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Saint Patrick.

PATRICK J. HAGGERTY, '10.

ON Erin's verdant coast in days of old
Where Christianity from shore to shore
Was then unknown, and pagan worship bore
The fruits which now adorn the Christian fold;
A youth by God commissioned, fearless, bold,
Implanted in the land of druid lore
The germ of faith divine, and kept guard o'er
The little germ until it gained firm hold.

Deep rooted like a great old giant oak,
Whose grasp is held so tight that strong winds fail
To stir its base, or move it by their stroke,
The Faith Saint Patrick planted breasts the gale
Of fierce oppression, and the blows of time,
At home, abroad, no matter in what clime.

A Plea for the Immigrant.

EDWARD P. CLEARY, '09.



EARLY three centuries have passed since that memorable Thanksgiving which found a huddled group of colonists hugging the storm-swept shores of New England. Three hundred years have come and gone since this land first reached forth her welcoming hand to the oppressed from across the seas, and, with the love of a mother for the new-born child, pressed them fondly to her breast. With thankful words and valorous hearts these exiles from a cruel land knelt beneath the canopy of the Most High and breathed in simple words the fervor of their souls. "May this fair land," they prayed, "remain

forever the abode of justice and of peace. May her shores be for us a refuge from oppression and strife, and may we find within her fertile hills the Christian freedom and liberty which are our inheritance."

This prayer, simple as it may seem, sent its echo far across the distant seas, and was taken up in joyful unison by every nation. Thus like a mighty river whose stream rising among the distant hills and valleys and gathering strength as it slowly winds its way along, now bursting forth in an angry torrent, now rushing wildly down the cañon, pouring its wildest volume into the open sea, has the tide of peoples come forth into this land. At first a scattered handful torn by strife of kings, hither direct their way; then a hundred others join them in their flight; forward they march with hearts all throbbing. Motherland is left behind, and a country's crown of fair ones leave her for this new-found shore. Forth with youth and strength and courage comes this mighty tide of men; forth from every nation's cradle they spring with one accord. From the white cliffs of Albion, from the land of grape and vineyard, from the sunny skies of Italy, from Erin's shores of green, pours, in ever-increasing volume, the very essence of the nation's life blood.

We pause for a moment to gaze upon the motley throng, as onward they hasten to their goal, forgetful of the past, with a future bright with hopes. We ask ourselves why they come when other lands would seem so fair? What folly sends them forth to battle with the stubborn world, while suffering and trial, hardship and privation await them at every turn—to leave the

land which brought their fathers and grandfathers into the world, which nourished them in their infancy, the land whose history bears the hallowed deeds of mighty generations, around whose every tree, mountain, lake and brooklet there cling the memories of their nation's glory? What motives would tear them so cruelly away from their native shore? It is in order that they may reach this land of peace and plenty, this spot formed in liberty's name; the land where justice and freedom, religious and civil, opens before their eyes; the land whose very name breathes the air of right and truth—America, where every path leads through opportunity, where every man, black or white, brown or yellow, rich or poor, stands side by side; America whose proud name has yet to feel the sceptre of conquest's sway; the land which cast the gauntlet at the kingly feet and swore to live in freedom.

To such a land the immigrant has come in search of life. To this blest spot the children of the earth are hastening. Day by day the mighty throng pours in upon the land, bearing on its way the inheritance of the past. The glories of the ancient Greeks, the splendor of the East, the blood of Raphaels and Angelos, the sturdy Norse, the thrifty Celt, the polished Gaul, the hardy Gael—each and all blending coherently together the habits of Occident and Orient under the clear blue of America's sky, under one flag, have assembled the children of the earth. In the country of their adoption they are born again into a new life, with new hopes and new aspirations. Forgetting the trials and sorrows of former days, free from the tyranny of oppressive rule, and nourished by the pure air of freedom and liberty, they take on a new spirit, a spirit which can be found in but one spot on earth,—the spirit of America. They become in the real sense true Americans. In their hearts are found such sentiments as are befitting a loyal son of so great a race.

America has drawn the seed of her civilization and progress from foreign shores and planted it in ground most fertile where it has grown and thrived; at first, tender and delicate, but finally bursting forth into the full bloom of the new man. From the waning empires of the East has

been formed the powerful republic of the West.

Many there are among us who have voiced themselves against the influx of other races; many stand in fear and trembling as they behold from their snobbish heights the souls, in number as the sands of the sea, pouring in from every side—"like a scourge," they assert, "sweeping over the land and dragging us to ruin." But alas! they heed not the cry of their ancestors who once sailed across the seas and knelt at America's threshold. They see not the pages of our country's history covered with the deeds of bravery and valor of the foreign-born American; men whose lives were offered up that we might live in the America of to-day. How little of prosperity would our country possess to-day if we had not received with open arms the thousands and thousands of souls who have striven with all their power to place America first among nations. What vast resources would have remained unfolded through hundreds of years, while countless multitudes were denied the rights of their inheritance, and which, even to-day, with our immense population, have only been touched.

The coming years, like those which have preceded them, shall bring to light boundless possibilities in this land, and vast numbers of workers there must be to develop them. America's standard must be maintained. Our country's welfare depends on the utilization of her resources. Her future will require not only the industrial element produced domestically, but the material which the whole world must furnish.

Instead of selfish and un-American ideals, let us look forward to the future with the assurance that this nation shall prosper as no nation has done before, that her influence shall stand supreme among the powers of the world. Let morality and education be the standards by which our citizens, and those desirous of becoming citizens, shall be judged. Let unjust discrimination find no echo in the halls of our representatives or in the hearts of our people, and let us pray that justice and liberty be shown towards all, so that our nation may forever hold that title which she has so long held among the peoples of the world—"The home of the brave and the free."

North Wind.

HARRY A. LEDWIDGE, '09.

ARE you filled with the breathing of battle,
The thunder and roar of the fight,
The boom of the guns and the rattle
Of rifles, and fear and of flight,
The shrill of the clarion calling
For heroes to do or to die,
Where the human sea rising and falling
Scatters scarlet for spray far and nigh?

Hear it tremble and halt in its pleading,
Beseeching, imploring in vain;
Hark! the shouts of the victors, the bleeding,
And tremulous moan o'er the slain,
The rhythmical tramp of the legions,
A dying man's agonized cry,
Break forth when like wolves from their regions
The winds of the north hurry by.

How they rage as with lust for the slaughter,
And haste o'er the snow-sparkling plain.
Does Odin once more send his daughter;
Is Valhalla still hungry for slain?
How they babble and murmur, then thunder,
And sink into silence once more!
Ah, the rage and the riot of wonder,
Intangible phantom of war!

How it fills with unspeakable longing
To ride on the sweep of thy wings,
Through spaces and avenues thronging
With music and songs that it sings!
Why compel with the pulse of thy passion
My spirit to hasten with thine
On wings that thy threnodies fashion,
Great winds of the north divine?

White Rose.

JESSE H. ROTH, '10.

Seated deep in his arm-chair gazing into
the brightly blazing fire, the once famous
Dick Carrington, novelist and playwright,
smoked in silence that was broken only by
a few words and a fond caress that he be-
stowed now and then on the dog stretched
out on the soft rug beside his chair. Lazily
the blue rings ascended from his pipe, but
he only settled himself the more comfort-
ably in his chair.

At length after the fire had almost died
down he seized another small log and tossed
it upon the glowing embers. Then filling his
pipe from a jar on the table at his elbow,
he sank back and watched the fiery demon

at work. Slowly at first the thick smoke
curled around the log and, like a lazy school-
boy, hesitated and then wandered up the
chimney. The man, wrapped in his rich robe
and a thick cloud of blue smoke, saw not
this but tier on tier of faces rising before
him watching every movement and listening
intently to every word that fell from his
lips. Years had passed since that night,
but so vividly was the scene stamped on
his memory that it seemed but an exceed-
ingly short time. It was there that he first
met Her. Gradually the other faces faded
from view until only her face remained as
he saw it that night. She wore no orna-
ments save a single white rose thrust into
her golden tresses. As the smoke grew
thinner the face became more radiant and
the eyes a deeper blue. How his heart sang
as he remembered that afterward in the
solitude of his room he thrust the single
white rose into a vase on the mantelpiece.

The smoke grew thinner, in fact only a
faint trace now arose from the fiery arms
that were rapidly enveloping the log. The
faint light fell upon a face that bore the
marks of a long, hard fight,—a face that
looked very thin in its frame of gray hair
that fell down over his shoulders. A faint
smile played about his firm mouth as the
unsteady flicker fell upon him.

In fancy he was again walking over the
sunlit fields and at his side was his "White
Rose," for such he was wont to call her.
How splendid she looked that morning as
she swung her sunbonnet and chatted gaily.
He led her to a shaded knoll at whose foot
murmured the wise old brook which smiled
and passed on.

Again they were gliding down the lake
in the moonlight. He played his mandolin
and she sang. How happy they were, and
how quickly the hours passed and he found
himself on his way back to the city.

The old log, half-burned, sputtered in
indignation, but the fire only leapt the
higher. The old man rubbed his shins in
sheer comfortableness, and the dog, dis-
turbed by the heat, moved away from the
fire and found a place more suitable to
continue his slumber. The scenes of his
youth passed before his eyes with kaleido-
scopic rapidity.

He stood facing her father, a white-haired

old country gentleman whose views of life were like those of all men of his time and environment, exceedingly narrow and radical. How the old gentleman fumed and sputtered and tore his hair.

"No," he cried, "never will a darter o' mine marry an actor, a good-for-nothing city chap. No, not as long as she remains under this roof; and she'll remain here until I choose otherwise."

Still raging he turned and walked away, and the young man, after a moment's hesitation, started toward the road that led to the station.

The log, nearly burned, fell apart on the andirons, and a shower of sparks ascended to the chimney, leaving a mass of glowing, quivering and trembling embers.

In the silence and solitude of his room he sat immovable before a letter, her last, which lay spread out on the table before him. Little did he heed the clock that ticked off the seconds late into the night, or the wind that shrieked and moaned by turns without. Why should he care now, she—his White Rose—was lost to him. Despairing of receiving her father's blessing, she had forsaken all and had sought solace in a nearby convent, there to eke out the rest of her uneventful life cherishing his memory to aid her in her task.

A few coals still glowed upon the hearth, but the old man remained seated staring with unseeing eyes at the almost dead ashes before him.

He passed down an avenue lined on both sides by graves, each marked with a plain cross. He stopped before a freshly-made grave. Long he knelt as the tears streamed down his cheeks. With a heart almost bursting with its unspeakable anguish he placed a large wreath of white roses on the still damp clay, and with bared head walked away through the gathering twilight.

He had paid his last tribute to his White Rose. He arose; the fire had long since ceased to burn. On the cold stones lay a handful of charred ashes; his pipe was lying where it had fallen on the rug. The clock struck a very late hour. The dog aroused from his slumber stretched himself.

"Jack, you're the only friend I have left," he sighed, and he brushed the tears away with the back of his hand.

A Skiving Incident.

RAYMOND A. RATH, '08.

(After the German.)

Last week as I came home via Ullery's, I was suddenly confronted by a tall man with a smoky countenance. He wore no shoes; his feet were like the cloven hoofs of a prehistoric mammalian. Before I had time to die, or get bald, or lose my eyesight, or shrivel up, or turn into cereal,—he shouted: "How do you do, Mr. Sambo; where hast thou been, my son of Anna Goldman?"

"I—I—am not—I was—a-hunting rabbits, that's all."

"Hum—m!" He quaked like a seismic disturbance. "But" he said, pointing to my gun, "what have you here?"

"O," said I, gathering my scattered wits, and focusing them. "This here? Why this is my pipe, your majesty and princship."

He looked interested. "I've been out of the smoky regions for some time. I've a craving; pray is she stuffed?"

Such familiar language made me bolder, and I replied. "Yes, indeed, just take the pointed end into your mouth, while I light her up below."

Having sprung this suggestion, I felt for a moment greater than Edison, greater than Marconi, greater than Napoleon, for I knew that in another moment my ingenuity would begin to reap immortal glory for having blown Satan out of the universe.

He grabbed the barrel, or, as he thought, the pipe stem. He brought the long barrel to his lips. They were whitish-gray, like fire bricks; while his teeth were as one red piece coiled (one above, the other below) like too fiery snakes behind his lips.

He pulled.

I pulled.

"Bang!"

Well, what do you suppose happened?

He spat the whole charge of shot, wad and all, back into my face, saying with an ineffable grin of mockery:

"Sambo, that's strong tobacco."

Then he leaped into the air and straddled the little cloud of smoke that had been created by the discharge, and drifted toward Chicago.

Varsity Verse.

AN OLD MAN'S DREAM.

WHEN the light of day has died
Over yonder on the plain,
It is then my heart grows sad
With the pangs of longing pain.
For in dreams in darkest night,
I have viewed with silent awe,
I have heard the endless song,
As the mystery I saw.

Far within those golden gates,
Where the heart with rapture thrilled,
I had heard a voice most sweet,
And my cup of joy was filled.
Though I gazed not on the form,
As the voice fell on my ears,
Still the memory will soothe
In my last declining years.

For I know that far away,
In that land beyond the shore,
That sweet voice again will sound
In my ears for evermore.
Where the rich and poor unite
In the mansion of the blist,
Where our weary soul's reward
Is to have eternal rest.

As I sit beside the grate,
And the coals die one by one.
Every dying coal proclaims
That my course is nearly run.
How I long but for the day,
When that voice will call to me,
And my weary limbs shall rest
In that land beyond the sea.

P. J. HAGGERTY, '10.

DELIVER.

"Take this," said the boss, "and deliver"—
"I can't," said the boy with a quiver.
"With slush on the ground
And rain all around,
It goes pretty hard on deliver."

W. J. HEYL, '11.

A SCENE.

There once was a fellow from Patterson,
Who fought sixteen rounds with a hatter's son,
But he hadn't a punch
While his "pal" had a bunch,
So he fled then with only some tatters on.

T. A. LAHEY, '11.

STUDIES IN AGRICULTURE.

If Illinois raised all the corn,
And wheat would Michigan adorn
While Oklahoma oats would sow,
What kind of grain would Idaho?

F. M. GASSENSMITH, '10.

THE PESSIMIST.

He grumbles in the morning,
And he grumbles in the night,
He grumbles in the darkness
And he grumbles in the light.

He's angry at the weather
When it's rough and cold and drear,
And he's angry at the sunshine
If it happens to appear.

He is sullen at his labor,
He's grouchy at his meals,
And you'll always hear him murmur
When you ask him how he feels.

He eyes you with suspicion
When he hears you speak his name,
And he always thinks you're cheating
When you play an honest game.

When he gets up in the morning
He makes an awful fuss,
And while the bell is ringing
He does nothing else but cuss.

He'll grumble while he's living,
And he'll grumble when he dies,
If he doesn't gain admission
To that "mansion in the skies."

ENVOI.

Don't grumble, grouch and murmur,
And try and look so gruff,
'Cause it shows there's something lacking,
That you haven't got the "stuff."

CHARLES C. MILTNER, '11.

A BIRTHDAY OWED.

Sixteen!

Aileen?

Well, did you ever!

Great Scott!

I thought

She'd own it never.

But, stay!

They say

Girls like that age,

And plead

Indeed.

'Tis life's best page.

In fact

With tact

Some hold it long,

And tell—

Oh! well,

They know 'tis wrong.

And so,

You know,

For many a year

Aileen

Sixteen

May still appear.

A. J. O'Kerr.

Erin's Dawn.

PETER P. FORRESTAL, '11.

THE true light of heaven has dawned on our nation,
And Erin's Apostle communes with his God;
No more shall the Druid or child of Baal station
His idols where Christ's great ambassador trod.

Crom Cruach is shattered; the power of Baal broken,
His groves once held sacred no more to be seen.
And naught of those days now is heard but what's
spoken

Of Erin's Apostle and shamrock of green.

The fire which Saint Patrick on Tara once lighted
'Midst princes assembled their gods to adore,
Although many hopes of her sons have been blighted,
Still burns in our isle as it used to of yore.

Ah, Patrick, look down on thy children in sorrow,
For basest detraction their character taints;
Then send not the clouds of to-day on the morrow,
But visit with blessings the Island of Saints.

Moods of a Student.

E. M. KENNEDY, '08.

He was seated in his Morris chair one evening studying philosophy; and the more he pondered over the questions, the more muddled his brain became.

"Why the dickens didn't that old fellow croak before he had time to put such thoughts into writing? Whoever heard or dreamed of such a theory as he advocates? Why, it's worse than anything old Dowie ever said, and we think he's daffy. And to make us study such 'dope' as this, it's simply preposterous. Well, here I go for another attempt, and then"—But the sentence was never completed, for just then his glance met the picture of a young lady who adorned his desk.

"Yes, it's three weeks since I've heard from her. Well, if she doesn't wish to write to me it's immaterial—I suppose I'll survive. I'll drop her a note telling her what I think."

Seizing his pen and writing pad he wrote:

"MISS ALISON:—Have been expecting a letter from you for the past two weeks, but have failed to receive any. If you did not wish to write to me, why did you not inform me? It would have mattered little to me. Noticed by the paper that you and Jack Harney led the cotillion for the

Colonial Club. I suppose you are giving too much attention to him to write to me.

"ROBERT E. NOLAN."

Hastily addressing the envelope he searched through the tablet for a stamp. On the same page with the stamps there was an unopened letter. A glance at the writing was sufficient. The other letter was thrown in the scrap-basket.

"I called you a fool, Sophicitus, but I apologize. I believe I'm the biggest fool in the country. Wouldn't I have been in a predicament, if I had mailed that letter! And to think I could have been jealous of Harney! I guess I'll have to change my brand of tobacco if it acts that way. Moreover, how did I write such a letter. I might have known there was a mistake somewhere. But it's all right now. I'll be home in a few days and I won't have to think of letters for a couple of weeks. But I wonder how that letter ever got in my pad? I don't—"

Again his thought was interrupted, this time by a knock at the door.

"Come in. Oh, it's you Bill; sit down."

"No, thank you. I haven't time. Just dropped in to tell you that when you were in town last week I took your mail and put it in that tablet. Forgot all about it till now. I'm sorry about it, Bob, but—"

"That's all right, Bill; don't let that worry you. But if you ever do a trick like that again I'll throw you out the window." "But come on, have a cigarette. There goes the 'wink,' so no prefect will be around and we can enjoy a little smoke."

The Snowbird.

EDWARD P. CLEARY, '09.

A THOUSAND angry gusts and snowflakes gray,
Precede the flutter of your tiny wings,
And ever through the stretch of lonely day,
A welcome wish from me your presence brings.

With chirping cheer and joy-bespeaking sound,
Beneath my sill, on every branch of tree,
In sheltered nook, you forage fruitful ground,
Or frolic in the drifts from care so free.

Inspiring bird, what hope and cheer you bring
The myriad-troubled souls that hear your voice;
Of winter's blast we freely crown you king,
With you in song henceforth we will rejoice.

Fairyland.

THOMAS A. LAHEY, '11.

PRAY, little maid of four summers' bloom,
 What do you see in the evening's gloom?
 Why do you gaze with that far-off look,
 Down where the shadows by yonder brook
 Hide in the willow trees growing near?
 What do you mean by that look of fear,
 Maid of the wistful eye?

Ah, now I see; 'tis your fairyland.
 This is the night when the goblin band
 Roams in the fields and the darkened wold;
 This is the night, for the moon, I'm told,
 Fails to appear when they prow! about.
 List, did you hear their hellish shout,
 Maid of the wistful eye?

We can not see as the children do,
 Fairies and goblins and witches too;
 We do not know of the woodland sprites,
 Playing their pranks on the moonlight nights;
 We are denied all those sights so fair.
 Oh, how I envy your gift so rare,
 Maid of the wistful eye.

Pilate's Remorse.

JAMES KEHOE, '11.

Pilate sat alone in the council chamber,
 his head bowed, his face flushed, his whole
 attitude that of a man who has passed
 through many hours of deep worry. Sud-
 denly he aroused himself and tried to shake
 off the thought that was slowly wearing
 away his mental strength.

"I am a fool to trouble myself about that
 man," he muttered; "he was a blasphemer
 and deserved death." Then he recalled his
 wife's message: "Have nothing to do with
 that just man." Was it possible that he
 was innocent, that a just man had been
 crucified? The thought tortured him; but
 do what he would he could not shake it off.

Again he seemed to see the Nazarene
 standing before him, so simple, so humble
 and yet so noble; those gentle eyes, yet seem-
 ing to pierce his very heart; that mouth so
 firmly but gently closed; his whole attitude
 more befitting an emperor than a prisoner
 and blasphemer.

On the other hand he saw the angry mob
 demanding the victim, threatening his own

life and the life of the entire nation if they
 were refused. Was it not better that this
 man be sacrificed than that he should be
 murdered and the whole land be plunged
 into war? How glad he was that he had
 declared himself innocent of the victim's
 blood, that the guilt would fall on the Jews
 and not on him. Consoling himself with
 this thought he retired.

In a dream he found himself standing
 before the throne of justice. Around him
 were all the gods, silent and mournful.
 But who was that standing beside the
 Judge? It was the man he had crucified, a
 Nazarene, but a God. His heart sank in
 his breast as he waited the inevitable. Now
 the Judge began to read his doom:

"You, Pontius Pilate, Governor of Judea,
 because you have given the son of man to
 be crucified, you shall be cast into everlasting
 torture."

When the Judge finished there was a mur-
 mur of applause, but it was interrupted by
 the crucified one.

"Father," he began, "though this man
 has done me a great wrong, I ask you to
 pardon him; his courage would not permit
 that he do otherwise. Let him go back to
 earth and have one more trial."

He tried to speak to tell them it was not
 for himself that he feared, but his tongue
 would not form the words. He was power-
 less to defend himself and must return to
 face the world again, to be called a coward
 and a murderer. With a groan he fell
 upon his knees, begging them to permit him
 to remain. Thereupon the entire assembly
 rushed forward, and after dragging him to
 the gate cast him out of heaven. As he was
 about to be hurled forth, the voice of his
 Victim cried out:

"Father, forgive him, he knew not what
 he did." With these words ringing in his
 ears the terrified man sprang from his bed,
 but seeing where he was, buried his head in
 his pillow crying:

"Gods of Rome! why did you permit me
 to meddle with that man."

Truth and Honor.

Dissembling is indeed an art,
 But honor's his who plays no part.

F. A. ZINK, '08.

The Prodigal.

F T. MAHER, '08.

O THE years, the vanished years!
That have left me all alone
With my heritage of tears
And the wilding growths I've sown—
All my laughter has departed
And the stars shine dim and lone.

Now about me comes the night
And I search the distant way,
Like some bird in homeward flight
At the closing of the day;
Gloomy shadows round me hover
Like to gruesome birds of prey.

From the past, the darkened past,
Many a spectre, grim and gaunt,
Stares my frightened soul aghast,
Though it dare not cry Avaunt!
For the haunting shapes that hover
Bear some comfort though they haunt.

Whither leads the way I roam,
Never yet by mortal trod,
To a wilderness?—a home?—
Where the yew and cypress nod?
Will my soul yet find a haven
In the bosom of its God?

Crummer's Last Run.

DENIS A. MORRISON, JR., '10.

Jim Mitchell, the round-house foreman, was "up in the air." News had come by the latest wire from Stockton that an "extra" with forty carloads of Texas steers was due shortly after 37, the regular local freight, pulled out. A crew had to be collected for the train, but it is not easy to get a train-crew on such short notice. Jim came puffing over to the round-house from the yard-office.

"Here, kid," he said to the call-boy, "take these orders with you and rout out anyone you can find for this train. Doyle," this to the under boss, "go down and take a look at the 613. Bill's done washing her out, and she's dead cold, but we've got to use her. Get a fire in her quick, and put on the blower as heavy as she'll stand it."

Engine No. 613 bore a bad reputation among the railroaders of the east end division. Only six months before, while Dick Marshall was starting a fire in her

with the oil-burner, the oil leaked and started a blaze which would have ended in the destruction of the round-house, had not a providential rainstorm intervened. On another occasion her injector refused to work. Luckily, the engineer jumped in time, but the fireman was cooked to a turn before he knew what had happened to him. These incidents and others showed 613's bad temper, and nobody wanted to have anything to do with her. She was a hoodoo, and such things are dispensed with as much as possible among railroaders.

After repeated effort, the call-boy succeeded in recruiting an entire train-crew, with the exception of a fireman. This he reported to the foreman.

"Call Crummer," said Jim. "He's taking his rest now, but he's a pretty willing boy." Turning to Doyle, he continued. "That Crummer's all right, and don't you forget it. He'll show up."

And Crummer "showed up." Half an hour later, rubbing his eyes, and stretching his arms, Crummer walked into the foreman's office. He was a tall, straight young fellow, with a stalwart frame and an engaging look of youth in his face. He had only lately returned home from the Philippines, where he had seen active service "chasing niggers," as he termed it.

"Well, Jim, what time's she goin' out?" he asked cheerily.

"Oh, you've got lots of time," responded the foreman. "613's a washout to-night, and she's run cold. I guess you can crawl in hay awhile yet."

An hour later a hoarse whistle resounded from the turn-table, and with grinding wheels and steaming cylinders, No. 613 emerged slowly from the round-house. Out beyond the clinker-pit she rode to the water-tank and the coal-chutes. Then, having received a full supply of water and fuel, she backed gradually into the waiting line of cattle-cars.

"Fine night, Jerry," Crummer said to the engineer, as he climbed into his place. The latter replied in a gruff affirmative. Engineers are seldom talkative, and never when they are on duty. But his young blood was pulsing strong with the glow of life in the vitalizing air of the night. Above the stars shone, and a resplendent moon

looked down, bathing the landscape with soft light. Plying the shovel with the vigor of reserved energy, Crummer felt that it was good to be alive on such a night as this. Soon the yards were left behind and the Mississippi rose in view.

Calm with a peaceful majesty, not a ripple on his glassy surface, the lordly Father of Waters presented an inspiring view. Far out in the channel some clam-diggers were plying their nocturnal trade in silence, adding a mystic glamour to the scene. Slowly the lumbering train thundered over the long bridge, and then sped forth into the undulating prairie lands of Illinois.

Jerry Haskins was uneasy. He knew 613's past record, but had never before been in charge of her, and, to say the truth, he didn't like it. On this night she was acting badly, and though he did not confide his fears to the fireman, he was anxious to reach Wever, the end of the trip. With the fireman it was different. He was new to the business, and besides did not believe in worrying over something he could not put right. So on and on the train rolled, now through a sleeping village, now past long stretches of ripening fields or intermittent patches of standing timber. Smithfield was reached, and the greater part of the journey was over. But the worst lay yet ahead. Some distance beyond Smithfield was a long, difficult incline known as the Smithfield Hill. Jerry Haskins knew that if this hill could be passed without mishap he could trust his engine for the remainder of the journey. But his fears were ever present.

"Give her a lot of coal," he shouted to the fireman. "I reckon she'll keep you pretty busy for the next few minutes." And a faint flicker of a smile crossed his stolid face as he watched Crummer heave the coal into the seething furnace below.

"Laboriously the train plodded up the steep grade. Industrious as the fireman wielded his shovel, the indicator refused to record another pound of steam. Alarm was visible on the engineer's features as he made this discovery. He moved quickly now, trying to discover the cause of the trouble. The injector was working all right, but the water,—ah! the water. As he looked at the indicator he saw that there was not a drop of water registered

where but a moment before there had been full two inches. Instantly grasping the full meaning of the situation he closed the throttle, threw on the air-brakes, and shouting a quick warning to the fireman, prepared to jump. But it was too late. Crummer stopped, standing in front of the open door of the fire-box with the full glare of the blaze in his face. Beads of perspiration stood on his forehead and trickled down his cheeks.

But even as he stood comprehending the engineer's gesticulations, a huge roar was heard. The engine trembled, her cylinders gave forth a rasping groan, as that of a man dying with thirst, and as Crummer stood, rooted to the spot with terror, the hot fire before him rose like a seething and screaming fiend and hurled itself through the open door upon him. He screamed aloud with pain as the burning coals pierced his garments, and he struggled futilely to elude their deathly embrace. But it was over in a moment, and as the train came to a halt at the breast of the hill, Crummer tottered and fell forward in a crumpled, dead heap.

The train men ran forward to find out what was wrong, and saw him there, his flesh burned into a mass almost beyond recognition, his eyes though glassy in death still retaining the agonized expression of intense pain.

Jerry Haskins was found twenty feet from the engine, insensible, with a broken leg and contusions on the head. He had been literally blown that distance by the terrible force of the explosion.

Number 613 was taken to the back shops to be repaired, but when she came from the hands of the machinists, looking spick and span in a new coat of black paint and graphite, she was received with curses from the men. No engineer would handle her, and though now her type is out of date she stands to this day on the lonely spur-track, a derelict, shunned and detested by all.

A Consolation.

Every day that brings a sorrow
Has a corresponding joy;
Every day there comes a morrow
Which will please us, or annoy.

D. A. O'SHEA, '10.

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Notre Dame, Indiana, March 14, 1908

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—On looking over the lists of the best-selling books for the months, we are surprised to find the recurrence of the same authors' names at such short intervals. We are surprised at the machine-like prolixity of many of our contemporary authors, which enables them to score a hit with the public, two, three, and even four times in the same year. When we recall the accounts given of the old masters working months and years correcting and revising a single manuscript for publication, and then giving it to the world, often to meet even then with rejection, we are amazed at this modern state of affairs. It would seem that the change can be accounted for only in one of two ways: either the modern author must be far superior in the literary craft, or the public must be more easy to please.

We can not conclude that the former is true. A critical comparison of the modern novel with the novel of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries shadows our contemporary authors into insignificance. In completeness of plot, in clearness of style, in

every point of technique, particularly in character portrayal and development, they are far outclassed.

We can account then for our problem only by saying that the reading public of to-day is more easily pleased. Our mercantile life has to a large degree diverted the trend of intellectual activities from their proper sphere, and has concentrated them on more sordid pursuits. To a very large extent the patrons of our libraries read for recreation only. Creative and critical study is left to the scholarly critic, whose opinions appear regularly in the closing pages of literary journals which reach only those of his own class. Unfortunately, his class is not large enough to pay a liberal annuity to the author, while the applause of the multitudes is echoed by the jingling of dollars. Accordingly the critic's judgment is not consulted, and the author, like the aspiring politician, lends his ear only to the *vox populi*. The absorbing necessity is to please, and artistic merit is left out of the balance.

—System—where have we heard that term before? It must have been in connection with Thomas W. We will not essay

to argue system with Sir Copperdom, that were folly, but we will say that one of the most essential factors in life, and especially college life, hinges on this same word—system. Show us the college man who has system in his work, system in his play and system every day of his life, and we will show you the successful alumnus, the successful man of affairs. Twentieth century living does not merely approve system, it demands it, and demands it from the very housetops. Know to-day what you are to do to-morrow, what you are to do the next, a month hence; then do it and do it right. Each day will take care of itself, and the thousand worries incidental to procrastination together with the innumerable swarm of petty college trials, will vanish like mist before the bright sunshine. Now is the time to begin, not to-morrow. Inject system into your college career, and when you step out into the arena of worldly strife you will have an asset which will win more than one powerful struggle in the years which are to come.

—Not so very many years ago it was considered a rare sight to see a skyscraper even in our large cities. Now we can not pass through the business district of any of our large cities without noticing numerous buildings all the way from ten to forty stories in height.

The Singer building in New York City, which is over forty stories high, eclipses all previous records for lofty buildings. While this Singer building is much larger than the average building of any large city, still plans are on foot for several structures which will be even larger than the Singer building. The prediction that the country would have such skyscrapers in nineteen-hundred and eight, if made a quarter of a century ago, would have been passed by without giving it further thought, for no one expected such wonderful advancement to be made by the master constructors.

The question now arises where is this to end? Has the skyscraper reached its limit, or does the hand of progress point still higher? Where ground is so valuable, as it is in our large cities, the skyscraper is sure to be pushed to its maximum; for every additional story means greater returns for the capital invested.

—Nearly every year we witness some new course being added to the number already taught in our American universities. Since the consular service of the United States has been placed under the civil service, many of our educational institutions have begun to develop a course particularly adapted to fit men to serve the United States in the capacity of consul. Another course that has developed in the last few years is the one in finance, preparing men for commercial pursuits, especially the banking business.

The working of librarians is now considered of sufficient importance to require college preparation, and many of our higher institutions of learning are installing a course intended to fit men and women for that occupation.

Still another pursuit which has, during the past twenty years, begun to demand college preparation is agriculture. For some

years only State universities offered such a course, but lately other schools are considering the advisability of establishing a course of this kind. The wonderful resources of our country in this line demand such a course of instruction.

The change of the attitude of people in general throughout the country during the last twenty-five years in regard to the necessity of a college course as a preparation for the different phases of human activity, is remarkable. It used to be thought that only the professional man needed such a course, for others it was considered a waste of time. Year by year we find a larger per cent of college graduates going into business—the mercantile business, the banking business and manufacturing. Who knows what change the next twenty-five years may bring? It may be found necessary for a man to have a college education in order to succeed in any kind of business.

—The time is fast approaching when we will be given opportunities to yell and cheer for our baseball team. Nothing makes a game more enjoyable or more exciting than good rooting and good yells; besides, when the game is going against a team,

nothing does more to put new energy into the men and help to win the game than the sound of a good college yell coming from the throats of loyal supporters. At present we have several yells which are good enough for ordinary occasions, but they lack originality. We have no yell which is not similar to the general run of yells in other colleges; we have no yell which is unique with us; we have no yell which may be called clever, or which may be pointed out as belonging exclusively to us. We should have a yell of which we may be proud, one with a special flavor of Notre Dame. We should have a yell that would vibrate with the spirit of our school. We should have a yell which would not only sound well but also be original. The right kind of college spirit demands that the college yell should not be used with entire selfishness. To give the college yell of your opponent is a commendable act.

Athletic Notes.

NOTRE DAME, 49; INDIANA, 36.

The Varsity track team defeated Indiana University in the first indoor meet of the season last Saturday by the score of 49 to 36.

The meet was close, and every event proved interesting. Notre Dame led all the way with Indiana always a close second. It looked for a time as though the affair

winning the mile run from Dana in the slow time of 5:03. Both men are capable of much better time, and the race was disappointing, owing to the fact that the time was so slow. Easch set the pace, and Dana followed him. On the last lap both men sprinted, but the Indiana man had the most left and won. Johnson defeated Moriarty in both of the hurdle events. For some reason Moriarty did not show the form he has displayed in the inter-hall meets against Scales, and the Indiana man beat



THE VARSITY BASKET-BALL TEAM.

would be decided by the relay, as all of the inter-hall meets have been, but Daniels' win of second place in the broad jump put the Varsity on the safe side before the last event was run. Notre Dame made a clean sweep in the dash, Captain Keach and Cripe taking both places. There was some dispute over second place in the dash, but there is no doubt whatever that the place was won by Notre Dame.

Easch started scoring for Indiana by

him handily. Cripe and O'Leary upset a little dope when they defeated Bonsib, the Indiana crack in the quarter-mile. Cripe won the event in 54 4-5 seconds, and O'Leary out-raced Bonsib for second place. The time was good and is the fastest that has been made in the Gym for three years. With Johnson out of the pole vault, Moriarty had an easy time, although Miller gave him a good fight for a green man.

The half-mile run was the best race of the

afternoon, and occasioned more excitement than the whole afternoon's program. Easch, who was in to set the pace for Bonsib, fell on the first turn and threw Devine, Notre Dame's star, out of the running for a few seconds; but the Notre Dame man gathered himself quickly and soon caught up with the leaders. Hutzell set the pace and hit a fast clip for four laps, with Bonsib running second, Dana third and Devine in fourth place. On the last lap Dana jumped into the lead and Devine and Bonsib fought it out for second place. Up to the last thirty yards Dana led, and then Devine and Bonsib both passed him, Devine winning the event by inches.

The relay race was Notre Dame's all the way, McDonald jumping into the lead on the start, and each man in turn, Allen, Cripe and O'Leary, keeping it. O'Leary ran a great race and increased his lead about ten yards.

Johnson of Indiana was the largest individual point winner, capturing 15; Miller of Indiana was second with 13, and Moriarty of Notre Dame was third with 11. From the start Coach Maris has made; it is reasonable to expect Notre Dame to show something in the State Meet this year.

Summary.

Forty-yard dash—Keach, Notre Dame, first; Cripe, Notre Dame, second. Time, :04 4-5.

One-mile run—Easch, Indiana, first; Dana, Notre Dame, second. Time, 5:03.

Forty-yard low hurdles—Johnson, Indiana, first; Moriarty, Notre Dame, second. Time, :05 2-5.

Four hundred forty-yard dash—Cripe, Notre Dame first; O'Leary, Notre Dame, second. Time, :54 4-5.

Forty-yard high hurdles—Johnson, Indiana, first; Moriarty, Notre Dame, second. Time, :05 4-5.

High jump—Miller, Indiana, first; McDonough, Notre Dame, second. Height, 5 feet 7 inches.

Sixteen-pound shot put—Miller, Ind., first; Daniels, Notre Dame, second. Distance, 36 feet 9½ inches.

Pole vault—Moriarty, Notre Dame, first; Miller, Ind., second. Height, 10 feet ¼ inch.

Half-mile run—Devine, Notre Dame, first; Bonsib, Indiana, second. Time, 2:08.

Running broad jump—Johnson, Ind., first; Daniels, Notre Dame, second. Distance, 21 feet 1¼ inches.

Two third mile relay race—Won by Notre Dame: Time, 2:18 2-5.

* *

Coach Curtis has had the baseball squad out doors this week for the first time this season. The first few days of out-door work were spent in catching flies and batting. On

Thursday morning the squad was divided, and the first game of the season was played. At present all the new men are tearing the cover off the ball, as the pitchers are taking things easy fearing sore arms. Weather permitting, the practice games will come often now and the baseball fans can witness a game nearly every day.

* *

Munson made the first home run of the season in Thursday's game.

* *

Manager McGannon has troubles of his own with the baseball schedule. The Eastern trip is nearly completed, but the at-home schedule is causing plenty of trouble. Illinois, Minnesota and Wisconsin will not appear this year. Illinois has refused Notre Dame a game this year; Minnesota is not coming this way, and Wisconsin's faculty will permit them to play but seven games. In former years Notre Dame met at least six of the big nines and, incidentally, generally won most of the games. Many things have arisen this year to break up the old customs, and the chances are that very few of the big teams will appear here this year. Chicago and Michigan may be landed, but as yet no date has been agreed upon.

Lecture by Gilbert McClurg.

"O Brave New World of Texas" was the title of the lecture delivered in Washington Hall last Thursday evening by Gilbert McClurg. During the course of two hours Mr. McClurg entertained his audience in a most pleasing and instructive manner. He has a splendid collection of pictures relating to the history and development of the Lone Star state, and these were presented in rapid order. No one can attend Mr. McClurg's lecture on Texas without feeling that the largest of our states is a most wonderful country. If anything might be mentioned in particular as a conclusion to be drawn from the lecture it is the fact that in few parts of the United States are there such grand opportunities for the agriculturist. Mr. McClurg's lecture was in many respects the most satisfactory of the illustrated lectures that we have had this year.

Doctor Monaghan's Lecture.

No reception could be more genuinely gratifying to any of our public lecturers than was that which was tendered to Doctor J. C. Monaghan when he appeared in Washington Hall last Wednesday afternoon to deliver a lecture before the students on the meaning of the present social discontent and its causes. His subject was "Anarchy," and his treatment of it was that of a master lecturer. He described in the first place what was the origin of government; he showed in what way different forms of government have developed; he painted a scene the pigments of which were taken from Tolstoi; he described the influence of such men as Voltaire, Diderot, and Rousseau; he compared the upper tenth with the lower tenth; he indicated what might be taken as a cause for tendencies toward anarchy in the social and economic elements of our own national life; and finally he emphasized the importance of the teachings of Christ as the antidote for the evil tendencies of the age.

Doctor Monaghan is not only admired by the students, but holds a high place in their affections. It is well understood that he is one of the most zealous workers for the advancement of *Alma Mater* and that he has a personal interest in every student. Few men have the power to inspire such devotion as Dr. Monaghan gets from the faculty and students.

The Annual Notre Dame Hop at New York.

The Notre Dame Club of the City of New York held its first annual hop at Lotus Hall, New York City, on the night of Feb. 22, 1908. The dance was attended by old and young alumni of the University. The married graduates, Anthony Brogan, Thomas Reilly and Frank Cornell, had their wives with them,—such charming helpmeets, too,—and the unmarried sons of *Alma Mater* were the joyous escorts of sweet young ladies, who, it is fair to conjecture, will become brides in this leap year of Our Lord.

Everybody danced. Ambrose O'Connell, Ernest Hammer, Walter Joyce, Paul McBride, and Frank Eyanson looked after engagements for the dancers, introducing backward youths to pretty girls and filling up their cards. There were no wall flowers. William K. Gardiner sang two solos by request, and was accompanied on the piano by Miss Anna McGlynn. At the intermission the male

portion of the assembly got in a ring and gave the college yell with a snap and volume that would have delighted some of the old yell-masters of the gridiron. The affair was a success. Everybody met everybody else. Everybody wants to meet everybody else again. Some of those that met at the dance will meet for tea, for instance, in Brooklyn next Sunday evening. After that theatres, parties—oh! this is Lent. Well, after Lent.

Brownson Entertainment.

An entertainment was given by the Brownson Literary and Debating Society and the Brownson Glee Club on Monday evening, March the 9th, when the following program was rendered: Song, "Stars of the Night," Brownson Glee Club; The Strenuous Life, John C. Sullivan; Father's Way, Richard B. Wilson; Vocal Solo, "I'm Tying the Leaves So They Won't Come Down," William J. Moore; Roosevelt, the Hunter, Darney A. Kelly; The Dreams, Frank L. Madden; Song, "Solomon Levi," Brownson Glee Club; Imperialism, George W. Sands; The Soul of the Violin, Claude A. Sorg; Song, "The Soldier's Farewell," Double Quartette: Messrs. S. Dolan, C. Bentley, E. McDermott, A. H. Keys, W. Moore, L. Maloney, J. Dixon, C. Fuchs; Humor in Daily Life, Henry A. Burdick; Ashes on the Slide, James B. O'Flynn; Vocal Solo, "Smile, Honey, Smile," Rudolph L. Siewertsen, accompaniment by the author, Joseph A. Artis. Patriotism, Justin J. Maloney; Baritone Solo, "When Vacation is Over," Carl E. Fuchs; My Neighbor's Baby, Brother Alphonsus, C. S. C. Song, "My Bonnie Lies Over the Ocean," Brownson Glee Club. Mr. Moore rendered his selection in his usual pleasing manner and the appreciation shown speaks well for his future success in this rôle. Mr. Sorg's interpretation of the Soul of the Violin showed his unusual ability as a reader and was probably the most enjoyable number of the evening. The talk on Patriotism by Mr. Maloney was exceedingly fine and the topic was treated in a manner most entertaining. The Society is indebted to Mr. Artis for his active interest in its work. He is an accomplished musician of South Bend and the numbers he gave were very enjoyable and added greatly to the program. The program as a whole was a decided success. Every number was greeted with hearty applause and created more than a favorable impression. Those who had the pleasure of attending are earnest and unanimous in the expression of their opinion that it was the best entertainment given this year in Brownson.

Local Items.

—The first "V" of geese has passed over on their way north.

—Found—A fountain pen. The owner may get same from Bro. Alphonsus.

—Father Delahanty celebrated the 56th anniversary of his ordination in a quiet way last Thursday.

—Seen on the Sorin bulletin board: Game wanted for the 17th—the Irish against the world, the Dutch preferred.

—Many Brownsonites are taking advantage of the beautiful mornings by walking out into the country before breakfast.

—Glad to see that Duffy, the St. Joe track man, is around again after having been laid up with an attack of appendicitis.

—Lost.—A gold-banded fountain pen of Fountagraph make. Finder will kindly return it to Brother Just in Carroll Hall.

—Some "wall flowers" still cling to the reading-room and smoking-room during recreation despite the beautiful weather.

—George Washburn and Charles Murphy have returned again to Brownson Hall. Illness has detained them at home since the Christmas holidays.

—The Carroll Hall track team had a try-out Monday evening, the selection of representatives including all who won first, second, or third place in any event.

—The Irish and Dutch of Corby Hall will cross bats in a game of ball St. Patrick's Day. Frank Roan will have charge of the Hibernian aggregation, while Carl Pick will manage the wooden shoe contingent.

—Considerable success has been attained in the development of congregational singing during the services in the church. Those hymns with which the students seem best acquainted are sung with splendid effect.

—Two bulletin board announcements reported from St. Joseph Hall: No. 1—The Dutch will meet in the "rec." room immediately after breakfast. No. 2—The Irish will meet in the "rec." room immediately before the Dutch.

—The Corby Hall track team will hold a meet with the South Bend High School on next Saturday afternoon in the big Gym. Manager Huztell is also trying to arrange a meet with the Hyde Park High School of Chicago, to be held in that city.

—During the hard times resulting from the panic a number of the worthy poor of the neighboring city have been receiving food from our kitchen. Every day nearly forty members of different families come with baskets and carry away enough food for about two hundred persons.

—The "Short Pants Kids" is the name of a new organization in Carroll Hall, each member being circumscribed by the regulation implied in the title of the society. B. Marr is president, H. Armstrong is vice-president, J. A. Fordyce is secretary, J. McIver is treasurer, and G. Schuster is manager.

—The students of all the halls are taking advantage of the fine weather we have had lately to get the full benefit of out-door exercises, especially in baseball practice. Some have taken to jumping, pole-vaulting, and weight-throwing. A few mopes are still burying themselves in the stuffy air of the reading-rooms.

—The lakes at Notre Dame are as high as they have been at any time in years. The upper lake is overflowing into the lower one in a large and noisy stream. All the low places between the two lakes are covered with water; the Holy Cross baseball field is entirely under water, much to the discomfort of those who would use the field these fine days.

—The menu card used at the first annual dinner of the University of Notre Dame Club of Philadelphia is a work of art, but from the enthusiastic accounts sent by the members it was of no higher scale of excellence than the entire evening's experience. Some people in Philadelphia may be slow, but—there are also some Notre Dame people in Philadelphia.

—Contributors must bear in mind the fact that articles of any kind intended for publication in the SCHOLASTIC must bear the signature of the writer, even though the signature is not to be published. Communications that are wholly anonymous will be consigned to the waste-basket, no matter how meritorious may be the essay or poem or editorial or personal or local item which the writer presents.

—Last Tuesday evening the candidates for the freshman debating team in Holy Cross Hall held a preliminary try-out to select five speakers for the final contest which was held last night. The seven speakers who took part in the exercises Tuesday evening were listed by decision of the judges in the following order of excellence: F. Wenninger, T. Lahey, C. Miltner, B. Mulloy, W. Carey, J. Donahue, W. O'Shea.

—At a meeting of the Social Science Club held Tuesday evening, the following officers were elected to serve till the end of the term: A. F. Gushurst, president; R. T. Coffey, vice-president; D. A. Morrison, Jr., secretary; M. Juraschek, sergeant-at-arms. The club has enjoyed a very prosperous season under the efficient leadership of Mr. Fox, and the new régime is ushered in under the most favorable auspices.

—Last Friday evening the Engineering Society had the pleasure of hearing Dr. J. A. Nieuwland's lecture on Primary Cells. Dr. Nieuwland illustrated his lecture by constructing a simple type of a primary cell, showing the chemical reaction between the electrolyte and the electrodes, also showing the strength of electro-motive force a cell of this type would produce. On Friday evening, March 20, J. L. Batlle will present a paper on the Incandescent Lamp and its Lighting Abilities.

—At the last regular meeting of the University Faculty arrangements were made whereby the department faculties might assemble fortnightly and consider individually the work of each student with whom the members of these faculties come in contact in the class-room. In carrying out this plan the Director of Studies has held meetings of the faculty of arts and letters, the faculty of science, and the faculty of engineering. The case of delinquent students is considered minutely in these meetings, and in special instances the individuals who fail to do satisfactory work are summoned to appear before the faculty with which they are registered.

—Besides the members of the staff there are several others who are concerned in preparing matter for our columns each week. The responsibility for the writing of the editorials rests almost entirely upon those who are assigned to membership on the staff. Local news is looked after largely by Messrs. D. Morrison of Sorin Hall, J. Deerey of Corby Hall, R. Skelly of St. Joseph Hall, W. Moore of Brownson Hall, and C. Tyler of Carroll Hall. Any person who has news for the local column may confer with the reporter designated for the Hall in which he resides. Personal news about former students will be received by these reporters or by any member of the staff.

—Derrick, the "Dome" jokesmith, will be pleased to receive contributions from any unknown funny man who has a few laughs up his sleeve. Derrick is somewhat worried on account of the present inactivity in the fun-factories. Coffey's latest war-cry is, "Down with the Reds!" This sounds unpatriotic coming from Mr. Coffey, but we have heard that he has a special abhorrence for all things Eye-talian. Ryan and Dreamy Seanlon are working on a pantomimic sketch entitled, "Pete Griffin, the Bold and Belligerent Buccaneer, or Who Stole Pam McIntyre's Tooth-Powder?" The ambitious and energetic young authors expect to complete the play in time for a grand opening on St. Patrick's day in the morning. Price of admission a cigarette paper, wheat-straw preferred. DeClercq is weeping because the snow is gone. He used to cut up just awful,

and then go shovel off his demerits when he thought no one was looking.

—At the last regular session of the Notre Dame Moot-Court a jury refused to grant \$1000 damages in favor of John Bookman against the Indiana Northern Traction Company. Bookman, who is a student at the University, boarded a Notre Dame car at the Post-Office on November 7, 1907. He tendered a ten-dollar bill in payment of his fare. The conductor informed the young man that he could not change the bill and asked him if he did not have some money of a smaller denomination. Upon being informed that it was all the money the young man had the conductor requested him to borrow five cents from one of the students on the car. This Bookman refused to do and became very abusive. The conductor signalled the motor-man to stop the car, and he then proceeded to eject Bookman. Bookman resisted the efforts of the conductor and assaulted him. The jury was out for some time, and it was thought they would disagree. Bookman was represented by Woods and Walker. The Traction Company was represented by Nebel and Quinn.

—On the 17th of this month the Philopatrians will present "Hamnet Shakespeare," a play which was written by our former professor of elocution, John Lane O'Connor. The author of the play is at present associated with the western company of "Parsifal," now touring California in the capacity of leading man. The play has for its theme the death of Hamnet Shakespeare, the only son of the great English dramatist. Five years ago the same play was presented in Washington Hall and was most favorably received. The following is the cast of characters:

Hamnet Shakespeare.....	Norton Burt
William Shakespeare.....	W. R. Tipton
Aaron Hathaway.....	J. F. Nugent
Willie Hart.....	W. P. Downing
Bob Bunch, Servant to Shakespeare—	R. H. Bowels
Players in Shakespeare's Company	
Ned Burton.....	B. F. McLain
Wat Brewster.....	L. M. Livingston
Diavolo, Chief of the Gypsies.....	M. D. Fanning

Gypsies

Adriano.....	F. J. Donahue
Jeppo.....	J. L. Parks
Bozzo.....	C. P. Schickler
Roberio.....	C. J. Tyler
Karpo.....	H. W. Prendergast
Pedro.....	H. A. Duffy
Edwardo.....	E. A. Moynihan
Elvino.....	M. S. Dillon
Luigi.....	R. H. Wobles
Giovauni.....	J. A. Hubbell

Hamnet's Companions

Tom Brown.....	W. F. Cody
Dick Norman.....	M. Gumbiner
Harry Hall.....	J. S. McIver
Jack Lee.....	J. W. Schwalbe
Bert King.....	G. A. Milius
George Barns.....	J. M. Fordyce