL, '11.

A CONNECTED STORY.

A young fellow once asked for the h&
Of a maiden the best in the l&;
Her father said "no,
You've not got a show."
And with that the young fellow was c&.
P. J. HAGGERTY, '10.

A PUZZLING SITUATION.

Two girls married twins in Ark.,
Said one, "When we go to Ard.,
We can't tell which brother
Belongs to the other."
Said the other, "We must take Arch."
G. E. ATTLEY, '10.

IN AFRICA.

Said a bright little Hottentot tot,
"Bah! this fashion is all tommy-rot;
So I'll wear no more clothes
When the summer wind blows,
For they make me a hot Hottentot."
R. L. SALEY, '08.

BRAVE FELLOW.

There was an old Roman named Caesar,
Universally known as a teaser;
When his wife would get mad
And pick up a gad,
You see, sir, great Caesar would seize her.
F. M. GASSENSMTIH, '11.

Essays in Little.

OTTO A. SCHMID, '09.

CHARACTER.

Selfishness seems to be an inherent quality in the make-up of that creature called man. From the day of his first struggle to the hour of his last breath, man fights and strives and slaves for himself. As scarce as oases on the great Sahara are the men who toil for their neighbors as well as for themselves, few are they of applied altruism. When such a one does come and work and win, posterity enrolls him as one of her favorite sons. His work lives, and his name is not allowed to fall into oblivion. Man is a grateful being, amply repaying the benefactor, laying at his feet the token of love, and placing on his head the laurel crown of glory.

The world reveres a great man; it stands in awe before the sublime soul of a Lincoln; it sings his praises and sends his name ringing down the ages, reverberating from generation to generation, ever lighting the world with beauty, ever fulfilling the highest and noblest mission given to man. All the gold in the world can not compare with the fair name and endless glory of a Washington or a Lee. No wealth and no power can equal the blessing resulting from a good deed well done. Howsoever menial the deed, howsoever poor and unkempt the doer, as long as it is done with a good intention and purpose, with the spirit of the soul's best and of Christ, that deed is a priceless gem, raising the mind of the doer and of the world, carrying out the design of an all-wise God.

TRUST.

Trust a man and he will trust you, and keep his trust. Even among thieves, as the old saw has it, there is honor. The leader is leader because he keeps faith with his followers. Why not apply this rule in public life as the thieves do among their own. It is good gospel. It has proved its worth. But we have not applied it very generally. We do not trust our public men! Why? Because we know, or at least we think we

know, they need watching. We feel they are not always the "best" men. If we did put good men in places of public trust we could trust them to keep faith. But what can we expect when we have mayors, governors and councilmen, whom we feel we must watch? How can we be surprised if we are robbed? What can we expect but a "reign of graft," when we accuse our best public men of being scallawags and demagogues? The "shame of the cities" is the logical, or the illogical result, due more to the voter who votes carelessly or not at all than to the officer thus elected. Has a voter a right to expect good work from an officer for whom he votes blindly, not knowing whether the candidate is a tramp, an ex-convict or a reprobate? No! Of course not. If we want clean cities, and fair and square government, we must begin our reform at home; we must cast an intelligent vote.

SIMPLE LIFE.

The "Simple Life" is the slogan of a school of modernists. Do away with the complex idealisms of the past, rid yourself of cant, they say, and follow the example of Abelard in the wilderness. Yes, an ideal doctrine that, the simple life. But when, and how, and where, have its dogmas ever been carried out by a nation of men? True, there are isolated instances in history of such lives: St. Benedict, Abelard, St. Francis. But they are the exceptions in the life of the millions of former ages; a drop in the bucket and nothing more. As long as we have greed we will have corruption and graft and political machines and systems. Self-preservation is the first law of men and of nations. Among men it leads to greed, among nations to war. Socialism will not cure it among men, and the Hague continually fails to cure it among nations. And the deeper our study, the clearer becomes the great gap between the real man and the ideal man, between real life and the so-called Simple Life. The doctrine of the world is a sort of Utilitarianism, perhaps a mild form, but yet nothing else. It is a splendid thing to be one of nature's noblemen, guided by a high sense of justice in all things; it is an easier thing to be like the common man whose chief aim is to win in the struggle with his fellowman.

Friendship.

FRANCIS A. ZINK, '08.

AS ivy to the garden wall
 The human heart adheres
 To mem'ries of a tender kind
 Though they be clothed in tears.

The bond that friend to friend unites,
 Unites the world as well;
 For on its strength we firmly rest,
 In it we safely dwell.

It may grow weak, or from neglect
 Fall into base decay,
 But though the sea between it lie,
 It ne'er shall pass away.

Distrust, or strife, or envy may
 Its concord rip in twain,
 But even from the hottest strife
 It shall come forth again.

And as the years roll on and on
 It does not loose its hold,
 But rather clings with tighter grip
 To mem'ries manifold.

Down and Out.

JESSE H. ROTH, '10.

Frank Murdock stepped into the box amid the raucous and hearty cheers that arose from hundreds of admiring friends in the Templeton bleachers. They were confident of victory, for how could they lose with Frank in the box? And how proud they were of their famous twirler! Didn't he shut out the Gear College star nine the year before with but two scratch hits? And here he was meeting them again to-day with the chances even that he would repeat the trick. Again and again the cheers for the tall, handsome young fellow echoed from the dark old towers in the background as he hurled the horse-hide sphere with speed and control that was amazing.

The game was closely contested. Each player watched with unceasing vigilance for any opportunity that would present itself which might in any way bring victory to his *Alma Mater* and glory to himself. Templeton obtained the lead early in the

game, and the opposing team was unable to fathom Frank's delivery.

It was in the seventh inning; Frank stepped into the box preparatory to making a whirlwind finish and again shut out Gear to the infinite delight of his fellow students. The first man easily fell a victim to his deceptions and gave place to another. But the second was not so easy. Quickly the ball broke in; he swung—crack—and then oblivion. When he awoke he gazed in astonishment at the faces that surrounded him. His hand sought his head. A large lump was rapidly forming. He rose unsteadily to his feet, and amid the cheers from both bleachers again stepped into the box.

What was the matter with Frank? The bases full and only one out. The Gear rooters called lustily to their batter for only a hit that would tie the score; while across from the other side Frank heard his friends and supporters calling, aye, even imploring him to save the day and the honor of the school. He stepped into the box, nodded a sign to the catcher and let drive with all the speed that he could summon. But why didn't it break? why didn't it go wide as he had intended? Instead it floated toward the plate like a boon. He heard a sharp report, followed by a deafening roar. He covered his face with his hands but could not shut out the sight of that disappointed multitude. The captain spoke to him and he passed to the bench—he had lost the game.

A year had passed and again Gear and Templeton Colleges were preparing for their decisive contest of the season. Mass-meetings were called, yell committees organized, and in fact everything that adds to the success of a great college contest was considered. Here and there groups of enthusiastic students were assembled discussing the probable issue of the morrow's contest. "I'll tell you, fellows," said Jack Shaw, "if we don't win to-morrow with Tip Holmes pitching, the management had better cancel next year's game with Gear."

"Don't be too sure about Tip," broke in Dick Stout, the Varsity orator, look at last year—who'd a' thought that Frank Murdock would go up like he did? That was the first game he had lost in two

years. Tell you I'd like to see Frank pitch to-morrow's game. I haven't lost faith in him yet."

"Frank's down and out," retorted the authoritative Jack; he can hardly hold his position now as third pitcher. And what's more, he has only won one game out of six this season. I watched him work out the other day, and really he hasn't got scarcely anything left."

Just then Frank came out of the gymnasium, and with a curt "Howde, fellows," swung off down the street.

"Say, what if Tip should go up as Frank did last year?" suddenly chirped in Brodon, "who would—"

"Aw! don't you worry your poor battered head about Tip," assured Jack; "if he plays out, why I'll go in and pitch myself."

The grandstand and bleachers were crowded, but still a seemingly endless stream of people kept pouring in.

"Say, isn't it a peach of a day," exclaimed Patch, the third baseman, "and jumping Jerusalem, what a crowd there will be! Just look!"

"We do certainly have the darndest luck," half sobbed Captain Long, bursting into the room. Tip's sprained his ankle and will not be able to pitch to-day."

"What shall we do?" "Who'll pitch?"

"Are you sure?" asked several at once.

"Do? what can we do?" answered Long, opening his locker and jerking his stuff out, "we'll have to play without him, that's all. I guess you'll have to work Frank."

So Frank went in to pitch. It was the third inning; neither side had scored yet. Frank had been lucky so far, almost every man had been able to connect, but each time there was some Templeton man waiting. It seemed as though they covered the whole field. But this inning Frank found that the Gear batters were hitting safe. One out and the bases full. How well he remembered the same circumstance the year before. But he was able this time to retire the side with the assistance of his speedy team-mates, before they had made more than one score.

He sat on the bench with his face buried in his hands. Could he last the rest of the game? Why could he not pitch as he had

three years before? Was it because he was down and out? If he could just wipe out the disastrous defeat of—

He never finished the thought nor did he hear the warning cry of his friends. When he regained his senses he gazed at the anxious faces that surrounded him. He was conscious of a dull pain in his head. He had experienced it before, and as before he raised his hand and discovered a rapidly growing lump on his head. When he walked out at the beginning of the next inning he heard his name called by the thousands of onlookers.

He retired the next three batters without them having scarcely struck at a ball. What could it mean? The ball fairly jumped and the speed almost set the catcher wild. As Frank walked toward the bench all eyes were turned toward him. A smile of determination played about his mouth and the awkward stoop had dropped from his shoulders. He was his old self again; he was the Frank Murdock of old, the invincible pitcher of Templeton.

Not another Gear man reached first, but still they maintained their lead, for the Templeton batters could not solve their pitcher's curves and shoots.

It was the ninth inning; the score was still 1-0 in favor of Gear. A man on first and two down. Frank stepped to the plate and faced the pitcher. It was Templeton's last chance and he knew it. His face was unusually white and a queer look was in his eyes. The pitcher read it and instinctively felt worried.

"Three balls and one strike," declared the umpire.

Frank tapped the plate impatiently with his bat. The next ball fairly split the plate, but still he waited. His bat moved nervously behind his shoulder. From the bleachers all Templeton was calling to him, but he did not hear them. The pitcher glancing instinctively over the field delivered the ball. The sharp report that followed was drowned by the deafening roar that arose. For the ball was sailing out—far out—over the left fielder's head and Frank was rounding first base. Pandemonium broke loose, for Templeton rushed down into the field to greet their Frank of old as he crossed the plate into the arms of his happy friends.

The Gipsies.

ALBERT F. GUSHURST, '09.

It was one of those hot days in summer when the small boy, with his mother's permission, or without it, wends his way toward the swimming hole; one of those days when the people in the city long for the country and the shady nooks along some rippling stream; when the country folk hurry with their work in order to get as much done as possible while the good weather lasts. It was, in truth, a beautiful day, and all nature seemed happy.

If, on that day, one stood on the hill above the city and looked out on the long stretch of road, extending as far as the eye could see, he would have seen in the distance a cloud of dust enveloping a roving band of gipsies.

Late that afternoon this unique caravan arrived within a few miles of the city, and began to pitch camp in a small grove of trees near the bank of a stream. They intended to continue on their way to the city early the next morning and there to establish a more permanent camp where they could exhibit their wares, and entice the curious by fortune-telling.

Their tents were pitched in an open space near the bank of the stream, and soon the travel-dented pots were hanging over the camp-fire, and the appetizing odor of cooking viands permeated the atmosphere. The happy and care-free children, both girls and boys, were jumping around in the shallow water of the stream, throwing water at each other, and making the silent woods ring with their merry voices.

The older members of the party sat in groups under the shade of the trees engaged in pleasant conversation, probably discussing the favorable prospects of the next day. Some of the girls and boys were joking together, while others were amusing themselves in romping games. It was a joyous scene, a picture of simple happiness, full of life and love, with the seeming absence of the worries and cares of ordinary life.

Supper was eaten in the simple and rude fashion peculiar to this class of people, and shortly afterwards the sun sank below

the horizon, leaving the place in darkness except for the light of the large camp-fire which had been built in the centre of the camp. All the members of the party were gathered in various attitudes around the fire. Some of the older members seemed to be tired out after their long journey, but the younger ones were the very embodiment of freshness and merriment, the woods echoed and re-echoed with their joyous Gipsy songs, and the ground seemed almost to shake from the vigor of their dancing; then all would be comparatively quiet as some one of the young maidens would gracefully perform some fantasia to the accompaniment of a tambourine. An outsider looking upon this picture of freedom and happiness would almost be tempted to envy the Gipsies, and wish himself one of them. The merriment kept up till a late hour, but finally one by one they began to leave the circle around the camp-fire, and at last all noises ceased and sleep reigned supreme over the Gipsy camp.

Early the next morning this same caravan slowly wended its way up the long hill on its way to the city. The merriment which characterized the members on the day before was still present, but in a greater degree, probably because they were looking forward to an unusually successful day in the city.

Finally, they arrived at the top of the hill, and below them, coming up the narrow road from the city, they could see a band of horsemen with an officer of some kind at their head. They waited to let the troop pass, but instead of passing they stopped, and the officer, who proved to be the Chief of Police of the city, rode forward and ordered the Gipsies to turn back, as they would not be allowed to come nearer the city. The Gipsies protested, but the citizens were obdurate and would not listen to their appeal. Finally, the broken-spirited band slowly turned and sorrowfully began to descend by the way they had come.

Discrimination.

THERE'S surely no time like the present,
If you have occasion to borrow;
But for paying of debts or the doing of work
The best time, of course, is to-morrow.

F. T. MAHER, '08.

Notre Dame Scholastic

Published every Saturday during Term Time at the
University of Notre Dame.

Entered as second-class matter at the Post Office, Notre Dame, Ind.

Terms: \$1.50 per Annum. Postpaid.

Address: THE EDITOR NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC,
Notre Dame, Indiana.

Notre Dame, Indiana, January 25, 1908

Board of Editors.

ROBERT L. BRACKEN, '08	WILLIAM LENNARTZ, '08
FRANCIS T. MAHER, '08	VARNUM A. PARISH, '09
IGNATIUS E. MCNAMEE, '09	JAMES J. QUINLAN, '08
JOSEPH J. BOYLE, '08	JAMES J. FLAHERTY, '08
EDWARD M. KENNEDY, '08	ROBERT L. SALEY, '08
FRANCIS X. CULL, '09	OTTO A. SCHMID, '09
GEORGE J. FINNIGAN, '10	COE A. MCKENNA, '10
RICHARD COLLENTINE, '09	EDWARD P. CLEARY, '09
HARRY A. LEDWIDGE, '09	PETER E. HEBERT, '10

—Three years ago there was not a five-cent moving picture theatre in the United States; to-day, there are about five thousands, and over two millions of

The people attend them every day. Nickelodeon. The remarkable rapidity with which this form of amusement has spread, has called forth the question: "Are these theatres demoralizing?"

Except where the pictures shown are vulgar or indecent, which is seldom the case, we think they have no demoralizing effect. The scenes are very often scenes of life as vivid, beautiful, and instructive as can be found in theatres of the highest class. Such views as "The Passion of Christ," are often exhibited and are very largely attended.

The Nickelodeon seems to have come into existence to meet the demand of people too poor to attend the drama and opera, thus giving amusement to an entirely new class of people. In the slums of large cities, the crowds are greatest. Foreigners, unable to understand English plays, are capable of appreciating the significance of moving pictures. The uneducated get from them new and very often lofty views of life, and thus their minds are broadened. Some

learn here that there are chances in the world for all, and being dissatisfied with their unprogressive life may venture forth with new desires and purposes.

Society demands amusement, no matter how or where it gets it. This new form of amusement takes from our poor over one hundred thousand dollars a day. A large amount; but is it not money that would probably be spent for amusement more harmful? The Nickelodeon, then, keeps large crowds from places far more dangerous.

Having met with universal approval, these theatres bid fair to stay for a long time, perhaps as long as our cities have slums. As long as it is possible to prohibit indecent pictures from being presented, we should be glad that there is such a thing to furnish innocent amusement for the poor classes.

—The increasing number of criminals in this country is becoming alarming. According to recent statistics, the annual cost of crime in the United States is placed

The at two hundred millions of Criminal Classes. dollars, and when we consider the non-productiveness of this class of citizens the burden of crime might be raised several hundred millions per year. This vast amount means a burden on every tax-payer. The cost per capita of crime in the United States is much more than the cost per capita for education. When we consider that the United States spends more money on education each year than is spent in all Europe we can better realize what a serious problem this is and of what importance it is to us.

We know that the criminal does not become a hardened one over night but by degrees. The question of environment has a great influence toward the making of criminals, and a very large per cent of our criminals are people whose parents have belonged to the criminal classes, or children raised in the slums. Can not these children be taught to be upright and respectable citizens? The root of the evil seems to lie in the lack of proper education of the younger generation. Would it not be better to spend more money upon the poor and neglected children than to spend this vast amount each year upon hardened criminals?

—As examination time approaches there is always a great deal of questioning in the minds of the students as well as in those of the professors, as to the value

Value of Examinations. or usefulness of these trying tests, and as to whether the end they serve could not be accomplished by some other method. Upon both the student and professor they place additional work. For the student, examination week is one of hard study, affecting mental and nervous strain; for no matter how studiously he has applied himself, it is almost absolute that a review of matter passed over be made to satisfy the exacting demands of the professor. The latter must endure the tedious labor of carefully perusing the written papers, if justice is to be meted out to all. The week is therefore one of intense application, and leaves the students more or less exhausted. And for this reason it has often been urged that other measures be adopted for discovering the students' progress in knowledge.

But it is doubtful whether anything as satisfactory could be devised. Though they call for strenuous work and nervous strain, they also afford the chance for discipline of self-control and concentration of thought. Many emergencies will arise in life where just such application will be required, and the same ability to stick to one's work until satisfactorily finished will be demanded. Only those who "never give up the ship" receive the mark of approbation from the examiner; so it is in life, and even the "crammer" and "cribber" will find short preparation a help in urgent need. Examinations perform a function in college education which could not well be assigned to any other means. They afford a training which could not well be dispensed with.

—The success of a republic, to a greater or less degree, depends upon the standard of education of its citizens. And still more

the voters in a republic should
A. Government Newspaper. have some knowledge of the workings of their government.

It is generally conceded that many of our voters of to-day are sadly deficient in this respect. In a country where the government is one of and by

the people, there should be quite a degree of intimacy between the government and the masses. The knowledge one derives from the study of civics is not sufficient. To know how things are done is not enough. Conscientious voters should also know what is actually being done in the departments of government.

The proper medium by which the people can keep in contact with the affairs of government, seems at present to be lacking. Congressman Hobson, who won fame by the Spanish-American War, etc., seems to think that a government newspaper is the needed connecting link between the government and the people. An official weekly published by the government for free distribution is what he suggests to Congress. Such a paper would necessarily be non-partisan. The Captain thinks a paper of this kind would familiarize the people with the stupendous work their government is doing. He believes, also, that it would tend to do away with suspicion and distrust.

—The action of the Pennsylvania legislature in investigating the cause of mine disasters is in accordance with justice. The committee is composed of men

Mine Investigations. well versed in mining, and their report is anxiously awaited by the public. During the two weeks before Christmas over a thousand bituminous miners lost their lives, most of whom were married men, and they left their families in poor circumstances. In one of the disasters, this sacrifice of life upon the altar of gold was purely and simply criminal negligence. The dangerous condition of the mine was known months before the calamity; the danger having been pointed out to the company by the foremen, who resigned when no effort was made to improve the ventilation, and thereby counteract the poisonous gases and black-damp. This utter disregard for human life in the struggle for money is abominable, and the sooner the iron hand of the law is placed upon these corporations, and the proper punishment inflicted upon them, the better it will be for those poor struggling individuals, who are deprived of God's sunlight while working in the bowels of the earth, and for the country at large.

Book Review.

CHARACTER TREATMENT IN THE MEDIAEVAL
 DRAMA. By Dr. Timothy J. Crowley, C. S. C. Notre
 Dame, Ind. 1907. Pp. 180.

This work was submitted to the Faculty of Philosophy of the Catholic University of America and merited for the author the degree of Ph. D. The subject is treated in a manner that makes it of interest to the general reader, while the specialist in the drama will find in it a presentation of a phase of his work that deserves the prominence it here receives. "So much excellent and minute work has been done on the Shakespearian school that one would wish an equal zeal had been manifested toward the earlier pre-Elizabethan drama.... I find no author the scope of whose work might engage him any more than incidentally with what forms the main purpose of these pages. My aim is to treat of the characterization, or perhaps, better said, the character-etching in the early English drama." (p. x.)

The drama as we understand it to-day centres about characterization and action, and we are accustomed to credit the Shakespearian era with the introduction of true characterization in such a way as to disregard the beginnings of this view in an earlier period. "On his (Shakespeare's) insight into the laws that govern the will and feelings of mankind, as well as in the intuitive knowledge of the prerogative of human personality and the sanction of human conduct—on this basis, all readers perceive that the greatness of his power in character-treatment rests." (p. xi.) The author asks: "But in the drama before Shakespeare's time, do not like ideas seem to occupy the playwright's attention?" (p. xi.) This question is handled in the single argumentative chapter of the work under the caption: *Characterization in Itself and in its Relations to other Dramatic Elements*.

"To reproduce this activity: the interaction or struggle of reason, will and feeling; to express the various intricate motives back of the intellectual, volitional and emotional acts, as well as the consequences

of these acts or forces and their reciprocal reaction—this is to characterize." (p. 30.) Resting on this definition, the relation between character-treatment in the Mediaeval drama and its perfection in the age of Shakespeare is pointed out. The drama in the Middle Ages was merely in the making, in the embryonic stage, growing however to a greater fulness of expression, so that Shakespeare is regarded as "the direct heir" and the "highest expression of the dramatic spirit of the Middle Ages."

This growth is traced in interesting detail in several chapters. Just what is comprised in this growth, as well as the actual status of the Mediaeval drama is briefly set forth in these words: "From the beginning the drama sought to give expression first to the religious aspirations of the people in supplementing the ritual services. This may be called the Liturgical drama. Next, it presents, in a measure, the ethical history of mankind, the origin of evil, its relation to good, and the struggle between both powers relative to the human race—this is perceptible in the Cycle scenes; and, lastly, the same ethical idea, whose origin and life was shown in the preceding drama, is now brought into closer relation with the individual man, so that he is no longer a passive, though all the while the deeply interested spectator of the struggle, but is become the very centre of the activity, and with him rests the issue of the conflict between the rival forces of good and evil—this was the argument of the Moral plays." (p. xii.) These developments mark the changes in character-treatment in the Mediaeval drama, and are of such a nature as to lead us to expect the more adequate handling they receive from the writers of the Elizabethan era.

We dare say the author sees places where he could advantageously enlarge his treatment or bring out more strongly certain points not too thoroughly understood by the student of the drama, yet these would only be added good points, and are not needed to bring home clearly and convincingly the main contention of the work. The scholarship and accuracy of Dr. Crowley is well known to those who listened to his lectures at the University of Notre Dame, 1906-'07; so we are taking nothing

for granted when we praise the evidence of this spirit throughout the book we have just reviewed.

—We have received from Longmans, Green, and Co. the following:—"A Review of Hamlet" by George Henry Miles, "Delecta Biblica" by a Sister of Notre Dame, and "Parlez-vous Français" by Kathleen Fitzgerald. The first of these is a very readable essay on Shakespeare's great tragedy. The author was a playwright himself, having produced at the age of twenty-four a tragedy, "Mohammed," for which he received the Edwin Forrest thousand dollar prize; he also wrote the tragedy, "De Soto," which was produced by the eminent actor, James E. Murdock. "A Review of Hamlet" is therefore the work of a dramatist concerning the work of a dramatist. It is a sort of running commentary upon the text of the great play, a series of well-developed notes touching upon the action of the play in the order of development; these are, however, knit together so as to preserve the form of an essay.

"Delecta Biblica" consists of a series of biblical texts in the original Latin, arranged in such a way as to be of service for sight reading. The volume is small, embracing only 79 pages, and inexpensive, the price being 30 cents. The work might be used to advantage by students who have had a year of Latin.

"Parlez-vous Français" appears to be intended for children—the character of the illustrations would indicate as much, independently of the use of musical notation. Except for the fact that the vocabulary contains the English equivalents for the French, there would be nothing to make the volume of more service to English-speaking people than to Germans or Spaniards or any other people, for that matter.

—Page's "British Poets of the Nineteenth Century," published by Benj. H. Sanborn & Co., is a volume of special excellence. It contains in double column more than nine hundred pages of selections taken from the works of Wordsworth, Coleridge, Scott, Byron, Shelley, Keats, Landor, Tennyson, Elizabeth Browning, Robert Browning, Clough, Arnold, Rossetti, Morris, Swinburne. In commenting upon the character of these selections it will be sufficient to say that they

embrace practically all the texts ordinarily used by students. However, as might be supposed, these are somewhat abbreviated. The text of Tennyson's "In Memoriam," for instance, is only partial, as is also the case with respect to Byron's "Childe Harold," and others of the lengthy poems which appear. At the same time it must be noted that space has been found for the complete text of Byron's "Manfred," Shelley's "Prometheus Unbound," Scott's "Marmion," Coleridge's "Ancient Mariner" and "Christabel," Keats' "Hyperion," Tennyson's "Guinevere" and "Morte d'Arthur," Browning's "Pippa Passes," Mrs. Browning's "Sonnets from the Portuguese," Arnold's "Sohrab and Rastum," and Morris's "Atalanta's Race."

An excellent feature of the volume is the list of references which is appended to each section of the work. These references are of such a character as to help the student who wishes to do critical work. These critical helps are listed under headings such as,—editions, personal reminiscences and contemporary criticism, later criticism, etc. All things considered, the volume is worthy of much commendation.

—A "Synthetical Manual of Liturgy" is one of the recent publications of the John Murphy Co. It is a translation from the French. It embraces in outline a treatment of liturgical elements such as books, appointments, clergy, calendar; liturgical functions, such as the Mass, sacramentals, offices; also a study of the sacred functions of the liturgical year.

—The C. Wilderman Co., New York, are the publishers of a cheap edition of the New Testament. The volume is small, about the size of the ordinary prayer book, printed on good paper and in very legible type. The price per copy of this edition is twenty-five cents, in cloth binding; there are, however, more expensive copies of the same edition, the price depending upon the quality of binding.

—G. P. Putnam's Sons are presenting to their American patrons the new Cambridge English Classic's edition of John Bunyan's "Grace Abounding" and "The Pilgrim's Progress." The paper and binding and press-work are all that could be desired. The text is edited by John Brown, D. D.

Athletic Notes.

The Varsity basket-ball team defeated the Kalamazoo Y. M. C. A. team last Saturday night by the score of 78 to 8. The work of Maloney while he was in the game was the greatest exhibition of basket-ball playing seen here in many years. Although he played but one full half and a few minutes in the second he threw sixteen goals from the field. His left-hand throwing appears to be equally as good as his right, and in every way he appears to be a wonderful basket-ball player. Wood put up a great game and made several brilliant baskets, as did Dubuc and Scanlon. Burke was all over the field and played a great guarding game. The work of the entire team gives indication that Wabash will have a hard job landing the State Championship this season.

Notre Dame	Line-Up.	Y. M. C. A.
Dubuc	R. F.	Laughhead
Maloney, Fish	L. F.	Kenhouse
Wood	C.	Judson
Burke	R. G.	Eldridge
Scanlon	L. G.	Defreeze

Field-goals—Maloney, 16; Dubuc, 9; Wood, 8; Fish, 1; Scanlon, 3; Burke, 1.

After the game on Saturday night Ray Scanlon was elected captain of the basket-ball team. Scanlon first broke into athletics here as an end on the '06 football team. Last season his injury (a broken leg) put him out of the running for the baseball team, but he will undoubtedly make the Man Behind the Bat this year.

* *

Preceding the Varsity game the second team composed of Fish, Boyd, Kennedy, Escher and Hogan, lost a close and exciting game to the Mishawaka A. C. A. team by the score of 9 to 7.

The game was a fast affair from start to finish, the second team having the better of it until the last few minutes of play. The first half ended 5 to 0 in favor of the Varsity seconds, but in the latter part of the last half the Mishawaka team took a great brace and got away with the game. The Seconds lost largely through their inability to locate the basket, as time after

time they missed their attempts by the narrowest of margins.

* *

BASEBALL.

Coach Curtis has made the first cut in the baseball squad, and the men who are now out for the team represent the best in school. About twenty men will be kept on the squad and two teams will be developed, as the South Bend League team will not train here this year and it will be necessary to have two teams in order that the Varsity can have their practice games.

In the pitching department the prospects are bright. Dubuc and Scanlon of last season's team are on hand and already working hard. Ryan, Attley and Dodge of the new men look good, and Philips and Scanlon also appear to be Varsity material. Behind the bat there are also several good men. Ray Scanlon, Boyd and McDonough are showing well, and in the battery department everything is rosy. Daniels, Burke and McIntyre are trying for first base, and on the way past it might be mentioned that that man Daniels has enough "pepper" for the whole team; he is like the famous Cobb, everything he does he does on the run and is going all the time. Kelly and Munson and McKenna are working around second base, and Maloney and Hogan are picking up the fast ones at short. But one of the most promising things about the squad is the way the outfield of last year's team is working at present in the infield. McKee and Bonham appear to have the call on any of the men in the squad for the infield positions, and Coach Curtis may bring them into the infield this year and put some of the "green" ones out in the garden. Of the outfielders trying for the team Centliver appears to be in a class by himself and should make good. Everything points to a winning team, and with such men as Coach Curtis and Captain Brogan to handle the men, every man on the squad may be sure that he will get all that is coming to him, and if he can deliver the goods he will get the position.

TRACK.

Not much doing in the line of the cinder-path men at present. Coach Maris has a number of good men at work, but as yet

has not permitted any of them to cut loose. About the second week in February an inter-hall meet will be held, and in this way the coach can pick out the most promising men and start them to work in earnest for the coming indoor meets. Meets with Wabash, Indiana and Wisconsin may be arranged, but as yet nothing definite has been settled with regard to them.

"Long John" Scales appeared in a suit this week for the first time, and will start training for the high and low hurdles. Cripe, maker of last year's team, also made his appearance this week and started to work. It is too early yet to predict much for the team, as they have not been given a test, but they look good, and Coach Maris will undoubtedly turn them loose at the proper time. The prospects are brightened somewhat by the fact that an unusually large number of candidates are practising in the effort to make places on the team.

Lecture by Doctor Hall.

A year ago last November Dr. Winfield Scott Hall lectured at the University. Last Wednesday he came to us again. To say that his lecture a year ago accomplished in a bounteous degree every good result which was anticipated, and even more than that, is to say what was to be expected this year. No one was disappointed in Dr. Hall, and no one will be disappointed in him. What he had to say to the students will long be remembered, just as any splendid helpful lesson is likely to be long remembered. The fact that Dr. Hall is Dean of students at Northwestern Medical School and that he conducts his course of lectures in addition to the work connected with the aforementioned office would mean much under any circumstances; but that he takes this secondary burden upon his shoulders not for the ordinary purposes which lecturers have in view, not for gain or popularity, or in pursuit of any of the material goods of this world, but rather for the purposes which animate the true philanthropist, is something which should earn for him the gratitude of all who have the privilege of listening to him. Dr. Hall will not be forgotten at Notre Dame.

Personals.

—The Notre Dame Club of New York City is to give a ball on February 22d.

—George Stuhlfauth, '00, is successfully engaged in the manufacture of electrical appliances, with headquarters in Chicago.

—Robert Fox, '01, and his brother Oscar, '07, are successors in business to the firm of Fox, Hite & Co., at Fort Wayne, Ind. Oscar was a recent visitor to the University.

—José Luis Requina, '07, has a good position as assistant engineer in the electrical department of the Compania Electrica e Irregadora of Hidalgo, South America, with headquarters at Pachuca, Mexico.

—George W. Hiner, student at the University '85-'87, was a welcome visitor last Tuesday. George is connected in business with the Zimmerman Co. of Cincinnati, his home being at Lima, O., where there are, he says, a very large number of old Notre Dame boys. The plan of organizing the graduates into an alumni association takes into consideration the formation of Notre Dame clubs apart from the association, the purpose being to bring together a large number of those who attended the University for a few years, long enough to become attached to the institution, but not long enough to be enrolled among the graduates. There are about a hundred of the old boys living in the neighborhood of Lima, sufficient to form a strong Notre Dame club. This year is looked to as one to be especially dedicated to the work of organization.

Obituary.

We have received the sad intelligence of the death of George Lechleitner, who was a student at the University three years ago. He died at his home in Rochester, New York, last week. During the time he was at Notre Dame he was a popular student in St. Joseph's Hall and an industrious member of the class in civil engineering. The news of his death will come as a shock to all who were acquainted with him. His sorrowing relatives have the sympathy of the faculty and students of the University.

NOTICE.

The following Communication carries its own explanation with it:—

COLUMBUS, Jan. 18, 1908.

REV. MATTHEW SCHUMACHER,
University of Notre Dame,
Notre Dame, Indiana.

DEAR SIR:—At the last meeting of the Ohio Board of Pharmacy, held on January 13th, 1908, after hearing a favorable report from the committee appointed by the Board to visit your University, this Board unanimously voted to recognize the College of Pharmacy.

Very truly yours,
F. H. FROST, *Clerk.*

Local Items.

—The lettering on our new cover is to be credited to Professor F. X. Ackermann who has on more than one occasion similarly merited our thanks.

—Found.—Before Christmas a watch and watch case, a fountain pen and a number of pairs of beads; since Christmas a fountain pen and a pair of skates. The owners may obtain their property from Bro. Alphonsus.

—The Brownson Glee Club has elected new officers for the remaining four months of the year. Mr. Thomas Hughes was chosen president; Frank McBride, secretary-treasurer; J. Wilfred Ely, director; Edward McDermott, pianist, and Thomas Havican, sergeant-at-arms. The club is rehearsing regularly twice a week for an entertainment to be given early in February.

—Last Sunday evening the Corby Hall members of classes D and C in English organized a debating club, with officers for the ensuing two months as follows:—Raymond Dougherty, president; Gerard McKinnie, vice-president; Cornelius Burke, secretary, and Lawrence Langdon, critic. Addresses were made by Dr. Delaunay and Mr. Langdon. The formation of a special society of this kind will greatly improve the work which Corby Hall is expected to do in the forthcoming inter-hall debate.

—On Thursday evening, January 16, the Brownson Literary and Debating Society held its regular meeting. A very interesting program was rendered as follows: Sketch of General Grant by Walter Duncan, "Barbara Fretchie" by Bernard Lange, Napoleon the Great by Grover McCarthy. A debate on the question: Resolved, That the governor of a state should not have the power of pardon, was won by Messrs. William Moore,

Herbert Keefe and Reed Parker, who upheld the negative side. The affirmative was supported by Messrs. John Ely and George Sands. Messrs. T. Maguire, C. Cleary and A. Gushurst, who acted as judges, addressed the society, after which the meeting was closed with a few remarks by Professor Farrell.

—The Civil Engineering Society will meet to-night at the usual place. A full attendance is looked for, inasmuch as the work of the society is to be regarded as particularly helpful to all who are making the right kind of preparation to be properly trained for the practical experiences of the practical civil engineer. Last Saturday the society held its first meeting after the holidays. The program included the reading of four papers which dealt with questions of the hour. One of these was by Mr. Angel Caparo, who discoursed upon the history of the Panama Canal. He gave a history of the undertaking from its inception down to the present time, indicating the character of the problems involved in this gigantic work and indicating in outline what the future has in store for the builders of the Canal on the one hand and for the development of commerce on the other. Mr. John Berteling presented a paper dealing with the utilities of astronomy, making the study one of practical value to the members of the society by pointing out to them methods of applying in a practical way the knowledge obtained in pursuing a study which is at once so charming and so seemingly devoid of usefulness.

Dominic Callicrate presented an entertaining account of engineering structures now in process of execution, indicating in a very thorough manner the extent and character of such enterprises as are now engaging the attention of the public in this field of activity and presenting a consideration of the practical problems involved. Gustavo Trevino read a carefully prepared paper upon the history and development of the storage battery, indicating the extensiveness of the field of present application and the extent of probable development in the future. Meetings of this kind are of the utmost importance to the young man who has a live interest in his profession, and this is said by one who is not a member of the society,—one of the character of those who under other circumstances may be looking for the man who can solve practical engineering problems and may judge of the individual applicant for position by the degree of interest which he has in the live problems of the day and therefore by the prominence which he takes in the special meetings of engineering men who are interested in the discussions of the live problems of the day.