

# The Notre Dame Scholastic

· DISCE · QVASI · SEMPER · VICTURVS · · VIVE · QVASI · CRAS · MORITVRVS ·

· F · X · A ·

VOL. XLII.

NOTRE DAME, INDIANA, OCTOBER 24, 1908.

No. 6.

## Childhood Dreams.

THOMAS A. LAHEY, '11.

*WHEN daylight fades and even's shades  
Advance in serried numbers,  
The things that are retreat afar,  
And leave us to our slumbers.  
Ah, then it seems that childhood's dreams  
So rich, so soft, so tender,  
In silence roll across the soul  
Bedecked in magic splendor.*

*Oh mem'ries sweet, thy spectral feet  
Trip oh so very lightly;  
Yet jewels rare gleam everywhere,  
Beneath thy steps so sprightly.  
And tho' the tomb reflects its gloom  
Upon old age declining,  
The youthful days in dream-gemmed rays  
Give life a silvered lining.*

## The Jeffersonian System.\*

FRANCIS X. CULL, '08



It is claimed by Jefferson's friends that he was only true to the most fundamental and grandest of all his principles, and he had sacrificed all others to this one. He believed primarily in the will of the people. The Constitution demanded his respect in so far as it formally expressed, and substantially advanced that good. Here was an extreme case, where the

Constitution and public weal were at variance, and consistency with his primary principle demanded the sacrifice of his secondary principle. Consistent or inconsistent, Jefferson's popularity only increased as the years of his term went by. Peace and prosperity prevailed everywhere, and the people, well satisfied with their condition, became more and more devoted to their President. The nation did not concern itself too critically with the connections of cause and effect; the public did not examine into the broad underlying causes of the universal prosperity, but, with the simplicity of political faith, attributed it to the wise administration of their newly chosen chieftain, when in reality the most efficient cause lay in the natural development of the country and the soundness of the financial policy which Hamilton had inaugurated. Jefferson was shrewd enough to take all the credit for the prosperity, and in consequence the popularity of his party increased tenfold, while the Federalist party shrank into insignificance. Some few Federalist organs still assailed him with unrelenting vigor, but their accusations fell unheeded on the ears of a people satisfied in an abundance of this world's goods. Jefferson was their idol, the champion of their liberties, the president of the common people. Had he not preached economy, and reviled the financial policy of Hamilton? And now were not expenses curtailed, internal taxes reduced and the national debt almost extinguished? Had not Jefferson always desired peaceful relations with foreign countries, and was not the country now free from any annoyance or anxiety growing out of foreign affairs?

\* Thesis submitted for the degree of Bachelor of Philosophy.

What more could be asked of an administration than that it bring peace and prosperity to the country at large? With supreme self-reliance and with firm faith in the soundness of his principles and the wisdom of his policy, Jefferson was ready to enter upon a second administration, confident of continued success and popularity.

But success is a fleeting thing, and a policy that may be sound to-day may be utterly foolhardy to-morrow. This is a truth that Jefferson was soon to discover. At the close of February, 1804, the Republican members of Congress held a caucus and nominated Jefferson for re-election. At this time they felt strong enough to throw Burr overboard, and accordingly they chose George Clinton for vice-president. Jefferson willingly accepted the nomination, although he had formerly denounced the idea of a second term as approaching too near Monocracy.

Great as Jefferson's popularity was, a party so large and so omnipotent as was the Republican can not be expected to remain too long free from intestine feuds. Already rifts began to appear which were soon to widen into chasms, and the party of Democracy was to be hopelessly and forever sundered. Followers of Burr were indignant over his displacement, and the Eastern states were getting disgusted with the Virginian domination. Nevertheless, when the time came for voting, the Republicans stood firm and gained an overwhelming victory.

In addition to the internal dissensions, there were foreboding indications of international troubles becoming every day more apparent. England and France were engaged in a war that involved, more or less, the entire civilized world. Both countries seemed determined to tolerate no neutrals. England was doubly vindictive to the United States because of the rapidly growing commerce of her quondam colonies. In defiance of all law and justice, American merchantmen, and even men-of-war, were seized on the high seas, their sailors impressed, or their cargoes confiscated. Protests were received with contempt or answered with ironical rebuff.

Jefferson was helpless to take any action against these wholesale depredations. In

December, 1805, he wrote: "Our coasts have been infested and our harbors watched by private armed vessels, some of them without commission, others with those of legal form, but committing piratical acts beyond the authority of their commissions. They have captured in the very entrance of our harbors, as well as on the high seas, not only the vessels of our friends coming to trade with us, but our own also. They have carried them off under pretence of legal adjudication; but not daring to approach a court of justice, they have plundered and sunk them by the way, or in obscure places, where no evidence could arise against them, maltreated the crews, and abandoned them in boats in the open sea, or on desert shores without food or clothing."

The President saw but two ways of combating this difficulty: England was the chief aggressor. England must be forced to desist either by mercantile pressure, or by war. He had a horror of the latter measure, and although in the opinion of most persons of the present day, war would have been entirely justifiable, he chose the former. His first scheme was to prohibit the importation of certain articles from Great Britain, or articles manufactured by British firms in other places. This measure was carried into execution, but it worked poorly. In less than a month after its passage, the English warship *Leander* fired into an American coaster, near Sandy Hook, and killed a man. The President ordered the *Leander* out of American waters, and directed the arrest of the commander.

Outrage after outrage was committed on American shipping, but Jefferson, always hopeful of an amicable adjustment, dallied away his time in fruitless diplomatic bickering, while the American flag and American honor were being dragged through a slough of insult and humiliation the like of which has never been experienced before or since. It has often been said that had he ceased his prattle about peace, reason, and right, and shown a fair amount of spirit; if he had even hectorred and swaggered a little, England would soon have come to terms; or at least, it would have precipitated the war five years earlier and saved the nation the ignominy and disgrace of those years. His

only effort at preparation for war was the construction of a fleet of small gunboats,—play-house flotillas of an amphibious variety which were to be kept in sheds out of the rain and sun, and carted down to the sea when the nation needed defense. These toy gunboats were to contend with the fleets and crews which had won the fight at Trafalgar, shattered the French navy at the Nile, and battered Copenhagen to ruins.

The Non-Intercourse act having proved a failure, and the country being even more exasperated by the outrageous Berlin and Milan decrees and orders in council, Jefferson felt that it was time to play his last trump card. Accordingly, in a message to Congress he set forth a plan for a permanent embargo, hoping, that by bringing pressure to bear upon the English people, the government would be forced to a recognition of America's rights. This was exactly what Canning, the British minister, wanted most. Jefferson was playing right into his hands. His policy had been a deep and lasting one, its chief aim the destruction of American commerce. England, at this time, was mistress of the seas and jealously regarded any competition in the carrying trade of the world. The war with France was engaging her attention, and American ship owners were taking advantage of the interim to build up a shipping trade. Canning wanted that trade destroyed, and Jefferson was helping him to achieve that end.

The embargo was passed without much opposition in Congress, but it met with a different reception from the nation at large. The manufacturing cities of New England protested vigorously, and many of the officials delegated to enforce it resigned rather than carry it into execution. In England the results were quite different from what Jefferson had expected. True, much suffering was caused among the laboring classes, but Parliament turned a deaf ear to their protestations. Napoleon, with sublime irony, ordered the seizure of all American vessels, to assist, as he said, the American government in enforcing its law.

Plainly, the embargo was a failure, and Jefferson had exhausted the last measure short of war. Peace measures had been unsuccessful, the country was incensed, and commerce permanently crippled; war was

the only alternative. With but a few months of office tenure left, Jefferson did not wish to inaugurate any new policy, the fulfilment of which must devolve upon his successor. He withdrew his active interest from the matter, and let the difficulty adjust itself as best it might, thus virtually retiring from service several months before he was legally relieved.

Never was a President more eager for retirement. He had grown old in the service, and was wearied with its cares. In spite of the failure of his latter schemes, Jefferson's popularity suffered little diminution. He was still regarded by his party as the wisest statesman of the age. He returned to Monticello with a reputation scarcely inferior to that of Washington, able to dictate the policy of seven millions of free people, simply by virtue of his integrity and judgment.

(The End.)

### Varsity Verse.

#### RONDEAU.

It's reading proofs from morn till night  
That has me in this dreadful plight.

Whene'er I try to take a nap  
I hear the never-failing rap,  
And yell "come in" with all my might.

My eye gleams down with vengeful light  
Upon that dirty printed scrap,  
Of all the work that sours a chap  
It's reading proofs.

The doctor thinks I'll lose my sight;  
I feel it in my bones he's right.  
Miss Fortune's caught me in her trap;  
I've got to bear with this mishap.  
What's put my happiness to flight?  
It's reading proofs.

R. J. C.

#### "BREAD CAST UPON THE WATERS."

Our words and deeds in course of time  
Fill life with joy or sorrow;  
The good we do when in our prime  
Returns increased to-morrow.

J. T. F.

### No Sense of Values.

It is said that a certain German philologist spent twenty years on one conjunction. We may admire his perseverance, or perversity, but not his good sense.—Ego.

## An Autumn Knell.

RICHARD J. COLLENTINE, '09.

AMONG the leaves the zephyrs play  
 From morn till night their rustling lay.  
 But, as I list from day to day,  
 I know not why,  
 I scarce can hide a welling tear,  
 Those mournful cadences I hear  
 And not the tunes I once held dear,  
 In days gone by.

Across the heath those dirge-like tones  
 Are borne to me like muffled groans.  
 At times I think a spirit moans  
 For some lost love.  
 Alas, the leaves too plainly tell  
 The burden of this doleful knell.  
 A few in golden shrouds have fell  
 From their realms above.

## In the Storm.

DENIS A. MORRISON, '10.

It was payday on the division, and anyone who has ever lived in a railroad town knows what that means. Long lines of red-faced railroaders bracing against the shining bar of the saloon, voices raised in uproarious good-fellowship, glasses clinking in harmonious accord, tongues loosed and hearts infused with the rollicking gaiety that comes but once in a month. For there is no set of men on earth among whom the free-and-easy spirit of friendliness is keener, though the way to confidence may be obstructed with some difficulty; no class quicker to respond to friendly advances, though the response may appear less sincere than it is from the lack of that refined gloss of speech which so often overlays hypocrisy and gives the lie to far less sincere openness.

Dick Marshall was thoroughly representative of the type. "Old Dick," or "Dad," they called him now, though the spryness was not out of his muscles yet, and thirty years' steady toil had given the road the best he had in him. The service had whitened his hair and bent his frame and drawn confused lines through his honest old face. But Dick was good a few years yet. He had been a hostler at Shopton since the old East-

end house was first built, and hostler he was still. He had watched the great shops grow up around the old shack of a round house as a nucleus; he had been the companion of men who had risen so high on the ladder of fortune that he himself, remaining behind a mere unit in the vast army of workers, had vanished from their view, and while never ceasing to boast of his personal acquaintance with this or that great official, never got closer to them than an occasional glimpse at their private cars afforded. Dick had not climbed the scale; he had remained a mere cog in the gigantic machinery which moved incessantly, twenty-four hours each day; a cog, however, somewhat necessary in his way, for Dick had become such a fixture at the round house that half the trains on the division would have gone wrong had he suddenly died or quit his job. His was the first voice I heard as I made my way through the lines of gray and grizzled veterans of the road. They stood there, backs to the bar, glasses in their hands, for all the world like a group of old campaigners reciting tales of things which happened long ago.

I came upon Dick seated in the further end of the room. He was leaning back in his chair rather contemplatively just at that moment. Some one had made a joke on a hobo, but Dick didn't laugh. It seemed to remind him of something, and he stroked his gray stub of a beard and smoked thoughtfully.

"Speakin' o' hobos," he began, "I remember somethin' that happened right here on this division twenty odd years ago. I was some younger then than I am now and a little more squeamish about death and things like that. I reckon that's the reason why I never forgot what I'm goin' to tell you. It was a deuce of a night when it happened, in one of the worst winters you ever see around here. The wind was blowin' like all-possessed, an' the sleet was drivin' through it so hard it like to ripped your skin. The sky was one of the worst-lookin' I ever see—full of them dark, gray clouds rushin' along faster than any limited train on the road. There was a bunch of us settin' around the fire in Jim Mitchell's office—Jim's a general manager or somethin' like that now, livin' in Chicago, but he wasn't no

better than the rest of us then. We'd come in in little bunches when we hadn't nothin' to do and warm our fingers at the fire Jim had a-goin', and maybe take a smoke while one of the bunch let loose of a story. Well, that night it was so cold and wet outside and so warm and comfortable inside that the difference was just like gettin' a taste of heaven. But I wasn't no fool; I knew that pretty soon somethin' would be comin' over the wire, an' it did. Old man Sears wired from Marceline that he was comin' in about two hours and wanted a special to haul him out right away.

"Who was old man Sears, Dick?" someone asked.

"Johnny's dead now. I guess you're too young to remember when he was anythin' but president of the road. When I come on this line Johnny was walkin' tracks down by Ponty, where the quarries are. He was a mighty smart kid then, an' I knew he was goin' to amount to somethin' one of these days. Well, he was division super. then, and in them days they was reg'lar lords of creation. When Johnny ordered a special Mitch knew he had to get it out, no matter if hell was freezin'. So after he'd cussed a little while—which wasn't no use—he says: 'Well, boys, there's nothin' to it, we'll have to pull out and fix somethin' up for Johnny. Who's goin'?' Pat Doran up and says all right, he'd go, and Ed Cook had to go because he was straw-boss. Then I says I might just as well go along an' help them out, because I'd a' had to go anyhow to take the engine out. So we started out in that confounded sleet and wind across the yards to the house, Ed carryin' the lantern and Pat and me followin', beatin' the best we could against the storm. 'Bout half way across we come near gettin' caught where they were shiftin' some freight cars, and Ed stumbled and fell right across a rail, tryin' to get out of the way. He got up mad an' was startin' to cuss when Pat says: 'Sh-h, shut up, Ed; listen over there to your right. I'm a liar if I don't hear some one groanin' over there.' We listened an' heard it plain enough, not twenty-five feet away; a terrible moanin' an' groanin' like some one dyin'. Then the wind slacked up and we all heard it. 'Help, oh help—my leg, my—' and then the wind howled again. Ed says,

'My God, there's some one hurt over there. Come on,' and he starts for where the sound came from, flashin' his lantern this way an' that. It wasn't much trouble to find the fellow. And Lord, such a sight! He was layin' there between the two rear wheels of a box car, his body across the rails an' his hip half smashed under one of them. He'd been barely caught tryin' to crawl out from under—been ridin' the rods like a fool, of course. The way he was he couldn't move himself, and it was plain enough that we couldn't. He had to be pinched out. Ed darn quick saw he couldn't do anythin', so he said to Pat, 'Pat, hurry up to the office an' get a pinchin' bar to pull this poor guy out of here. Send some one for a doctor, too, and hurry up, for the Lord's sake.'

"O'i'll do that," says Pat. 'Sure O'i'll send some one fer the doctor, but it's mesilf will get Fatner Renihan.'

"Pretty soon some of the other boys come runnin' down with the bar and we set to it. Some of these young fellers around here thinks they're killin' themselves when they've got one of them new eighteen hundreds to pinch out, but that ain't a figger to what we had on our hands that night. They had to get more men an' more bars, an' finally that line of cars moved just a few inches, but enough so's we could get him out. Then we picked him up and took him over to the yard office, three of us holdin' to his right side for fear he'd break in two where the wheels had cut into him. Lord, it was awful! It would a' been a mercy if the fellow had died right there on our hands, or at least staid unconscious, but the pain was too much for that. It was all he could to get his breath and he did that in jerks as if it hurt him to do it. Where his eyes ought to have been there was two lights that just stared and stared without ever winkin', sort of numbed, like your fingers after you've been out in the cold. An' the poor fellow couldn't hold still to save his soul; he was shakin' like he had a chill and the sweat was standin' on his forehead in big drops. Jim Mitchell saw 'twasn't no use, after we'd got him into the office. Jim says:

"Well, we can fix him up comfortable while he lives, anyhow. It's a cinch he won't see daylight again. His whole hip's busted

clean out of shape and he's half bled to death already.'

"An' that was so, too. Why, we even had to cut his clothes off to see how bad he was hurt, his clothes stuck so tight to him. There it was, a big smashed place in his hip, showing the marks of a car wheel where it had cut the flesh and splintered the joint all to pieces. When we got him laid down he went off to unconsciousness without sayin' a word, an' we thought it was sure enough the last of him. But Jim had some strong dope on hand and a good dose of it brought him around. Then Jim says to him:

"My boy, you're goin' to cash in your last check before long. Is there anything I can do for you?' The fellow looked at him kind of funny, and Jim says: 'I mean you're goin' to die. Your leg got under the car and you'll never live to get it under another.'

"I reckon that sort of woke him up, for he commenced talkin' sense right away. It was awful to hear him. He was a good-lookin' young feller and not a bit like these ornery good-fer-nothin' toughs you generally see.

"You tell me I'm goin' to die? Oh God! I can't, I can't. Some one bring me a priest?'

"I ain't no Catholic myself, but I've noticed that there's lots of folks like to have a priest around when they're going to die. I remembered what Pat Doran had said about getting a priest, and I was mighty thankful that somethin' good was goin' to happen to him after sufferin' so. So I spoke up an' says he needn't worry because there was a priest on the way then an' a darn good one, too. 'You remember old Father Renihan, don't you, Jim?' Dick said turning to another old railroader. 'He's dead ten years now, but there was a good man, if there ever was one. Well, pretty soon in he comes with Pat an' walks right over to where the hobo was layin'. Boys you know there's some things you can't tell about just as they happen, an' I s'pose it's because you don't know the reason why they do happen. I've seen doctors come into a room where somebody was dyin' and talk low an' act real nice, but it seems like you always think about the bill he's goin' to send in after it's all over. But it's different with a priest. You know he's workin' for somethin' he can't get in this world, an' whatever he does for you is because you're

human an' not that there's any money in it for him. That's how it looked to me.

"The hobo was too far gone to say much, but the way his eyes looked at the Father an' the way he says, 'Thank God,' meant more than a whole lot. The priest says, 'Did you want to see a priest?' an' he nods his head, 'Yes.' Then he said somethin' about his being too far gone to go to confession an' if he was sorry for his sins he'd give him a solution, or somethin' like that. What he said after that was in Latin, but it was prayin' all right, for Pat was kneelin' down with his hat off. After that was over the priest took Somethin' from his coat pocket which he handled very careful, as if it was very sacred. Pat told me afterward that it was Holy—Holy—Somethin'. He gave It to the fellow, who seemed awful glad to get It, and then knelt down and prayed for him awhile.

"The fellow didn't last long after that. He laid back with his eyes closed, hardly breathin', but it seemed to me there was somethin' in his face that hadn't been there before. He died without another groan, just like a baby goes to sleep, and when they buried him a day or so afterwards, the priest was the only man that went along to the graveyard. I see his grave the other day when I went out to Mike Cassidy's funeral—just a little marble slab over a lot of weeds with the word, 'Unknown' carved on it."

---

### Nil Desperandum.

HARRY LEDWIDGE, '09

---

Come, enough of empty sighing;  
 Life's a jade,  
 Fickle maid,  
 For her bauble always crying.  
 See the golden sunset dying,  
 Hearts atune.  
 Neath the moon  
 Never know the time is flying.

Like the rose the hours have faded;  
 Time's a flower  
 Of an hour;  
 Soon to dust and ash degraded.  
 All its sweets our hands have raided,  
 But the goal  
 Of the soul  
 Brighter gleams, when cypress shaded.



### The Postal Savings Bank.

Every man who has savings to deposit wants them kept with perfect security. The recent panic has shaken the confidence of our people in the present banking system, and that confidence is not going to be permanently restored until our people are sufficiently assured that their savings will be taken care of in the safest possible manner.

The two big political parties recognizing this public distrust of existing banking institutions offer remedies whereby American savings will be as safe as is possible under existing conditions. *The Democratic National Platform* contains the following plank:

"We pledge ourselves to legislation by which the National Banks shall be required to establish a guaranty fund for the prompt payment of the depositors of any insolvent national bank under an equitable system which shall be available to all State banking institutions wishing to use it."

The Republican party holds that Postal Savings Banks will secure the greatest safety to our savings. The first remedy, the Guaranty of Bank Deposits, though commended very highly by many men, presents three fundamental objections;

First, would it be constitutional or even practicable to weld National Banks and State Banking Institutions into one system operating under a federal law? It has already been decided that National Banks in Oklahoma can not legally avail themselves of the Guaranty Law passed in that state.

Secondly, even if an amendment could be secured to bridge over the constitutional objection to this plan, there are two other even more serious difficulties to consider. Under the plan proposed each bank in the country would pay annually into the hands of the federal government a certain sum of money, which may be likened to an insurance premium. This premium would vary in amount with the amount of deposits insured, just as fire insurance premiums vary with the value of the property protected. The strong and well-managed bank would pay a large premium; the feeble and incapable bank would pay a small premium.

Thus would be created the injustice of compelling communities whose standards of thrift and honesty are high to pay for the damages wrought by communities that are slothful or incompetent.

Thirdly, and most important of all—is the system really practicable? The only recommendation of its practicability is that such a law was passed in the decidedly experimental State of Oklahoma on the 17th of last December, a little over a week after that state was admitted into the Union. However, it must be frankly admitted that by its actual operation in Oklahoma it has proved itself to be at least an apparent success in the one and only case in which it has been tested. A State Bank in Coalgate, Oklahoma, failed May 21, owing its depositors \$37,000. The State Banking Board immediately took \$24,000 from the fund established by the law, added to it what was found in the vault of the bank, and paid its depositors in full. The board then took charge of the assets of the bank, and has now paid back to the state all except \$500 of the amount advanced.

The vital question for us is, how would this plan operating in the whole country work in times of severe depression? To come right down to the point, how would this plan have offset our panic last Fall if it had been in operation at the time? *The Review of Reviews* for, March 1908, puts the situation of the banks during the panic in a very concrete way: "Within three weeks, from the 19th of October to the 9th of November, the majority of our 24,000 banks, and practically all in our larger cities, simultaneously shut their doors on their depositors, because they didn't have the money to pay them—for the time being they were insolvent."

To offset this panic two positive conditions must have been present in favor of the Guaranty of Deposits plan.

(1) The fund must have been large enough to pay the depositors of the majority of 24,000 banks.

(2) The national banking board or boards must have been able to settle up the assets of the same number of banks in a reasonable period of time.

It took the State Banking Board of Oklahoma almost four months to straighten

out the assets of a single \$37,000 State Bank. Think of the time, work and expense that would have been required in the adjustment of 24,000 banks, many of which owed their depositors millions of dollars. And finally, it is important to bear in mind that the inevitable result, should this plan be made a law, would be either that the Federal government will practically have to administer the banks of the country—a measure which advocates of this plan condemn in the Postal Savings Banks—or that reckless banking would be encouraged. On the other hand, the Postal Savings Bank system is first of all a remedy whose constitutionality is not questioned. It is a system which affords safe banking facilities to hundreds of communities which State or National Banks can never serve, but which can easily be served by the post office at any country cross-road.

The practicability of the Postal Savings Bank as compared with the one single, isolated practical recommendation of the Guaranty of Deposits plan in Coalgate, Oklahoma, is almost as merciless an argument as hitting a man when down and out. The Postal Savings Bank is a practical business proposition. France established the Postal Savings Bank as early as 1835. To-day these same banks handle more deposits and do more business in France than does the great Central Bank of France, the second bank of the world. On the persistent motion and argument of the great Gladstone, England established the Postal Savings Bank in 1861. Since then the plan has been taken up by almost every British colony. To-day besides England and France Germany, Austria, and New Zealand are using the Postal Savings Bank with the best possible results. It is a significant fact that wherever the Postal Savings Bank has been established and given a fair trial it has never been abandoned.

---

#### Nature's Message.

Each golden-tinted leaf that would appease  
The hoar frost's hunger; flowers whose perfumed  
breath  
Has ceased to scent the air; the sighing breeze  
Of fleeting autumn days,—all tell of death.

G. J. F.

#### His Brother's Letter.

JOHN R. DEAN, '13.

Deer bruther harry,

It has been only a month since you went to schol but it seems like a yer. the cook says she missis you with all your badness, pa says he missed that big box of cigarettes he bought before you went i guess you missed yur train to, because uncle John said he seen you in town after you had went. Do you like college harry, when i get big like yu i am going to college two. you dont have to know nothing to go to college now do you harry. you just have to be big enough thats all. Marjie said yu write her awful sweet leters, you old cutup. you had better hurry and send her some candy and stuff to keep on the good side of her, because Larry goes to see her every afternoon now. Larry took me over to the flat house at Chicago college for not snitchin something about him and marjie. when we went in the flat house a lot of students was playing marbles on the flor but they wouldnt let me go near, i guess it must have been a new game because they was saying come seven, little joe, no 9 on em and then they would swear something awful. After a while Larry took me up to see his room mate. His room mate is an athlete i guess because he has big wide pants and shoulders and smokes cigarettes something fierce. he asked me if i was a high schol pledge. i didnt know what it was but said yes. he laffed and said i looked the part. he asked larry to have a smile and then they went in another room for a long time. Gee their was a lot of bottles under larrys window I gess some one must have been sick for a long time.

When Larry came back he was laughing to beat the cars. gess he must have smiled too mutch. he gave me a quarter and told me to go out and kill a couple of rats and then go home to ma. i went out but couldent find any rats any way i met crazy Gilbert on the corner and we went in a drug store and bought some cigarettes and rolled our pants up so people would think we was athletes too. When i got home i was awful sick and pa says in a few years i will be as bad as you.

yours truly

Thomas Leroy Frances.



### The Failing Year.

HARRY A. LEDWIDGE, '09.

SEE how the failing year with lavish hand  
Is robed in crimson splendor with the leaves,  
While joyful reapers at his high command  
Have crowned him with a diadem of sheaves.  
The purple glory of the autumn eves  
Revives the heart like draughts of potent wine;  
No care affronts, no painful thing aggrieves,  
This last descendant of an ancient line.

To him the violet and columbine  
Bear tribute of sweet odor ere they fall;  
For him the autumn rose's cup divine  
Perfumes the chamber of his palace-hall.  
He holds gay revel, while the winds malign  
Sing runes of golden joys gone past recall.

### The Forest Fires.

M. A. MATHIS.

One positive good that the disastrous forest fires of the past few weeks have brought about is a national awakening to the need of forest preservation. It is a sad commentary on our American spirit of waste and extravagance in using up our natural resources as though the supply could never be exhausted, to know that the losses caused by the late forest fires could have been avoided, or at least greatly lessened. A navy of first-class battleships, say the officials of the forest service, could be built for the sum lost in these fires. On the other hand, such forests as had received proper attention suffered very slightly, and it must be remembered too that the drought, which practically brought on the conflagration, was as bad in the regions that were cared for as anywhere in the country, and in some cases worse. Our national forest covering an area six times as large as Pennsylvania, 168,000,000 acres, where the science of forestry has been assiduously tried, lost through forest fires only \$30,000, whereas the loss caused by these same fires in one city alone, Chisholm, Minn., where the science of forestry is not practised, was \$1,750,000, and many lives. Distinct from forest fires there is yet

another consideration, whose gravity should awaken the public to the need of forest preservation. The officials of the forest service at Washington say "Action, immediate and vigorous, must be taken if the inevitable famine of wood supplies is to be mitigated. We are now using as much wood in one year as grows in three, with only twenty years' supply of virgin growth in sight. (These statistics were given previous to the late forest fires, which, no doubt, will greatly decrease the supply of virgin growth.) Only the application of forest knowledge with wisdom, method, and energy during the next ten years can prevent the starving of national industries for lack of wood."

The situation is indeed very grave and demands the immediate attention of the public. Our remedy lies in the science of forestry, as exemplified in our state and national forest reserves for the past ten years with such marvelous success. The only way to put this plan into effect in all parts of the country is by getting our people interested in forestry as a profession, which could be done, as is actually done in Europe, by our colleges and universities offering courses in that science. At present there are in the whole country only three professional forest schools which rank with those of Europe, and about a dozen others giving elementary courses. Forestry in the United States offers a vast, rich and practically untouched field, where skilful endeavor will be highly recompensed. The *National Forest Service* says: "In wealth of soil and high commercial value of native trees America has a decided advantage over Europe where intensive forestry is paying well."

### Senior Sayings.

Progress in civilization is the realization of the poet's dream, wrought out by the farmer, the artisan and the engineer.

Thought is the fountain of action: pure thoughts engender pure actions.

It takes a good man to find fault with himself.

Man may be a creature of circumstance, but it is usually his own fault.

# 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, October 24, 1908,

## Board of Editors.

IGNATIUS MCNAMEE, '09	RICHARD COLLENTINE, '09
OTTO A. SCHMID, '09	JOHN B. KANALEY, '09
HARRY LEDWIDGE, '09	GEORGE J. FINNIGAN, '10
PETER E. HEBERT, '10	EDWARD P. CLEARY, '09
DENIS A. MORRISON, '10	PAUL R. MARTIN, '10
THOMAS A. LAHEY, '11	JOHN B. MCMAHON, '09
MICHAEL A. MATHIS, '10.	

—On the fifteenth of this month Mount St. Mary's College, in Maryland, celebrated the one hundredth anniversary of its founding.

A great celebration indeed would be required to do justice to the past of a school that has given America over five hundred priests, over twenty-five bishops, five archbishops, and America's first cardinal. In the literary world, in business, art, science and military affairs, she has many sons whose names are an honor to her and America. Truly her work has been of incalculable value. Yet Mount Saint Mary's is not unique in this respect. There are hundreds of our schools in the United States doing the same grade of work. The Catholic school is the nursery of Catholicism. It is the school that makes the fighter in the morrow's battle for good. Mark Hanna certainly spoke more wisely than discreetly as a politician when he said, a few years ago, that the Supreme Court of the United States and the Catholic Church are the only forces that can stem the tide of anarchy. Of course many howled at such a statement, but that was to be expected. The stand of the Church against Modernism is already proof of the soundness

and sense of Hanna's words. The making of citizens, men of character, and, above all, men of God, is the great work of the Church. The five hundred priests of Mount Saint Mary's are an eternal credit to the men who made that school. They worked silently, steadily, unceasingly, for they had a glorious mission. The Catholic school succeeds. It overcomes great obstacles, usually without any outside aid. Its only asset is the zeal of the men at the head of the school, and the record made in the past. The Catholic ideal in education is far different from that of the public school. The public school trains the mental and physical powers of man. The Catholic school goes further and develops also the moral and religious side of man. Therein lies the strength of the Catholic school. It makes the well-rounded, well-developed man. The Church's ideal man is far better and higher than the product of a godless system. Constant striving toward that ideal has made the Utopian history of such places as Mount Saint Mary's. If Hanna's statement was impartially verified by those who question it off-hand, it would be found to have fairly good grounds for what it says in reference to the Catholic Church.

—It is a little surprising that some of our ardent alarmists have not revived the old Anti-Alliance agitation in view of the more amicable postal relations Anglo-American established between U. S. and J. Bull. At first thought, at second too, perhaps, we might think the Hon. J. H. Heaton somewhat effusive in declaring that the stroke is "the greatest achievement so far of the twentieth century." It is, however, a very plausible measure, one that will help very much to confirm and perpetuate international good feeling. We are now able to send letters at the two-cent rate to Great Britain, Canada, Mexico, Cuba, the Philippines, and Shanghai. Naturally, the new arrangement will be of most benefit to commercial correspondence, but it should also greatly enlarge the social budget, and make us more akin to the brethren on the other side. The fact is that the amount of mail to these countries has been almost doubled since the treaty went into effect.

### Archbishop Riordan's Silver Jubilee.

The SCHOLASTIC takes pleasure in recording the Silver Jubilee celebration of a great alumnus, his Grace, Most Rev. Patrick W. Riordan, as Archbishop of San Francisco which occurred on October 15. The Archbishop pontificated in St. Mary's Cathedral on that day, surrounded by his priests and people to the number of several thousand, who brought with them from far and near the felicitations that his priestly character and loyal citizenship so highly merit. The Rev. J. J. Prendergast acted as assistant priest, and the deacons of honor were the Rev. D. J. Riordan, brother of the prelate and rector of St. Elizabeth's Church, Chicago, and the Very Rev. Andrew Morrissey, C. S. C., who with our Very Rev. President, Father Cavanaugh, tendered in person *Alma Mater's* blessings and congratulations to her son in the joy of a richly-deserved Jubilee.

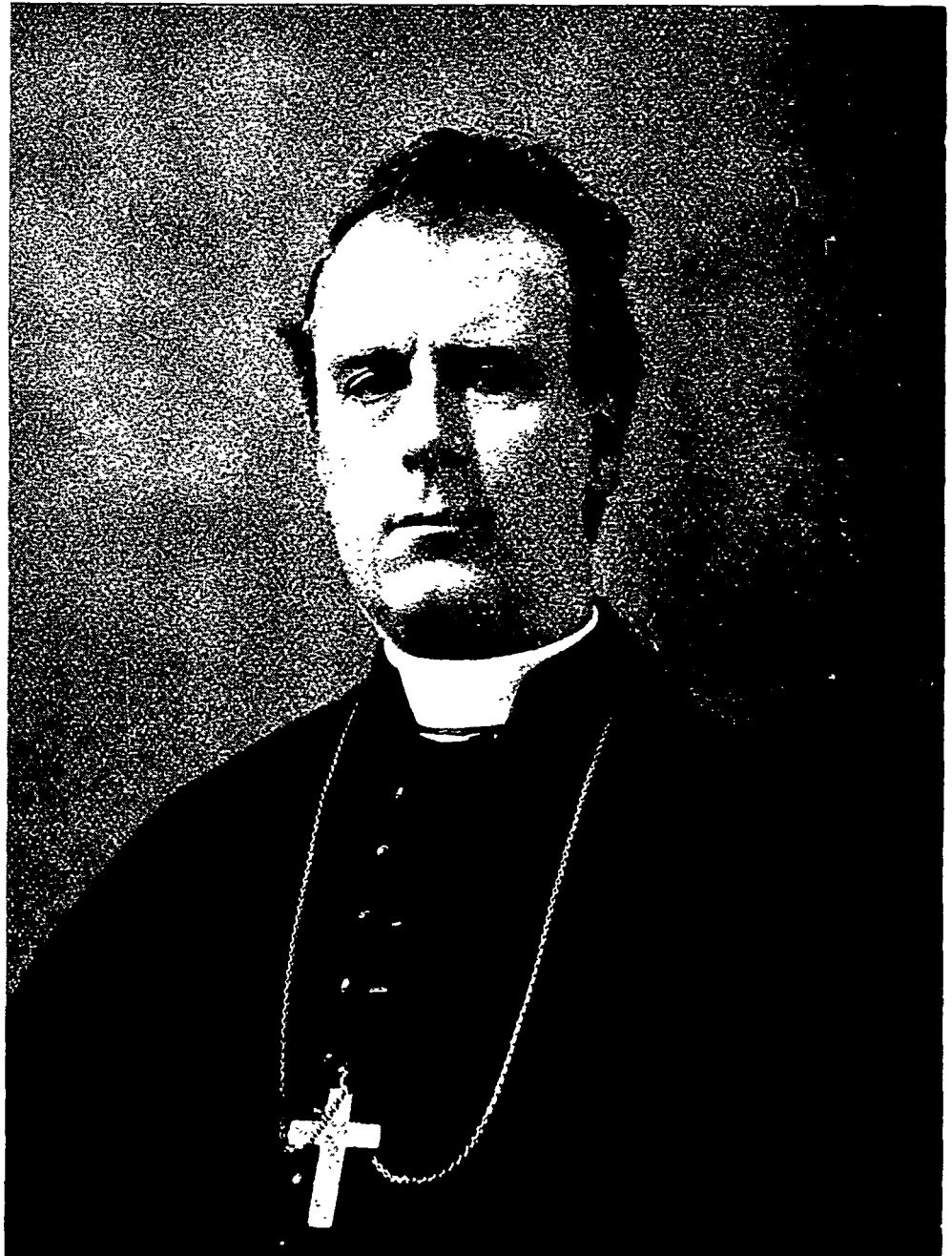
The Right Reverend T. J. Conaty, Bishop of Los Angeles, preached an eloquent sermon, using as his theme the divine institution of the Episcopate; at the end he congratulated the Archbishop on the great work that has been accomplished for the Church in the far West since his consecration.

In the afternoon the diocesan clergy through Rev. J. J. Prendergast presented the Archbishop with a certified check for \$18,000 in token of their genuine loyalty. In replying to the address of the priests, the Archbishop referred touchingly to our representatives from Notre Dame. "That is my College," he said, "and I love it very tenderly. I knew the old men who laid its foundations—Father Sorin and the saintly Father Granger. I remember their

wise teachings, especially the instructions in Christian Doctrine, some of which I still use in my sermons."

The jubilee celebration was the occasion of some fine editorial comments. The following earnest paragraphs, taken from the *San Francisco Evening Globe*, shows the genuine and universal esteem in which this son of Notre Dame is held.

It is twenty-five years since Archbishop Riordan of the archdiocese of California in the Catholic Church



came to San Francisco, and to-day in an impressive manner his jubilee is being celebrated in the city to the upbuilding of which he has contributed in so great a degree.

The Archbishop occupies a unique position in the public life of the community and in the friendship of the people. The visible head of a great Church in this metropolis of the Pacific Coast, he has acquired, in addition to the veneration due from Catholics to his ecclesiastical dignity, the respect of every citizen, no matter of what faith.

In the quarter of a century during which he has lived

in San Francisco, the city has seen many changes in political and commercial life, its development has followed at times unexpected lines, and leaders of the people have come and gone, their places being taken by other men. But in all that time, the Archbishop has remained quietly but effectively at work, advancing the interest of the community, living the life of a good citizen, and earning the cordial support and co-operation of all classes. His heart has been wrapped up in the establishment of that great institution of theological learning that will forever remain a monument to his energy and forethought. Yet, truly catholic in his broad ideas, he has found time to participate actively in all movements of public progress.

At the time of the great disaster the greatest sufferers from the fire were found in the parishes of which Archbishop Riordan was the guardian, yet there was no word of weakness heard from him at the destruction of property representing millions of dollars in the aggregate. His whole thought was immediately directed toward the relief of families rendered homeless in the devastated district. In that tremendous labor, no question of a man's faith entered. All, old and young, Christian or not, received aid from the clergy, and their effective work under the Archbishop's direction undoubtedly saved many from real suffering in those early days before the municipal relief had been organized. Even while the churches, hospitals, and schools of the city over which he exercised protection, lay in ashes, he was already planning for their reconstruction, and was showing his confidence in the future while many were shaken with doubt.

His faith in the city inspired everyone, and to-day all San Francisco unites in congratulating him on the twenty-fifth anniversary of his charge.

---

### Athletic Notes.

---

MICHIGAN, 12; NOTRE DAME, 6.

When Yost said "Michigan was lucky" he told the story of Saturday's battle. Not only did the Gold and Blue cross the Michigan line for the first time in her history, but our line flung back the terrific onslaughts of the Wolverine backs so effectively that they never scrimmaged within our twenty-five-yard line, and had it not been for fumbles at critical times Notre Dame might have emerged triumphant. It was not the machine of Yost, but the toe of Allerdice that brought victory to the Maize and Blue. Three times the Michigan star negotiated goals from the field, scoring all the points for his team after seeing his team-mates hurl their plays against the sturdy wearers of the Gold and Blue only to be shattered against our line or to be broken up by our speedy backs. When

victory seemed within reach costly fumbles lost us the advantage, giving Allerdice the openings which he well knew how to utilize.

With the scare that Salmon and his warriors handed out in the famous battle of '02 still lingering in his mind. Yost expected a hard battle Saturday, and his expectations were realized. "Red" Miller and his men went into the fray with that dauntless spirit that has won Notre Dame such prestige in Western athletics, and after the first few minutes of play they had the better of the argument in every department except the punting.

To single out the stars would be a hard task, for every man played his game, which speaks volumes. However, the work of Hamilton, Vaughan, Dolan, and Matthews stood out especially prominent, and won frequent applause from the Michigan rooters.

In speaking of Hamilton's work the *Detroit News Tribune* said: "In running back punts, picking plays, and carrying the ball the Hoosier field general excelled his mates. He skirted the Michigan ends time after time for considerable gains, and carried back Allerdice's punts so far that he made up the difference between the rival punters." The other accounts also featured his phenomenal dodging, and the masterful manner in which he ran the team.

The work of the other men was no less spectacular. Vaughan's 50-yard run for the only touchdown of the game was one of the prettiest and most sensational exhibitions seen on Ferry Field in years. Taking the ball on Michigan's 50-yard line he started on a wild dash for the Wolverine goal, and Michigan's best tacklers seemed helpless to stop his terrific rush, for he shook off eight of them before gaining a clear field. Only once was he halted, but Miller, Dolan and Hamilton jerked him to his feet, and with perfect interference he continued his jaunt to the Michigan line, the first wearer of the Gold and Blue to accomplish the feat. Hamilton added to the frenzied joy of the Notre Dame contingent by kicking a perfect goal.

Dolan played the best game of his career, which is a sufficient account of his performance. He was on the job every minute,

and his work in the second half when time after time he tackled the Wolverine backs behind the line for losses, clearly demonstrated his superiority over his opponent.

The work of Edwards and Dwyer contributed great strength to our defense until they were forced by injuries to give way to Kelly and McDonald, but the latter responded nobly, and played a wonderful game. McDonald shared the honors for the long runs with Vaughan by his 85-yard run for a touchdown, which, however, was not allowed as it was claimed he stepped out of bounds on Michigan's thirty yard line.

Dimmick was pitted against Casey, one of the strongest men in the Wolverine line, and true to predictions had little difficulty in holding his own. His cross tackle bucks yielded many yards when needed, and he did some effective tackling.

Matthews relieved Burdick in the second half, and his all-around playing was largely responsible for the fact that the ball was kept in Michigan territory almost the entire half. Ruel also shone in the tackling and ground-gaining departments, and several times broke up plays for losses. Although captain Miller had but little opportunity to do the spectacular, still he played a strong, consistent game, and added great strength to the middle of the line. Wood and Burdick worked well on the ends, while Paine and Lynch refused to let anything get by them in the line. In short, as captain Miller expressed it: "Every man played his game, but luck seemed against us." Our men were outweighed ten pounds to the man, but their superior condition was clearly evident especially in the second half, and had the halves been thirty-five minutes instead of twenty-five the outcome might have been different.

#### THE GAME.

Michigan kicked off to Dimmick on Notre Dame's twenty-five yard line, and he returned it five. Wood punted to Michigan's forty-five, Wasmund returning it to our forty. Michigan was penalized five yards for off-side, and then an end-run placed the ball on our twenty-yard line. Another end-run was attempted but Dwyer threw the runner for a loss. A fake pass netted three yards, and then Allerdice fell back to try a place-kick. Brennan made a perfect pass, and the Wolverines had registered the first score in just four minutes of play.

Miller kicked off to Michigan's fifteen-yard line,

Dwyer tackling the runner on the twenty-five. After two unsuccessful attempts to make first down Allerdice punted to Hamilton on our thirty-yard line, the ball being carried back five. On the next play Vaughan fumbled, but Dwyer recovered on our twenty-five. Wood punted to Michigan's fifty, Douglas returning the ball to our thirty before being downed by Dimmick. Davison made four off right tackle, but on the next play Dwyer threw the man for a loss, and Allerdice attempted another field goal, but the ball went wide.

Miller kicked out from the twenty-five to the centre of the field, the ball being returned to our forty-three yard line. Wolverines made seven through left side of line, but Miller held on fake pass and Allerdice tried another place kick. Hamilton caught the ball on our ten-yard line for no return. Dimmick made three on cross tackle buck, and Hamilton added fifteen on quarter-back run around left end. Hamilton failed to make around right end, and Wood punted to the center of the field. Michigan returned the punt to Hamilton, but the sun bothered him and he fumbled, Michigan getting the ball on our twenty-yard line. The Michigan backs hurled themselves against our line, but being twice repulsed, Allerdice fell back, and made the score 8-0 by kicking another goal from placement.

Miller kicked to the Michigan five-yard line, Paine tackling the runner on the fifteen. Dolan broke through and downed runner for five-yard loss on end runs. Michigan made fifteen around left end, and tried to gain around right end but failed. Davison made two through centre, and Allerdice kicked to Hamilton on our thirty-yard line. By wonderful dodging he returned it thirty yards to Michigan's fifty. Vaughan made five through centre, but was penalized fifteen yards for hurdling. Dimmick failed to make on a tackle-buck. Wood punted to Michigan's fifteen-yard-line. Allerdice returned to the fifteen, Vaughan tackling. Michigan advanced to the centre of field on a fake pass, Vaughan again tackling. Michigan fumbled and then kicked to Hamilton on the five-yard line. Hamilton by clever dodging brought it back thirty-five yards. Gains by Hamilton, Vaughan, Dimmick and Dwyer carried the ball to Michigan's forty-three where Hamilton kicked to the fifteen-yard line. Edwards tackled the runner for no gain. Wolverines made fifteen around left end, Ruel tackling hard. Tried left end again, but for no gain. Dwyer was dazed by injury to his head and was replaced by McDonald. Ball was on Michigan's thirty. Ruel broke through line, and tackled for three-yard loss. Tried tackle buck through Dimmick, but he held for no gain. Edwards had the muscles of his back badly wrenched, and was forced to retire, Kelly going in at tackle. Michigan kicked to Notre Dame's forty-yard line, but McDonald fumbled, and Michigan recovered the ball: tried plunge through Kelly, but he threw them back for no gain. Dimmick tackled for five-yard loss. Michigan tried fake kick but Kelly tackled for no gain. The half ended with the ball on Notre Dame's forty-five-yard line. Score, 8-0.

#### SECOND HALF.

Matthews went in for Burdick, the only change in the Notre Dame line-up. Miller kicked to Michigan's fifteen, Dimmick tackling on the thirty. Michigan



made two yards around left end, Ruel getting the runner. On a fake punt Matthews got through and downed the runner for a fifteen-yard loss. Michigan kicked to Ruel who returned it five yards to the middle of the field. Ball went to Wolverines on a fumble. A tackle buck netted five yards, but Paine recovered the ball on a forward pass on Notre Dame's twenty-five. McDonald then uncorked an eighty-five-yard run for a touchdown around right end, but was brought back to the Michigan thirty-yard line where it was claimed he stepped out of bounds. Vaughan, Dimmick, and Ruel added ten yards, and Hamilton attempted a goal from field but failed. An exchange of punts followed until Michigan finally got possession on their own twenty-yard line. Made five through line, Vaughan tackling, and then made first down on tackle-plunge. On the next play Dolan broke through. and threw the runner for two-yard loss. Allerdice then tried, a fake kick but Dolan was on the job again, and hurled him back for a ten-yard loss. Michigan punted to Ruel, and he ran out of bounds on their fifty-yard line. Hamilton then signalled for a double pass, and Vaughan by spectacular run registered the first touchdown of the game. Hamilton kicked goal. Score, 8-6.

Michigan kicked off to our five-yard line, and Ruel carried it back to the twenty-five. Miller made poor pass, and McDonald fumbled but recovered and made two yards. McDonald then punted to Michigan on our thirty-five-yard line, and Douglas signalled for a free catch. Instead of taking first down Michigan chose to attempt a goal from placement, and Allerdice sent the ball over the posts, making the score, 12-6.

Hamilton kicked off to Michigan on their fifteen-yard line. Ball went out of bounds on the twenty, and Michigan failed to gain on a double pass. Michigan then tried a fake punt, but Matthews threw the runner for a loss of seven yards. Allerdice punted to Ruel in the middle of the field, and he was downed as the whistle announced the end.

Michigan		Notre Dame
Embs	L. E.	Burdick, Matthews
Casey	L. T.	Edwards, Kelly
Crumpacker	L. G.	Paine, Lynch
Brennan	C.	Miller (Capt.)
Primeau	R. G.	Dolan
Benbrook	R. T.	Dimmick
Ranney	R. E.	Wood
Wasmund (Act. C.)	Q. B.	Hamilton
Douglas	L. H.	Dwyer, McDonald
Allerdice	R. H.	Ruel
Davison	F. B.	Vaughan

Touchdown—Vaughan. Goal—Hamilton. Goals from placement—Allerdice, 3. Referee—Hoagland, Princeton. Umpire—Starbuck, Cornell. Field Judge—Kilpatrick, Wisconsin. Head Linesman—Elder, Penn State. Time of halves—Twenty-five minutes. J. B. K.

#### OPINIONS OF THE GAME.

Coach Yost, Michigan.—“The game was more than satisfactory. I think that Michigan was mighty fortunate to get what she did, for when I learned that Schultz would be out of it I confidently expected Notre Dame to win. My men unite with me in saying it was

one of the cleanest battles they ever fought in. Notre Dame has a fast team and had a shade the better of it in the second half. Without Allerdice we would have had hard work to score.”

Coach Place, Notre Dame.—“Notre Dame played a great game, and I believe that Michigan could not have crossed our goal line. The men played a clean, hard game and were by no means outclassed. A slight attack of nervousness was noticeable at first, but after that they had the better of the argument. Had the halves been thirty-five minutes instead of twenty-five I believe we would have won.”

Referee Hoagland, Princeton.—“Luck broke with Michigan, but the Wolverines were really deserving of victory. Notre Dame lost out on costly fumbles, and in the punting.”

Trainer Fitzpatrick, Michigan.—“It was a hard game, and cleanly fought. Notre Dame showed unexpected strength in the second half.”

#### PRESS COMMENTS.

“Notre Dame scored the only touchdown of the contest after twenty minutes of vicious playing in Michigan's territory. At the same time it was the most spectacular feature of the afternoon. Vaughan, the star full-back of the Notre Dame team, secured the ball on the fifty yard line in a common full-back play, and ran fifty yards through seven Michigan men for a touchdown. Had Michigan been without Allerdice this would have been the only score of the game, and the Wolverines would have been defeated for the first time by the Indiana eleven. Douglas played his usual fighting game, and divided honors with Wasmund in running back punts. But none of these could approach the individual playing of Hamilton. This man is not only a good punter, but is far and away the best runner-back of punts that Ferry Field has seen in a long while.”—*Detroit Free Press*, Oct. 18, '08.”

“Dave Allerdice's good right foot defeated the strong Notre Dame team on Ferry Field this afternoon, all of Michigan's points being made on goals from placement. The final score was 12-6, but this fails to do justice to the game. Getting the jump on the Hoosiers at the start, Michigan outplayed them for the first ten minutes, sufficiently to get within striking distance of the visitor's goal twice when Allerdice kicked goal from placement. After that the Wolverine line seemed to go to pieces, and for the remainder of the half Notre Dame played them to a standstill. In the second half Michigan played even weaker football, and the Indianans came so close to scoring three touchdowns that it was not until the final whistle blew that the Michigan rooters heaved a sigh of relief.”—*Detroit News Tribune*, Oct. 18, '08.”

“Thanks to Dave Allerdice and his consistently effective booting Michigan passed through the first crucial game of the season yesterday, and is able to hang to the Varsity belt another trophy of victory in the form of Notre Dame's scalp. It is a regrettable fact that offensively Notre Dame proved superior to Michigan, and that Michigan's defense was rather in Allerdice's punting than in her line.”—*The Michigan Daily*, October 18, 1908.”



## University Bulletin.

FOUND:—A sum of money and a watch, also several cuff-buttons, some of which were left in clothes sent to the laundry. Inquire of Brother Alphonsus.

Students wishing beads should procure them before the end of the month of October. The Crosier Indulgence will be attached by Father Maguire.

The annual retreat for all Catholic students will commence Thursday evening, Oct. 29, and will end Sunday morning. Non-Catholics may attend the exercises if they choose to do so, in which case they will inform the rectors of their respective halls. Non-Catholics who do not attend the retreat will attend classes as usual.

Four oratorical contests, for Freshmen, Sophomores, Juniors and Seniors, respectively, will be held during the third week in November, the winners of which will compete in Washington Hall on December 5. For the winner of each of the first three contests a prize of ten dollars is offered, and to the winner of the finals the Breen medal and the privilege of representing the University in the State contest at Indianapolis.

## Junior Class Election.

On October 8th the Juniors assembled and selected their line-up for this season. Michael Moriarty was vaulted into leadership and George E. Finnegan was awarded the vice-presidency, with Leo J. Cleary as feature writer and Michael L. Stoakes holder of the stakes. Order will be carefully preserved, when found, by Bert Daniels, whose ability as a hitter gave him the best batting average on the Varsity last season. Messrs. Cooke, Attley and Freize were chosen as social leaders to arrange for the special Junior "prom." Under the presidency of the genial "Mike," the Juniors expect to start things going and establish some new records. Just wait and watch!

## Personals.

—Mr. Daniel P. Murphy (A. B., 1895; LL. M., 1897) was a visitor at the University during the early part of the week.

—Mr. Howard C. Davis (LL. B.,) 1908 has begun the practice of law at Laporte. "Bill" spent a few days visiting his *Alma Mater* last week.

—Mr. A. Stephan (Law, 1904) spent the day with us last Sunday. All the older men remember him as the popular captain and

first baseman of the team of 1903, as a genial comrade and an excellent student.

—Miss Beulah M. Hayes and Mr. John Louis Corley (LL. B., 1902) are to be married to-day at Saint Teresa's Church, St. Louis. Mr. Corley was prominent here as a debater and orator. His many friends wish him every happiness.

—Colonel R. M. Smock, Commander of the State Soldier's Home, and his accomplished wife visited Notre Dame during the week. Bro. Leander, Commander of Notre Dame G. A. R. Post and Bro. Benedict Quartermaster did the honors of showing them through the building.

—On October sixth occurred the marriage of Edith M. Bohn to Arthur Edmund Steiner (C. E., 1906). They will be at home after November 28th at 402 Second Avenue South, St. Cloud, Minn. Mr. Steiner will long be remembered as one of the gridiron heroes of Notre Dame.

—Mr. J. B. Wathen, of Louisville, Ky. student of the University for several years, accompanied by Mrs. Wathen, on their way to Battle Creek, stopped over at the University last Sunday. Mr. Wathen had not visited his *Alma Mater* since he left school in '99. He took great interest in the changes which have taken place since that time.

—Mr. G. W. Warner, a student of 1854, visited Notre Dame last Tuesday. It was interesting to hear him give an account of his college days in the fifties and also his experience during the Civil War. Mr. Warner now resides in Montana. During the Civil War his home was in Jackson, Mississippi. Mr. Warner found but four persons who were here during his college days, Rev. L. J. L'Etourneau, Brothers Basil, Boniface and Benjamin.

## Local Items.

—Mr. W. F. Calvert lectured on the twenty-first to Prof. Adelsperger's department on "Varnish and its Manufacture." His talk proved somewhat interesting to those who attended.

—Lost:—A brown leather suit case, with a Yellowstone Park and a Notre Dame seal pasted on the side. Taken from the lobby of the Oliver Hotel last Sunday night. Finder will kindly return to room 56, Corby Hall.

—The student office has been remodeled and much more desk space is now available than heretofore. The president's private office has been torn out, several new desks put in the space it occupied and a glass top will soon cover the counter over which Bro. Alban transacts business with the student world.

—Wanted: The fellow or fellows who branded my dog with the insignia "Chemistry '09." If those implicated in the outrage will please call at my shop any time between six a. m. and six p. m. they will find a most demonstrative reception in waiting and will receive whatever is coming to them.

(Signed)

Brother John.

—Our park superintendent, Brother Philip, is deeply indebted to Mr. W. M. Rumley, head of the Rumley Threshing Machine Co. of Laporte, for thirty-five hundred tulip and crocus bulbs, which are being planted in the University Quad. The fact that they are all early varieties insures a supply of blooms soon after the late spring snows disappear.

—Brother Leander, the venerable commander of our local G. A. R. Post, last week received official notification of his election to honorary life membership in the Notre Dame Club of Pennsylvania. Brother Leander has served many useful years at the University, and it was because his "name is so closely interwoven with those of the Keystone State boys," that it was deemed a fitting tribute to perpetuate his memory in the life of the club.

—Brownson Literary and Debating stock is booming. Already thirty new applicants have presented credentials and were added to the regular list of members. At a meeting held on October 15th the debate on the question: Resolved, "That High License is the Best Method of Checking the Evil of Intemperance," was won by Messrs. O'Flynn and Devitt on the affirmative against Messrs. Madden and Heyl of the negative. Recitations were given by P. Clinton and A. Scanlon.

—Corby Literary began teamwork a little more than a week ago, but owing to space-famine we were unable to chronicle the event in the current issue. On account of the shyness and unobtrusiveness of the members, the presidency went begging for some time. Finally, though, Mr. John Mullen was persuaded to accept it, and from then on things ran smoothly. Joe Martin pocketed the vice-presidency and Bob Ohmer the secretary-treasurership. Then they chose a program committee, Kuhle, H. Ohmer and Shenk, whose duty it shall be to ask people to sing and cut-up at the meetings. Corby Literary is a live organization—or was last year, anyhow—and it ought to make good during the winter.

—The Sophomore, as befits the more dignified body of under classmen, beat the Freshmen to it in the matter of organization, but they are slow getting started even at that. They assembled for the first time on Thursday

night in Sorin and elected the following officers: President, Elmo A. Funk; Vice-President, William J. Heyl; Secretary, Stewart Graham; Treasurer, Anton Hebenstreit; Sergeant-at-Arms, Henry Zimmer. The Sophs. measure up to the standard of former ex-Freshmen classes in general debility and boast seventy-four members. "Watch us grow!" is their slogan, but it is so vaguely ambiguous, you will perceive, that we are left to speculate whether their suggestion refers to development in age or in beauty. Either way you take it the process would probably be interesting.

—They say it's easier for a rich man to pass through the eye of a needle than for a skiver to pass safely the office of Sorin, yet two Sorinites did it last Sunday night. They skinned into the hall in a well-nigh literal sense, for they left part of their clothing out on the lawn—but that is anticipating somewhat. Anyhow, they came home just before taps and the front door stood invitingly open. "Easy! I wonder," said the young ones in chorus and they slipped up quietly to reconnoitre. But the office door stood open, so they determined on a ruse. "Why! we'll work the pump gag," said one after they had been casting about some time for a scheme, "that used to be a safe one over in Brownson." So they rehearsed their little say: "Father, we were out at the pump," repeating it syllable by syllable several times so they would surely not get it balled up and to make sure they would both tell the same story. Then stripping off their coats and hats they sauntered trippingly into the house. Easy? Sure. Once, when they heard a step behind them, they started in unison: "Father, I was—" but they saw it was the Colonel and he wasn't particularly interested, so they broke off without finishing the sentence. Anyhow, the sound of their own voice and the smoothness with which they felt able to get off their lines gave them confidence, so they stamped up the stairs, two steps at a time. On the landing they met a friend, a boy friend, whom they sent after the raiment they had left under the tree on the Quad. But lo! in the place where they had laid them, their garments were not. Somebody must have taken them and a search was begun for two coats with the tags of Pittsburg tailors in them, but all to no purpose. The rector was interviewed, so were "Jim" and Dorian, but all said they knew nothing about the matter. Yet somebody lied as sure's you're born; somebody falsified to—and —. Moral: Discard the pump gag, fellows, and draw for something new. Anyhow, when you come home late, come in from the rear like a gentleman, don't disturb the people in the front of the house.