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A Song of 1910.

GEORGE J. FINNIGAN, '10.

INTO the endless silence of the past,
Another year has ta'en its solemn flight.
Its sorrows are but faded memories;
Its dreams have passed as phantoms of the night.
'Tis sad to part. Too soon its joys have fled;
Its pains, tho' sharp, were sweet, its sorrows dear.
But lo! upon the roughened shore of time
There breaks with wondrous joy another year.

Then sing a song of love and mirth,
Of sweet good-will and peace to men,
A song of hope to all the earth,
A golden song of 1910.

The old has gone, the new its gifts unfolds,
And says to each: "Accept: to choose thou'rt free.
Here's happiness and joy and true success;
Here's pain, fool-discontent and misery."
The gold we choose, the dross we cast aside,
We'll be content in life, we'll love and cheer
Our fellows. Then there'll be no sad regrets
When we look back upon this bright New Year.

Then sing a song of love and mirth,
Of sweet good-will and peace to men,
A song of hope to all the earth,
A golden song of 1910!

Byron's Childe Harold.

THOMAS A. LAHEY, '11.



THE life-picture of Lord Byron presents a story of contrasts. With him everything was either dark shadow or brilliant light—there was no middle way. In his boyhood he was nurtured by a hysterical mother and a libertine father; in his youth and manhood he only strengthened these influences by the com-

panions that he chose. Yet back of it all there glowed a fierce love of the beautiful, the only light that his life ever knew. Small wonder, then, that the fire of his genius often glows red with passion and a hatred of mankind; small wonder, that life to him was never beautiful in itself, since it never came in the purer and gentler sense of a good influence. His own words are a confession of this:

Weary of love, of life, devoured with spleen
I rest a perfect Timon, not nineteen.

Whether his irregularities in later life must be laid to his own blame or to the influence of his early bringing up, is immaterial to this paper. Sufficient to say, they did exist, and, like those of all writers, we expect to find them often mirrored in his works. One must consider, then, in commenting upon his works, that it was always Byron, the man, who was writing,—Byron, with his extravagance of mind, his haughtiness, his licence, and his power.

Can we look for true beauty, for sublime thoughts and noble ideals, in the works of such a person? Assuredly we can, for the critics have conceded that he was a poet, and poetic minds, however they may sometimes wallow in the mire, must needs live in another atmosphere, on a nobler and a higher plane than that in which their mere bodies may exist. It is thus with Byron. His works may have something of the man himself about them; they may represent his natural existence to a degree, but we can also find therein a few mirrored glimpses of his true poetic life. Nowhere is this more evident than in the Childe Harold.

As the author himself says, the first two cantos were merely experimental. They deal with the Childe Harold, a youth of noble and renowned parentage. Unlike the race

that had given him birth, the young man had run through "sin's long labyrinth," until the only one for whom he ever held anything like a pure love, turned from him in abhorrence. Stung to the quick, Harold resolves to flee his father's halls and wander in other lands. Unknown to his mother and sister, for whom he had felt that love of kin which nature impresses upon the human heart, he boards his ship and sails away. Favorable winds carry his vessel past Lisbon, and past Portugal, and over into Spain's "renowned, romantic land." There, amid the ruins of royalty, upon the very fields where of old the monarchs of the world had fought for supremacy, he soliloquizes:

There shall they rot—ambition's honored fools!
 Yes, Honor decks the turf that wraps their clay!
 Vain Sophistry! in these behold the tools,
 The broken tools, that tyrants cast away
 By myriads, when they dare to pave their way
 With human hearts—to what?—a dream alone.

But again the restless spirit within urges him on. Into Cadiz he goes, and though there the Virgin Queen and her humble votaries excite his disdain, the very burden of the song that he sings to his love, in some way atones for the irreverence towards that religion to which he was always so opposed.

And dost thou ask what secret woe
 I bear, corroding joy and youth?
 And wilt thou vainly seek to know
 A pang even thou must fail to soothe?

It is not love, it is not hate,
 Nor low ambition's honors lost,
 That bids me loathe my present state,
 And fly from all I prized the most:

What exile from himself can flee?
 To zones, though more and more remote,
 Still, still pursues, where'er I be,
 The blight of life—the demon Thought.

We know now why the proud and high-strung youth is carried from land to land, in the vain endeavor to obtain a little of that hearts-ease for which he pines. All his haughtiness, his vauntings, his half-spoken blasphemies, against that God in whom he has no direct belief, vanish to the background as we hear the unhappy youth acknowledging what we would never hope to hear from one of Byron's heroes,—the pains of a guilty conscience.

The second canto carries him into the storied land of Greece, and here again the

abandoned tombs call up within him a meditation, powerful and expressive indeed, yet withal, despairingly pagan to its very end.

Remove yon skull from out the scattered heaps:
 Is that a temple where a God may dwell?

Look on its broken arch, its ruin'd wall,
 Its chambers desolate and portals foul:
 Yes, this was once Ambition's airy hall,
 The dome of Thought, the palace of the Soul:

Can all saint, sage, or sophist ever writ
 People this lonely tower, this tenement refit?

And he answers the question for us in his own characteristic way.

Well didst thou speak, Athena's wisest son!
 All that we know is, nothing can be known.

Yet even in his unbelief, he longs for that hereafter, the truth of which he can not entirely comprehend:

Yet if, as holiest men have deem'd, there be
 A land of souls beyond that sable shore

How sweet it were in concert to adore
 With those who made our mortal labors light!
 To hear each voice we feared to hear no more!

Thus it is always with him. The despair, the doubt, the disdain, the restless longings, of Childe Harold, give us a true insight into the true character of the man, Byron himself. To quote of the eloquent and beautiful alone, where the inborn nature of the poet leads him to soliloquize upon the natural beauty of the scenery, or upon the past glories of the countries through which he passes, would be to embody almost the entire poem; as when he speaks of

Fair Greece, sad relic of departed worth!
 Immortal, though no more; though fallen great!

Or where he muses upon

The flying Mede, his shaftless broken bow;
 The fiery Greek, his red pursuing spear;
 Mountains above, earth's, ocean's plain below;
 Death in the front, Destruction in the rear.

Such beauty and strength of language is always present, sometimes, as we may expect, to a greater, sometimes to a less extent. But it is not so much what he describes of nature, but of his own mind, that we are interested. When he speaks of

Foul superstition! howsoe'er disguised,
 Idol, saint, virgin, prophet, crescent, cross,

we are not in the least surprised, for the life of Byron, the author, would not lead us to expect any other sentiments from a hero

so like unto himself. But we are interested when we find a mind giving us these thoughts:

What is the worst of woes that wait on age?
 What stamps the wrinkle deeper on the brow?
 To view each loved one blotted from life's page,
 And be alone on earth as I am now.
 Before the Chastener humbly let me bow,
 O'er hearts divided and o'er hopes destroy'd:
 Roll on, vain days! full reckless may ye flow,
 Since Time hath reft whate'er my soul enjoy'd,
 And with the ills of Eld mine earlier years alloy'd.

With this half-sad, half-despairing cry, the canto closes, and reading it one is conscious that here is wonderful power and genius and beauty, woefully spattered though it be with a thickness of earthly mud. Through it all runs the question of the poet: "What is life? Why all this beauty and sublimity, since it must fade away at death?" And although Byron can not answer it himself, we can.

The popular praise of the foregoing cantos prompted the poet to continue what he had already begun. Going to Geneva, Byron took up his residence there, and set to work upon the last half of the poem. "Self-exiled Harold wanders forth again," and his disquieted heart brings him to the scene of Napoleon's downfall,—historic Waterloo. There, upon that fatal field he pauses to contemplate:

Oh, more or less than man—

An empire thou couldst crush, command, rebuild,
 But govern not thy pettiest passion,"

and with this the changeableness of mere human fame overwhelms him:

Conquerors and kings,
 Founders of sects and systems, to whom add
 Sophists, bards, statesmen, all unquiet things
 Which stir too strongly the soul's secret springs,
 And are themselves the tools to those they fool;
 Envied, yet how unenviable! What stings
 Are theirs! One breast laid open were a school
 Which would unteach mankind the lust to shine or rule.

The above stanza requires no comment. It is the true expression of the poet's own observation in life, and the last two lines especially derive their great power and significance from the fact that they come from such a man as Byron himself.

But again the love of nature draws him on, this time to the banks of the Rhine, where he can sate his hungry heart upon its flowing beauty. Here, for once, he speaks openly of himself:

I can see
 Nothing to loathe in nature, save to be
 A link reluctant in a fleshly chain,
 Class'd among creatures, when the soul can flee,
 And with the sky, the peak, the heaving plain
 Of ocean, or the stars, mingle, and not in vain.
 "And thus I am absorbed," he says, "and
 this is life." He goes on:

And when, at length, the mind shall be all free
 From what it hates in this degraded form,

 When elements to elements conform,
 And dust is as it should be, shall I not
 Feel all I see less dazzling, but more warm?

Evidently there is a longing here, a tender yearning for the "courts of beauty," which he feels within him, but surely never knows. One can not help thinking, that a poet feeding in such a vital way upon mere nature's perfections, if he were but taught the real beauty of God and of the soul, could almost be—might we say it?—a saint. Yet like all men who worship the beauties of nature alone, there sometimes comes to the Childe Harold a feeling of the supernatural, the power of which he must and does confess, when gazing at the stars, the "poetry of heaven":

From the high host
 Of stars to the lulled lake and mountain-coast,
 All is concentr'd in a life intense,
 Where not a beam, nor air, nor leaf is lost,
 But hath a part of being, and a sense
 Of that which is of all Creator and defense.
 Then stirs the feeling infinite, so felt
 In solitude, when we are *least* alone.

Here then is an open acknowledgment, of that presence which we call God. It would be well perhaps to close the canto, and indeed the entire work, with such an important admission, but it would in the end be hardly the fair thing. There is another quotation worthy of mention, since it implies so much of the inner state of Childe Harold's real self. He says:

Could I embody and unbosom now
 That which is most within me—could I wreak
 My thoughts upon expression, and thus throw
 Soul, heart, mind, passions, feelings, strong or weak,
 All that I would have sought and all I seek,
 Bear, know, feel and yet breathe, into *one* word,
 And that one word were Lightning, I would speak;
 But as it is, I live and die unheard,
 With a most voiceless thought, sheathing it as a sword.

We do not know what that "word" would be; but looking into the character of the Childe Harold, and the sentiments he has heretofore expressed, one might not be far

from right in judging that word to be, the *doubt* and the *uncertainty* of the problem of life.

The fourth and last canto, written about eight years after the first, brings us towards the close of Childe Harold's pilgrimage. Italy claims his attention here, and as we may expect, he is enraptured with this land,

Which was the mightiest in its old command
And is the loveliest, and must ever be.

But this is merely that personal admiration which he always feels upon beholding national greatness or natural beauty. Rather let us follow the ever-changing current of thoughts regarding his own inner self. The flight of years has not changed the vacillating beliefs and unbeliefs, which torture the soul of Childe Harold. At one time, the simple Italian peasant village inspires within him thoughts of a profound and meditative nature, and he tells us:

If from society we learn to live,
'Tis solitude should teach us how to die.

Yet not six stanzas on, the tomb of royalty brings forth the old, old convictions:

Thou! form'd to eat, and be despised and die,
Even as the beasts that perish, save that thou
Hadst a more splendid trough and wider sty.

But later on, when looking into himself, he retracts in a measure these atheistical principles, and acknowledges the reality of that other life beyond the grave:

But I have lived, and have not lived in vain:
My mind may lose its force, my blood its fire,
And my frame perish even in conquering pain;
But there is that within me which shall tire
Torture and Time, and breathe when I expire.

Strange contradictions these, but surely indicative alike of the hero and the author.

It should be observed that the sublime in nature and man, and in the works of man, has never failed to draw from the poet, words of the highest eloquence. Indeed, there is probably no one work of narrative poetry, which gives us a sublimity of language equal to that displayed throughout the entire extent of the Childe Harold. The stanzas written upon Greece, and those upon Napoleon, are models of strength and oratorical finish; the lines dedicated to St. Peter's at Rome, and those beginning,

Roll on, thou deep and dark blue ocean, roll!
have, probably, no equal of their kind in the entire language. Regarding the inner self of Childe Harold, it would be useless to carry

the quest farther, for the doubts and hopes, the beliefs and disbeliefs, which have characterized the poem from the beginning, continue, in a measure, until the end. The poet, it is true, does not tell us the sequel of the young man's wanderings, but we have seen enough to know that the Childe Harold is not all haughtiness, that he is not all the unbelieving and worldly youth that started so long ago upon that long journey of escape from his former guilty life. Doubts still assail him, it is true, life and its problem is still unsolved, but his own words tell us of the change that has taken place within him:

But I am not now
That which I have been—and my visions flit
Less palpably before me—and the glow
Which in my spirit dwelt is fluttering, faint and low.

If the character of Childe Harold depicts anything of the author's personality,—and the entire poem suggests this observation—we can not help thinking that death when it did come, could not find in Byron those qualities of mind and heart so characteristic of his youth, as to merit his own confession of being a "perfect Timon," though not yet nineteen.

The Lesser Things.

THOMAS A. LAHEY, '11.

OH, what poverty in riches, when the soul is stripped
of love,
And an earthly kingdom blinds us to a greater one
above;
Oh, what poverty in riches, tho' they gild a royal
birth,
When they lack the touch of heaven, when they bear
the stamp of earth.
Oh, what ignorance in learning, if its aim be but
to know
Of the drifting lore that hovers 'round the fleeting
things below;
Oh, what ignorance in learning, if mere knowledge
be the goal,
And we know not the true beauties of but one
immortal soul.
Oh, what failure in succeeding, if the world and its
acclaim
Tempt the soul to sell its birthright for the willow-
wisp of fame;
Oh, what failure in succeeding, though we've won
the world's renown,
If the final hour tells we have missed of heaven's
crown.

Recollection.

FRANCIS J. WENNINGER, '11.

WHEN the balmy evening breezes blow across the
new-mown field
Where the golden sheaves are gathered,—nature's ever-
bount'ous yield;
When the songbirds' farewell chorus faintly echoes
through the dell
And the restless clouds are veiling Day's last beams
to guard them well;

When the moon is brightly gleaming thro' the silvered
mist of cloud,
Seeking in her lustrous glory vale and forest to
enshroud,
It is then my fancy wanders o'er the mould'ring
realm of time,
Back across the ashen grayness to the happy child-
hood prime.

I can see in youthful fancy faces that are missing
now,
And I feel their absence keenly, sorrow shades my
care-free brow.
I can hear the well-known voices,—now, alas, forever
still,—
As they praised, admonished, cautioned, as none other
ever will.

And amid the twilight pictures, mother, sweetheart
of my youth,
Thy fair face comes e'er before me, bids me fight the
fight of truth.
But, alas! my wand'ring fancy wakes from childhood's
fondest dream,
And once more I'm fully conscious that "things are
not what they seem."

The Cuban Sugar King.

ARTHUR J. HUGHES, '11.

Across the harbor the city's lights flickered
and danced through the trees which lined
the water's edge. Towards the sea the
moon was slowly rising out of the gray
crested waves. The slight breeze wafted from
the water carried with it that invigorating
and refreshing something which compels one
to drink it in and rejoice in it.

On the broad veranda of the Hotel de
Magnifique, were gathered here and there
little groups of light-hearted people who
lived, now that it was winter in the

States, in the summer breezes of Cuba, and
who a few months later would be grouped
about the verandas of Newport, Bar Harbor,
and Put-in-Bay. These people changed with
the seasons as do the birds. They seek
only pleasure. They know little of hardships.
Cuba would become irksome soon. Newport
would be chilled by winter's blasts later,
and Manhattan would serve only as a
temporary haven during the migratory
period.

There was one person on the veranda,
though, who was unlike the rest. He was
in Cuba, not because it was winter but
because it was profitable. Because he was
a worker in the world he was unlike the
rest. Because he was different, he was alone.
It was he who enjoyed the dancing lights
and the gray crested waves, the moonlight
and the air. The others were unmoved
by such pictures. It would have seemed
provincial to them. That was one of the
ways they had of appearing different from
the "mob."

Dick McCreeley did not come from that
kind of stock. There was none of the make-
believe in him. His father, like his father's
father before him, had been a grain buyer
back in Illinois. They had been honest men,
who fought cleanly and won honorably;
men to whom the world must look for a
continuance of its history. Dick McCreeley
was a speculator of a modern type. He had
schooled himself on the floor of the Board
of Trade in Chicago. He had traded well
for his company—so well that he began
trading for himself on the side, and it was
this that terminated his career as a trader.
He had won and he had lost. It was at a
time when he had lost that he was turned
out into the world with practically nothing
but a trade secret and a fifty cent piece.
His fortune took a turn, and after enlisting
the aid of a down-state farmer he played
the trade secret and won. With his winnings
he bade a fond farewell to the down-state
farmer and the Chicago Board of Trade.
The farmer had won too, so all were
satisfied.

Dick had a mission in Cuba. While he sat
on the veranda of the Hotel de Magnifique
he was working out the last stages of
his plan. He had become so absorbed in
thought that he failed to notice he was

sharing his settee with another person. When he did notice it he rejoiced, for it had been nearly three days since he had conversed with anyone.

"Fine evening, eh?" said the stranger, turning towards Dick.

Dick thought he recognized the voice. The shadows prevented him from seeing the face.

"Yes, it is a fine evening. Rather common though, I guess, around here."

"So common," replied the stranger, "that these people have ceased to enjoy it. We are not given this sort of thing back in Illinois, where I come from, and I enjoy it immensely."

"Back in Illinois." Dick was sure now he recognized the person.

"Ah, I see, we are brothers at sea, for I too am from Illinois, from Chicago. Seems to me I remember your voice, but I can't just place you."

"I am Herman Lehr, from Greencastle."

Dick jumped to his feet and grasped Lehr by the hand and half jerked him out of the shadow.

"Lehr—put 'er there. You know me now?"

"By all the—McCreedy—course I know you. How the—what you doing here?"

"Oh, same as usual, Lehr—more easy money. It's my failing, you know."

Dick accepted a cigar and both men went back to the seat to enjoy a smoke and a reminiscence.

"It's sugar this time," he began. It's a big thing. If I am equal to it and get an even break of luck I'll make so much money that living at the Hotel de Magnifique will seem natural. I am glad I have met you, Lehr, for with your consent I will lay my plan before you, and I think with your help we will be able to handle sugar nicely."

"Well, Dick, when you told me about 'I and E preferred' I liked your plan. We handled it very nicely, I thought. With as good a chance at sugar we may be able to do likewise." It may be said that Herman Lehr was the down-state farmer who made his trade secret profitable. Dick could place implicit confidence in Lehr. "You know, Lehr," he went on, "sugar is about the most important export from this island, and it is one of the most important imports in the States. The distance between here and

there is short. As a result about ninety per cent of the sugar produced here goes to the States. The sugar trade of the United States is controlled by a trust. That trust not only has the consumers up there in its grasp; it has also the producers of Cuban sugar under its tyrannical control. It makes its own terms to the Cubans and they are forced to accept. It is better to do so than to dump their sugar into the sea.

"There is a man here in Cuba who controls the exportation. He buys from the producers directly, using the heel of the Trust to crush them, and he in turn allows it to fall on him. He would be only too glad to find a buyer in the States capable of competing with the Trust, for then he could assert his independence. But the Trust has looked after the independent buyers there. The result is, there are no independent buyers. The Trust has to have this Cuban sugar. They consume sixty per cent more sugar in the United States than they produce. If this man Ramora only knew it he could dictate to the Trust, but they crushed him before he had an opportunity to know. That's how conditions stand to-day. If I could but gain the confidence of this man, Ramora, I could make the Trust kneel at my feet.

"Ramora is suspicious. He fears what might happen were he to incur the ill-feeling of the Trust. For that reason to gain his confidence is impossible. It is only left to me to destroy his power, and that's what I am going to do. It's going to be a hard job, for the producers have got into the habit of accepting his abuse. They hate him as intensely as he hates the Sugar Trust, but their backs, like his, are broken.

"Each year the principal producers meet to make arrangements for the disposal of their sugar. That meeting for this year takes place to-morrow at ten o'clock. It is always a long-drawn-out affair, for these men are full of complaints. Ramora is not going to get their sugar this year. It's going to be Dick McCreedy for once, and, Lehr, you can be a world of good in aiding me in this matter—that is if you will."

"Dick, I am with you as I was on 'I and E,' and if you've got something up your sleeve—Dick McCreedy will be the Cuban Sugar King."

Both men retired to Lehr's room to make definite plans for the movements which were to take place on the morrow.

Promptly at ten the following day Ramora called to order the meeting of the Cuban sugar producers. He followed this by giving his annual talk on sugar. This always partook of the nature of a funeral oration. It had always produced the right effect, that of making the producers ashamed of the fact that they had devoted any labor or time to the production of sugar. Ramora told of great crops in the States, and of decreased demands; in fact, of everything that would tend to make the price of sugar decline.

When he finished the large room was as still as the darkest of tombs. Not a whisper could be heard. Ramora was about to seat himself, well satisfied with the effect that he had produced, when, like a blast of thunder from a clear sky, an agonized cry burst from the audience, and a man in the front row pitched forward over the railing, falling in a writhing heap at the feet of the speaker. The assemblage rose to its feet as one man to see what had happened. At that moment the main doors were thrown open and a man rushed in. It was Dick McCreedy. He made his way to the scene, and beholding the man struggling on the floor commanded Ramora with his secretary to carry him out. This they did, and as they passed out the crowd seemed inclined to follow, but Dick placed himself in front of them and motioned them to their seats. Going to the large doors he slammed them shut and clanged the cross bar which made them secure. He then calmly made his way to the speaker's stand and mounting it began:

"Gentlemen, sugar's in an awful fix. They've quit raising it in the States. Over in Europe they're making roads with it. In South America they are dumping it in the sea. Your sugar isn't worth a continental in this world and you're fools to be caught here trying to sell it. Ah! you think this not so? Five minutes ago I stood without those doors and heard your Ramora tell you—you the producers of the best sugar this world gives forth, you who should know better—that this was so. I stood out there listening to that lying, stealing

scoundrel telling you the rottenest lies a man ever uttered. Ramora is a liar, he's a thief, he's a traitor, and you men of Cuba, year in and year out have listened to the same rotten lies, to the same thieving traitor, and have sold your sugar to this infamous scoundrel for a song.

"Men! I stand before you in a position where I can deliver you from this wretch. I stand before you ready to buy this sugar which Ramora considers worthless. I don't think it's worthless. I know it's not worthless. I am ready to pay you for what it's worth. It's up to you to say whether you are going to stand for this thing any longer. It's up to you to destroy the power of this tyrant who has had you in his grasp. It's for you to break the shackles from your limbs and assert your independence. Crush this man as he has crushed you. Burst the tyrannical chains that he has placed about you. Go forth from this time on with the liberty of a new life, with the prosperity of a new world, with the power of the grinding, brow-beating, dictating, Trust in your hands. That is what I'd have you do. That is what I'll help you do. That is what I'll make you do if it is but your wish."

The tumult broke forth. For thirty minutes the assemblage turned itself into a howling mob. The light had dawned and Ramora was crushed.

One evening four months later a banquet was held at the Westminster Hotel, Chicago, in honor of Dick McCreedy. Dick took the floor raising his glass:

"Here's to the greatest actor that ever lived, the man who threw a fit at the feet of the great Ramora and smudged the light of a tyrant—Herman Lehr."

Laughter filled the banquet hall, and Lehr rose.

"Here's to the greatest orator that ever held the rostrum. He made one speech in his life and that one was so long that the light of a tyrant couldn't stand it and went out."

All knew to whom he referred, and the whole building seemed to tremble, so great was the applause. Dick was now a king—a Cuban Sugar King.

The Old and New.

THOMAS A. LAHEY, '11.

INTO the dim-lit past,
 With thy burden of smiles and tears,
 Follow thou on, the last
 In the spectral army of years.

Go! till we mourn awhile
 With a tear for thy pensive flight;
 Haste! ere thou seest the smile
 That we give to the New Year's light.

Vale, Old Year! Thy grave
 Is bedew'd with the parting tear—
 List now, ye strong and brave,
 Bid all hail to the bright New Year.

The Chore-Boy: A Summer Sketch.

J. JOSEPH CAMPBELL, '12.

Last summer while on a trip through the country, I stopped at a farmhouse for dinner. As the noon hour had not yet arrived, I occupied myself by looking over the ranch and inspecting its various resources.

While walking through the orchard I noticed some one lying in the shade of a big apple tree, and being of an inquisitive turn of mind, I thought I would find out something about genuine farm life. As I approached the prostrate figure I found it to be that of a sleeping boy of, perhaps, sixteen years of age. As I drew closer to him he awoke with a start, looked up at me with a frightened expression, and then with a face crimsoned under the tan, he grinned a sickly smile.

"I didn't know before that I was capable of frightening anyone under any conditions," I said to him.

"Until I saw who it was," he whined, "I was mighty skeered, for I was thinkin' it be'ed the old man."

"Who is the old man, and what reason have you to be afraid of him?" I enquired.

"You don't know who the old man is?" he asked, amazed at my portrayal of ignorance. "He's the boss, the guy as gives me

my fifty cents every Saturday night."

"Why does he give you fifty cents a week?" I asked, bent on securing all the information I could.

"For runnin' this 'ere farm. You didn't think he was a-givin' it to me for nothin', did yu?" he retorted.

"You run this place yourself and receive a salary of only fifty cents a week?" I asked in surprise.

"That's what you're after hearin' me say, ain't it?"

Thinking still that I had misunderstood his remark, I thought I would make myself better acquainted with him.

"Well," I said, seating myself on the ground opposite him, "if you are in charge here you can surely tell me what your duties are, but before you commence I want to introduce myself, so that we can omit all ceremony and formality, and talk as though we were old friends." I told him my name and my business, and without moving from his place on the ground, he said:

"I'm durn glad to meet one o' them city folks. I ain't got no particular name myself, but when the old man starts a-hollerin' 'Chores' that means me, but when any visitors is around, they calls me 'Chore Boy,' so I guess that's my name. My business is runnin' the place, as I think I told you before."

"I was always of the opinion that the chore boy's occupation was to carry in wood, feed the chickens, and make himself generally useful around the house," I said.

"You city sports know all about the latest styles, but what you know about the farm wouldn't make a good meal for a chipmunk. Them house chore boys ain't made no more. Nowadays the chore boy runs the place, while the old man sneaks off to bed arter dinner, and dreams about everything comin' in and only fifty cents a week goin' out."

"If that be true," I said, "you must work day and night to keep the place going. When do you have any time for recreation?"

"Fun? Say, that reminds me," he said, kicking his heels in the air and rolling in the soft dirt. I demanded an explanation of his actions and he continued in his peculiar whining tone:

"To-morrow's the Fourth of July, and I gets a half day off from work, and I guess Morgan Brown and me won't have some fun to-morrow afternoon."

Wondering how the chore boys amused themselves, I asked him what he intended doing on the morrow. He sucked his thumb in anticipation of the gay sport awaiting him, and made reply:

"Me and Morgan's made a date to meet at one o'clock in the big barn over yonder"—which he indicated with a jerk of his thumb. "We're meetin' in our barn, 'cause there's more hay in it than in hisn. Gee! but we can have fun. Just think! We can sleep for four hours in the afternoon, and then again at night."

"Why, you certainly do not call sleeping fun, do you?" I asked, rather surprised.

"Gosh! you don't know much about chore boys, or you'd think it fun, too. Just hold your ears in your hands for a while, and I'll tell you something about the life of a chore boy."

With a scrape of his throat and a few nervous preliminaries, he commenced his narrative.

"The house over there behind them trees is where we stays nights. See that little winder stickin' through the roof? Well, that's my room. There ain't no chore boys' union in this yere district, so when the ole man comes crawlin' up the creaky ladder at four o'clock in the mornin', with a stump o' candle stuck in a bottle in one hand and clingin' on with the other, and sticks his whiskered mush through the square hole in the floor, and bellows: 'Chores! chores! What the hek's the matter with yu? Whatcha waitin' fur? Yu goin' to sleep all day?'" I gets outen the hay."

The chore boy turned a little to the left so that he could observe the path, and see the "old man," should he approach. He then went on with his story.

"I climbs into my overhalls then and slides down the ladder. I can make better time by slidin'. I grabs the big tin pails and beats it fur the barn, and milks the fifteen cows. Then I turns 'em all loose and goes down the lane a ways and chops two or three cords o' wood. You bet, I surely is glad when I hears the old man toot-tootin' with his mouth—that's the breakfast call."

At that moment I heard a sound not unlike the wail of a factory whistle. The first "toot" was of a little higher pitch than the second, but both were of about equal duration.

"That's the old man now," said my friend, rising to his feet, "he's givin' the dinner call."

We walked up the path toward the house, and as the lad seemed anxious to tell me of his duties, I listened as he resumed his story.

"Since breakfast this morning I've dug some of the old potatoes and picked some apples, but as soon as I saw the old man goin' down the road toward Brown's, I thought I'd have some fun. I was dreamin' about the old man fallin' in the crik, and he was goin' down on his third trip when a twig snapped and there *you* was. I was purty sore when I woke up and found I was only dreamin'."

"What are you going to do this afternoon," I asked.

"Wall, I dunno. I think I'll shoe the old mare and then drive down to Anderson's with the old man fur them hoisters of our'n. Then I'll round the cows up, milk 'em, feed the hogs, chickens, ducks, horses and sheep, lock the barn, chicken-sheds and house, climb the old ladder and hit the hay."

When we reached the house the "old man" was on the back porch with his face and hands in a tin basin, splashing soap-suds into his whiskers. When he saw the boy he sputtered:

"Consarn you, yu yaller loafer! Them hens should ha' been fed five minutes ago. Whatcher suppose I'm payin' yu fur."

As I entered the house I saw the chore boy winding his way through the yard, occasionally throwing a handful of wheat to the excited chickens.

Soon after dinner I saddled my horse, and was riding away, when the chore boy hailed me from the top of the barn:

"What are you doing up there?" I asked.

"Jest stickin' on a few shinglin's so's me and Morgan can keep our date and celebrate, 'cause yu know it always rains on the Fourth o' ly."

I rode on down the road and was soon out of sight, but the rapping of a hammer brought my thoughts back to the chore boy, and I could see for him, as he would express it, "nothin' but hardships ahead."

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—As decided by the Faculty in one of its meetings last March two per cent is deducted from the February report for every day the student is absent.

The Two-Percent Rule. from the opening day of the second session. Those who are interested in their class records made it a point to be here on time, others not quite so interested tarried a day or two longer than they should have done. There is really very little sense in the custom of staying home after the vacation period expires since the leave-taking is merely postponed. The two percent rule is reasonable, works well, and should be adhered to tenaciously.

—The New Year is with us again and the world is a-tingle with its fresh young blood. The spirit of youth has taken the edge from our old failures and dis-

New Year Resolutions. appointments, and once more new promises, new hopes, new joys, thrill us with the spirit of conquest. Now it is that plans are laid and resolutions formed for the coming year. People are sometimes apt to take these "New Year resolutions" as mere custom only, and irresponsible newspapers contin-

ually find in them excellent opportunities for an annual funny page. This general feeling, however, is not without a corresponding cause. It has been said that "hell is paved with good resolutions," but it seems that the author must have really meant to say, "good resolutions badly made." It is so pleasant to sit in one's easy chair, and "dream dreams," and make resolutions about what one is going to do or not to do in the future,—but no successful business man, no aspiring artist, ever attempts to do so. For the man who, having a definite ideal in view, proposes to follow it out come what may, there are two battles to be fought: one that comes before his resolution, the other that comes after. And it is generally the hardest battle that comes first. To fix upon his weak points, to estimate the strength of his various forces, to discover the times and places and circumstances under which the greatest conflicts will have to be endured; to look to the enemy, to determine the vulnerable as well as the invulnerable places—these are the points, and that is the battle which must be fought out before any resolution can be intelligently and confidently taken. History has undeniably proven that very few battles have been successfully carried through, which have not first been fought out and won long before the real battle had taken place; and the successful business man is so, only in proportion as he applies himself at his desk and accounts. Each New Year marks an epoch in the lives of men, for then it is that the world takes new resolutions in preparation for a fresh beginning. Are we going to make for ourselves a "Happy New Year," by setting about our plans in the way all successful men do; or are we going to furnish new material for the comic section of the 1911 paper?

—Blaine Patton, of the Indianapolis *Star*, in a review of prospects in State Athletics for the coming year, takes occasion to note the fine feeling at present existing among the various competing colleges. The old antagonism, so noticeable a few years ago, is gradually disappearing, and in its stead there is developing a spirit of good-natured rivalry that makes athletic contests seem

more the friendly contests of skill and strength they are than the barbaric battles of frenzied brutes that some sanctimonious persons delight to picture them. With but a few easily-forgotten exceptions, Notre Dame in her successful football season, has received the hearty congratulations of the defeated aspirants for Western Championship honors; a hand-shake and a sincere "best team won," closed every game. The newspapers have been very fair to us; they have gone out of their way to express their congratulations and good wishes. It is a sentiment of fair play and good sportsmanship that is growing and should continue to grow, and Notre Dame students should, individually and collectively, foster its growth with all the means in their power. Loyalty to *Alma Mater* can find many other and far better means of expression than in a narrow-minded jealousy.

—When as conservative and influential a paper as the *Providence Visitor* makes an admission, its worth is double; when it indulges in a spontaneous and enthusiastic commendation, its word must be given careful consideration. A recent issue of this periodical has the following comment on Western colleges:

The friends of Eastern colleges find a melancholy satisfaction in the fact that the six largest colleges of the East have increased their attendance this year by 800 students from divisions outside the north Atlantic over 1905. This report is caused by the statement that the Western institutions are beginning to draw students from foreign countries and the East. The future of scholastic activity, doubtless, lies in the Middle West.

This is an eminently fair conclusion, and while our prompt acceptance of the compliment may smack of undue vanity, we believe that it is not the mere expression of an individual opinion, but the echo of a general sentiment among educators and thinking men throughout the country. It is only reasonable. Although Eastern cities have long been recognized as centers of culture, the West possesses many natural advantages as well as accidental facilities which peculiarly fit it for educational purposes. The polish of the classics with a touch of western vigor and freshness makes statesmen of brilliant intellect and

commanding presence. The liberal professions find sympathetic surroundings, and the students of technological subjects have more than ample opportunity for the study of practical problems. The research work done in the West has long attracted attention. There is a democratic atmosphere about Western colleges that is irresistible. That this fact is becoming more and more patent to Easterners is evidenced by the increasing tendency to come West to school. The significance of this should not be lost on Western educators.

—A most remarkable growth in the various electrical industries has taken place during the year just closed. Electric automobiles have increased in number; wireless telegraphy has come into more widespread use; many new kinds of electric heating devices have reached popular application and electric illumination has made a very decided advance. Miscellaneous electrical conveniences are used in great numbers in hotels, theatres, factories, steamships, etc. So many lives have been saved on the ocean steamships by the use of the wireless telegraph that wireless communication has become a fixture on future battleships. A careful study of thermal principles has made successful the construction of electrically heated appliances, which will supersede dangerous methods hitherto employed. In electric illumination, the tungsten incandescent lamp and flaming arc lamp have increased in efficiency, cheapness and number over their many competitors. In industrial work higher voltages and frequencies have been reached; it being possible now to transmit electrical energy at an alternating e. m. f. of 110,000, at the generating end of the line. This is necessarily accompanied by a technical advance in the design, use and control of high electric pressure. The perfecting of the machinery makes its use practicable for the unskilled workman; and any further progress can be made only by the theoretically and technically trained electrical engineer. The knowledge which makes a practical electrician is of little value when compared to the feats which must be accomplished by the technical graduate of to-day.

Dr. Monaghan's Classes.

It has now been definitely settled that the course of lectures in Economics to be delivered by Dr. James C. Monaghan at the University this year will begin in the first week of May and will continue practically until the final examinations. No special announcements can yet be made as to the particular phases of Economics to be treated during the course. We are gratified to be able to add, however, that Dr. Monaghan will conduct a course intended to prepare students for the American Consular Service in foreign countries. This alone will make his presence invaluable to the student body.

As "good wine needs no bush," so Dr. Monaghan needs no eulogy even for the Freshmen. Besides being the Lætare medalist of 1908, the Doctor is one of the most popular lecturers who ever appeared before the University.

The Paul R. Martin Prize.

This prize is open to students of the Sophomore, Junior and Senior years in the departments of Arts, Letters and History and Economics.

Each competitor shall present an essay of at least three thousand words on some subject connected with the Irish literary revival. The subjects chosen may be on the revival movement in general or may be confined to poetry, prose or the drama of the revival period.

Three judges are to be appointed by the President of Notre Dame University. These judges will carefully examine the MSS. and will award the prize to the one who has treated his subject in the best literary manner.

Two copies of each essay must be submitted, one copy to be retained by the judges, the other to be sent to Paul R. Martin.

Essays must be in the hands of the Director of Studies of Notre Dame University by March 17.

The prize of ten dollars will be conferred upon the winner at the Commencement exercises in June.

Knights of Columbus.

The idea of a Knights of Columbus Council at Notre Dame is crystallizing, slowly, of course, but surely. The movement has been a long time coming, considering the large representation which Notre Dame has had for some years past, but now that it is here there is no apparent doubt as to its feasibility. The matter was brought before the K. of C. Club at its meeting Tuesday evening and discussed with enthusiasm. The question of permanent quarters for the club was also taken up, and there is abundant assurance that the permanent rooms will soon be had. The membership committee is now at work on the applications which have been handed in, and is completing arrangements for the initiation which is to be held at an early date.

Obituary.

JUDGE O'BRIEN.

From St. John's Church, Caledonia, Minn., the remains of a distinguished son of Notre Dame, Judge James O'Brien '59, were borne to their last resting-place. Judge O'Brien at the time of his death was the oldest living graduate of Notre Dame, but in point of loyalty he stood among the first in the ranks of her chosen sons. He followed with interest and pride the career of his *Alma Mater* in oratory, debate and athletics, and felt singularly happy when he read of her triumphs. The old and the young from near and far will miss the departure of Judge O'Brien and will remember him in their prayers. May he rest in peace!

* * *

THOMAS J. MCCONLOGUE.

On the day before Christmas Thomas J. McConlogue, LL. B., '91, passed away at the home of his brother in Mason City, Iowa. For years Tom had practised law in Chicago and had met with success. He also served as lieutenant in Company B, second regiment Spanish-American war, and later was captain of his company. The same qualities that made him a favorite student at the

University won for him many friends in his professional career. His memory will be treasured in the hearts of many of the men of his time. *R. I. P.*

* * *

MRS. TULLY.

The sympathy of the whole University goes out to Mr. John C. Tully on the death of his mother who passed away on Christmas eve at her home in El Paso, Ill. Mrs. Tully had been ill for a long time, and about a month ago had suffered a severe attack. Her death, however, was unexpected. But it was not unprovided for, since every day of her life was a suitable preparation for the end. May she rest in peace!

1909 at a Glance.

- Jan. 5—Classes resume.
 " 9—Basket-ball team returns from the Conquest of Dixie.
 " 15—N. D., 25; Central Y. M. C. A., 8
 " 18—Frederick Ward on Julius Cæsar.
 " 21—Norman Hackett on Shakespeare.
 " 22—Lecture by Dr. Monaghan.
 " 28—Engineering Excursion.
 " 31—Varsity wins First Regiment Meet at Chicago.
- Feb. 4—Feast Day of Very Rev. Superior General.
 " 5—N. D., 31; Wabash, 23.
 " 12—Lincoln's Birthday. McNamee wins State Oratorical.
 " 13—Sophomore Banquet.
 " 18—Opie Read on "First One Thing and Then Another."
 " 18—Brownson wins Interhall Track Championship.
 " 22—Washington's Birthday Exercises.
 " 26-27—Bi-monthly exams.
- Mar. 1—Zero Weather. Two per cent ruling passed.
 " 6—Walker, Collentine, McMahon and Kanaley make the debating team.
 " 9—John Corley on the "Missouri Mule."
 " 10—Popularity Contest.
 " 11—Philosopher's Banquet.
 " 17—Philopatrian's Play. Freshman Banquet.
 " 21—Lætare Medal to Christian Reid
 " 24—Wenninger wins in Peace Contest.
- Apr. 11—"Macbeth." Senior Hop.
 " 12—Ground broken for Walsh Hall.
 " 19—Notre Dame, 11; Michigan, 2.
 " 21—Notre Dame wins from Georgetown in debate.
 " 22—Varsity track team wins All-State Meet.
 " 25-26—Lectures by Dr. Walsh.
 " 26-27—Bi-monthly exams.
- May 3—Hamilton Holt on International Peace.
 " 4—First lecture by Rev. Dr. John Talbot Smith.
 " 5—Cinco de Mayo. Banquete Mexicano.
 " 7—C. E. W. Griffith in Hamlet.
- " 8—Junior Law Banquet.
 " 11—Cornerstone of Walsh Hall laid by Most Rev. Archbishop Christie.
 " 11—Holy Cross Hall wins championship in debate.
 " 13—Philopatrian Picnic.
 " 13—Notre Dame, 87; Michigan "Aggies," 39.
 " 19—Judge Dunne on Municipal Ownership.
 " 20—Notre Dame, 12; Minnesota, 6.
 " 21—Notre Dame, 9; Penn State, 0.
 " 24—Billy Ryan and Co. in real vaudeville.
 " 30—Memorial Exercises.
- June 1—John Fox wins Barry Medal in Elocution.
 " 6—Corby wins championship in baseball.
 " 10—Junior Commencement.
 " 11—Baccalaureate Sermon by Very Rev. Dr. O'Reilly
 " 13, 15—Final exams.
 " 16—Meeting of Alumni Association.
 " 16-17—Commencement Exercises.
- Sept. 18—School opens.
 " 20—Formal Opening. Sermon by Bishop Linneborn
 " 23—Lecture by Theodore Bell of California.
 " 24—Notre Dame Stock Co. organized.
 " 26—"The Perfect Service," opening sermon by President Cavanaugh.
 " 28—Visit of Japanese Commission.
 " 30—Lecture by Senator Beveridge.
- Oct. 1-10—Class elections.
 " 12—Founder's Day. Program by Stock Company.
 " 13—Banquet to Col. Hoynes.
 " 14—Discovery Day. Lecture by Dr. Walsh.
 " 22—Affinity Bureau organized.
 " 23—Notre Dame, 17; M. A. C., 0.
 " 25—Nov. 1—Students' Retreat preached by Rt. Rev. Bishop Keane.
 " 30—Notre Dame, 6; Pittsburg, 0.
 " 31—Blessing of Walsh Hall by His Excellency Monsignor Falconio.
- Nov. 2-3—Bi-monthly Exams.
 " 3—Lecture by Dr. Monaghan.
 " 6—Notre Dame, 11; Michigan, 3.
 " 9—Venetian Band Concert.
 " 13—Aero Club organized. Freshmen commit themselves.
 " 17—Junior Prom a grand success.
 " 20—N. D., 38; Wabash, 0. State Championship in football.
 " 25—Notre Dame, 0; Marquette, 0.
 " 26—Reception to football team.
 " 27—Football SCHOLASTIC. Western Championship settled.
 " 28—James Francis O'Donnell in "The Sign of the Cross."
 " 30—Corby wins Interhall Championship in football
- Dec. 4—Wenninger wins Breen Medal contest.
 " 11—Banquet to Western Champions.
 " 11—Great scandal in newspaper circles. SCHOLASTIC surreptitiously attacked.
 " 14—President's Day. "The College Toastmaster." Sam Dolan "scores a touchdown."
 " 18—Collier's Weekly gives Notre Dame Western Football Championship.
 " 18-20—Exams.
 " 21—Home for Christmas.

Personals.

—Henry J. Fleming, student 1896–99, is now employed at LaCrosse, Wisconsin. His address is 1611, Adams Street.

—Spalding Slevin, student 1896–1900, is with the Gas and Electric Company, Peoria, Ill. Mr. Slevin is an enthusiastic follower of Notre Dame's successes.

—The present address of Dr. Henry B. Luhn, is 306 Trader's Block, Spokane, Washington.

—The present address of T. J. Tobin, C. E. '07, is 524 N. Second St., Albuquerque, New Mexico.

—Henry F. Wurzer (LL. B., 1898), prominent among the South Bend attorneys, has been offered and will accept the republican nomination for Attorney General for the state.

—William A. McInerny (LL. B., 1901) was chosen Worthy Master of the fourth degree Knights of Columbus of South Bend. Mr. J. B. Weber, a very loyal friend of Notre Dame, was chosen as District Deputy.

—John W. Eggeman, Law '00, and James B. Harper, his business partner, have removed their office to Rooms 614–617, Sixth Floor, Shoaff Building, Corner Calhoun & Berry St., Fort Wayne, Indiana. Friends will please note.

—John J. O'Phelan (LL. B., 1904) Prosecuting Attorney for Pacific County, Washington, has issued his Annual Report, a copy of which goes to the SCHOLASTIC. The Report shows that John is a very active and successful prosecutor.

—George Cutshaw, of the '08 Varsity, led the entire Pacific Coast League last season in fielding, getting an average of .982. Cutshaw went from Notre Dame to the Three-I League, and from his recent showing he will soon be in the major circles.

—Francis O'Shaughnessy (LL. B., 1900) was recently elected Grand Knight of the Marquette Council Knights of Columbus, Chicago. To quote the *New World*: "He is one of the council's famous coterie of orators. He has made an enviable record for himself at the Chicago bar, and under his guidance the council will surpass all previous records for activity and achievement."

—John M. Quinlan, '04, is now a member of the law firm of Cunningham, Cunningham

and Quinlan, with offices in the Chamber of Commerce Building, Chicago. The Senior member of the firm, Judge Cunningham, has been a prominent figure in legal circles for many years, and John is to be congratulated upon the fact that his success in the practice of the law brings him into partnership with so distinguished an attorney.

Safety Valve.

Where are the prophets who prophesied an open Winter? Get them that in the words of good Omar we may "stop their mouths with dust."

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The Michigan *Daily Student* announces that Notre Dame has been dropped from the Michigan schedule. We refuse to bite.

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In regard to *Collier's Weekly*, we beg leave to report we got justice. Anything more or less would not have added a single cubit to our stature.

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It may not be a pleasure-giving announcement, yet we make it with our wonted calm: The lid is on.

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Why not have our own Council, say our local K. of C.? Why not, indeed?

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* *

One Mr. Sherlock of Walsh Hall is some orator also.

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* *

Nightingale that he is, one wonders why Joe Murphy holds on to the ground floor.

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* *

Keep your eye out for a stray snowball.

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* *

Happy New Year!—A little late, but then—

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* *

Everybody reports a good time.

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* *

Charles De Lunden has a new scheme.

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* *

Bowling alleys and a billiard table for Walsh Hall. Walshites having started a movement to install a row of desks for study while the pinsetters are placing the pins. This is really carrying the matter of study too far.

Local Items.

—We understand that Frank Hollearn is planning something in our very midst.

—The Freshman English classes have removed to the assembly room of Walsh Hall.

—The small refectory was redecorated during the holiday season.

—Clay modelling will be taught in Room 75 every morning from 9 till 12.

—A Knights of Columbus table was organized in the Brownson refectory last week.

—Eighteen below zero on January 7 is the report from the Sorin Weather Bureau. A trifle chilly!

—Leo Cleary gave his own version of "Alibaba and the Forty Thieves" in Walsh Hall during the holidays.

—The students of Holy Cross Seminary gave a very interesting Christmas entertainment during the holidays.

—Students began arriving on January 5, and by Sunday the halls were filled again. The registration book at the office has been kept busy with newcomers.

—Dear me! Sophomore English students are requested to hand in original poems some time this month. There will be sore distress among the youthful bards, unless some Muse *benign* will get in *line* and fill them full with—wisdom. (That spoils the rhyme but saves the Sophomore class).

—No deaths from *ennui* are reported among those who spent the holidays at the University. Vera reports a "fly" time. Joe Campbell opened his office every morning at 10:30. Sherlock says that he enjoyed himself. Fudge was very much in evidence—for a while. Christmas mail was plentiful—so was holiday weather.

—There is a rumor abroad to the effect that Rev. Dr. John Talbot Smith will be with us for a series of lectures some time in May. It is useless to tell Dr. Smith he is as welcome as May itself, which at this date and in these weather conditions is the best compliment we can think of. Dr. Smith is one of the family, and will find a string on the latch of any door any time he comes. Old College fellows seem to think

he will make his headquarters at their bungalow. In that event it goes without saying these same Old Collegites will show the Doctor a pleasant time.

—The progressive alumni and students of Notre Dame at Rochester, N. Y., organized a Notre Dame Club during the holidays. The following officers were elected: President, Rt. Rev. Bishop Hickey; 1st Vice-President, Cyril Curran; 2d Vice-President, James O'Hare Love; Secretary, James A. Tuohey; Councillor, Richard B. Callen; Treasurer, Gilbert Marciel; Poet, John Tretton; Historian, Leo Powers. President Cavanaugh and Vice-President Crumley of Notre Dame were elected Honorary President and Vice-President respectively. Great things may be expected from the Rochester men.

—Before long we are likely to have a bowling tournament for the interhall championship of the University. The two new alleys which have been installed in the recreation room of Walsh Hall will afford ample opportunity for the development of this popular sport at Notre Dame. The alleys are the best up-to-date continuous alleys that are made by the Brunswick-Balke-Collender Co., and will be ready for the opening game next Wednesday evening. A banner will be awarded to the Hall whose team of five players wins the championship in a series of games to be scheduled later.

—The election of officers for Notre Dame G. A. R. Post 569, was held on December 3, and the following men elected for the ensuing year: Commander, James McLain (Brother Leander); Sr. Vice-Commander, Mark A. Wills (Bro. John Chrysostom); Jr. Vice-Commander, Rev. Father Schmidt; Adjutant, Nicholas A. Bath (Bro. Cosmas); Quartermaster, James Mantele (Bro. Benedict); Surgeon, Joseph Staley (Bro. Isidore); Chaplain, Rev. R. I. Boyle; Officer of the day, James C. Malloy (Bro. Raphael); Officer of the Guard, Ignatz Meyer (Bro. Ignatius); Quartermaster sergeant, John McInerney (Bro. Eustachius).

—On January 12 the junior and senior Civil Engineering students temporarily organized the Civil Engineering Society, of which Prof. McCue was unanimously chosen Director, and G. E. Washburn Recording Secretary. The complete organization of the society is

to take place at the next meeting. The object of the society is to develop skill in discussing publicly engineering topics and to bring the members into closer touch with the rapid development of the science. Meetings are to be held on Wednesday of each week at 7 P. M. All collegiate civil engineers should attend. An organization of this kind fills a long-felt need at the University where the science of engineering has attained such high standards. Students should take advantage of this opportunity to discuss and work out in a practical way the problems that are continually coming to the front in this science.

—The custom of having an entertainment on an evening during the Christmas holidays at Dujarié Institute is a very commendable one. No other season of the year is so much in harmony with the thoughts and feelings that are cherished most by young religious. The little program presented this year by these young men was admirably varied by musical and literary numbers. In fact, seldom has any audience at Notre Dame been so highly appreciative of the efforts of its entertainers as was the one that enjoyed the very creditable and beautifully blended literary and musical performance of New Year's eve at Dujarié Hall. At the close Father Provincial spoke some very encouraging words to the young men that had participated in the program, and voiced the general sentiment of all present in saying the entertainment was truly unique and very enjoyable.

Athletic Notes.

BASKET-BALL.

With Vance gone and Vaughan out our basket-ball outlook is somewhat gloomy. Vaughan's injured knee incapacitates him for all but the lightest kind of work, and no attempt will be made to use him in more than one or two games during the season. Attley is the most promising candidate for the vacancy at centre. He has the necessary speed and headwork, and with a little more aggressiveness and ability in following and getting the ball will make a thoroughly capable man for the position.

The Varsity reopened the basket-ball

season Wednesday evening by defeating the Marion Club five of Indianapolis by a score of 23 to 16. Even with a practically new line-up the locals put up an offense which had the Marionites completely routed. Maloney started the scoring with a pretty field goal and two free throws, while Malarky of the visitors threw one free basket. The first half ended with the score 5-1 in the Varsity's favor. Both teams came back strong in the second half, but the Indianapolis club could not stand the pace set by the local men, and the game was never in danger.

Maloney was again the star of the game, throwing five field goals and seven goals from fouls. Captain Freeze played his usual brilliant game around the basket, breaking up many plays, when our goal was in danger. Ulatowski and Attley are both worthy successors of Vance at centre.

In the second half Coach Maris sent in Matthews, Fish, Attley and Murphy to replace Maloney, McNicholl, Freeze and Ulatowski, who took Walsh's place at guard. The score and line-up:

Notre Dame (23)		Marion (16)
Maloney, Matthews	L. F.	Malarky
McNicholl, Fish	R. F.	Turner
Ulatowski, Attley	C.	Bohnstadt
Freeze, Murphy	L. G.	Pratt
Walsh, Ulatowski	R. G.	Feeney

Field Goals—Maloney, 5; McNicholl, 2; Attley, Turner, Malarky, 2; Bohnstadt, 3. Free throws—Maloney, 7; Malarky, 4. Referee—Williams, Wabash. Time of halves—Fifteen and twenty minutes.

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TRACK.

Capt. Dana's cinder-path men began light training this week. So far the following candidates have appeared. Distances—Capt. Dana, Steers, John Devine, Divy Devine, Brady, "Andy" Foley, Fischer and Cox. Sprints—Wasson, Fletcher, Martin. Indoor hurdlers—Martin, Fletcher and Campbell. High Jump—Fletcher and McDonough. Weights—Dimmick, Philbrook, Edwards. Broad Jump—Roth, Wasson, McDonough. For the pole-vault and outdoor hurdles no entries have yet been made. While it is too early in the season to attempt to measure the ability of the new men, Martin, Cox, Fischer and Campbell, yet the number of last year's stars who have entered the lists presages a season of triumphs.