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Voices.

THOMAS A. LAHEY, '11.

LILACS aflower at a cottage door,
And a wild bird far astray,
Seeking the throne from which to pour
Its theme to the breaking day.

Call of the mate 'mid the lilacs bloom
And a dusky wing at rest,
Marriage of song and of sweet perfume,
And dreams of an unmade nest.

Charles Carroll of Carrollton.

JOHN F. O'HARA, '11.



NOTED philosopher says that there are no abrupt changes in nature; that every change, no matter how radical it may seem, is but the result of a slow, possibly unconscious development. Nowhere is this more true than in history. The current of events may move along smoothly enough, yet its direction is visibly determined by certain men and measures, and a change in these will invariably cause a deflection in the current, though the result may be tardy in putting in its appearance.

The succession of events we call history presents no well-defined movements which we can separate entirely from events surrounding them. The relation of cause and effect is real, and is generally self-evident. From this fact the philosophy of history derives its chief value: men draw their lessons of

to-day from the mistakes of yesterday, and leave their own problems for the inspiration of to-morrow.

This continuity and complexity of history—the salient events are all woven inextricably in a vast net—makes it impossible to take a single movement, the American Revolution, for instance, and set it off by itself, to the exclusion of events surrounding it. In the case of the American Revolution, too, there is another factor to be considered: the influence of individuals is striking and predominant.

We are accustomed to think of our revolutionary forefathers as noble and self-sacrificing patriots; we fondly cherish the memory of the "men of '76;" we reverence the names of Washington and his generals; we hold in the highest esteem the sage counsellors who from the chambers of the Continental Congress, by their advice and aid, rendered invaluable assistance to the men of Washington, and wisely directed the affairs of the infant nation. To Washington and his brave soldiers is due the highest praise; many of his generals were men of high and noble character; but we are too apt to forget that the work done by these men was irreparably hampered by a criminally indifferent congress and jealous, intriguing officers.

I have said that the work of individuals in the American Revolution was prominent. One of the most remarkable, though perfectly natural features of this work, was the blending of interests by hitherto antagonized individuals and parties. Local differences were forgotten in the struggle for a common end—or rather their settlement was postponed, for a study of the differences under the different regimes before and after the war, will show that in nearly every case they were the same

dissensions adapted to the different systems of government.

A striking instance of this change of spirit is presented by the case of Charles Carroll of Carrollton, who may be taken as typical of the Catholic cause in America. His case shows the Catholic oppression in colonial times and the ascendancy of the cause when prejudice was submerged in the presence of a common foe. He, though he lived to a wonderful old age, did not live to experience the return of suspicion and prejudice which characterized the era of "peace and good will"—and ignorance—in the United States. But the period *did* return, and is only now disappearing in the face of enlightenment and prosperity.

A study of the life of Charles Carroll of Carrollton is worth the while of the student for many reasons: First, His long life covers a remarkable period of American history, and his intimate connection with it, as well as his sound judgment as shown in his prolific writings on political subjects, give us a personal interest in and a more perfect understanding of that period; Second, His genteel country life as a gentleman of the old school gives us the point of view of the southern section of our country, essential to an understanding of our later Civil War; Third, His position as the wealthiest man in America, and at the same time disfranchised because of his religion, shows us by clear example the mental and moral development of the spirit of the times; Fourth, The unquestioned integrity of his life as a public official and the simple piety of his home life, read a fine lesson to the private and public corruption of present-day politics.

The value of "ancestry" has been frequently questioned, and in view of modern developments among our first families, the question raised seems to have eminent justification. However, the whole public career of Charles Carroll of Carrollton was moulded and given form by the early training given him by a father who believed it incumbent upon himself to make his son a worthy scion of the house of Carroll; for the Carrolls of Maryland were the descendants of Florence O'Carroll (d. 1205), King of Ely; and the grandfather of Charles Carroll of Carrollton, Charles the Immigrant, came over to occupy the high post of Attorney-General with Lord Baltimore in 1688.

Charles Carroll the Immigrant had felt

the hand of suspicion and oppression at his home in Ireland, and went to Maryland to escape it, for by Royal Charter toleration had been proclaimed in that colony. The revolution of 1688, however, which was followed by a similar movement in Maryland, deprived him of the office of Attorney General, which had been conferred on him when he came over. On the restoration of peace in the colony he was given several offices, but was again deprived of them by the intolerant act of 1717, which prevented Catholics holding office.

These acts of injustice rankled in the bosom of his son Charles, the father of Charles Carroll of Carrollton, and we find him writing to his son, who was in school in Europe, that he was disposing of real estate in order to facilitate a removal to another colony in case his son should find the condition of affairs intolerable on his return. The father, however, had a keen eye for business, and there is no reason to suppose that any money was needlessly lost in these transfers of property.

The shrewd sense and honest piety of the father had a good effect on young Charles. Many of the letters from "Charles of Annapolis" to "Charles of Carrollton," as they were called for distinction, have been preserved, and we find in the character and subsequent actions of the son many of the traits which the sound advice of the father urged him to cultivate.

Charles Carroll of Carrollton was born at Annapolis, September 19th, 1737. After a year with the Jesuits in Maryland, the boy was sent, in 1748, to the Jesuit college of St. Omer's. He remained there for six years, and studied subsequently at the Jesuit college at Rheims and at the College of Louis le Grande in Paris. He later crossed the Channel and spent four years in London, studying law at the Temple. He returned to Maryland in 1765, at the age of twenty-eight.

For broad purposes of character portrayal, three periods may be distinguished in the life of Charles Carroll of Carrollton: the first from his birth in 1737 to 1774, the date of his first public office; the second, from his election to the Assembly to his retirement from office in 1800; and the third from 1800 to his death in 1832. The first and second periods have much in common. The development of his character which he earnestly studied, and his father assiduously directed, reached its perfect form, and

varied but little in his long period of public service. He was calm and sober in judgment, mild in reproof, slow to express his convictions, but able to defend them energetically when expressed, and above all, he was polished and dignified in all his actions. His retirement from public life seemed to produce a decided change in his attitude toward public questions. While he had previously inveighed against party spirit, there was no more jealous Federal than he. He used strong words in condemnation of the acts and policies of his political adversaries, and could not be convinced even by the failure of his repeated predictions of disaster. He predicted that eight years of Jefferson would end in anarchy, and was as ready with the same prophecy for Madison's "wicked administration." But to understand these changes we must study his environment and the spirit of the times.

In the letters passed between father and son, while the young Charles was at school, we are able to trace the progress of the French and Indian War, and the War of the Austrian Succession. In 1756 the son desired to know the causes of the "American War" and what had transpired so far. The father recounts the disputes arising from priority of discovery, exploration and colonization. The uncontested possession of the English seems to be from Kennebec River southward to the River Savanna which is the northern boundary of our new colony of Georgia.

"The possessions of the French before the Treaty of Utrecht were from the Kennebec to the northward to include Acadie, Ile Royal, all Nova Scotia, New France or Canada, and Louisiana. The first settlements of both nations were upon the shores of the seas and rivers that wash their several territories. As their colonies increased the French extended their settlements to the eastward, the English theirs to the westward. The settlements under the different nations now approaching each other the question is how far the English shall extend theirs to the westward and the French theirs to the eastward."

The practice of the English in extending the boundaries of their lands to the "south sea" has led to a confusion and a claim to which neither France nor Spain will consent. The dispute about the northern possessions hinges about the inclusion of the term *Nova Scotia*

All Nova Scotia was ceded by the French to the English by the Treaty of Utrecht, and the French claim that it includes only a part of the province, the rest being designated by the names *Acadie* and *Gaspisie*. The French, seeing the importance of Nova Scotia to their Canadian trade, are endeavoring to recover it as well as settle the boundaries of the disputed territory in the west. He dwells on the unhappy lot of the poor exiles from Acadie. The defeat of Braddock on the way to Fort Du Quesne is described. He relates the action on the Lake of the Sacrament, the repulse from Fort St. Frederic, and the saving of Oswego and Albany by the determined stand of General Johnson. He gives the accounts of the Indian depredations, but declares the English papers have greatly magnified them. In a subsequent letter, in January, 1758, he tells of the naval victories over the French and predicts a speedy ending of the war by the destruction of French commerce.

The correspondence between father and son is of a more personal nature from that time on. It is interesting to note the progress of the first love affair of the young Charles. In 1764, at the age of twenty-six, he applied to his father for permission to pay his attention to a Miss Baker, a young lady endowed with much "good sense and good nature." The impression created on the tender susceptibilities of the young man seems not to have been very lasting, however, as he rarely speaks of her after his return to America, the following year.

(To be continued.)

• Moon's Committee.

C. L.

Corby Hall, the home of freshmen, was to hold its annual smoker. Fritz Berger was put on the Decorating Committee and objected in his most forcible manner. "You fellows don't seem to realize I'm just out from the Infirmary and still weak."

"A little work is what you need, Berg," Phil advised. "'Twill tone up your system."

"Well, I don't care for tones of that kind." Still there was no help for it, and the heavy man decided to serve. Moon was chief architect.

Joe, Phil, Berger, Maxman and Donlan were his assistants. One Thursday morning they met in the rec room to begin operations. Moon had his plans well in hand, but kept them to himself.

"Now," said Moon, with the business-like air of a man who knows what he wants, "Now we'll begin by sweeping and then scrubbing the floor."

Phil fainted into a chair, Berger supported himself against a post, while the others gave a shout of surprise and protest. Joe, as usual, was the first to speak.

"Say, Moon, we came here to decorate, not to sweep and scrub floors."

"Yes, Moon," Donlan chimed in, "we're fancy workers not scrub women."

"Why don't you take us over to the Main Building to get us a job and be done with it?" They laughed at Phil's irony.

Moon was very calm but very firm.

"As I understand it, you're to work under my directions."

"Is that so!" they cried in chorus.

"Yes, that's my reading."

"Say, fellows, wouldn't that kill you? As I see it now we're common white trash and Moon is chief leader of the band. I had an idea we were skilled workmen come down here to boss the job." Joe might have gone on in this way for a half hour, but Moon wanted the work done as well and as soon as possible.

"Phil, you and John move the chairs up to this corner. Joe, you and Max take these two brooms and begin above and sweep this way. Fritz, you open the windows and after that get those two pails and be ready to haul in water." They were at work in a moment, and not a word about strikes or lockouts escaped them. Whenever they had anything like this to do they wanted Moon for boss, and the penalty of the position was to get all manner of sly digs about his wanting to run everything, while they were mere wood splitters and water carriers. No crowd of boys ever howled more good naturedly about doing a bit of work, and no crowd ever went about it with more earnestness and spirit.

At the end of two hours the hard work was over. At this point Moon had a pleasant surprise in store for his charges before beginning the decoration proper. This was nothing less than a lunch which he had very quietly brought

over from the kitchen.

"Moon, you're a brick—a compressed brick!" cried Phil as Moon placed the edibles on one of the tables.

The formality of invitation was not needed, for the lads had every one his appetite after two hours of hard work.

"Berger, you can't eat; you're not well yet," advised Joe as he appropriated a piece of cake which Fritz had destined for himself.

"Hand that back and learn some manners."

"Well, the doctor said you shouldn't eat cake, didn't he?"

"Hand that back! Moon, since you're such a stickler for etiquette, why don't you correct that pin-head?"

Moon assumed his position of arbiter.

"Joe, you had better hand back his cake to Fritz."

"Yes, Joe, hand back his cake to baby," Phil persuaded.

Donlan chimed in. "Now, you little fat dearie we'll make that wicked boy give back your cookie! You sweet baby face!" Joe placed the morsel within reach of Berger. He was out of humor now and refused to take it. Phil kept up the farce.

"Baby won't take cookie? You naughty child!"

"Come sweetheart, just take it to please me." This was John Donlan's fetching invitation. Berger remained silent, his face disfigured by a sullen frown. It was a matter of self-respect now not to surrender, though he certainly would relish the lunch. All at once he got up from the table and left the room. Moon's sympathetic glance followed, but he realized that Berger would not accept any conditions of compromise. Berger walked quickly toward the kitchen. Once there he leaned over the turn and waited patiently. A Sister was passing by after some time and to her he addressed his wants.

"Sister, some time ago you sent a lunch over to the boys who are decorating Corby rec room. One poor boy didn't get any, and I came over to ask if you could please give me something for him."

She was delighted with such unselfishness in a mere boy, and gladly gave unto this bright example of large charity. Fritz was profuse in his thanks and assured the giver of his undying gratitude. The others were at work

when he returned. They looked at him with large wonder as he sat himself down at the table he had left and began to unwrap his lunch. He seemed utterly unmindful of their presence.

From his place on a step-ladder, where he was holding some bunting, Phil called to the self-satisfied Fritz.

"Say, Berg, how did you raise the lunch?" The young man had his mouth filled with cake at this moment and was dumb. When he got ready he found time to answer.

"Addressing me?"

"Of course. There isn't anybody else eating."

"Well, I just ordered it, that's all. Don't have to go round and beg it like others I know. It's much pleasanter too to eat alone. I'm choice about my company, and as the company here is not choice I prefer to be by myself."

Just then Teddy Bear happened in. He looked at the workers and then at Fritz. Somehow he preferred Fritz's company, so he took a seat at the table.

"Eating, Fritz?"

"No, I'm just practising hand-ball."

"Can't I help you at the game?"

"You can"—Teddy reached for the one piece of cake that remained—"but you may not," finished Fritz, taking the piece unto himself.

"Gosh, a disappointment like that is enough to give a fellow heart failure," sighed Teddy.

"Why don't you dig for yourself. You labor not neither do you spin. It follows you shan't eat—unless you work the game."

"The game—what is it?"

"Go to the kitchen and play the poor boy who was driven from home. Ask the cook for something to eat. A lunch is yours as sure as the world."

"Not bad," mused Teddy.

Moon ordered Berger to take back the cups and plates to the kitchen. He obeyed with secret joy, for a snail's march to the kitchen was easier than tacking bunting onto a high ceiling.

"Believe I'll try that, Berg," shouted Teddy as Fritz passed out.

"Sure thing, Teddy. But wait till I get back and avoid suspicion." He was gone and Teddy waited.

"Sister," said Fritz, after extending profuse thanks as a committee of one for the much-

needed lunch, "there's a boy coming over here from Corby who'll pretend he's a tramp. He thinks he can work the Sisters for sponge cake and pie. He's no tramp. He's a Corby student. Watch for him." The Sister nodded and Fritz was gone. He met Teddy on the way.

"How are chances?" queried the bogus tramp.

"Bright—very bright—brilliant," said Fritz cheerfully as he rushed by. Needless to add he told the decorators and they anxiously awaited developments. It proved a short wait, for Teddy returned very soon. He carried no mysterious package, no smile of triumph.

As if by concerted agreement they paused in their several tasks when Teddy entered. Joe McDermott sat on a beam supported by two step-ladders and dangled his feet. Moon had just finished joining two streamers of bunting and assumed a listening attitude.

"Work it, Teddy?" questioned Fritz.

"Work it! Not by twenty-five hundred miles."

"No?" everybody echoed in surprise.

"Should say not. And don't ever expect to,—and won't ever try again around this section of the country."

"Tell us about it," broke in Joe who was eaten up with curiosity.

"Not much to tell, for it's a brief tale. I walked up to the turn and tried to look innocent and downcast and sort of adrift in the world and said, 'Sister, I'm a poor boy and I'd like something to eat.'"

"Indeed?"

"Yes. And I have nobody as cares for me and it's hard to find work."

"Poor boy!" said the Sister as she left me and I could almost taste the mince pie. She returned with two dry crusts of bread and a cold potato on a plate. Then she said: 'Here, poor boy, eat and be happy.' She closed the door and I was alone with dry bread crusts and a cold potato. And the eyes of the cold potato stared at me."

"The eyes of the cold potato!" echoed Fritz.

"And two crusts of bread—of stale bread!" murmured Joe.

It was some days before Teddy learned the true story, and all he could do was to repeat to himself, "Stung again."

Freshman Efforts.

FALL.

[N the days of bleak October, when the singing
birds are fled,

When summer is retiring and the leaves are turning
red:

When the apples all are ripened and the Autumn
breezes blow,

Then we all seem calmly waiting for the first white
flake of snow.

E. J. H.

THE FALL OF THE LEAF.

Soon will they fall, the paling leaves;

Snow then is sure to follow:

Empty and silent the nest in the eaves,

Far in the South is the swallow.

F. R. C.

ROOT.

The gridiron squad is showing class,

The coach has won his rep.

It's up to us to form en masse

And root with lots of pep.

W. E. C.

THE FIRST SNOW.

Slowly, softly, gently,

On the ground below;

Like a blanket, lightly,

Falls the covering snow.

R. N.

AUTUMN.

The leaves are softly falling,

To guard the roots from snow,

Till birds again are calling

And all the blossoms blow.

F. G.

The Memoirs of a Married Man.

ARTHUR J. HUGHES, '11.

I had been graduated from college two years. I didn't drink or stay out late like some men I know. I didn't smoke or swear. I liked dogs and children. Any kind of cooking did me, although I went crazy about angel food cake. When mother got after me about it I dressed rather neatly. I never missed church and I didn't have any sisters. I don't know whether all this had anything to do with it or not, but I was eternally in love. It was first one girl and then another, and that's the reason

I was always in trouble with mother. Mother, you know, was one of those good, dear souls who feel that they have been specially chosen to direct the every affair of their children and especially their every love affair. She was not in the least to blame, for she was so very honest about it that she believed if her son should, by mischance, marry the wrong girl he would be hers forever more. I began to feel that if mother continued to be my guiding star I would be occupying a prominent position in that vilest of lands, for I was always and forever in the most awful predicaments you ever heard of in your life.

It was the summer I was graduated that mother contrived to have me meet Leila. Leila was the apple of her eye. Leila could cook and wash dishes and keep house and sew and mend—in fact anything that she couldn't do around the home,—well there wasn't very much use in its being done. She could play the piano, and when she didn't have a cold she could sing and entertain. Leila was always well dressed, and mother thought she had the prettiest complexion she ever gazed upon. When everything was said and done I had to give it to Leila for being all of this and 'something more'; but it's the strangest thing,—I didn't like Leila. If mother had been an artist our home would have been filled with paintings of Leila. We had her for breakfast and luncheon, and when dinner came if I hadn't met some of the fellows and gone out with them we had her then too. You can imagine how badly Leila got on my nerves. Somebody left a little puppy on our back steps, and the first thing mother did was to take it in and give it a saucer of milk and name it Leila. The janitor said Dick would have been a much better name for it, because that would have meant so much more. Leila was so confusing. Every time I'd come in where mother was she'd grab up the puppy and go calling it "Leila," and the poor dog would turn around towards me with that shamefaced "I don't want to wear girl's shoes" expression, but it was no use, the dog remained "Leila." Well, it was about September when I met Florence, I never had liked the name "Florence," for we once had a maid by that name and we always called her "Florry" and grandfather had an old white horse that he called "Florry." Whenever I heard that name "Florry" it

made me think of that old horse, but the first thing I did after I met Florence was to make a resolution, that I was never to allow anyone to call her "Florry." I never liked potato salad until I heard her describe it how delicious she thought it was and how she was keen for it—yes, she said 'keen.' That's the way she had of saying everything, a little different from the ordinary. Well, I took a craze for potato salad until father began calling it "our national dish." I remember one morning I got up rather out of sorts, and everything seemed to go wrong. Mother's puppy had been in rummaging around my room, and when he left he felt obligated to take along one of my garters and a shoe. I looked all over the room for them before I thought of the dog, and then I paraded around the house limping on my bare foot like a cripple. Well, when I came to breakfast things didn't have that appetizing "expression" that they usually did, and I finished up my criticism of the thing by asking the maid why there wasn't any potato salad—for breakfast. Well, that ended the potato salad, for mother took a hand and, as it happened, she didn't limit her campaign to the salad, but she sailed right into poor Florence. Mother had been making a study of Florence ever since I began to rave over her and she had her notes all arranged. You may be sure that when she finished up on Florence, a stranger, if he chanced to be near, would have set me down as an incomparable wretch for ever having had anything to do with her. With Florence then as the question, and mother on the negative side, we debated the matter for several weeks. The thing proved a blessing for me in a way, for she forgot all about Leila except when she cited her as the ideal of womanhood to which height she felt my poor Florence could never attain. I would mention Florence's beauty and mother would calmly reiterate that she had purchased it. One day I was so careless as to say, "Mother, you must know that not every good complexion is secured through barter and sale." The discussion stopped right there and she retired from the room muttering something about the disrespect of some children. I found out later she had been using cold cream. The shoe had pinched. Then on another occasion I would mention Florence's many witticisms, and mother would say she was simply a bold Tomboy. I learned from her

that the right kind of girls were not engaged in an attempt to be comediennes in the presence of men. There you have it. Every good qualification that Florence had or that I could imagine her having was torn to pieces and turned against the poor girl. I had remembered that before I came to have a peculiar affection for Florence mother used to think she was the nicest kind of a girl. I heard her telling one of our neighbors one afternoon at tea that if all the desirable qualifications which a bright young girl should have were summed up in one person the result would be Florence Harmon; but when I was going about changing colors two different times every time her name was mentioned, why it was different then. About the time she had exhausted her capabilities in consigning Florence to the most iniquitous regions that might ever exist she took very sick, and one day she called me in and made me promise that for evermore I would never have the least thing to do with Florence. It was a death-bed promise, but mother's recovery dated from the minute I solemnly made the sacrifice. Things looked mighty lonesome for awhile, and if it wasn't for the fact that I never learned to swim I would have been tempted to throw myself into the lake. When mother had fully recovered I sought her out one afternoon and told her how lonely I was and all of that, and when I finally reached the Florence part of it there was one agonizing cry and a thud. Mother had fainted. I was always the sacrificing, obedient member of the family, so I gulped hard a few times and put Florence out of my mind. Two evenings later I met Genevieve Williamson.

Mother had gone to the Springs the day before so the coast was clear. It wasn't long until I had an awful start with Genevieve. She too was pretty, in fact all of my girl friends were pretty, but Genevieve was possessed of such a type as is seldom seen. Here, thought I, is a girl whom mother can not help but appreciate. I heard some one call her "Jennie" one day and my blood almost went cold. It seems so funny, I seldom thought of Florence after I met Genevieve, but I felt that my actions would please mother. The night she got back I was out with Genevieve, and when I returned home the maid, who is the worst gossip you ever saw, had told her everything. Mother began easy, for she thought I might fly up if

she brought me to earth all of a sudden. She told me all about the nice things a woman she met at the Springs had said about Leila and then how she agreed in every particular with the woman. This was the first time she had mentioned Leila directly in quite awhile and I had nearly forgotten all about her. She asked me real innocently if I had called on Florence since she was away. When I told her I had not she told me that she knew I would never break a promise that I had made. If mother had kept on that way much longer she'd have had me agreeing with her in everything, but she switched onto Genevieve a bit quickly—before the way had been fully paved, as it were. The first thing she did was to ask me if I had been down town that evening. She never allowed any of us to go down town in the evening, so she knew that I would tell her that I had been out calling on Genevieve just to escape being convicted on the older charge. I had always suspected that her game was to have me marry a rich girl, for Leila's father was bloated with money, so when I opened up on Genevieve's qualifications the first thing I told mother was that her father was very rich. She had had only a few minutes to make a study of Genevieve, but to show you how she must have figured just who my wife would be at other times she was very prompt in telling me that I was badly mistaken.

Genevieve's mother was the one who had the money in the Williamson family, and the chances were very good that she'd always have it. "Like mother, like daughter," she said to me with a sly wink. From that I gleaned that although Genevieve might have a large amount of money when we were married, the influence, hereditary and otherwise, which was exerted over her by her mother would work toward her continuing to have it and also toward the likelihood of my having to get out and work. If mother had meant that I would have become offended, for it was always my intention to get out and work. I was doing it right now; but before I could think long about mother's language she also recalled that Genevieve had had an uncle hanged in Kentucky for horse stealing. Well, anything is likely to happen in Kentucky, and too it was really never proved that it was Genevieve's uncle that was hanged. Besides Genevieve's father sometimes drank

more than he was ever intended to, in other words, he frequently exceeded his limitations; but why, pray tell, blame that onto poor Genevieve? She never drank in her life. Well that's the way mother and I frittered away the time until well after one o'clock when father got up and settled the matter by suggesting that we adjourn *sine die*. Father is an alderman, but mother always was the chairman of our family, so we did not adjourn *sine die* on the Genevieve question. You don't really know what I put up with the next few weeks. Mother had a pile of evidence a foot high when I came to a conclusion. I also believed that I had made a discovery. She had chosen Leila for me. I had seriously chosen Florence and later Genevieve. I came clearly to see that she had decided very definitely to be the one who would make my choice. I never minded her coming with me and helping me pick out my clothes, but the matter of picking a wife I considered another matter. There was one way out of it. I would take her by opposites. I was sure that she had got so much in the habit of disagreeing with me lately that whoever I might put up for her approval would receive the same little blue ticket. My way was clear. For the time being I would make a pretense of putting away Genevieve, and then I would lead mother to believe that I had fallen desperately in love with Leila. If mother called the bluff and began to hooray for Leila what would I do then? I was taking an awful chance and I was doing a bit of meanness toward Leila. When mother was trying to keep us together Leila had always seemed just crazy about me. Because of this it would be easy to get on with her again. It was a base trick though, but it was all mother's fault. She had absolutely no business meddling with my affairs, especially with those kind. If she continued to disagree with me as had been her wont lately, why then I could go ahead and marry whomsoever I wanted and always be able to tell mother that I was once willing to marry Leila, her greatest favorite, and she wouldn't let me; therefore I had the right to take my own choice.

Leila had been away all summer at some watering place in the northern part of the state, but as soon as she returned—this time I was just overjoyed at seeing her again for I was getting awfully lonesome for Genevieve—

I called her up. Now I knew that I might have dropped her a note, but then it was Leila, and everything I used to do was just the best that ever happened with her, so it would be all right. It was Leila's mother that answered the telephone. The campaign was started. As I waited for Leila to come a certain nervous feeling passed over my whole body. It was like you feel when you stand on the bank of the river when the water is chilly and you're just about ready to jump in. After what seemed to me a very long time Leila answered. Then it was that I summoned all the hypocrisy in my make up to the surface and started in on a line of talk—well, I shudder when I think of it now. When you're really in love with a girl you don't like to hand over too much of that sentimental stuff. You're afraid she'll get sick of you and queer your case, but when you go handing it out to the girl that you don't care much about—well watch out, for you've lost that nice sense of proportion, and the things you're liable to say will sound awful to you when you repeat them the next day. I told Leila how terribly glad I was that she had returned, and in this I was religiously truthful. I'll bet she opened her eyes when she heard that. Then I began telling her how lonely it was while she was away. Just think of it, I hadn't seen her for two months before she left. I told her how dark the days had been, and she said she knew we had had a lot of rain. We hadn't had a rain all summer. When I asked her if she had a good time she told me that a good time was impossible under the circumstances, for she had gone up to the lakes to work. I had a notion to ask her what she was doing up there. Mother was always telling me how good Leila was at washing dishes. Supposing I had asked her if she was washing dishes during the summer, wouldn't she have raved? If she said, "yes," and I told mother about it there would have been no getting out of my marrying Leila then. She would have approved of it on the ground of Leila's being so practical. I asked her if she had met any nice people during her stay and she came right back at me with the information that that was the only kind of people she was given to meet. Right there I decided that her summer had done her a great deal of good. Why, she was deuced clever now. She could say things too that were out of the ordinary, just like Florence used to do. Then I asked

her what the chances would be for me to call some evening soon. I told her I was just crazy to have her tell me all about her summer, and also to once again drink a cup of chocolate with her, for she could make the finest chocolate. She thought a minute and asked me if I had anything on for three weeks from Friday evening. This was Monday. It flashed upon my sickened mind immediately that if I had to wait that long before I could make the least beginning on my plan, Genevieve would be lost to me. Of course I had nothing on for an evening so far in the future, but too there were a whole lot of evenings before then that I could call, say Wednesday evening. When I told her this she only giggled and said she was sorry, but that I really could come on the evening she had previously mentioned if nothing happened to prevent such a thing. I thanked her volubly, just as if I was tickled to death to get the opportunity to enjoy her company even at so remote a date. When I hung up the receiver I sought out the cooler and drank four glasses of water without knowing it until I had returned to the library. Leila was gone! Some one else—oh it couldn't be. She had always treated me so nice. I could have had her once. She really would make a dandy wife just as mother said. She could cook, sew and mend, and yet you could see at a glance she was refined and educated. She had had the advantage of the finest kind of home environment. My head began to reel. My eyes felt as if they wanted to fall out of my head. My breath came heavy. A dim haze settled upon my mind and I became feverish. There was an awful feeling around my heart. I wondered in the most feeble kind of a way if it was broken. After a time, it seemed hours, I felt something supporting me. By the greatest kind of an effort I opened my eyes. Some one was leaning over me. It was mother. Again the thought flashed upon me that I had lost Leila. She was gone from me forever. Another wave of despondency passed over me. Of a sudden my head became cool. Something cold was running down my neck. Mother had thrown a glass of water on my face. I must have muttered something about Leila while she was trying to bring me to, for the first thing I heard was her voice shrieking in my ears telling me that Leila had missed her train and hadn't arrived in the city yet. Central had given me the wrong number.

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—Following an established custom at Notre Dame, Thursday, Oct. 13, has been set aside for the celebration of Founder's Day. The day derives its significance from the fact that it is the feast of St. Edward, the patron saint of Father Sorin, the founder of the University. The fitness of such an observance is apparent. Ability to recognize true worth has ever been among the noblest qualities in man. And surely we who have been given so much should be able to appreciate the worth of the gift and of the illustrious giver. Years have passed since Father Sorin and his co-laborers dug the well, and few were they who drank of its pure waters; but now an ever-increasing throng of the youth of many lands comes yearly to the fountain, and each one goes away strengthened in body and in soul, bearing with him something of that sublime spirit of faith, of sacrifice and of unselfish devotion to duty,—the spirit of Father Sorin. And if in our expressions of gratitude towards the sainted priest we seem over-ardent, let it be remembered that we, as Catholics and lovers of education, feel that we are according him only in some small measure that honor which is rightfully his.

—Now that we are well on our way for a year of hard work, it may be in order to give

a thought or so to the culture of the right spirit. The new-comer has The Broad Spirit found out by this time, that he is in a very democratic atmosphere. Anything that smacks of exclusiveness, such as cliques and "frats," works directly against first principles. If we hear any small talk about preference being shown this or that individual or class, we can put it down as talk and dismiss it. The only way to get along is to find out what is doing in student activities, and if in our line, to fall in. If we do not make good, our good purposes have created competition and have furnished example. A class spirit, a hall spirit is a good thing. But it must be broad—broad enough to embrace every large interest of the students and the school.

—To-morrow, according to program, Walsh Hall meets St. Joseph Hall in the first interhall football game of the season. It is hoped both teams are in some sort of condition, else why play? It is unwise for any young man to enter a football game without having previously fitted himself by some weeks of preparation. Football is football whether between big teams or small, whether for Western or Hall championship. It is a matter of common knowledge that most of the injuries resulting from football happen to those unfitted by nature or training to enter the game. The University has been fortunate in the matter of accidents. It is for the students representing hall teams to assist our good fortune by training properly for these local games.

—With the recurrence of the anniversary of the discovery of America we invariably turn to a consideration of the qualities of the man who was equal to the task of uncovering a new continent to the world. Christopher Columbus has been viewed from every side of his character and his different marks have been held up for emulation; but still it seems possible to present for consideration at this time one phase of his character that has perhaps been overlooked in the consideration of his claim to distinction.

Of the many lessons to be drawn from his life none seems more pertinent than this: Columbus was sure of himself and of his convictions, and this assurance brought with it the courage to carry out the remarkable design he had mapped out for himself. He was sure of himself, and he dared face the mutiny of his sailors when everything seemed against him. He had confidence in his project and he dared keep on when a fainter heart would have shrunk from pushing into the unknown terrors of the seas. "Know thyself" is a wise dictum, and when we consider it in its different aspects we will see that it is an important factor in material success.

—The men in the football togs on Cartier are daily "grinding their heads off" to get into form for the season and to add more lustre to the fair name of Notre Dame.

Organize, Rooters! The student body are daily witnesses of these efforts of the football warriors. Is it fair that the football men should do all the work? Now, while there is plenty of time, why can't we, the student body, organize a rooting association and do our share of this work? Why not have a man chosen from the Senior class by the rest of the school to lead this cheering. Would it not be easy for each class to organize and vie with one another in showing the team some appreciation for its efforts? Why can't we do as much in this way as other colleges? It is indeed an inspiring thing for a team to hear a crowd of lusty voices cheering them on to victory. Have we not had reason to be proud of our teams in the past? Then, let us show our teams of the future that we, the student body, are ever with them, heart and soul, and not merely disinterested parties. Let us hear from the Seniors on this.

—This afternoon is the beginning. Critics are reserved as to the season which it ushers in, for the only reason that can put critics on the reserve list—they do not

Items in the Guess. know. The Chicago dailies have discussed our chances, football specialists have given thought to our future, but they are as near or as far from the truth as we ourselves are. They do not know. We do not know. They can guess, so can

we. Probably our guess will get nearer the situation because of certain figures we note in the reckoning: The fighting spirit of a fighting race, harmony in the battle line, equal opportunity, eagerness and earnestness—also one Frank Longman.

—The article in the *Western Intercollegiate Magazine* entitled "How the Western Classic was Won" is a misnomer. In reality the six pages contain nothing more Obviously Obvious. than a statement of "heats," "dashes" and "events," followed by trite comment. The article lacks the distinction of phrase which one would be sure to find in the work of a clever critic of athletics; it wants the raciness of the newspaper reporter's column. It does not tell how the "Western Classic was Won" any more than an official score book would—perhaps not so well. It is obviously obvious, painfully tiresome all the way through. We paid our fifteen cents for the paper and the article. Never before so much for so little.

—*Tros tyriusque mihi nullo descrimine agetur*" is the motto of the *North American Review*. Otherwise the publication "A Reply

to Archbishop Ireland on "The Methodist Episcopal Church of America in Italy" might have elicited not a little protest from its Catholic readers. The "reply" is confessedly aimed at exposing the presumed weakness and unreliability of the arguments and authorities stated by the Archbishop. In reality it amounted to a rather weak series of sophisms and a rehash of several stock calumnies against the faith of millions. It smacked louder of the *tu quoque* of childish vindictiveness than of the cool, calculating logic of a debater who, confident of the right, defends it with some show of dignity. As a specimen of controversial literature it exemplifies what may be done "as circumstances will permit." It is ever the refuge of a mind embarrassed for facts to resort to personal villification. It is a source of much satisfaction, therefore, that a rejoinder of the Archbishop's published in the September number has torn aside the veil of vague generalities and proven decisively the point in dispute.

Corby Monument.

Tentative arrangements for the dedication of the Corby Monument on the field of Gettysburg have already been made. It is possible that there may be changes in detail, but the changes will not be substantial. At ten o'clock on October 29th solemn high mass will be celebrated in the presence of Rt. Rev. Bishop Shanahan of Harrisburg, Pa. The celebrant will be Rev. Father Hayes, pastor of the church at Gettysburg. The President of the University has been asked to officiate as deacon, the subdeacon will be the Rev. William Singleton, S. J., of Philadelphia, and the sermon will be delivered by the Rev. Henry G. Ganns, of Lancaster, Pa. The dedication exercises will begin at 2:00 p. m. on Gettysburg field. These are as follows:—

Prayer: By the Very Rev. John Cavanaugh, C. S. C., President of the University.

Presentation of statue to Battlefield Commission by H. A. N. Daley, and acceptance by the Commission.

Oration: Rev. Charles W. Lyons, S. J.

Benediction: By the Rt. Rev. Bishop Prendergast, Auxiliary to Archbishop of Philadelphia. We regret to be obliged to refer to the circumstance that the sum of \$1500 is still wanting to complete the expense of this monument. Unless those members of the Alumni who have hitherto overlooked the matter come to the front, we may be obliged to make a second appeal to the Alumni in general. Do it now.

Dr. Moseley Honored.

The *Washington Herald* in its issue of Sunday, Oct. 2, presents in the editorial page the following account of a well-deserved tribute to Dr. Edward Moseley who received the degree of Doctor of Laws from the University last Commencement. The editorial is entitled, "The Irish Honor Moseley." We congratulate Dr. Moseley and assure him that Notre Dame endorses every single line of the notable tribute of the Irish Nationalists.

A committee representing the Irish-American Union, an organization of Irish Nationalists of this city, presented Edward A. Moseley, secretary of the Interstate Commerce Commission, with a handsome set of engrossed resolutions for his sterling qualities as

a man and for the great good done and relief accorded by him as a public servant, as well as for his untiring efforts in all matters relating to Ireland and her people.

The resolutions were presented on Friday evening last at his residence in Sixteenth Street. They are as follows:

"Whereas, on June 13, 1910, the University of Notre Dame, recognizing the character, ability and humanitarianism of Edward Augustus Moseley, conferred on him the degree of Doctor of Laws; therefore be it

"Resolved, That we, the members of the Irish American Union of Washington, D. C., in meeting assembled, do hereby extend to our good and esteemed friend, Edward Augustus Moseley, our heartfelt felicitations on his splendid record as a public benefactor, together with our high appreciation of his services to the Irish cause, and his intense devotion to all that makes for the success and elevation of our people.

MAURICE J. SHEEHAN,
HUGH J. MURRAY,
PATRICK T. MORAN,
RAYMOND O'MEARA,
MICHAEL KEENAN,
WILLIAM J. McEVOY,
ARTHUR SMALL,
Committee.

Apostolate of Religious Reading.

The Apostolate of Religious Reading is a free library for the students. This library is under the direction of Brother Alphonsus. Books may be obtained from him or from the students appointed in each hall to distribute books. Any of the following papers and magazines may also be obtained: *The Catholic Standard and Times*, *The New York Freeman's Journal*, *The Catholic Universe*, *The New World*, *Extension*, *The Lamp*, *The Ave Maria*, *The Missionary*.

Societies.

BROWNSON LITERARY SOCIETY.

The Brownson Literary and Debating Society held its second regular meeting last Sunday evening. The many new members that have been received into the society make the enrollment the largest in the history of the organization. Two important motions were made and carried. The first was to raise a sum of money by individual assessment to contribute to the Orestes A. Brownson monument fund. The second was to introduce a musical element into the society by the formation of a double

quartette to sing at entertainments given by the society. Brother Alphonsus addressed the society on "The Educational Value of a Literary and Debating Society." His remarks were listened to with close attention and will, it is hoped, stimulate the members to work hard and keep up the reputation of the Brownson Society as being the most active organization of its kind at the University. The question, Resolved, That labor unions are a benefit to the workingman was debated by Messrs. P. O'Brien and G. Marshall on the affirmative and R. Scott and W. O'Shea on the negative. The decision was given to the negative.

PHILOPATRIAN ASSOCIATION.

A new organization, the Philopatrian Association, was formed a week ago Thursday with the following officers: William Cotter, president; Jas. Cahill; vice-president; William Downing, secretary; Ralph Newton, treasurer; Bro. Cyprian, critic; Otto Hug, manager of athletics; Norton Burt, reporter. A special meeting was held last Sunday afternoon at which the constitution was read to about forty members present. The object of the association is to improve its members in athletics and social advancement.

ENGINEERING SOCIETY.

The first business meeting of the Civil Engineering Society was called to order Oct. 1, by Professor McCue for the purpose of electing officers. Professor McCue was unanimously elected director. Nicholas Gamboa was elected president; Geo. Washburn, recording secretary; Elmo Funk, corresponding secretary; Anton Hebenstreit and John McSweeney, censors.

The second regular meeting was held Oct. 5 for the purpose of assigning a program for the next regular meeting to be held Oct. 19. Notice was given to the Association by Mr. Gamboa of a proposed amendment to the constitution, which will be voted upon at the next regular meeting. This amendment is found necessary from last year's experience. At the close of the meeting, Professor McCue commented briefly upon the work to be done by the society during the coming year, and urged all Civil Engineering students to take active part in the society, in view of the fact, that so much valuable information is thus obtained. The Professor especially recommended that the lower classmen become more interested in the work of the society, and issued to them a special invita-

tion to attend the meetings during the coming year. The society, as a whole, expects to outdo its past record in the way of research work and general discussion upon the important engineering and scientific problems of the day.

PHILOPATRIANS.

The Philopatrian Society entertained members of the faculty with a pleasant program last Wednesday evening. Interesting recitations were excellently rendered by the following members: H. Cagney, "When the Green gets Back in the Trees;" Jay Turner, "The Policeman's Story;" Milton Mann, "Casey at the Bat;" George Lucas, "Trouble in the Amen Corner;" Earl Loebs, "Old Jack in the Well;" and George Clark, "Kelly's Dream." After the meeting was adjourned, refreshments were served in the Minims' refectory, concluding a most enjoyable evening.

Class Affairs.

DOME BOARD.

Editor-in-Chief Arthur J. Hughes of the 1911 *Dome* has announced the selection of assistants for the work as follows: Associate editor, John H. Mullin; football editor, Robert Shenk; baseball, Nicholas Gamboa; track and basketball, Herbert Keefe; interhall athletics, Leo Garrity; crews, John Wilson; dramatic editor, Henry Kuhle, jr.; oratory and debating, Raymond Skelly; society editor, Paul Barsaloux; wit and humor, Will R. Ryan and Thomas Havican. The choice of assistants is a very happy one, and this year's class production should be above the high standard set by previous classes.

SENIORS IN LAW.

The senior law class met in Sorin hall last Wednesday and elected the following officers: President, Jos. Dixon; vice-president, John Duffy; secretary, Thomas Ford; treasurer, J. Wilfred Ely; sergeant-at-arms, William Rice; historian, Daniel R. Foley.

JUNIOR PROM DATE SETTLED.

In an enthusiastic meeting of the junior class last Tuesday evening, preliminary junior prom arrangements were made. Owing to the heavy football schedule on the week preceding Thanksgiving, the date has been changed to the 30th of November, a time which will

doubtless prove convenient to everyone. The following committees were appointed: Dance Committee: Walter Duncan, Wm. Parrish, Donald P. McDonald and Cyril Curran; Decorating Committee: James Sherlock, Albert Keys, Leo Condon, Patrick Barry, Fabian Johnston, Paul Rush and Carmo Dixon. Program Committee: Edward Weeks, Bernard Lange, Wm. Donahue and Arthur Keys.

Personals.

—Francis T. Collier (Ph. B. '07) is Ass't District attorney at Portland, O.

—John H. Ahern, (Ph. G., '10) is pharmacist at "The Corner Drug Store" at Salem, S. Dakota.

—Dr. Thomas J. Swantz, B. S. B., '04, of South Bend, Ind., is the Democratic candidate for Coroner of St. Joseph County.

—Among the old boys who have placed their sons in the University this year is Mr. T. J. Dundon of the days of '73. Mr. Dundon is now an attorney-at-law in Ishpeming, Michigan.

—W. A. Draper, student 1904-1907, was a visitor to the University last Sunday. Mr. Draper is now located in Chicago, Ill., and is representing The Vickery & Hill Publishing Co., of Augusta, Me.

—Samuel M. Dolan (C. E. '10), All-Western guard on Notre Dame's champion eleven, is teaching in the Mathematics department at the Oregon Agricultural College at Corvallis, O. "Rosy" is also assistant coach of the football team of that institution.

—Patrick M. Malloy (LL. B., '07) was married on last, Wednesday at Sioux City, Iowa, to Miss Harrington. Mr. Malloy is practicing law at Tulsa, Oklahoma. James T. Keefe (Ph. B., '07), of Iowa City, Iowa, an old classmate of Mr. Malloy, was best man at the wedding.

—The Rev. T. R. Murphy, C. S. C., our genial prefect of discipline for the past three years, writes from New Orleans that he is hard at work and a great lover of the sunny South. N. D. is still dear to him, however, and all the old boys. The old boys return the friendship, and hold for Father Murphy the brightest and best memories.

—Fred Strauss (Commercial '06) recently de-

livered an address on dyeing and cleaning before the National Convention of Dressmakers in Chicago. He was given high praise for his scientific and interesting treatment of the subject. Fred is doing so well in the business left him by his father that he is now building the largest factory for artistic and commercial dyeing in this country.

—Charles H. Johnson (M. E., '08), U. S. Revenue Cutter service, visited his Alma Mater on Wednesday. Charlie is chief engineer in the Revenue Cutter Gresham, and reports himself in his modest way as "doing nicely." The fact is that this '08 man was fifth in the civil service examination for a position with Uncle Sam in a class of 112 applicants. This is a tribute to our engineering course that counts. By the way, N. D. engineers are sought everywhere.

Calendar.

Sunday, Oct. 9—Brownson Literary Society.

" Band Practice after Mass.

" St. Joseph vs. Walsh football.

" 1 p. m. Senior Class.

Monday, Oct. 10—Orchestra Practice 7:30 p. m.

" 7:30—Holy Cross Temperance Society.

Tuesday, Oct. 11—K. of C. Meeting.

Wednesday, Oct. 12—Founder's Day Program.

" Civil Engineering Society.

" Philopatrian Society.

Thursday, Oct. 13—Founder's Day.

" Sorin vs. Brownson, football.

" Ciricilla's Famous Italian Band, Afternoon and Evening.

Local Items.

—Those that desire to have their beads blessed may apply to Father Maguire.

—Students desiring the SCHOLASTIC may secure same at office—by subscribing.

—The registration last Wednesday was 901. This should mean an entrance list of 1100 or more.

—The devotions for the month of October are held in the basement chapel every evening at 7:45.

—A few of the more tender plants are being carted to the hot-house. This is the beginning of the end.

—The latest addition to the kitchen machinery is a potato peeler, that peels a peck of potatoes per second. This is certainly a skin game.

—Freshman lawyers positively declare that B. B. "sassed" the teacher. He'll never win cases that way.

—The President of the University lectured on an educational subject at Ottawa, Ill. on Sunday last.

—The law seniors had a lovely meeting during the week. Yes, "Judge" Buckley was among those present.

—Freshman engineers in English number fifty-six. And there are two other English classes for the freshies.

—A bright 4:30 freshman: "There are 40,000 words in the English language of which 60,000 are of Saxon origin."

—General permissions for the seniors, from morning prayer to night prayer, brought grief to the men of 1911 last Wednesday.

—Secretaries who wish to have the happenings of their societies recorded in the SCHOLASTIC will hand in their MS. not later than Wednesday, 6 p. m.

—Students should keep in mind that it is bad form to smoke anywhere on the quadrangle. Smoking should be confined to smoking rooms and campus.

—Bill Cotter is president of the Brownson Literary Society, president of the Philopatrian Association, high Cow Chief of the Oseola Club. An yet Bill insists he's not popular.

—Since the going into effect of the "Smoke Ordinance" at Corby large packages with the picture of a peach on the outside are daily imported. Spearmint is also growing in favor.

—The Holy Cross Total Abstinence Society will hold its first meeting of the year next Monday, October 10, the feast-day of Father Matthew, the great apostle of temperance.

—Surely the members of Carroll Hall can be induced to make less noise when going in a body up and down stairs. Kindly don't construe the suggestion into a knock. But if you insist, well and good. Only be sure to quit the noise.

—The Knights of Columbus are making preparations for a series of social events to be given during the winter. The local council

will co-operate with the South Bend council in the bazaar to be given in Knights of Columbus Hall next week.

—The students went to confession on Thursday evening and received Holy Communion on Friday morning. It is expected that every student will regard his spiritual interests sufficiently to attend to these most important obligations every month.

—The Holy Cross Literary Society organized last Sunday night. Considerable routine business was transacted and new officers were installed. The next meeting will be held on October 16, after which time regular sessions will be held bi-weekly.

—Corby Hall opened her portals in welcome to "Phil" on Monday, and everyone was glad to see him. Reports have it that large packages containing silver and other such metal used in making trophies and medals are at the express office addressed to Philbrook. Probably some miscellaneous stuff he picked up during the summer.

—Sorin Hall has come to the front in interhall football. The members of the team met this week and elected George Washburn captain and the men have been out practising under his direction since then. The men from Sorin probably have the advantage of their opponents in weight and speed, and with proper training and plenty of practice they should give the other teams the worth of their money this fall.

—That Corby is upholding its reputation as the centre of the social whirl of the University is amply evidenced by the nightly soirees held in the "rec" room. An orchestra is there enthroned which supplies the dreamy strains for the merry dancers. Many of the aspirants for social honors are becoming quite adept at the terpsichorean art. Stoughton, Moran and Heyl are especially "there" with the "light fantastic."

—Writing about the "Western Classic" the author of the article remarks: "Many who had seen only the performances of the teams against which Wisconsin had competed picked them as winners of the Conference, but those who were on the inside took Leland Stanford and Notre Dame into consideration." The event more than justified the "insiders," as N. D. pulled in a few "considerations"—twenty-nine, to be exact.

Athletic Notes.

FOOTBALL PROSPECTS.

Football prospects grow brighter day by day. Coach Longman has been shifting his men around in order to get a better line on them, and almost every day Cartier Field produces a new star. Second-team men are being shifted daily to the regulars, and some "regular" sees his star fall as he lines up with the "Yanigans," determined to do or die.

The old men of last year's team are fast rounding into shape, and Saturday they will show the students some real football. Matthews seems to have everything his own way at the pivotal position. Philbrook and Dimmick are working at the tackle jobs, and Collins is back in the line, tearing things up as usual and grabbing forward passes from all sides. Billy Ryan is out with a sprained knee, but expects to be around again in a short time—but probably not for Saturday's game.

Duffy, who figured in the eleven-to-nothing score at Indiana two years ago, will doubtless line up at left-guard, and it can safely be predicted that the position will be well taken care of.

It becomes more apparent every day that Coach Longman is a rank Missourian and from "Showme County," for he believes in being shown. He insists that every man make the team on merit alone. Newspaper reputations and glowing accounts of past performances have no weight with Notre Dame's coach.

The student rooters who watch the daily practice have given up the idea of Notre Dame being the guardian of the vegetable pile this fall, and occasionally an ambitious rooter will withdraw from the crowd to count his change and figure on the possibilities of making the Ann Arbor trip.

The team work is a little ragged yet due to the shifting of the men. The scrimmages of the past week are, however, beginning to put the men in shape for real business when Olivet lines up to try conclusions with the present holders of the Western flag this p. m.

The kicking department will be well taken care of by the Ryan brothers, Clippenger and Philbrook. If they show as much improvement in the weeks to come as they have in the past, they will soon be kicking the ball, so far that

Sherman's march to the sea will look like a moonlight stroll.

Of the new men Rockne and Bergman have been hitting the line in a way that would make a billygoat blush with envy. On the ends Crawley, McGrath and McGinnis have been dodging about in a manner that is more than gratifying to the coaches. Smith at centre has made everybody step aside, regardless of race, color or previous condition of servitude. Foley and Stanfield are as steady as the Rock of Gibraltar, so it begins to look as though Notre Dame will get a fair lunch while the other Western colleges are getting a meal.

OLIVET TO-DAY.

This afternoon the team representing Olivet College will line up against the Champions. We should not find it hard to win, only those "new rules" are somewhat of an unsolved problem. It will be the first game of the season, and everybody will be anxious to see the Varsity in action. The gate receipts may take a boost as a result.

INTERHALL FOOTBALL.

The interhall teams are catching the spirit, and every day they can be seen going about their tasks in a most business-like manner.

Matthews is giving Corby some heart-to-heart talks and trying to impress upon his men that strategy is the secret of success. Some clever and complicated work can be expected from this band of warriors. It seems needless to add that Father Farley takes a passing interest in the athletic honor of Corby.

Collins is coaching Walsh, and gives the men the benefit of his knowledge of the finer points of the game. Walsh is bringing out some good material, and the chances are that other contenders for the interhall honors will strike a snag when they meet this clever aggregation. Such at least are the reports that come from winter quarters.

Brownson, St. Joseph and Sorin halls will be represented by good teams, but as yet they have not manifested a very ardent desire to mix things up. Philbrook will direct the work of Brownson, and Crawley will be boss around Sorin. Some valuable material will doubtless be brought to light before the season closes. In fact the Varsity coaches are already making threats about drafting hall stars, and some of them will probably land berths.