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Life's Shadows.

THOMAS A. LAHEY, '11.

AH, the tales of the world and its pleasures,
Ah, its wild and care-free songs,
Must weave with its joyful measures,
A story of sorrow and wrongs.
Nor the gleam nor the gloom lie single
In the hands of the busy fates,
For the woof of our love must mingle
With the warp of a thousand hates.

We may chase after baubles that flitter
In the dying sunset's glow,
But when we grasp where they glitter,
'Tis then that we come to know
That the glint of the sun tho' golden,
That the gleam of the moon tho' fair,
Hold as ever they held of olden,
Sombre shadows in hiding there.

The Works of Webster.

VARNUM A. PARISH, '08.



AS a certain amount of acquaintance with a play tends to enhance one's appreciation of the presentation of that play, so a certain intimacy with the facts of a man's life, and particularly the important traits of his character, tends to increase one's appreciation of that man's literary efforts. Not all the events of a man's life are important to the student of his works, but only those which have been most instrumental in developing the man's character are of interest. It is the character of the man that gives personality to his works. His literary productions are, in a sense, the expression of his char-

acter. Familiarity with the character of the man enables us to compare more satisfactorily the man and his works. We enjoy noticing how the works corroborate our knowledge of the man.

The personality of the orator bears the closest kind of relation to his oratory, a closer relation, perhaps, than is the case with any other species of literary workers. To such an extent is this true that the written speeches of many of our best orators lose half of their effectiveness by being separated from the living personality of the speaker. Hence to appreciate justly the works of an orator, one must ascertain the effect produced by the delivery of his speeches. This may be done by reading the comments of those who heard the orator himself; and also by studying the man and then reading his speeches, one can imagine the effect they must have had. No one puts more of his personality into his work, more of his character into his expression, than the true orator.

Thus in studying the works of Daniel Webster, it may be helpful first of all to point out some of his most striking characteristics and to enumerate those facts and events of his life that have been potent factors in the development of his character. Nearly every American knows when and where he was born, something about the age in which he rose to a prominence that few have attained, and something of the characteristics of this man, whose works will live as long as there is such a thing as American literature.

It is rather interesting to note that this man, whose political life was to be synonymous with the political life of his country, was born with his country, for he came

into this life in the State of New Hampshire in 1782, the very year in which the American colonies were recognized as an independent nation. On account of the promising qualities he manifested in his youth he became the pet of his father's house. Webster's father, a stern Puritan, was in rather narrow circumstances, and it was only by the strictest kind of economy and self-sacrifice on the part of the whole family that he was enabled to educate his son Daniel and see him graduated from Dartmouth College. In school Webster was not what might be called a genius; he was, however, a great reader, possessed great assimilative power, a strong memory, and the faculty of thinking clearly. Early in his life he developed a clear, strong, and impressive utterance. Similies have been exhausted in attempting to describe the striking dignity of his imposing personality. In his college years he began his career as an orator.

Webster was sent to Congress by New Hampshire in 1817, but after a few years he returned to New England and settled in Boston to practise law. Here he won great distinction in that profession. He was without a superior and had but few equals. It is said that his success depended not so much upon the vastness of his knowledge—for there were many other lawyers whose knowledge of the law was greater than his—as upon his ability to grasp with sureness the vital point in the case, to marshal his facts, and, with his argumentative eloquence, to concentrate all his energy on that vital point with an almost never-failing effect.

Webster was fortunate in being born with nearly all the natural characteristics essential to the orator. Nature seems to have done all she could for him in that line. His imposing personality seemed to give every word that fell from his lips a just claim to respect. It was Webster's success at the bar that caused him to be chosen as orator of the day at Plymouth, and the oration that he delivered on that occasion won for him much praise, and placed him among the foremost orators of that time. He was again sent to Congress in 1823, first to the House of Representatives and a few years later to the Senate. It was here that he began his great political career.

The lives of great men do not always end in the most happy manner, and nothing is so sad as to see one who has reached the pinnacle of fame, one who has won the hearts of his fellow-countrymen by his glowing words of patriotism in defense of liberty and union, lose, in his declining days the public favor. The failure to appreciate what he was fitted for and what he was not fitted for brought this misfortune upon Webster. He had a wealth of knowledge, a statesman-like breadth of view, solid argument, and a marvelous power of expression which made him the greatest statesman and orator of his time; but with all these he lacked some of the qualities essential to leadership; that indefinable something that makes men eminent leaders among their fellowmen, was lacking. In truth, he was somewhat wanting in strength of will; he did not possess enough sincere self-confidence; he was a little deficient in that moral courage, which enables one to boldly assert oneself in doubtful situations. He did not possess that constant alertness necessary to watch and to direct political details. He lacked the initiative spirit. There was an element of indolence in his make-up, and it required a strong impulse to move him. It was for these reasons that he was not the man for the presidency of the United States. Nevertheless, to be president was his fondest hope; he cherished it until his death. It is said that he let it disorder his ambition, unsettle his judgment, and warp his statesmanship. Some claim that his desire to win the favor of the South in order to better his chances for the presidency, caused him to support the compromise of 1850. This is rash, perhaps, but the stand he took on that question was one of the things that caused him to fall so low in the favor of his constituents. It is said that his speech, though wonderful in many respects and classed as a masterpiece, lacked the inspiration of the consciousness of being right. And thus, through the actions that appeared questionable to his followers, actions which were interpreted as treasonable to the section which he represented, he lost the good graces of his people, and died regretting that he had not been able to realize the great hope of his life.

Webster also had pecuniary difficulties.

Prodigal with his own and his friends' money alike, he borrowed much and repaid little. It has been aptly said that his moral failings cost him the noblest fruit of great service—an unbounded public confidence.

The works of Webster, though perhaps not manifesting such profundity of thought or such a vast store of information as those of Edmund Burke, do, nevertheless, show a wealth of knowledge that is remarkable.

In his "Reply to Hayne," the acquaintance he displayed with the government and all its workings, since its very beginning, was marvelous; and no less marvelous was the readiness with which that knowledge flowed from the orator. But the breadth of knowledge displayed in his works is not limited to the fields of government. The address delivered on the "Progress of Mechanic Arts" before the Mechanics' Institution in Boston tends to evince this truth. The speech shows a knowledge of the history of mechanical arts far greater than that possessed by the ordinary man. And again, Webster has shown a thorough knowledge of the principles and workings of finance, in his treatment of that subject. In his opposition to Mr. Jackson's attack on the United States banks, the knowledge of money and banking that he displayed, the soundness of the principles that he laid down, and the clearness with which he expressed those principles, have given to the speeches made on that occasion, the standing of masterpieces in that branch of economics.

His free-trade speech, in answer to Clay, displays a knowledge so rich and so accurate that it is unsurpassed; and that speech may still serve as a text in economic science. But this is not all: his works point to an acquaintance with the classics that is far more than ordinary. Nearly all through his speeches we find him frequently and accurately quoting the Latin authors. With the English classics, too, he was familiar. In regard to his knowledge of the classics, the tenacity and sureness of his memory was remarkable. It was his thorough knowledge of Shakespeare and his accurate memory that enabled him to turn with such cleverness, and much to the chagrin of Mr. Hayne, the application of Mr. Hayne's allusion to the story of Banquo's

ghost. In showing how unfortunate Mr. Hayne had been in his allusion to the ghost of Banquo, Webster quoted from memory several lines of the tragedy of Macbeth. Such was his familiarity with the classics.

A quality of the works of this man, even more remarkable than the breadth of knowledge they displayed, is the sureness with which they hit the vital issue. Especially is this true in those speeches that he delivered at the bar and in those delivered in debate. No works on constitutional interpretation are greater than the speeches of Webster, especially the "Reply to Hayne." The excellence of his works in that line lay in his wonderful ability to grasp the vital point with an almost never-failing sureness.

The secret of Webster's success as an orator on memorial occasions, was his power of reproducing the spirit of a great event and endowing it with life. This is particularly noticeable in his Plymouth speech. It was the oration delivered on this occasion that brought Webster to the front as an orator. So remarkable was this speech, so effective on those who heard it, that a very capable and conservative critic of the time, who was present on the occasion of its delivery, confessed to a friend, in a letter, that he was absolutely incapable of passing judgment on Webster's oratory. He wrote that he had never heard anything equal to it; that he was so moved at times that he thought his head would burst.

The oration possesses a historical picturesqueness, a broad sweep of contemplation. It is noble and magnificent in the simplicity of its eloquence. This peculiar power of reproducing the spirit of a great event was shown on numerous other occasions, particularly in his Bunker Hill speech. The description of the battle, the manner in which he addressed the veterans of the Revolution, the touching tones in which he spoke to Lafayette,—all these brought the audience back to the very event in commemoration of which they were gathered. With remarkable success did he arouse the feelings of gratitude, of veneration, and of patriotism, in discoursing on liberty and union. Again, in the address delivered in Faneuil Hall, at the memorial service held there shortly after the death of Adams and Jefferson, this same power is manifested. Throughout all his addresses of this nature, we find this quality predominant.

True Worth.

THOMAS A. LAHEY, '11.

AH, what a vain delusion
To seek where *delights* abound,
To dream that in rich profusion,
The most soul-stirring joys are found.

Not 'mid the cultured bowers,
That are bred in a southern air,
Oh not 'mid a wealth of flowers,
Do we learn of their beauties rare.

The blush of a rose-bud glowing
'Mid the gloom of the desert sands
Speaks more than the millions blowing
In the sun-mellowed tropic lands;

Speaks more to the wearied stranger,
Than its fairer rose-sisters can
That blossom hedged in from danger,
In the cultured gardens of man.

Where the Law Intervened.

DENIS A. MORRISON, '10.

In the city of Big Mound, Iowa, there lived a man, a policeman and a maid. The man, whose name was James Maguire, dealt for a living in newspapers and periodical literature, which he doled out in varying quantities to drummers and other traveling folk who like to have something to quiet their minds during the trying time of a railroad journey. The policeman, Timothy Hagerty, found his life-work and special care in shaping the moral tone of the third precinct of Big Mound. Both Maguire, who was called Jim for short, and Hagerty, who was plain "Tim," found their chief pleasure, when off duty, in courting the favor of said maiden, the beautiful Molly Moran.

Tim and Jim were not friends. They had been enemies ever since the time when Jim had captained the bunch of kids that used to congregate around the street corner near Skelly's place, and Tim had served in a similar capacity toward another gang whose headquarters were situated down in the next block. Skelly's corner marked the ward boundary, and hence the partisan spirit.

Jim and Tim had never met in any physical encounter. They ruled their respective followings by methods vastly different: Tim by

virtue of his brawn and Jim by the force of his brains and executive ability. But there was a rivalry, nevertheless, for such a situation and the motive of jealousy is sure to arouse and urge it on, and it had so happened that these two leaders of ward gangs had become enamored of the same young lady.

Molly Moran was pretty, perverse and possessed of the fun-demon. She "adored" both Jim and Tim, but so skilful was she in the feminine arts of innocent deception that she managed to let each of them know that it was for his rival that she cared; and with each of them doing all he could to get a shade the better of the other, Molly could enjoy herself at the expense of one and then of the other by gracefully accepting the favors of both.

We have said that Molly was unable to come to a decision as to her preference between the two. If truth be told, there is no reason to believe that she cared to decide and so spoil an interesting situation. Tim was big, fine-looking, and besides was on the force and wore a beautiful blue suit with shining brass buttons all over it. Jim, on the other hand, was not small, nor ugly; he was moreover far more sympathetic than Tim in his nature, and somewhat romantic in character. Thus Molly was unable to decide with which one of these sterling young men she would cast her lot.

No one can tell how long this state of affairs might have continued, had not Fate stepped in just at this time. Jim Maguire had a weakness—the one vulnerable spot in his otherwise impenetrable armor of virtue. This weakness was the cigarette habit. He smoked lots of them, and Molly did not protest. So it happened that when Fate had to cast about to find a means for forcing a crisis in the current of these three lives, she seized upon the anti-cigarette idea and had the legislature make it a law. The transgression of this law was to be punished by a fine of ten dollars or ten days in jail.

The very next evening after this law went into effect, it so befell that Jim Maguire, it being his pay-day, was strolling contentedly up Main Street with one of the forbidden articles between his lips. Just as the evening breeze was receiving a cloud of the fragrant fumes from his lungs, a shadow crossed his

path and the sound of a familiar, yet by no means welcome voice sounded in his ears. He turned in time to see Tim Hagerty as he laid a hand heavily on his shoulder.

"You're under arrest. Come along to the station with me."

Jim was sore. "You confounded pup"—

"None o' that, now," returned Tim, lovingly regarding his club. "Don't you go insulting me or I might hit you real hard."

Jim wasn't a fool, so he obeyed without further parley. It was no fun for him to hand over one-third of his week's profits to the state treasury as the price of a measly cigarette, but he did it in the manner of a millionaire tipping his valet. But that wasn't the worst. It was bad enough to be paraded down Main Street under the guidance of the law's powerful eye, but no humiliation could be greater than to meet Molly Moran under such circumstances. She was the centre of a laughing group of girls with whom they almost collided as they turned the corner.

"Hello, Molly," Jim sang out.

The girl stopped short. It looked at first as if she were going to speak, but she didn't. Biting her lip as she seized the arm of one of her companions, she strode forward without saying a word.

Both Jim and Tim noted the expression on her face. Within the heart of the former, something seemed to be pulling down, down, down, and his cheeks paled as if he were suddenly ill. She had seen him under arrest; being taken to the station in the hands of Tim Hagerty. Would she ever speak to him again? He doubted it. Tim, on the other hand, watched the tide of feeling rise within his rival's breast with the greatest satisfaction. He had shown himself to be a better man than Maguire; had subjected him to disgrace and that within view of Molly. It would be easy sailing now.

The next night was Tim's night off duty. At the house of Molly Moran this night was known as "Tim's night," in distinction to certain other nights in the week which were designated as "Jim's." To Tim's surprise, on this particular evening, Molly was singularly unresponsive to his advances. But Tim didn't mind. He had learned a lesson and had come prepared to be as independent as she. He would pay no attention to her foolish whims.

Half an hour passed and the conversation had not livened. Molly refused to play or sing. She had never acted in that manner before. At first she answered his questions shortly, but soon she seemed indifferent as to whether she would answer them at all. Fifteen minutes passed thus. Tim grew uneasy, but he was not to be daunted so easily. Five minutes more and he could not stand the strain. He settled himself more stiffly in the straight-backed chair.

"I suppose, now," he began, in his grandest manner, "I suppose ye're thinkin' to try some more of your high jinks wid me to-night, Miss Moran. It won't work, I tell you; it won't work. Ye saw what happened to wan person that tried to come high wid me, so don't you try it, me honey."

Like a flash she turned on him.

"Tim Hagerty, do you know what you are?" she said hotly. "You're a great, big, mean, horrid brute. I wish you'd go away from here and never come back."

And as the policeman sat with a look of the utmost astonishment and chagrin on his face, Molly rose and with one vicious swish of her new skirt of watered silk, was gone.

Tim was dazed and angry. All next day he planned revenge. Oh, these women! Only a week before she had clasped her hands in an ecstasy of admiration over his fine new policeman's greatcoat, and now—oh, she'd get over it, no doubt. 'Twas only another of her whims. Just give him time and he would reduce her to submission.

Tim was standing not far from Martin's ice-cream parlor as the reverie was running through his mind. This was again in obedience to a decree of Fate, who was to deal further with the principals in this little story. Tim had decided that he might as well be moving up the street a block or so, when a sight met his eyes that made his heart beat with jealousy. Jim Maguire and Molly Moran were nearing him, arm in arm. Tim's eyes first took in the details of her unusually attractive costume of white linen. Then, as his gaze reverted to her companion, he noticed for the first time the faint glimmer of his cigarette, and he anticipated his second triumph. All oblivious of the policeman's presence, the pair

approached, she laughing gaily, he puffing contentedly. Tim pictured to himself what his rival would feel when arrested not only within sight of the girl, but in her very company. And the anticipation of his rival's chagrin was hardly greater than the pleasure he felt at Molly's dilemma. She would certainly not care to return home in the company of an escort who had been the cause of such humiliation to her. But Tim was losing time. Approaching the pair, he laid a heavy hand on Jim's shoulder.

"You're under arrest. Ain't you got sense enough not to break in the company of a lady?"

Jim turned. Blowing a deep inhale into the other's face, he replied:

"Under arrest?" and why, may I ask?"

"You know well enough what for," Tim rejoined. "Come along to the station now, and don't be getting funny wid me?" and he attempted to grasp Maguire by the coat.

"Oh, Mr. Hagerty," interposed Molly, "won't you let him go this time? For me?"

If the memory of a recent insult had not been rankling in Tim's mind, it is not likely that he would have resisted the appeal. But Tim saw a great necessity for firmness.

"Naw, I won't let him go for you nor no one else. Come along, now."

As Maguire eluded his grasp, a cry of "Uxtry! Uxtry!" burst upon them, and a newsboy rounded the corner near which they were standing. He approached the group, still shouting, "Uxtry, all about the legislature!" The newsboy was Molly's little brother.

"Here, Micky," cried Jim, "give me your whole lot of papers." The lad, wondering what was up, did so. "Officer," continued Maguire, "I'm going to make you a present of the whole bunch. Just take a look at this big print on the first page, please."

Tim stared dumbly as he read, "Anti-cigarette law repealed. Solons in State session reject former verdict by large majority."

That night there was a family council at Molly's home. Molly held out for a wait of at least six months, while Jim insisted that the ceremony should take place without delay. Finally, it was arranged for the 23d of the ensuing month.

"But how about Tim Hagerty?" said Molly's father.

"Oh," Jim replied, "we'll settle old scores and have him for best man."

Varsity Verse.

WINTER COMES.

THE earth is cold and bleak;
The stinging blasts rush down
From dreary northern peak,
And sweep the fields now brown.

The robin south has flown
For refuge from the cold,
The big trees crack and moan,
And leaves have lost their gold.

Chill, biting winds have crushed
From flow'rs their last sweet breath;
Where graceful roses blushed
Dark stalks now bend in death.

Upon the whirling gale
The dead leaves hurry by,
And snowbirds in the vale
Sing out: King Winter's nigh.

G. J. F.

QUATRAIN.

When human friends depart from thee,
When joy is fled, remember then
Surcease of sorrow and despair
In prayer and work are found again.

O. A. S.

THAT INDIANA GAME.

That Indiana Game is o'er;
With lusty cheers let all acclaim
The praises of the squad. Our score
Was six, first half; and last, five more,
To nothing. Gee! some must deplore

That

Indiana

Game.

That Indiana game was fun.
'Twas like old times, for Notre Dame
Just swept that field upon the run,
And took the scalps. The deed was done
By Miller's wondrous men who won

That

Indiana

Game.

That Indiana game upset
Those chaps from Bloomington. Their fame
Has faded fast, and oh! the debt
They have incurred for what they bet
Upon their team: they'll ne'er forget

That

Indiana

Game.

G. J. F.

Our Brother's Keeper.

EDWARD P. CLEARY, '09.

Many hundreds of years ago there dwelt among the shadowy forests of ancient Germany, a mighty race of men whose deeds of valor and courage won for them not only undisputed sovereignty over the territory in which they dwelt but likewise won, to an unmeasured degree, the respect and admiration of even their enemies. Like all beings who dwell together in primitive harmony and are moved by elementary forces, these wild, barbarous men were guided in their social and military relations by many remarkable customs, traces of which are discernible even to this late day among their varied offspring. Among the Germans in particular there prevailed a notable custom, a kind of unwritten regulation, which provided that in periods of imminent conflict, even in the very heat of battle, it should be the duty of the strong to protect the weak. As a consequence of this wise and fraternal practice, it fell to the lot of those brave warriors who were foremost in strength and valor to surround their weaker brethren when danger threatened and to lay down their lives, even to the very last man, in order that those who were bound by ties of blood and comradeship might be spared the deathly onslaught of the enemy and be left to live in peace and security. To-day, we, the descendants of those sturdy warriors, inhabit a new land. Through the developments of the long centuries that have elapsed much of their rudeness and crudeness has been eliminated; but have we preserved, do we cherish in its pristine vigor, that spirit of sacrifice in behalf of the weak? The domination of the spear and the javelin by which sectional difficulties were formerly settled, has yielded in a great part to a milder but no less potent instrument in the form of the modern ballot. Why then should not the modern warriors be influenced by some such sentiments as moved the hearts and souls of their noble ancestors? Are there not conditions at the present time which call for the same measures that obtained among the ancients? As the

ancients used their crude weapons to ward off the enemy, so ought we to extend to the weaker brethren the protection which we can bestow without cost or danger. If the poor, uneducated, honest laborer—the power which underlies the triumphs of the twentieth century—if the laborer who toils through the long, weary hours of the day that mammoths of industry may rear their mighty heads, lacks, through no fault of his own, the political education necessary for self-protection, if, indeed, he lies crushed beneath the foot of oppression and unjust laws, then must the man of intellectual strength step forth as his champion. He should deem it his bounden duty to insist on proper legislation to mitigate the evils which beset the helpless.

The young immigrant toiling in the busy factory or pouring out the melting liquid which sends its hot breath into his zealous countenance, can not hesitate in the struggle for existence until he has won a home for himself and his loved ones. It takes time for him to familiarize himself with the principles of our government. As yet he is a stranger in our midst who needs encouragement and direction. For many years he must depend on the consideration of others in affairs political.

The safety and security of our nation require that there be brave, resolute men to maintain and administer the government. As of old the powerful shielded the weak, so must it be in our day. The composite body of our citizenship is such that there are many weak members. Some there are who lack the moral courage to support the cause which they know to be right. Others lacking a sense of justice, the proper knowledge of our institutions and the gift of political discernment, allow themselves to be swayed at will by the wily and unscrupulous charlatan and self-seeker.

The evil of political indifference, if it ever becomes widespread, will surely entail its consequences upon men of all classes and occupations. It will victimize the classes which might otherwise be the most stable element in our national life. The frail intellectual shells which cloak the morbid intellects of scheming malcontents are worse than worthless, for all governmental purposes. The feeble, irresponsible anarchist

brings ruin and destruction upon our government. Surely there must be found among us, giants of courage and character who will boldly resist the evils of the day and fight for their fellowmen and for posterity. There must be men inspired by unselfish citizenship to look to the welfare of those who through ignorance, blindness to duty, indifference and political cowardice, lack those qualities which are absolutely necessary to secure and promote the welfare of the state.

In whom are these ideals to be found? Are they to be found in the individual who barter his birthright for a bribe of lucre or selfish aggrandizement? No, we must look to a nobler, stronger, more enlightened class of citizens. We must find the needed warriors among those who have been trained to ideals of manliness and civic virtue. We must look not among the outcasts of society but among those who possess a higher sense of responsibility, and who from right knowledge of history have learned that honesty and integrity are the bulwarks of democratic principles. We must turn for guidance to those who know the real significance of those traditions and laws which form our inheritance. Their duty shall be to stand before the masses as bulwarks of safety and conservatism. It is they who must give the example of clean citizenship to those beginning a new life in the country of adoption.

It is the man trained to the responsibilities which he owes to his country and his God who will be the able protector and the cheerful guardian of the pure ideals upon which our social structure rests. It is to the great centres of higher education that we must look for the strong men whom our times so persistently demand. These are the men whom Providence has endowed, and whom unselfish Christian parentage have tried to fit for the exalted stations of public life.

The future years in an even greater degree than those which have passed will present problems and situations of momentous difficulty to our nation. Our state is already well developed in power and riches, but it will ever call for wise minds and strong hands to direct its course. The struggle for existence which will be waged

will be a terrific one. The weaker will cower and cringe before the enemies of our Republic. The timid will shrink back in fear as the threatening army advances to the siege of our institutions. Now is the time, the moment, for those who have been reared to pure and unselfish ideals to exhibit in all the glory of their strength the unselfishness necessary for the success of a republican government.

When the great moment comes we shall need the hero to step forth to match strength with those who will attack and destroy, if not resisted, our institutions. And when the day of strife is over, the clear dawn of an even greater and more lasting republic shall win for us, as it did for the barbarians of old, the safety, the security of the weak and defenseless, and shall insure to the son of toil a share in the fruits of his honest and deserving labor.

The Ideal Spectator.

A DISCUSSION OF THE MERITS AND DEMERITS OF THEATRE PATRONS.

PAUL R. MARTIN, '10.

Miss Olga Nethersole, than whom no more whimsical actress has graced the English stage, is her own financial backer. On this fact Miss Nethersole has based a rather scathing treatise concerning the professional critic of dramatic entertainments. With no little show of pride she airs the fact that she invests \$5000 a week in her productions, and with this statement comes her opinion of the critic as he exists to-day.

"After expending this amount of money to provide amusement for the public," says Miss Nethersole, "I invite a certain number of critics to see my performance, and what happens? These men go forth, and by a single stroke of the pen cast into the gutter all that I and the members of my company have striven for."

It seems to Miss Nethersole the professional critic is not an ideal spectator because there is the possible chance that he may find her production unworthy of praise and will not be backward in informing the reading public of his opinion. I venture to

say that Miss Nethersole would entertain the same opinion of many of her spectators were they given the chance to publish their views through the columns of the daily newspapers.

If one is seeking for the ideal spectator of the drama he must ask for opinion outside of professional circles. Lincoln J. Carter, whose name is to be seen in letters a foot high on most of the paper that heralds the blood-and-thunder style of melodrama, would probably find the ideal spectator in the small boy, the unrefined girl and that great mass of men and women who know no other recreation than to sit each week in contemplation of an impossible and highly-lurid melodrama. It is these people who make such amusement possible, who furnish the money from which is taken authors' royalties and actors' salaries. In the houses devoted to melodrama they are permitted to applaud—hiss alternately,—to eat peanuts between times—and consequently the managers of such an attraction would say that they are the ideal spectators of the drama.

There are perhaps a few people of ultra-refined taste who turn to the critical columns of the newspapers for their information about the play and who follow the critics as competent guides. This class is rare and it is a good thing, for although the critic has not entirely outlived his usefulness, as Miss Nethersole would have us believe, still he is not a safe guide in things dramatic, and no matter how entertainingly he may write concerning the theatre and its people, his criticism must always be taken with a grain of salt.

The critic is honest at heart and wants to give the absolute truth as he sees it. But he oftentimes wears smoked glasses in the form of dyspepsia, over-work or personal trouble. The critic, from having been bored three times in one week, will naturally go to the theatre the fourth time expecting to be bored again, and he is seldom disappointed. Play-going, like any other work, becomes very tiresome and the critic becomes blasé. Therefore, his views will be touched with pessimism, and the critic will become a cynic. When some unusual thing either in acting or construction is presented, the critic is only too willing to give it its meed of praise,

for he, above all persons, is glad to see real merit in theatrical offerings; but as a usual thing his appreciation is dulled by constant attendance at the theatre, and the things that justly get the approval of the casual observer can not appeal to him.

It is in this casual observer that we find the ideal spectator. Of course, this observer must be limited to that class who patronize only the best theatres and who have a proper knowledge of dramaturgy to know what is worth while and what is not. You will find this type in the lobby of a good theatre between the acts. It is here that the professional critic often gets many valuable hints. The ideal spectator will carefully compare the works of one dramatist with those of another. He will compare the technique of the various actors, and will arrive at a sane decision as to the merits or demerits of a play and of the players. His mind is alert, and it is not dulled by over-attendance. To him the play is a thing to be enjoyed, and he will enjoy it if it is enjoyable and properly presented. He is not looking for flaws, but when flagrant errors are made they will not escape him. It is this class that makes the theatre, and it is this class that is able to offer reliable, unbiassed criticism.

Silent Friends.

JOHN J. ECKERT, '11.

THE golden stars at eventide
 A wondrous story tell:
 Of realms where joy and bliss abide
 And happy spirits dwell.

In language sweet, with words of love,
 They comfort us in woe,
 And whisper wonders from above
 To us who wait below.

They see the eyes which full of tears
 Gaze at the starry height,
 And smiling at our childlike fears
 They rend the gloom of night.

Thus when I watch with longing eye
 The stars at eventide,
 I make the message they imply
 My helper and my guide.

Notre Dame Scholastic

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Notre Dame, Indiana.

Notre Dame, Indiana, November 14, 1908,

Board of Editors.

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—President Roosevelt in his manly letter has administered an effective rebuke to all who try to inject their religious opinions into politics. And it is fitting that he should do so. As the **Religion in Politics.** President, he is the guardian of the liberty of the land, chief of which is the right, guaranteed by the Constitution, of worshipping according to one's conscience. In the same manly way that has cut many a Gordian knot of policy, the President has gone to the root of the difficulty, and said boldly: "A man's religion is between himself and his Maker. It is no concern of ours." What we are concerned with is his qualification as an administrator and a just executor of the law. If he is this we should not take his religion into consideration, since this Republic requires no religious test as a qualification for holding office.

—Notre Dame's superiority was evinced at Indianapolis Saturday not only on the gridiron, but in point of loyalty and support on the part of its "rooters." **Why Is It?** The special excursion was an unqualified success, and in reviewing the day's events there is but one observation to cause regret—the woeful

absence of the upper-classmen. It is an undeniable fact that the senior halls sent delegations by no means in creditable proportion to their numbers, a circumstance which is anything but representative of the Notre Dame spirit that manifested itself so inspiringly on the side-lines Saturday. There may be some tenable excuse for their absence, but thus far it has not been forthcoming. How can we hope to arouse and promote college spirit when those to whom we most look for support and encouragement refuse even their presence at a song rehearsal, and find their voices only when a yell of criticism is called for by the knock-master. The upper classmen are looked upon, and should be, as the leaders in college activities; let them measure up to the responsibilities which have devolved upon them.

—For the sixth time during the present year the ranks of the French Academy have been invaded by death, the last victim being Victorien Sardou, oldest **Death of Sardou.** of the French dramatists.

That a prophet is given no honor in his own country was true of Sardou for many years, his early productions being hissed when an attempt was made to produce them in Paris. By a display of sheer genius he overcame the obstacles that were placed in his path by the members of the critical guild, and at the time of his death he not only wore the decoration of the Legion of Honor, but was called the Dean of his craft. Sardou has been so closely identified with the stage that it is impossible to give adequate treatment to the subject of modern drama without paying particular attention to the works of this prolific man. He successfully accomplished a mission in which many others have failed. He satirized society, and, contrary to rule, society applauded him. He never gave sympathy to French social life, and he was not a sparer of persons when he desired to expose the weakness of the French governmental system. His plays founded on history have been remarkably authentic, a wealth of historical fact being woven into the narrative. In writing his masterpiece "Robespierre," described by Clement Scott as "the summit of drama-building art,"

M. Sardou went deep into the most dread period of the French revolution—the Reign of Terror. This play, as is the case with his “Dante” also, has been produced in English only, the former being given its initial production by Sir Henry Irving. Mr. Irving also brought “Mme. Sans Gené” into view, being supported in this piece by Miss Ellen Terry. “Divorçons,” which has been translated into almost every language was given in this country by Miss Grace George, and it proved to be one of the most popular dramas ever attempted by this star. M. Sardou was a scholar, a patriot and a humanitarian. His private life was stainless, and he never used his popularity or influence in the propagation of any false doctrines. His death is a blow to the world of letters, and through it the stage loses one of its greatest contributors.

Athletic Notes.

NOTRE DAME, 11; INDIANA, 0.

Displaying unquestionable superiority at every turn, the Varsity tightened its hold upon the State Championship last Saturday at Indianapolis by routing Indiana, 11-0. It was Notre Dame day at the capital. The old Gold and Blue was everywhere flung to the breeze, and the host that followed it gave the natives an exhibition of genuine college spirit such as has been rarely witnessed Down-State. From the time that the special train bearing four hundred N. D. students arrived in the morning until they departed exultant with victory in the evening there was no respite. The Notre Dame contingent was joined upon its arrival by scores of alumni and local sympathizers whose spirited songs and yells inspired confidence and determination in the wearers of the Gold and Blue.

The game was one of the most spectacular ever waged between the two rivals, abounding in open plays, sensational end runs and terrific line smashes. The new style of play predominated throughout, and Place's machine worked with a precision and smoothness noticeably lacking in the works of Sheldon's men. The results of Place's skilful coaching were discernible in the concentrated style of attack before which

the Crimson were beaten down, and in the defense which never faltered except for a brief, though not dangerous, period in the second half. Miller's men were right with the ball every minute, and their watchfulness was rewarded time after time by recovery of fumbles.

Captain Miller won the plaudits of the crowd by his phenomenal work on the offensive, and he was the premier ground-gainer of the day. The red-headed leader was in every play, and his dashing onslaughts behind perfect interference left the Sheldonites in helpless bewilderment. Time after time he circled the ends for gains of from twenty to forty yards, and was equally strong when called upon to go through the line. It was probably the stellar performance of his gridiron career, which adequately sums up his work.

Ruel partook of the honors with Miller when it came to the sensational. It was the work of these two men that dissipated the confidence of the Down-Staters in the early part of the struggle and awed the hearts of the Crimson warriors. Ruel's work in returning punts often more than offset the advantage gained by Cartwright's kicks, and time after time, after his interference had been demolished, he fought his way alone for big gains.

Edwards completed the trio in the back field, and his work was in keeping with that of his teammates. He fought an aggressive game every minute, hit the line for consistent gains, and was strong at breaking interference at end where he played on defense.

Dwyer handled the signals, and the masterly manner in which he guided the team indicated that Coach Place made no mistake in shifting him from half-back to fill the hole left by Hamilton. His tackling was by far the prettiest of the day, and often brought down the Indiana backs when long runs seemed certain.

To single out the stars on the line would be a task, for every man played his game, as is evident from the manner in which the Crimson onslaughts were defeated. Dolan's work, however, was prominent. Not only was he busy making holes on offense, but time after time he crashed through the Crimson line, and broke up plays before they were fairly started. He played the kind of football that won him such praise in the Michigan game.

Kelly at the other tackle was also in the

game all the time. He not only tipped over the plays directed against him, but was among the first down the field on punts, a fact which was responsible for our first touchdown. Mertes at centre, cool, calm, and steady, contributed great strength to the middle of the line. His passing was perfect, and his judgment in not passing the ball when some of our men were offside saved us many penalties. Duffy, Paine and Lynch refused to let anything get by them at guard, and played a strong game. Maloney and Wood starred on the ends, especially in working the forward pass, which failed only once. They handled it cleanly, and generally got away for substantial gains.

Last Sunday's Indianapolis *Star* gave the following opinion and account of the battle:

"Both teams were aggressive and both fought hard, but Notre Dame played the better game. The wearers of the Gold and Blue were surer and harder tacklers, they excelled in open field work and they passed the ball better. That practically tells the whole story of the encounter."

FIRST HALF.

Notre Dame won the toss and chose to defend the west goal. The Indiana team lined up for the kick-off and the players stood in suspense during a delay from some cause on Notre Dame's side. Capt. Scott Paddock started the game by kicking off to Dolan, who received the ball after a bounce and carried it back four yards. Before the crimson warriors were set for defense Notre Dame executed a neat forward pass, Dwyer to Woods, which netted twenty yards.

Indiana broke up a line-buck and Roberts fell on the ball after a fumble, giving Indiana the ball on Notre Dame's twenty-yard line. Indiana's backs tried the line for two line-bucks, but registered meagre gains, and a forward pass was resorted to. H. Paddock received the pass, but did not gain the necessary ten yards, and Notre Dame took the oval again.

Capt. Miller dropped back for a punt, but chucked the ball under his arm and skirted around the end for twenty yards. On an attempted line-buck Ruel was thrown back for a slight loss, and Miller netted three yards on a skin-tackle play around Hatfield, and Notre Dame was forced to punt. Cunningham fumbled Miller's kick on Indiana's forty-yard line, but a crimson-togged player fell on the ball. Dutter held in the line and Indiana suffered a penalty of fifteen yards. Cartwright punted thirty-five yards and Ruel returned it twenty, running out of bounds.

NOTRE DAME SCORES EARLY.

H. Paddock threw Dwyer back on an attempted quarter-back run. After another trial at circling

Roberts, Ruel sent an onside kick bounding over the Indiana men and over the goal line. Kelley fell on the ball, giving Notre Dame its first tally. The ball had been in play less than seven minutes. Miller kicked goal, and the Notre Dame rooters fairly went wild. Score: Notre Dame, 6; Indiana, 0.

Capt. Miller kicked off to Indiana, defending the west goal. Cunningham caught the oval on the five-yard line and returned it ten yards. Capt. Paddock did not gain on a skin-tackle play, but Notre Dame was penalized five yards for playing offside.

H. Paddock netted three yards on a wide run around Woods. In the fracas Capt. Miller was laid out, but soon resumed play. Capt. Paddock hit the line for a gain of seven yards, making first down. His attempt at an end run was nipped in the bud by Kelley, and Cartwright punted to Notre Dame's forty-five-yard line. Maloney returned the ball ten yards. Edwards bumped Hatfield for a gain of eight yards, but Notre Dame was again penalized fifteen yards for holding in the line. Miller punted forty-five yards to S. Paddock, who was downed in his tracks.

Indiana's attempt at an end-run resulted in a loss, but Cartwright skirted around Woods for a gain of twenty-two yards on a fake punt. Cunningham's wide end-run added two yards, but the crimsonites suffered a penalty of fifteen yards when their forward pass hit the ground. Cartwright punted fifty yards and Ruel returned it fifteen, with excellent interference. Capt. Paddock was compelled to take time out.

GAIN THROUGH HATFIELD.

Edwards hit Hatfield for a gain of four yards. A forward pass, Dwyer to Maloney, netted fifteen yards, but Dwyer did not run out five yards, and Referee Davis brought the ball back. Cunningham received Miller's onside kick of twenty yards.

Cartwright at once punted, the ball going out of bounds at thirty yards. Notre Dame fumbled on the first play and a crimson man fell on the ball. Cartwright again punted and Roberts nabbed Dwyer before he got started. With the ball on the thirty-yard line Miller gained ten yards on a wide end-run around Roberts. Coach Place was caught in the act of coaching his players from the sideline and Umpire Wren penalized his team five yards. Miller dropped back for a punt, but a trick play failed and Capt. Miller punted. Duffy got the ball from the punt on Indiana's thirty-five-yard line.

Cunningham broke up a forward pass, getting the ball. Cartwright hit off tackle for a gain of four yards and immediately afterward punted fifty yards over Maloney's head. Maloney finally got the ball and returned it ten yards.

Edwards punctured the crimson line for a gain of five yards and Indiana was penalized five yards. A forward pass, Woods to Maloney on left end, netted twenty yards. Miller made slight gain through Dutter, who also withstood the next plunge at him by Edwards. Miller got into position for a place-kick, but the Indiana men blocked it. Ruel got the ball and gained a little ground.

Notre Dame was penalized fifteen yards for holding in the line. Ruel went through Netherton for a gain of nine yards, but on another attempt Indiana held

and took the ball. Cunningham circled Maloney for a gain of eight yards and Cartwright repeated the performance around the other extremity. Cartwright failed on another end-run. Indiana fumbled on a line play, and Notre Dame's auburn-haired captain fell on the ball near the thirty-yard line.

Miller went through Hatfield for twenty yards and Edwards added five. A line plunge failed to gain, and Notre Dame was penalized fifteen yards again for holding. An onside kick by Ruel fell into H. Paddock's arms.

RUEL MAKES GREAT RUN.

Cunningham skirted an end for five yards, but Indiana fumbled and lost ground on next play. Cartwright punted to centre of field. Ruel got the ball and carried it with a sensational run, dodging player after player, and slipping out of several grasping hands, got to Indiana's ten-yard line before he was downed. Indiana's tackling was extremely poor here.

Miller fumbled the ball on the very goal line when a touchdown was certain. Cartwright dropped behind the goal posts and sent a high spiral to Indiana's twenty-five-yard line. It was a good punt and saved the crimson team. Winters took time out, but resumed play. Notre Dame attempted a fake line-buck, but it resulted in a loss. Miller's fake drop-kick forward pass hit the ground and Notre Dame suffered the usual penalty.

Dwyer took time out. Miller punted forty-five yards to S. Paddock, who was tackled before he got a start. Cartwright punted fifty yards when the half ended.

SECOND HALF.

Captain Miller started the second half by booting the oval to S. Paddock on the five-yard line. Paddock made a pretty run, bringing the ball back twenty yards. On a beautiful trick play Indiana gained twenty yards. Cartwright started out as if to execute a forward pass over right end. Roberts left his position, grabbed the ball and carried it around the other end.

S. Paddock followed with a gain of four yards on a line-buck. Cartwright punted to Notre Dame. Ruel jumped into the air to get the ball near the thirty-five-yard line and was tackled so fiercely by the crimson men that he was laid out for a time. Miller went around Roberts for a gain of twenty-five yards, but Sutphin, who replaced Winters, at this time broke up another attempt at an end-run.

Miller's attempts at line-bucks resulted in losses. He finally punted to S. Paddock, who fumbled on Indiana's twenty-five-yard line. Notre Dame got the ball. A forward pass, Woods to Maloney, gained ten yards. Notre Dame linemen were too anxious and were penalized five yards for off-side play. S. Paddock intercepted a forward pass. Cartwright punted thirty-five yards to Ruel, who returned the pigskin ten yards.

NOTRE DAME GETS BALL ON FUMBLE.

Sutphin tackled Ruel for a loss when an end-run was started around the extremity guarded by Roberts. Cunningham fumbled an onside kick and Dolan fell on the ball.

A neat forward pass, Woods to Kelley, put Notre Dame fifteen yards nearer the goal. Miller bumped through Indiana's left side for four yards, but Hatfield dumped Edwards on another line-buck for a meagre gain. Miller made one yard. At this time the ball was scarcely three yards from Indiana's goal, and the crimson men were fighting desperately. Miller's one-yard gain just made Notre Dame's first down. Edwards then went through Hatfield for a gain of two yards, sufficient to get the ball over the coveted goal line. Miller failed an easy goal. Score: Notre Dame, 11; Indiana, 0.

Indiana lined up again for the kickoff, Notre Dame defending the west goal.

MILLER GAINS ON FAKE PUNT.

Cartwright kicked to Ruel on the ten-yard line. Ruel returned the ball five yards. Notre Dame's attempts at line bucking failed completely, but on a fake punt, Miller carried the ball around Sutphin's end for a gain of forty yards. Ruel followed it with another which gained five yards, but Sutphin split up the next attempt for a loss. Ruel lost ground on a fake punt, and Indiana took the ball.

Cartwright fozzled on a line-buck, but Cunningham gained ten yards on a quarter-back run around Maloney. H. Paddock's wide end-run netted two yards, and Hatfield, on a tackle around play, gained ten yards. An end-run failed, but Dutter went through Dolan for four yards. This put the ball within the thirty-five-yard line, and Captain Paddock attempted a place kick. His effort was poor, and Maloney returned the ball five yards.

Miller punted forty-five yards to Cunningham. S. Paddock gained six yards with a line smash and a forward pass, Cartwright to H. Padden, netted five yards. Cartwright gained a few yards with off-tackle plays, and punted out of bounds. Notre Dame took the ball on its twenty-yard line. Miller on a fake punt gained five yards, and later punted forty yards to Cunningham who returned it five.

S. PADDOCK GAINS TWENTY YARDS.

Scott Paddock made Indiana's best gain by a run of twenty yards past Woods. A forward pass to Roberts gained five yards. Roberts was tackled fiercely, and was compelled to take time out. A line buck through Mertes failed, but H. Paddock went through Kelley for gains of five and four yards. Indiana had the ball about fifteen yards from goal, and an onside kick to Miller put the ball five yards from the much-desired goal line.

Miller punted out of danger with a boot of fifty yards to S. Paddock. S. Paddock's first attempt to get past Woods failed, but another gained five yards. Notre Dame was penalized for offside play. Notre Dame held and Cartwright made an onside kick to Dwyer who was downed on the twenty-five-yard line. Miller punted to the centre of the field. S. Paddock was tackled hard by Kelley.

Notre Dame held and Cartwright punted. Miller in an end-run got past all the Indiana players, but stumbled after gaining forty-five yards around Sutphin with excellent interference. Indiana threw the blue and gold men back for losses on the next two plays,

and Miller punted to Paddock on the five-yard line.

Cunningham gained five yards with end-run and S. Paddock went seven more through Paine. Hatfield added seven yards. Cartwright punted forty yards to Ruel. Miller made twenty yards on right end-run. Maloney gained eight yards with another forward pass, and Edwards punctured the line for five yards. Indiana braced, and Miller punted to S. Paddock on Indiana's twenty-five-yard line.

On a trick play Roberts went fifteen yards and H. Paddock gained forty yards on a forward pass. Line bucks registered only short gains, and Cartwright shot the ball to S. Paddock on a forward pass for a gain of ten yards. Cartwright hit off Dolan for twenty yards. Indiana made a last dying effort to score, but just when time was called a forward pass had hit the ground, and the Notre Dame rooters left the bleachers and danced with glee on the field. Captain Miller was borne off the field on the shoulders of his many admirers.

Notre Dame (11)		Indiana (0)
Maloney	L. E.	Winters, Sutphin
Dolan	L. T.	Hatfield
Duffy	L. G.	Trimble
Mertes	C.	Hoover
Lynch, Paine	R. G.	Netherton
Kelley	R. T.	Dutter
Woods	R. E.	Roberts
Dwyer	Q.	Cunningham
Miller (Capt.)	L. H.	S. Paddock (Capt.)
Ruel	R. H.	H. Paddock
Edwards	F. B.	Cartwright

Touchdowns—Kelley, Edwards. Goals kicked—Miller. Referee—Ralph Davis of Princeton. Umpire—Everett Wren of Harvard. Field Judge—Jack Siler of Illinois. Time of halves—35 minutes.

OPINIONS OF THE COACHES.

Coach Place, Notre Dame.—I am very well pleased with the result of the game. Every man on the team played a great game. The men played a clean game and won because they excelled their opponents. I would rather they should lose than win the game by foul play. I believe that Indiana is capable of playing a better game than it played to-day. The men seemed to lack the fighting spirit. Indiana is the first team this year to get the ball within Notre Dame's twenty-yard line, and I thought they would score. Five of our best men were not eligible to play to-day, and I believe we will beat Wabash Friday by a big score. I am sorry we do not have more games with the teams of the big Western colleges. I believe we have the best team in the West. Notre Dame has a great defensive team, especially in the backfield, and I was confident Indiana would not score unless by a lucky forward pass.

Coach Sheldon, Indiana.—The men played the poorest game they have all season, and to say that I am disappointed is putting it mildly. We were considerably battered of course, but there was no excuse for the men tackling the way they did. They seemed to forget all the football they ever knew. Notre Dame deserves all the credit they will get for the victory. Place has a great team, hard tacklers and a shifty aggregation. The players of both teams conducted themselves like gentlemen on the field, and Indiana has no hard feelings for the up-state boys.

The Skovgaard Concert Company.

Election day is not the most propitious time for anxious Americans to appreciate an artistic treat, but this fact does not prevent us from expressing our delight at the excellent recital afforded us by the Skovgaard Concert Company last Tuesday. Skovgaard himself pleased us far the most, no less on account of his lovable personality than for the exquisite tone of his instrument, an antique Stradivarius. His performance was admirable in every way, and we can not but deplore the lack of appreciation displayed in some corners of the house.

Personals.

—The recent death of the Rev. Victor Arnould of Canton, Ohio, deprived the University of one of her most devoted friends. The news of his passing brought sorrow to many at Notre Dame, who will not fail to remember him in their prayers. *R. I. P.*

—"I am gaining daily and would certainly like to be out at N. D.," writes Professor William J. Mahoney, North Brookfield, Mass. Needless to say, there is joy in all hearts at the knowledge that Prof. Mahoney is improving. We hope to have him with us again some day.

—Mr. John P. Murphy (student, 1904-7), of Terre Haute, Ind., honored us with a visit during the week. John has the faculty of winning and keeping friends. He is in business with his father in the home town and reports things lively enough in spite of the election of Mr. Taft.

—Mr. Terence B. Cosgrove (LL. B., 1906) is lately become a member of the faculty of Law of the University of Illinois. Mr. Cosgrove is remembered not only as a popular and successful teacher at Notre Dame, but also as a student of excellent record, and a particularly good debater.

—Mr. Robert Emmet Proctor (LL. B., 1904) has been elected to the Senate of Indiana. Bob is by no means as big as the Numidian giant, but, like Napoleon, he can do things. His friends here have observed

his course upward with admiration, and they send him congratulations. The Elkhart Council of the Knights of Columbus recently held complimentary exercises in his honor.

—Mr. T. Paul McGannon (LL. B., 1907; LL. M., 1908) gave a spectacular exhibition of "the spirit" by coming on from Corning, New York, to attend the Indianapolis game. Paul is in a class by himself: a clever student, good friend, devoted fan and exemplary Christian gentleman, he appeals to the whole house and to the gallery. Paul's presence means gladness, and everybody wants him to come often.

—The November number of the *Mail Order Journal* writes as follows of a distinguished and beloved alumnus of ours:

Mr. Hugh A. O'Donnell, late of the *Chicago Record-Herald*, has recently become advertising manager of the *Minneapolis Journal*. Mr. O'Donnell is a graduate of Notre Dame University, Ind., which has probably turned out more men who have become prominent in public life, especially in literary pursuits, in the legal and judicial profession, in the newspaper business and in business in general than any other institution of learning on this continent. Mr. O'Donnell comes to his new position with an excellent literary training, and a wide business experience. The *Minneapolis Journal* is to be congratulated on this acquisition, for it will find in Mr. O'Donnell a man of high ideals, seasoned advertising experience and great commercial aggressiveness.

University Bulletin.

Classes in physical culture will be organized next week. Students wishing to attend a regular class in calisthenics or to take lessons in boxing, wrestling, fencing, or simply to use the apparatus-room without being members of regular classes, should consult with Coach Maris, regarding the time and kind of work on any day from Monday, Nov. 16, to Saturday, Nov. 21. Coach Maris will be in his office in the gymnasium from 12:30 to 1:30 p. m. Students not registered for physical culture are not allowed in the apparatus room.

INTER-HALL REGULATIONS

ADOPTED BY THE FACULTY BOARD OF ATHLETIC CONTROL.

1. At the beginning of the scholastic year each hall shall at a mass meeting select three candidates for Hall Manager. These names shall be given to the Faculty Board and from them a Manager will be selected. The Board need not accept any of the three names, should it so desire.

Teams, such as the ex-Juniors and others, must obtain authorization from the Board at the beginning of the season and appoint a Manager acceptable to the Board. Otherwise requests for trips, etc., will not be considered by the Board. (Rule adopted Oct. 5, 1905.)

2. The Hall Managers selected by the Faculty Board from the names presented at the beginning of the year, shall confer with the Manager of the Varsity teams and

with him arrange an inter-hall schedule before any outside games are arranged. These games, as well as all games scheduled, outside or at home, must be submitted to the Faculty Board before final arrangements are made. (Adopted, Oct. 5, 1906.)

3. At least two games, approved by the Board, must be played at home before any trips are taken. (Oct. 5, 1906.)

All home games shall be played in the afternoon. Special cases deserving the suspension of this rule will be decided by the Board. (April 8, 1908.)

4. Outside games in football limited to one, in basket ball to two, in baseball to three games.

No two teams representing halls shall be away on the same day.

Hall teams shall be permitted to be away on trips on Saturday only. Such trips must be arranged so that teams will leave and return on the same day. This rule must be observed in preparing schedules (April 8, 1908.)

5. Members of Hall teams are expected to meet all class requirements. (Oct. 10, 1905.)

6. ELIGIBILITY RULES.—During the football season all cases will be decided by the Faculty Board. In other branches of athletics, basket-ball, baseball, etc., a three-month's residence shall be required in the Hall represented. The enforcement of this rule as regards individual cases is left to the direction of the Board.

As a safeguard against dissatisfaction which arises from such cases, lists of players will be exchanged and agreed upon by the various Managers of the Halls and protests then made shall be referred to the Faculty Board. (April 18, 1906.)

7. All candidates trying for the Varsity Football team and making either the Varsity or second team, shall be ineligible for Hall teams. Any candidate, even though he may have left the squad who in the Coach's opinion is necessary for Varsity work, shall not be allowed to play on a Hall team. (Oct. 5, 1906.)

8. No monogram except the official N. D. monogram shall be allowed to combine with the Gold and Blue. The use of these colors in athletic outfits by teams other than the Varsity shall not be permitted. (Nov. 4, 1908.)

9. The Varsity Monogram must not appear in photographs of Hall teams or of any team but the Varsity. (Dec. 10, 1902.)

Local Items.

—Brownson Hall is playing football this afternoon against Benton Harbor High School at Benton Harbor.

Rah! Rah! Rah!

Brownson! Brownson! Brownson!

—The portion of a column usually to be found in the SCHOLASTIC, under the heading "University Bulletin" is not intended as a space filler. Its purpose is to promulgate general disciplinary information for the benefit of the student body, and therefore the SCHOLASTIC suggests that everybody give it at least a passing glance each week. If this is done the many unnecessary questions about the oratorical contest and kindred matters will be anticipated and answered aforetime.

—On Thursday afternoon about seventy of the engineering students, accompanied by Prof. Benitz and Mr. Kelley, made a visit of inspection to the Dodge Manufacturing Com-

pany at Mishawaka. The party was met by the Hon. M. W. Mix, president of the company, and several other officials, who conducted them through the various departments. Special exhibits had been arranged and every process of pulley-making was demonstrated in a most interesting manner. The party was photographed on entering, and before returning each one was given a useful souvenir. Every courtesy was shown the visiting students by the officers of the company and the trip was a most enjoyable as well as a profitable and interesting one. It is the object of the engineering society to take a number of such trips each year, visiting such of the manufacturing plants in South Bend, Chicago and other near-by cities as is deemed profitable.

—That Indiana game is already a matter of history and the event next in order is the Junior Prom. It isn't the all-engrossing topic yet, but it will be as soon as the aftermath of yesterday's game at Crawfordsville is scratched from the card. Things for a time looked very much as though we weren't going to have any Junior turn-out this year, but Mike Moriarty's diplomacy and his Astabula grit have improved the prospect. Michael's personality mixed with a few other ingredients toned the malaria out of the '10 bunch, and Junior class bile is again confined to its proper function. The dance is assured and everybody boosts. Near-society men may be seen any Saturday evening holding private sessions with the dancing master; the elite are cudgeling their brains to select among their inamoratas of higher or lower degree the most suitable to take (a bit conceited in them, I ween) to the Thanksgiving cut-up, and only the unattached, by whom is meant the no-I-never-learned sort of fellows, put on a wan smile and get that far-away look when the matter of subscriptions is broached.

—That excursion to Indianapolis a week ago was thoroughly successful any way you want to take it. The Vandalia people got the crown down in quick time and brought them back without the hours of delay that were suffered by those who made the trip two years ago. The game was well worth the effort and the money; and most of us had a nice time. The orderly behavior of everybody on the trip is a source of general satisfaction to the rectors of the different halls who will doubtless put in a word next year when it comes time to get faculty consent to make the trip. About twenty-five Knights of Columbus from South Bend and a host of Knights and Hibernians of Indianapolis attended the game to root for the Varsity. It surprised us to discover that our contingent in the metropolis is greater than Indiana's. Jack Shea deserves nine good hearty ones for the way he worked

enthusiasm into our rooting section. His unaided efforts brought out more noise than the whole "Howling Host" from Bloomington combined could muster."

—Great scandal in Corby!—Wednesday night's session of the literary society was about as turbulent as anything that ever happened here, barring perhaps the meetings of the Total Abstinence Union, and as a result suits for criminal libel will possibly be instituted against certain members of the hall. It all happened in this way. "Mickey," whose musical temperament has recently developed along with other things, decided that life is no longer bearable in Corby without a piano, and he has become so obsessed by this persuasion that he wants the piano right away. It was in consequence of his saying so at the meeting and because he had been doing strenuous lobbying for several days previous that the fuss was made. The president thought to quell him when he stood up, and decisively ruled him out of order. But a man with a purpose is not to be daunted by technicalities. Straightway Mickey moved to abolish parliamentary rules from the organization and threatened to swing the vote of his piano cohorts to accomplish that purpose, if the house wouldn't give him leave to speak. So rather than sacrifice parliamentary methods, President Mullen gave "Mickey" the floor. But the din and uproar from the other side of the house drowned his voice and he had to give way to one of his lieutenants, McKinney. "Talk piano to 'em and talk it stiff," were Mickey's instructions, "an' when you git through, I waves my hand to the gang and we polls a solid vote that'll sweep 'em off 'n their feet. Hev ye got the idea Mc?" McKinney, following instructions, made a rousing speech and concluded with a motion which at a sign from the Big Chief the solid faction rushed through with a bang. Then the rough-house commenced. Mullen, Shenk and Dean, encouraged by a sanction of authority, boldly accused "Mickey" of putting through the piano deal for the boodle there might be in collecting the monthly installments. The local Hinky Dink McKenna came back with threats of ousting the president with his cohorts, who stayed loyally by him. Then the session broke up. Since Wednesday Mickey has been gloating liberally, but he is still nettled at the rash accusation, and his course of action with regard to it lies in the hands of his friends. Anyhow, he is satisfied in the accomplishment of his purpose, and now he is going about the hall to find out whether the fellows want a red piano or a black one.

Moral:—Get on the hearse when "Mickey" drives. You'll not have a nice time if you don't.