

# The Notre Dame Scholastic

·DISCE·QVASI·SEMPER·VICTVRVS· ·VIVE·QVASI·CRAS·MORITVRVS·  
P.X.A.

VOL. XLIII.

NOTRE DAME, INDIANA, OCTOBER 2, 1909.

No. 4.

## The Perfect Service.\*

Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with thy whole heart and with thy whole mind and with all thy strength; this do and thou shalt live.—*Luke x., 26.*



ere existence is not life. The steady pulsation of the blood in the body, the rhythmic beating of the heart, the continuous function of the senses, the relaxation derived from play, the resting of body and mind in sleep and the nourishment of both by food—these things are not really life, but only the conditions of life. Life is action. The legends found on tombstones: 'Born in such a year; died in such a year,' is a good enough record of the dead. For the living these things are of least importance; the events that count are the events that fall between birth and death. Whether the action be thinking, loving, enjoying or achieving, therefore, it is action that makes up life.

### THE END OF EDUCATION.

To fit men for worthy action is the end of education. Whether we consider the earliest lessons learned at our mother's knee, or those lessons which good mothers and fathers continue to teach their sons by word or example as long as they live, or the lessons gleaned from consecrated teachers in the first days of the school-room, or finally the lessons you learn in college or university—the end and object of them all is to develop in you the power of living in a way most worthy of man and his divine destiny.

### THE TRAINED BODY.

The theoretically perfect education, therefore, is that which most fully develops all

the capabilities of action that are latent in man. Let us consider the human hand for instance. You have seen the first awkward efforts of a little child to throw a ball straight to a mark, and you have seen the ball come to earth far away from the mark. The boy continues to grow, and the day comes when he is the skilled pitcher of a great baseball team. His control over the ball is perfect. He throws it high or low, in-curve or out-curve, and it almost seems that he has created a new law of physics, so perfect is his mastery over its course. What has taken place in the experience of this young man? A power hidden in him before has been developed. Observe a boy in his first efforts to pick out the notes of a piano. Laboriously and tentatively he touches the keys here and there. See that same boy years afterward interpreting one of Chopin's Nocturnes, his nimble fingers flashing over the keyboard at lightning speed. Note the first clumsy efforts of a boy attempting to do tricks in sleight-of-hand, and again the grown man completely mystifying the cleverest audience, his agile fingers moving swifter than the human eye can see. See the boy producing a hideous daub for his first painting, and years later the sure, strong touch, the poetic atmosphere, the mellow tones of a precious canvas. Now suppose you had all these various powers developed in one single hand, you would have, perhaps, the perfectly educated human hand. Then suppose every other power of the body were similarly educated; suppose you had the actor's fluid face, the musician's delicate ear, the singer's rich voice, the orator's eloquent tongue, the athlete's strong muscles, the runner's fleet limbs,—suppose you had all

\* Sermon delivered in the University Church, Sept. 26, 1909, by the Rev. John Cavanaugh, C. S. C., President.

of these united in one man, you would have the perfectly educated body.

#### THE DEVELOPED MIND.

But the body is only a part of man. His mind is a richer field for cultivation. You have met men whose memories were stored with all the events and pageantries and names and dates of human history from the beginning; and men who learned a new language so quickly that it seemed almost to have been their mother tongue in a previous existence. Now suppose not only the memory of a man were thus cultivated, but all the other faculties of the mind as well. Suppose you had the memory of a Mezzofanti (who is said to have learned a new language in one night), and the logic of an Aquinas, and the philosophical judgment of a Plato and the artistic faculty of a Raphael, and the musical genius of a Mozart, and the scientific knowledge of a Pasteur—suppose you had every faculty of the intellect as perfectly developed as it has ever been in any man, and suppose all these developed faculties were united in a single individual, you would have the ideal educated mind.

#### THE CULTURED SOUL.

Finally there is the spiritual side to be cultivated. A man may be perfectly developed in body and mind; he may have the strength of a giant and the insight of a genius, yet in his daily life he may be only a sublimated animal. On the other hand, he may have a body shrivelled or distorted by privation or disease, and a mind on whose barren wastes the mellow lights of learning never fell, and he may still make of his virtuous daily actions a beautiful human life. To be good alone is to be great. For centuries humanity has been toiling up the Thabor of temptation, struggling manfully against its own weakness, dreaming of a day when there shall be rest and strength and transfiguration on the mountain-top with God. The splendor of this holy vision as seen in the lofty teachings of the Church and the lives of great saints and the example of holy men and women, has created morality, has developed the Christian home, has made men love virtue and aspire after it. Sometimes the vision is hidden from man by the mists of passion

or undisciplined desire. Sometimes individuals deliberately close their eyes to the vision for years and even for life; but regardless of these evil examples, the world itself,—the careless, indulgent world—cherishes a great admiration for the man who practises virtue—chastity, which lights up the whole nature of a man with divine radiance; meekness, which gives sweetness and amiability to the countenance; patience, which makes a man God-like and strong; honesty, which enthrones him in the confidence of his neighbor; piety, which is the fragrance of all the virtues and lifts man to near friendship with the all-beautiful Creator.

#### THE HUSBANDING OF HEALTH.

Perfect education means the complete development of all these powers of body and mind and spirit. No man may hope to have them all in their perfection, but the wise man will have as many as he can command. One would think, for example, that it should not be necessary to encourage youth to cultivate such an essential quality as health, but daily experience shows that the reverse is the fact. There are multitudes of men who are suffering the torture of pain for the follies or the thoughtlessness of their youth. It is incumbent on you to know how to preserve your health and avoid sickness. It is weak and unworthy to be dependent always on the physician and the infirmary. If you know how to avoid exposure and if you do not make use of the knowledge your fault is the greater. In the years to come there will be vain lamentations for the folly that brought upon you the unnecessary pains and infirmities of after-life. The student who permits his health to suffer when it can be avoided, who allows his nerves to be racked or the organs of his body to become diseased, or digestion to become impaired, is not developing power but weakness.

#### ATHLETICS.

Athletics as they exist at present are a detriment and not a help to the serious work of a college. They promote the development of a few monstrous gladiators, while the physical training of students in general is conspicuously neglected. When the football team is engaged in practice the rest of the student body look indolently on, and the

time prescribed for bodily exercise is wasted upon mere passive contemplation or idle criticism. The gymnasium, therefore, no longer does its proper work and the grass grows on the common playground. And yet to neglect the proper care of the body is to lessen the power of endurance for study in the present, and in the future, when the activities of life make serious demands on health. It is to lessen the power of resistance now and later when disease attacks vitality. The body is the instrument through which the mind functions, and to impair the instrument is to impair the function.

#### HINDRANCES TO STUDY.

The chief obstacles to success in study are generally understood. The most obvious reflection here is that failure is hardly ever due to want of talent, but nearly always to some fault of character. Young men go away to schools with only a vague idea of a purpose in life. The reason why the backwoods graduates its Lincolns is because the Lincolns have a clear vision of what they hope to attain to, and then strive mightily and perseveringly to that end. The young man at college may aim his arrow either at the moon or at the top of the barn, but in either case he must see the object at which he aims and nerve his arm to shoot straight. It is better to make choice of a definite aim and to be mistaken in it than to idle through a school year not knowing what you are to be or to do in the end.

Another enemy of study is a foolish reliance on your father's wealth or influence to place you comfortably in life. To be the son of a wealthy man is nearly always an obstacle to the development of power. Read the stories of successful men, and you will find that the only condition of conspicuous victory in life is an apparently insuperable obstacle to overcome.

Common indolence or brain-laziness is a great obstacle to success in study. It lends no dignity to the student to say of him that he does not like study. It puts him on a level with the lazy slave, content to lie drowsing in the southern sun, while his body grows fat and sodden, and his useless life wastes away. There is a keen and genuine delight in study. It inspires the

student; it makes him radiant and happy; it has the joy of growth; it has the delight of conquest; but it is felt only by him who is willing to labor and to seek his pleasure in manly achievement rather than in the cheap delights of sense.

#### CONDITIONS OF SPIRITUAL GROWTH.

The obstacles to spiritual growth are much the same as those which retard the development of the mind. Before anything can be attained to it must be earnestly desired. To aim at a high standard of moral conduct, therefore, is the first condition of moral growth. To love the truth and to speak it always, whatever the cost; to love chastity, to cherish it however hard the battle; to reverence authority and to render a cheerful obedience; to take honesty for your own and be faithful to it in all the details of life; to accept manfully all the duties of a Christian life and to perform them with scrupulous fidelity—these are the conditions of spiritual growth. And observe that the value of your life in the long run will be measured by your spirituality.

#### SOWING WILD OATS.

There is one word of warning which my duty compels me to utter before I quit this subject. When the devil would accomplish his purpose most easily he invents a popular philosophy to justify evil. If he can get this philosophy accepted his success is swift and sure. Now of all the maxims in his philosophy there is none that has done more harm to young men than that which excuses their sins on the ground that they are merely "sowing their wild oats." It is a subtle temptation which appeals strongly to the adventurous spirit of our American youth. God pity the clean-hearted boy on the day when he begins to think of evil merely as "getting experience" or "knowing the world!" Do those who babble of "sowing wild oats" ever stop to ask themselves, "What shall the harvest be?" Do they remember those terrible words of the Apostle: "The wages of sin is death." If they could visit the hospitals of a big city and note the ravages that lust had made in the bodies and souls of its victims, they would have a new understanding of the words of St. Paul: "They who sow in the flesh of the flesh shall reap corruption." The

young man who would "get experience," has he ever considered that a multitude of children issue still-born into the world because their fathers sowed wild oats in their youth? The young man who would know the world, does he reflect that one out of three children born blind into that same world pass their days in perpetual darkness because their fathers in their youth must "know the world," that millions of children go through life diseased and unhappy because young men must "sow wild oats"? The devil, with the ingenious mind of a fallen archangel, never devised a better phrase for his purpose than "sowing wild oats," for the harvest of the sowing is a harvest of the souls and bodies of men.

#### ESSENTIALS TO SUCCESS.

In these opening days of your school year, therefore, it is wholesome to consider the serious purpose of your life. To succeed in your purpose you must practise discipline. If you do not understand this, then success is not for you. A reasonable obedience is the condition of all human life. There is no evil in the world that is not there through disobedience to some law. There is no good in the world that does not rise out of obedience.

You will need enthusiasm. Half-hearted effort is failure in the beginning. To be cold or sluggish in your work, to be out of sympathy with your environment, is to invite disaster.

You will need patience to suffer and endure the little trials which sometimes to you will seem great and heavy, but patience is the nourisher of heroes. It is the meat on which great men grow.

You will need perseverance. Few things are absolutely certain in life, but one of them is that whoever struggles perseveringly after any good thing will possess it in the end. For "whatsoever a man desires mightily in his youth, that will he have in his age and as much as he will."

You will need wisdom. Every mistake that a man makes in life results from the lack of wisdom. Hasty decisions, false steps, unforgivable offenses, every form of weakness and sin and shame spring ultimately from a want of wise counsel. You will need the assistance of good companions. Some of you are strong willed and safe, but others in the nature of things need the help of

true friends. On a high spine of the Rockies there is a tiny spring which issues forth a perpetual stream. At its source a stone no larger than a boy might throw divides the waters into two currents, one flowing to the right side of the mountain range, the other flowing to the left. As these streams descend other tiny rivulets are added, and a few miles further down these bands of silver water have become raging torrents—one dashing down to a river that opens into the cold, polar seas, the other plunging towards the warm waters of the Mexican Gulf. It is so with you now. In these days of your youth a word, a look, an act, may turn the current of your life's motion forever.

Finally, you have need of prayer. Considered merely as a mental experience, nothing could be more ennobling than prayer. It lifts the soul into that awful calm which is the majesty of God. There the petty quarrels and frettings of the world are hushed. There passions are assuaged and the fevers of life are cooled. There are the wells of refreshment, and there is the ointment of strength. "Whatsoever you ask the Father in My name," said our Lord, "He will give unto you." In the name of our blessed Lord, therefore, let us ask of our Heavenly Father that this school year upon which we are entering may be a happy and a holy one; that loving the Lord our God with our whole heart, and with our whole mind and all our strength, we may truly live.

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#### Varsity Verse.

##### A KNIGHT OF THE ROAD.

This old coat may look soiled and a little bit torn,  
 And my hair maybe needs a good trim;  
 But you'll find that these rags, sir, are happily worn  
 On a body that is chuck full of vim;  
 And I'm not what I seem to your masses that slave  
 'Neath the blows of the wealthy man's goad,  
 No, I'm not a mere tramp, nor a thief, nor a knave,—  
 I'm a typical knight of the road.

My companions ain't half the big rogues that they seem  
 To your minds, ye self-satisfied few;  
 But I wonder now, pard, if ye ever once dream  
 Just what we may be thinking of you;  
 For there's more rogues that ride in your rich palace cars  
 Than there's bums in this land, I'll be blowed.  
 Sir, a nip of tobac, please,—no, keep your cigars,—  
 I'm a typical knight of the road.

Well, good-bye, pard, your pathway is different from mine,

And our lives may be different too.  
But some day when we meet at the eternal shire  
I'll be equal in standing with you.  
Pal, don't judge a man's life by the duds that he's worn  
Or the look of the trains that he's rode,—  
No, I don't want your gold, sir,—I bid you good morn—  
I'm a typical knight of the road.

T. A. L.

ROOT!

Don't you think a little rootin'  
An' a little noisy tootin'  
Helps a team that's fightin' gamely but ain't doin'  
extra fine?  
Don't you feel a little thrilly  
Even though you're kind o' chilly,  
When your team runs just like clock-work an' is  
rippin' up the line?

Well, then root an' don't be quitters,  
Old N. D., don't know such critters,  
Never had 'em in her hist'ry—won't be any round  
this year.

Here's the team that's goin' to "do it,"  
After a while you'll say you knew it,  
So revive the N. D. spirit with a rousin' N. D.  
cheer!

F. J. W.

THE ELEPHANT'S KING OF THE JUNGLE.

You have read in the fables of nations  
That the Lion of the jungle is king,  
But alas! our loved Teddy has changed it,  
And no more of "King Leo" we'll sing.  
He has chosen a beautiful species—  
To govern the animal band,  
And they all must now meet at the éléphant's feet,  
For the elephant rules o'er the land.

When Teddy proposed to go hunting,  
The chiefs of his party came 'round,  
And said, "Theodore, now be careful,  
For republicans here may lose ground,  
If the elephant—sign of our party—  
Should ever fall into disgrace.  
If again you would run, don't you dare kill one.  
But make them the king of the place."

They said you must kill every donkey  
That comes within range of your stick:  
Then annihilate every blamed rooster,  
This will make all the Democrats sick.  
You will thus take a swat at opponents  
And by making the elephant king,  
You will startle the world, and your banner unfurled  
You can come back and run the whole thing.

So Teddy went off to the jungle  
The donkeys and roosters took fright.  
The lions and tigers were ousted,  
And the birds all departed in flight.  
The monkeys and wild-cats and reptiles  
From their haunts and their pleasures were hurled,  
But the elephant stayed, and by Teddy was made  
The king of the animal world.

G. F.

Crummer's Last Run.

DENIS A. MORRISON, '10.

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

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

Engine 613 bore a bad reputation among the railroaders of the east-end division. Only six months before, while Dick Marshall was starting a fire in her with the oil-burner, the oil leaked and started a blaze which would have ended in the destruction of the round-house, had not a providential rainstorm intervened. Another time her injector refused to work. Luckily, the engineer jumped in time, but the fireman was cooked to a turn before he knew what had happened to him. There was no doubt left that 613 had a devil of a temper. She was a hoodoo, and no railroader wants to meddle with such things. After repeated efforts, the call-boy succeeded in recruiting an entire crew, with the exception of a fireman. This he reported to the foreman.

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

Crummer "showed up." He was a tall, straight young fellow, with a stalwart frame and the engaging look of youth. He had been on the line only a short time, having but lately returned from the Philippines, where he had been "chasing niggers," as he termed it. After returning to his native town, he had married Edith Nixon, the

pretty daughter of one of the oldest engineers on the division. "Dad" Nixon in his day had been one of the finest engine men on any line, but in later years he had gone the road that all men travel whose lives are in a continual nervous tension. So it happened that when his powers could no longer withstand the strain demanded by the fast mail, he was given a place on the freight board. It was old "Dad" Nixon, the father of Crummer's wife, who reported at the office a half hour after Jim had sent the summons.

"Well, Jim," asked Dad, "what time is she going out?"

"Oh, you've got lots of time," responded the foreman. "Six-thirteen's a washout to-night and she's run cold. You can get in the hay a while yet."

An hour later a hoarse whistle resounded from the turn-table, and with grinding wheels and steaming cylinders, number 613 crept slowly from the round-house. Out beyond the clinker-pit she rode to the water-tank and the coal chutes. Then having a fresh supply of water and fuel, she backed gradually into the waiting line of cattle cars.

"Fine night, Dad," Crummer said to the engineer, as he climbed into his place.

"Yep," replied the other in a sort of growl. "Dad" didn't like it a bit to be called to work at this time of night.

"But I've got a fierce headache, and I don't feel a lot like working."

"Doin' anything for it?"

"Yes, I've been taking dope all day, but it don't do any good. Why, I wasn't asleep when that kid called me at 1:30. I suppose it'll get better, though. What's the difference, anyhow?"

"Dad" was almost ready to pull the throttle when the sound of a feminine voice, carried up to him from below, arrested his hand. It was his daughter, Edith.

"Hello, daddy," she called smiling up at his face in the window. She was wrapped in a shawl and carried a parcel in her hand. At the sound of her voice her husband scrambled to the ground beside her.

"Why, little girl, what brings you out at this time of night?"

"You know well enough that I want to come down with you every time you go out. You didn't wake me up; so I came

anyhow. But, dear, I wanted to give you this sample of goods so you can get me some of it to-morrow at Galesburg. The directions are on the inside, and please don't forget it, now, I need it so badly."

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

Six-thirteen was acting badly, and "Dad" Nixon was uneasy. He knew her past record, but had never before been in charge of her, and to tell the truth, he didn't like it. He did not confide his fears to his fireman, but he was anxious to reach Wever, the end of the run. With Crummer it was different. He was new to the business, and besides did not believe in worrying over something he could not put right. So on and on the train rolled, now through a sleeping village, now past log stretches of ripening fields or intermittent patches of standing timber.

Smithfield was reached, and the greater part of the journey was over. But the worst lay yet ahead. Some distance beyond Smithfield there was a long, difficult incline known as the Smithfield hill. "Dad" Nixon knew that if this hill could be passed without mishap he could trust his engine for the remainder of the trip. But his fears were ever present.

There was a delay of nearly a half-hour on the side-track near the station to allow Number seven, the fast mail, to pass them. Crummer's head was throbbing till the veins seemed to burst. He sought the ticket-agent for aid.

"Ain't got a thing, Tot," he said. This was the name by which Crummer was known along the line.

"But say," he went on, "if you're feeling so bad, I can get Jim Fredericks to finish out the run for you. He stopped off here this afternoon to visit his mother, but he'll be glad enough to take your place."

"Oh, never mind. I'd do it, but the girl asked me to get her some stuff in Galesburg,

and I don't want to disappoint her. Let it go." And he returned to his engine.

"Give her a heavy slug," "Dad" shouted a few minutes later as they reached the hill. "I reckon she'll keep you pretty busy for the next few minutes." A faint flicker of a smile crossed his stolid face as he watched Crummer heave the coal into the seething furnace below.

Laboriously the train plodded up the steep grade. Industriously though the fireman wielded the shovel, the indicator refused to record another pound of steam. Alarm was visible on the engineer's features as he made this discovery. He gazed quickly about, trying to discover the cause of the trouble. The injector was working all right, but the water,—ah, the water! As he looked at the indicator he saw there was not a drop of water registered where but a moment before there had been full two inches.

Instantly grasping the dread meaning of the situation, he closed the throttle, threw on the air-brakes, and shouting a quick warning to the fireman, jumped. But it was too late. Crummer stopped, standing in front of the open door of the fire-box with the full glare of the blaze in his face. Beads of perspiration stood upon his forehead and trickled down his cheeks. But even as he stood comprehending the engineer's gestures, a huge roar was heard. The engine trembled, her cylinders gave forth a rasping groan like that of a man dying of thirst. As Crummer stood rooted to the spot with terror, the hot fire before him rose like a seething fiend and hurled itself through the open door upon him. He screamed aloud as the burning coals pierced his garments, and he struggled futilely to elude their deathly embrace. It was over in a moment, and as the train came to a halt at the breast of the hill he tottered and fell forward in a crumpled heap.

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

They found his coat unharmed where it had been blown by the force of the explosion. One of the men, hardened to scenes of death called a comrade to his side.

"Look here at what I found in his pocket," he said. And he displayed an oily piece of paper on which was written:

"2 yds. blue gingham,  
1 yd. pink ribbon,  
1 spool No. 40 white thread."

### The Masqueraders in Shakespeare.

IGNATIUS E. McNAMEE, '09.

"If we carry our thoughts back to a romantic and chivalrous age," says Anna Jameson, discussing Viola's metamorphosis, "we can find sufficient probability here for all the purposes of poetry." With that she dismisses the matter. Before passing judgment upon Mrs. Jameson's glib assumption, let us see just what the situation is. Viola, a timid young girl, finds herself wrecked and without money on the inhospitable coast of Illyria. Her first thought is to go to the stately Olivia in order to secrete herself away from the noisy world—a most laudable intention, we must admit. But she did not carry it out. As an alternative, she chose rather to present herself to the Duke Orsino in man's attire, and asked to enter his service as a page—this retiring maid whose modest nature first prompted her to seek seclusion in Olivia's villa! We can concede many things to the exigencies of poetical freedom, but so radical a move as this, it would seem, borders too closely on the extreme to fill even the modest requirements of poetical probability. Beyond this first rashly unconventional step, Viola bears a consistent character through the whole play. She is mild, gentle and reticent; her incognito does not give her the joy of freedom and a vivacious charm as it does to Rosalind, but on the contrary, it brings only sorrow and sadness, concealing the while the most delicate womanliness. This feminine grace and gentleness of heart is borne through the whole play, both in the disguise and out of it; yet, as a boy, Viola is strong enough in her tenderness not to appear effeminate.

With most artful simulation Viola confesses her love for the Duke under the guise of telling the story of another.

VIOLA. My father had a daughter loved a man,  
As it might be, perhaps, were I a woman,  
I should, your lordship.

DUKE. And what's her history?

VIOLA. A blank, my lord; she never told her love:  
She let concealment, like a worm i' the bud,  
Feed on her damask cheek: she pin'd in thought,  
And with a green and yellow melancholy  
She sat like Patience on a monument,  
Smiling at grief. Was not this love indeed?

Then with characteristic weakness she burst into a flood of tears. Again her womanliness is brought out in her fear of the noisy Sir Toby and in her burlesque duel with Sir Andrew Aguecheek. Lastly we find it in her meek submission to the irate Duke, who threatens to use her ill because she has drawn the affections of Olivia away from him. She loves the Duke with the intensity of a woman's passion, and for that is willing to sacrifice herself.

The situation changes immediately, and all things right themselves for the dénouement of probably the most sparkling, the most entertaining and the most plausible—if we can disregard the strange paradox of Viola donning a page's garb in the first act—of all Shakespeare's comedies. Even with all the persistent femininity creeping through her boyish make-up we do not hesitate to accept the security of Viola's disguise, and that for two reasons: because of her innate consistency at all times, and again because of her extreme youth.

I think it is conservative Gervinus who regards Imogen, next to Hamlet, "the most fully drawn character in Shakespeare's poetry." Her freshness and beauty, her artlessness and healthiness, simplicity and constancy are the marvels of Shakespearean characterization. She lacks Portia's pedantry and sophistry, but has all that heroine's dignity; Rosalind's beauty she holds in full without any of that charming young creature's frivolity; Isabella, hedged round by every strength of Christian morality, in her lily-whiteness, is no more chaste than this delicate creature of paganism, who with all her disadvantages is far more human, more real, than Claudia's frigid sister could ever hope to be. It is this lovable Imogen, this paragon of modest retirement, whom Shakespeare puts into the costume of a page and sends unattended out to the rugged coast of England to meet her husband. Such is the nobility of the character and such mastery does the poet put into her portrayal that not the least question of the plausibility of the turn of affairs enters our mind. Were Isabella or Hermione to attempt such a thing we would gasp in horror; if the erudite Portia were to do it, we would laugh outright; but to the womanly

Imogen our sincerest sympathy is drawn.

When it is decided that Imogen will set out for Milford Haven the question of disguise is raised.

"O, for such means!" says she,  
"Though peril to my modesty, not death on't,  
I would adventure."

And Pisanio devises the masquerade. He tells her she must lose

"Fear and niceness,  
The handmaids of all women, or more truly,  
Woman its pretty self into a waggish courage,  
Ready in gibes, quick-answered, saucy and  
As quarrelous as the weasel—"  
"Nay, be brief—" she interrupts almost impatiently,  
"I see into thy end and am almost  
A man already."

Thus it is, forgetful absolutely of self, of the perils of a dangerous stretch of country through which she must travel alone, and of the treacherous times in which she lives, Imogen sets out for the coast. The idyllic scene with her two brothers and old Bellarius in the mountains is most beautiful. Its simple modesty and utter guilelessness alone, I think, is enough to convict any critic of falsehood, who maintains that Shakespeare was no more moral than the other literary men of his time—but that is another matter. So satisfied is Imogen with the three noble-hearted cave dwellers that for a moment her highest purpose—to be near Posthumous—wavers, and she exclaims:

Pardon me, gods!  
I'd change my sex to be companions with them  
Since Leonatus' false.

Only one seemingly inconsistent act mars Imogen's career as a page; it raises the only doubt, I think, as to the possibility of the whole character. Here it is. After waking from the swoon into which she had fallen over the headless body of Cloten—she supposed it to be that of Posthumous—and finding herself in the presence of Lucius, the Roman general, who is touched by her faithfulness to her dead master, Imogen agrees to join the personal escort of the Roman.

LUCIUS. Wilt take that chance with me? I will not say  
Thou shalt be so well master'd, but, be sure  
No less beloved. The Roman emperor's letters,  
Sent by a consul to me, should not sooner  
Than thine own worth prefer thee: go with me.  
IMOGEN. I'll follow, sir.

That one so modest, so reserved and



delicate as Imogen should, without hesitation, join the rough entourage of a foreign general, and this immediately upon so terrible a grief as she has just suffered; and again that she should do so after she has so pleased herself with the life of the cave dwellers, seems strange. Yet the very circumstance which makes it seem strange may have been itself the cause, namely, the awful shock of her sorrow. She may have been so carried away by it that she knew little and cared less what became of her, now that her Leonatus was dead. Again, on the other hand, she seemed not wholly bereft of reason, for she will not join Lucius until she can

.... hide my master from the flies, as deep  
As these poor pickaxes can dig.

So the matter hangs in the balance with arguments on both sides.

There are two other masqueraders among Shakespeare's women neither of whom is a heroine; one is Julia in *The Two Gentlemen of Verona*, the other is Jessica, Shylock's daughter. *The Two Gentlemen of Verona* is probably the earliest of the poet's comedies, and as such shows many crudities, which the later plays do not possess, but the carefulness with which he makes his Julia's disguise possible, and the detailed explanation with which he clothes the disguise, clearly show that more hesitancy was felt in putting this earliest maiden into doublet and hose than in the case of any of the later ones. After a page's costume has been decided on by Lucetta and Julia as the safest in which the latter can make her journey, several perplexing questions arise:

LUCETTA. Why, then, your ladyship must cut your hair.

JULIA No, girl; I'll knit it up in silken strings  
With twenty odd-conceited true-love knots—  
To be fantastic may become a youth  
Of greater tune than I shall show to be.

Then ensues a discussion as to her clothes. It would seem that the dramatist feared lest his audience might not regard his lady's disguise secure, so in the fourth act he has Julia, the page, rather carelessly remark of Julia, the lover at home:

She has been fairer, madam, than she is:

The air hath starved the roses in her cheeks  
And pinched the lily-tincture from her face,  
That now she is become as black as I.

In answer to the question, "How tall is she?" she says, off her guard, "about my stature." Then, fearing that she might arouse suspicion by seeming too well acquainted with the distant Julia, she explains:

.... for at Pentecost,

When all our pageants of delight were play'd,  
Our youth got me to play the woman's part,  
And I was trimm'd in Madam Julia's gown,  
Which served me as fit, by all men's judgments,  
As if the garment had been made for me:  
Therefore, I know she is about my height.

And so it goes on; each possible doubt is carefully argued away until we are compelled to accept the disguise of Julia as the most effective, or at least the most carefully drawn among all the women of Shakespeare.

The last, and probably the least, masquerader of all the galaxy is Jessica, the black-eyed Jewess in *The Merchant of Venice*. There is little to be said of her, for her boy's attire serves only for the flight by night from her father's house to wed Lorenzo, yet this essay would not be complete unless mention were here made of her. Lorenzo gives us the first mention of her disguise, when he tells Gratiano (Act II. Scene IV.):

She hath directed

How I shall take her from her father's house,  
What gold and jewels she is furnished with,  
What page's suit she hath in readiness.

In the second scene later the vivacious, yet modest, little lady herself appears on the balcony ready for flight. She laughs half nervously, half in jest, and then quite prettily in her charming way carries on with Lorenzo the little dialogue, which I quote in full as a fitting close, because it so splendidly displays Jessica's naïve wit, her happy nature and frank simplicity.

JESSICA. I am glad 'tis night, you do not look at me,  
For I am much ashamed of my exchange:  
But love is blind and lovers cannot see  
The pretty follies that themselves commit;  
For if they could, Cupid himself would blush  
To see me thus transformed to a boy.

LORENZO. Descend, for you must be my torch-bearer.

JESSICA. What! must I hold a candle to my shames?  
They in themselves, good sooth, are too too  
light,

Why, 'tis an office of discovery, love;  
And I should be obscured.

LORENZO. So you are, sweet.

Even in the lovely garnish of a boy.  
But come at once;  
For the close night doth play the runaway.

(The End.)

# 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 2, 1909,

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—Those who return to South Bend next week to celebrate the city's first home-coming will not have occasion to advance

the questionable compliment:

**South Bend** "Everything is just the same."

**Home-Coming.** Externally, materially everything is decidedly different.

Where forty or fifty years ago one saw a village surrounded by wide stretches of prairie, one sees to-day a city busy and progressive whose possibilities for larger growth surpass the dreams of her most enthusiastic sons. Externally and materially everything is not the same. But the home-comer need not repine at this. For though brick and mortar and wood and steel have effected a marvelous transformation, the spirit of the citizens of South Bend is unchanged and unchanging. The spirit of helpfulness, of kindly sympathy, of warm hospitality, is as much a part of her life to-day as it was fifty years ago.

Notre Dame in common with other notable institutions in and around the city has a particular interest in home-coming week. The history of the University and the history of the city are very closely interwoven. To all purposes both began together and both have struggled side by side now over half a century for more efficient service and wider usefulness. Notre Dame is proud

of South Bend which is her birthplace and her home. South Bend is proud of Notre Dame, because the University, like the city, has made a successful bid for national fame. In common with every loyal citizen of South Bend, the University extends the glad hand of welcome, not only to her own immediate sons returning, but to every son returning who lays claim to South Bend as the city of his birth or of his youth.

—As Mr. Theodore Bell said a few days ago in opening the lecture course at the University: "Now is the time when full sway is given to our ideals—we  
**The Lecture Course.** construct our dream world and its dream people, and the pleasant dream of life about us bears no rude suggestion of a harsh outer reality." And it is well that Divine Providence has so ordained it, for the cares of the material world will come soon enough and will be enduring enough. At the same time it is well to have an occasional glimpse of that real outside world which is soon to receive us and measure strength with us, and in no better way can we do this than through the eyes of men who by long experience with the world have learned its ways and its problems, and who, overcoming both themselves and the world, have developed worldly virtues along with keen insight and sound judgment. This perhaps is one of the most lasting advantages one will receive from the course of public lectures which will be offered this year at the University. It is to be hoped that the students generally, both upper class men and undergraduates, will take advantage of the public lecture course, and thereby derive that breadth of view which comes as a result of contact with men of culture and education.

—"Past and gone forever" is the story of the fleeting seconds which a moment ago were ours, but which are now gone, never to return again. Life is so  
**Losing Time.** short it would seem wise to get out of it all one can. Statistics can be had from Insurance Companies to prove that the average duration of life in Europe is only 34 years, and much less in this country. The condition of health

from any given age is valuable in calculating longevity, because it is the basis Life Insurance Companies use in insuring life. According to these companies a healthy person at 10 may live to be 47 years of age; a well man at 20 may hope to reach 59.9 years, while a healthy man at 30 may expect to live to his 63d year. No Insurance Company, however, will insure the most healthy individual at 50 more than 20 years, and at 70 more than 8 years. So life is comparatively short, too short to be wasted. The time we are most likely to lose is that period left over from our life work or daily routine. Men who surely get the most out of life are those who never kill time. Some such men have been known to build up healthy constitutions by observing hygienic laws during this surplus time. Many others have acquired a wonderful skill in writing by practising so much verse a day during this time. Many more have done with satisfaction, during these snatches of time, much valuable reading they never would have had the leisure for in their daily work. Time is always precious, but it is never so precious as in youth. But unfortunately youth is least likely to give the matter any very serious consideration.

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—The recent death of Clyde Fitch has set the critics astir in their attempts to fix upon the playwright's particular niche in the Hall of Fame. Newspaper Estimates of comment, while refusing him Clyde Fitch. the position of the ideal American dramatist, yet concedes that he has approached nearer the goal than any of his rival countrymen. In dealing with contemporary life and feminine nature, Mr. Fitch is admitted to have been peculiarly skilful. His fertility as a playwright is evidenced by the half hundred plays to his credit, thirty of which were popular triumphs. Of these, "The Truth," "The Climbers," "The Girl with the Green Eyes" and "Barbara Freitchie," are selected by the critics as most worthy, "The Truth" being given precedence over the others. Mr. Fitch was not in sympathy with the modern problem play, believing that the office of the drama was to entertain and amuse. This belief he put in practice, and as a result his plays are all

comedies. While Mr. Fitch may never attain immortality in the dramatic world, yet he has, aside from furnishing amusement to the public, done much to advance the American drama. To him belongs the honor of prospering the comedy of American manners and incidents of the hour, the improvement of dramatic technique and the extension of the American playwright's field. In addition to this it is very probable that Fitch's activities will give an impetus to the drama that will result in its material advancement.

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—Baseball is undoubtedly the great American game. A close observer can not help seeing in its every detail some reflection of our national make-up. That A World-League. quickness of thought and of action which the game continually calls for, the daring, the watchfulness, and above all, the unity of action necessary to a winning team are the very identical qualities which characterize successful American business methods. This, perhaps, explains to a great extent why baseball is so entirely native to our soil and our people. However, true to the saying that the American, whether travelling or living abroad, always carries his country with him, baseball has found its way into other countries. Only recently, the University of Wisconsin sent its baseball on a tour of conquest through the Japanese Empire. Naturally great interest was excited, until news came that the University of Tokio had taken the very first game played. Now we are wondering how it was done, for surely the University of Wisconsin team is fairly representative. Evidently, the Old World is acquiring efficiency in the great American game. Can the time be approaching when we will have a world-league, with France, and Spain, and Germany, and the rest of them, idolizing the ball player? Will they attempt to beat us at our own game? What a grand idea for the esperanto enthusiast! Behold here, ye wise ones, the opportunity of a great world language when the nations of the earth will take to the common "bleachers," and "roast" the umpire in a common tongue. This seems a wild dream now, but stranger dreams have come true in the march of time.

## Lecture by Senator Beveridge.

Last Thursday forenoon the students of the University were given an intellectual treat in an address delivered by the eminent orator and statesman, Hon. Albert Jeremiah Beveridge, United States Senator from Indiana. The moment of his appearance on the stage was a signal for an ovation which kept the champion of low tariff some minutes busy acknowledging. Time and again too throughout his discourse, his remarks were punctuated with applause. The subject of the lecture was Opportunity. Senator Beveridge pointed out in an eloquent and impressive manner that there is an opportunity and a place for every man without exception, and that it depends on the man either to accept or reject it. Emphasizing with particular stress that truthfulness, sincerity, fidelity, courage and health are the best guarantees of success in life, he gave, in exemplification of his theme, specific instances in the lives of great men who, grasping their opportunities and possessing the aforesaid qualities, never knew failure. We quote the following selection from the Senator's address, with the regret that owing to our early going to press we can not give the discourse in full:

"The education of the soul is more important than the education of the head. There are certain fundamental things which are necessary for success. The first is truth. It does not take much of a man not to tell a lie in words. We must have absolute sincerity and fidelity. A man who won't be faithful to a friend won't be faithful to a principle. He is not to be trusted any time. You can not fool anybody. It is good policy to be sincere. It is best for your business not to be caught in a trick. A public man is a fool to conceal anything. Everybody knows whether you are trying to fool him or not. You will fail before the people in the end unless you are goldenly sincere. It will not make any difference how much you toil and sweat and go into a passion, the audience will know when a man is fooling them. The American people have no use for a man who does not mean what he says.

"The second essential is courage—you must be broad-shouldered morally and mentally—

courage and ability to meet the situation. Face it; don't fear to get licked. What the world needs is not good winners, but good losers. Men say, "I am perfectly willing and glad to be defeated if I am in the wrong." You have got to have the courage of your conceptions. Be sure you are right, and then face it out. You will stumble and bruise your shins, but that is God's way of making a man of you. Get up and say 'it never touched me.'"

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 Obituary.
 

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REV. JOHN A. BLECKMANN; A. B. '67, A. M. '69.

The University feels the loss of a devoted alumnus in the Reverend John A. Bleckmann (A. B., '67; A. M., '69) who died at Michigan City, Thursday last. A singularly devoted priest, in whose nature the elements of kindness and cheerfulness were notably present, he will be missed and mourned by a host of friends in the city where much of his priestly life was spent. That larger world of friends beyond his immediate parish with whom he came into social contact will likewise miss him in the coming time. Father Bleckmann was a devoted son of Notre Dame. Doubtless to his zeal for his *Alma Mater* is to be attributed the choice of many young men from Michigan City who are priests or seminarians in the Community of Holy Cross. The University mourns Father Bleckmann as a personal friend and a devoted son. She extends to his sorrowing relatives who mourn for him her deepest and warmest sympathy, and, what to them will be a source of greater consolation, gives assurance of fervent prayers from all at Notre Dame for the repose of his soul. *R. I. P.*

\* \* \*

We announce with regret the death of James Fenton. Mr. Fenton came to Notre Dame twenty years ago when the Manual Training School was in existence. For five years he worked as an apprentice learning the tailoring trade. Later he took charge of the tailoring establishment of the University, where he won a wide circle of friends by his kindly manner and courteous treatment. To those who are left to mourn for him, the SCHOLASTIC extends condolence. *R. I. P.*

## Personals.

—The gathering of facts concerning the men who have spent a part of their time at Notre Dame would be a much easier matter if old students themselves realized how much they could contribute to the interest of the personal column by a few words concerning old students. It is the object of the SCHOLASTIC to herald the doings of all old men when it be possible to get the facts. If you know of a Notre Dame man who has changed his address or business or gone a step higher in the world we would appreciate a line about it.

—James J. Flaherty (Ph. B., 1908) has accepted a position as teacher at Peru, Ill.

—John V. Diener (LL. B., '09) is manager of athletics at Sacred Heart College, Watertown, Wis.

—Marceline Rubio (C. E., 1908) is engaged in the construction of a highway in the Province of Santa Clara, Cuba.

—John McDill Fox (A. B., 1909) is a member of the faculty of St. Edward's College, Austin, Texas.

—Prof. and Mrs. Jerome J. Green, accompanied by Prof. Robert Green, spent the summer months in Europe.

—Mr. John Enright, superintendent of Philippine students in this country, visited the University during the past week.

—Ignacio del Rio, student 1904-6, is the representative of an Elkart firm in Mexico City. His address is Guardiola Hotel.

—Mr. James Barry, '97, holds the important position of examiner in the U. S. Civil Service. His present home is at Washington.

—José Falomir, student for the past several years, stopped for a time last week. "Little Germany" was unable to remain, but instead willed his position in the study-hall to a younger brother.

—The South Bend News gives the information that G. A. Farabaugh (A. B., 1904); LL. B., 1907) of the Notre Dame Law School Faculty, is being urged by the leading Democrats of South Bend to accept the candidacy for city judge.

—W. W. McCormick, a student in Carroll Hall in 1886, paid his first visit to Notre

Dame after an absence of twenty-three years. He accompanied Frank Campbell, who registered for Brownson Hall. Mr. McCormick is game warden of Missoula County, Mont.

—The *Record-Herald* thus mentions a distinguished member of the '04 class:

"Byron V. Kanaley of C. C. Mitchell & Co., will open the lecture season of the Catholic Woman's League Saturday, Oct. 9, at their club-rooms in the Fine Arts Building, his subject being "Columbus and His Chief Men." Mr. Kanaley is well known in political circles, having stumped New York State for the state Republican committee in the campaigns of 1900 and 1904 and Massachusetts in the governor's campaign of 1906."

—On August 10th, at Windsor, Canada, occurred the marriage of Miss Eva B. Cartmell and Bertram G. Maris. They will be at home next week at 1224 South Main Street, South Bend, Ind. Coach Maris enters upon his third season as director of athletics at Notre Dame, where his efforts are meeting with ever-increasing success. His genial manner and his honorable, upright methods of dealing with college athletics have raised him beyond the dignity of a mere trainer of muscle and brawn. Following his example the men under his charge have been led to associate honor and character with successful athletic activities. Students and faculty unite in their heartiest congratulations and good wishes to the newly wedded couple.

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 Safety Valve.
 

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A Corbyite remarked aphoristically the other day: A young man should do the most possible work in the best possible way in the least possible time.

One doesn't like to write it, but the Exams are approaching after their own sneaky fashion.

Every knock is a boost, but don't boost too much.

Now that the Sophs have decided on a president the world may start up again.

Now that the Senior election is over, all present danger of a panic is averted and business activities may again be resumed.

Teacher in Sunday school: Johnny, What

are your eyes for? Johnny: To read my prayerbook at Mass on Sunday, so I may not roost on the pews and gape. Teacher: Go up first.

The Japs have come, have seen, and went away delighted.

In the election of their class president the Seniors indulged in some oratory. Good Gracious!

What's going to be pulled off on Founder's day? Anything?

Speaking of the common or domestic house-fly, have you ever counted your idle trips to the Bend?

Many a man watches secret practice through a knot-hole who will never work up a rah rah when the big game is pulled off.

For some must follow and some command—since all seniors can't be president.

A little steam feels good these days.

Fire-escapes have been tested and are reported to be in good condition.

NOTICE—Freshmen: Subscribe for the SCHOLASTIC and be wise.

No, Senator, we did not accept the "Tom and Jerry" in the *beverage* sense.

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#### Local Items.

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—The athletic store was remodeled recently.

—The specimens in the museum in Science Hall have been rearranged during the summer.

—Articles that are found may be left with Brother Alphonsus, to whom the losers may apply for their property.

—Conditioned students will be examined on Thursday, Oct. 7, at the hours and in the rooms in which the classes are ordinarily taught.

—On Tuesday afternoon a visit was paid to the University by the delegates of the Indiana State Federation of Labor then in convention in South Bend.

—It will be necessary to seek other quarters for the Freshman English classes, as the Cecilian Room in the Main Building has proven entirely inadequate.

—A large number of last year's Brownsonites have entered Corby Hall this term. It is to be hoped the training these former Brownsonites received will enable them to keep the rules of Corby Hall faithfully.

—The Law Freshmen met on Wednesday afternoon and elected Otto Schmid as President. This was evidently considered a good day's work, as the election of the other officers was deferred until a later date.

—Yesterday, October 1st, was the First Friday of the scholastic year. The beautiful, time-honored devotion of the Nine Fridays was begun, and the large number of young men receiving Holy Communion was an edifying sight.

—Edwin J., alias "Copper," Lynch was chosen by the faculty board as assistant manager of athletics to fill the vacancy caused by the graduation of Fay Wood. This is an important position and without doubt will be well filled by Mr. Lynch.

—Mr. L. B. Andrus, Supt. of the Indiana and Michigan Electric Power Company, will address the engineering students this afternoon at five o'clock. Mr. Andrus has been instrumental in developing the power plants in the St. Joseph Valley, and his lecture will deal with the practical application of engineering theories in the commercial world.

—During the week the following men were selected as managers of athletics in the different Halls. Sorin, James P. Kenefick; Brownson, William Dolan; St. Joseph's, Elmo A. Funk; Corby, James Deery. Inter-Hall stock has been on the boom during the week, and a good strong team is expected from each of the halls. J. J. Brislin was elected captain of the Sorin Hall aggregation.

—Things have now settled down to ordinary routine, and many of the temporary changes about the University have become permanent. The question of refectories has been settled. Hereafter Sorin and Brownson Halls will use the Brownson refectory, and Corby, Walsh and Carroll the Carroll refectory, while the old Corby dining-room is reserved for the Minims.

—The University was the hostess, last Tuesday, at a luncheon given in honor of the Japanese Commercial Commissioners who are touring the United States at present. The guests of honor were accompanied by some of the principal citizens of South Bend who were entertaining them during their stay in the neighboring city. After the luncheon the distinguished visitors made a tour of inspection of the principal buildings of the University, and returned to the city in the evening.

—Last Tuesday afternoon Rt. Rev. Bishop Linneborn, C. S. C., was the guest of honor at a luncheon given by a number of old students who were seminarians under him when he was Rector of Holy Cross Hall. The occasion was entirely informal and was largely reminiscent. Among Bishop Linneborn's old students present who have risen to prominence in the administration of the University were: Rev. M. Schumacher, Director of Studies; Rev. T. Murphy, Prefect of Discipline; Rev. M. Oswald, Dean of the

Department of Greek; Rev. W. Lavin, Rector of Sorin Hall, and Rev. M. Walsh, Dean of the Department of History and Economics. Owing to the near approach of train time no formal addresses were made. Dr. Linneborn left at 5 p. m. for Canada, whence he will go to Rome en route to his diocese in East Bengal, India.

—There has been an indefinite though unmistakable feeling of uneasiness manifesting itself at the University during the past week. Everywhere, on the campus and in the halls, groups, apparently governed by the laws of magnetic attraction, were to be seen, and the low buzz of earnest conversation was punctuated by an occasional outburst of enthusiasm or indignation. Class organization explains the why of the suppressed excitement. Already the pressure has been relieved by two elections, and as soon as the Law men and the Sophomores give honor to whom honor is due, the field will be cleared for the great Freshman battle.

—The Senior Class meeting for the election of officers was held on the afternoon of September 28th, and for the third time Sam Dolan was made chief executive of the Class of '10, his other tenures having been in the Freshman and Sophomore years. Mr. Dolan is without doubt one of the most popular men at the University and has gained for himself an enviable reputation in athletics, being the unanimous choice of all critics as tackle on the All-Indiana team, and Eckersall's choice for a place on the All-Western team. Other officers chosen were: George Finnegan, Vice-President (re-elected); Secretary, L. M. Stoakes; Treasurer, George E. Attley.

—The Junior Electrical Engineers, stirred to action by the brave front put up by their Civil fellows, are considering the organization of a football team. There seems, however, to be a scarcity of material, and unless Garcia will consent to throw his weight and experience into the full-back position, the back line is apt to be a little weak. Manager Probst is full of confidence, however, and expects to clean up on all corners. He has announced the following line-up, subject to change without notice: F. B., Garcia; R. H. B., DeLunden; L. H. B., Probst; Q. B., Heyl; R. E., Shenk; L. E., Barsaloux; R. T., Hughes; L. T., Scholl; R. G., Tully; L. G., Garrity; C., Wilson. The name of Cook as cheer leader is under consideration.

—During his summer in Europe, Prof. J. J. Green was fortunate in getting several apparatus which will prove of value to the electrical engineering department. The more important are a special apparatus for the measurement of Young's Modulus and a standard Cadmium cell. Prof. Green was present at "La grande semaine d'aviation"

at Rheims, when Curtiss, the American aviator, won the Gordon-Bennett trophy. While there he secured lantern slides illustrating the history and development of aerial navigation. This subject has a closer interest when we reflect that nearly twenty years ago Albert Zahm conducted a series of experiments with his model at Notre Dame, in order to solve the problem of aerial navigation. Although Prof. Zahm did not obtain all the results he desired, yet his investigations were important, and his thesis on this subject recently merited a doctor's degree at Johns Hopkins University.

—A lecture course of the usual high standard has been arranged for this scholastic year. The students will have an opportunity to meet many old friends of the platform and pulpit, and will become acquainted with many others who have been attracting attention in the world of entertainment and instruction. The course, so far as has been prepared, is as follows: 1st or middle of October, T. D. Cosgrove (Law Lectures); Nov. 9, 2:10 p. m., Victor's Band; Nov. 15, Italian Boys; Nov. 18, G. O. Shields; Nov. 20, 2:10 p. m., Ernest-Gamble Concert Co.; Nov. 28, James Francis O'Donnell; Dec. 8, 5 p. m., Prof French; Dec. 16, 4:30 p. m., Adam Bede; Jan. 18, 10 a. m., Gluck and Renway Recital; Feb. 7, 2:10 p. m., Adrian Newens; March 7, Grand Male Quartette; March 14, 4:30 p. m., Frederick Ward. The program will include such men of affairs as Governor Marshall, E. J. McDermott, Edward Abner Thompson and John Corley. The dates at which these men will appear will be announced later.

—The Junior Class organization, which was perfected on September 24th, was a veritable love feast. The Juniors were so fond of one another that they really seemed grieved to think there were no more offices at their disposal. The popular Varsity pitcher, Wm. Heyl, was made President by acclamation, and the same cordial harmony of purpose characterized the selection of John C. Tully as Vice-President. The other active officers chosen were: G. E. Washburn, Secretary; Robert Shenk, Treasurer; J. Quinlan, Class Historian; "Luke" Kelly, Sergeant-at-Arms; R. Garcia, Chaplain. Rev. Father Schumacher was unanimously chosen to fill the newly-created office of Honorary President. The matter of the Junior Prom came up for discussion, and the following Committee was appointed to make all necessary arrangements: John C. Tully, Chairman; W. Heyl, E. Funk, P. Barsaloux and J. Bannon. The Junior Law Class has been invited to select one of its members as a committee man. The following men were chosen to select the class colors: E. Garrity, L. Wolfe, and H. Kuhle.

## Athletic Notes.

For the last few days the rooters wending their way toward Cartier Field have been confronted by closed gates and a sign inviting them to keep out. Within the forbidden field Coach Longman has been too busy with his struggling candidates to take note of the few ardent enthusiasts who besiege the walls to gain a fleeting look at the favored few in secret practice.

The opening scrimmage was anything but agreeable, either from the standpoint of the spectators or the men themselves. The second team was utterly unable to oppose the onslaughts of the regulars, who ambled through the line almost at will. The tackling on both sides was ragged, owing to the fact that no tackling dummy had been provided and all were without practice in this department. In less than thirty minutes of play the regulars had registered five touchdowns and would no doubt have secured others had it not been for the clever work of Glynn at guard.

The second scrimmage, which was held in secret, was of a much more satisfactory order, the subs putting up a better grade of work than in the previous tryout, and frequently holding the regulars for first downs. Ennis showed up well on offensive work and got through the line more than once. The lineup was as follows:

'Varsity		Seconds
Lynch	center	Brennan
Dolan, Keeler	guards	Cleary, Glynn
Dimmick, Philbrook	tackle	Figel, Cosgrove
Collins, Matthews	ends	Diabold, Trumbull
Miller, Schmitt	half-backs	Ennis, Madden
Dwyer	quarter-back	Roth
Vaughan,	full-back	Duffy

Captain Edwards has been out of the game on account of slight indisposition, but will be all right within a few days. His absence from the line necessitates a change, Philbrook being shifted to tackle and Matthews going in at end. Hamilton has also been confined to the sidelines by a wrenched ankle received in the first scrimmage.

The backfield still continues to be the cause of much concern and promises to be weak unless new candidates appear. Miller's ankle, which was badly sprained last year, is

again giving him trouble, which may cause him to discontinue practice and Schmitt does not show the speed or cleverness in dodging which is necessary to good offensive work. Ryan who has been expected to report for some time finally appeared Thursday. Ryan played a good game at half in the early games of last year, and if Coach Longman decides to give him another trial at this position he will no doubt be of much assistance in making up the backfield deficiency.

In addition to the new plays and signal work, the candidates have been treated to several passages at arms with the bucking machine and the tackling dummy, and a classier exhibition will be seen at the next public scrimmage. Considerable time has also been devoted to the forward pass and the proficiency already shown seems to indicate that this play will be a large asset later in the season. The general showing of the squad is good. The men are fighting hard and there is a noticeable lack of any tendency toward that sensation known as chilliness below the ankles.

Among the new men, Brennan at center, Diabold at end, Glynn at guard, Ennis at half-back and Cosgrove at tackle, will make strong bids for 'Varsity berths. Martin, who is reported to be a track man of considerable ability, has dropped practice and Cook and Dumphe have been added to the squad. Olivet College has asked for a game for October 9th, but final arrangements have not been made at this writing.

A number of track men have been working out during the past week getting in shape for Founder's Day, when two picked teams will present a program for the entertainment of the fans.

Some of the cross-country runners have also taken daily jaunts over the "long course" in spite of the cool weather, and at least one five-miler is entered for the Mishawaka-to-South-Bend race during home-coming week, Oct. 3rd to 9th.

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Last year Notre Dame had one of the best teams in the history of the University. This was due in a large measure to the training and experience gained in almost daily scrimmage with a second team that could and did fight. To these scrubs is due a good share of our varsity's success. This year we have not enough men to form a strong scrub team. It is up to every fellow who has played football, and who can possibly spare the time to turn out, don a suit and report to Coach Longman as ready and willing to assist in the making of a winning varsity eleven. You are needed. Think it over and see if you cannot help.