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On Founder's Day.

CHARLES L. O'DONNELL, C. S. C.

THIS is the tree whose root he set
That bitter spring, in stubborn soil;
God's sunny grace and man's hard toil
Have reared it thus, nor fail it yet.

Against all seasons grew its girth,
By storm unshook, by drought unshrunk;
A naked, scarred but living trunk
Fire left it once,—still firm in earth.

A tree of many branches now
It towers among time's mighty ones,
The mothering home of many sons,
The fruit of Sorin's triple vow.

I saw a cedar hacked and thrown
Upon the common wood-pile;—red
Was all its core, as if some fled
Fair sunset to its heart had flown.

Not so thy power shall depart,
O Notre Dame, but there shall be
The things that grace eternity
Stored golden in thy wide, warm heart.

And when some distant dawn shall see
Thy splendor gone, when worlds are dead
And all the feet of time have fled,
God's mind shall keep thy memory.

Charles Carroll of Carrollton.

JOHN F. O'HARA, '11.

(CONCLUSION.)



T the fall session of Congress in 1778 Charles Carroll resigned his seat and went home to work in the Maryland Senate. He had every justification for such an act, and it was not without precedent, as many members had done the same through like motives. The Continental Congress seemed indifferent to the best interests of the country; in all questions of importance its members disagreed hopelessly; and, as Carroll wrote to Franklin some time later, "the great deal of important time that was idly wasted in frivolous debates (which neither edified, entertained nor instructed)," disgusted him, and he determined to return home. The work done by the state assemblies, where the unity of interests was more likely to produce harmony, was really more worth the talents and attention of a statesman of the times.

For several succeeding years he divided his attention between the services of his state and his home. The death of his father, for whom he had the greatest affection, took place on May 30th, 1782, and was followed eleven days later by the loss of his wife. This double blow affected him deeply, but his religious nature knew how to bear his affliction with resignation. Four of the seven children born to his happy marriage still survived: Eliza, the youngest child, died a year later; the remaining children were Charles, the only son, Mary and Catherine.

He continued to serve in the Maryland Senate and remained one of its most distinguished members until the close of the century. In 1783 he was chosen president of that body. In the discussion of prominent questions his advice was always given and carried great weight, for he had come to be recognized as a jurist, an economist, a diplomat, and a man of good sense. In the matter of the refusal of the Bank of England to turn over to the state of Maryland the money which that state had invested before the Revolution, he advocated a strong policy of resistance to the Crown, and would listen to no suggestion for compromise. Though a lifelong friend of Samuel

Chase, he censured that official when he considered that he had done wrong in his too lenient and dilatory attitude toward the Bank of England.

During this time he became recognized as one of the greatest masters of English in the United States. The tone of dignified reserve and the fine literary quality of his writings was so often contrasted with the coarse invective of the measures of his opponents, that his services were invariably sought when any document of importance was brought up. His fame preceded him to the National Congress, and when he appeared later in that body as a Senator from Maryland, his services were as often sought as they had been by the legislators in his own state.

His election to the first United States Senate took place on November 3d, 1788. His colleague was John Henry. The first session of the First Congress of the United States was held in April, 1789, and Charles Carroll was present to lend his assistance in determining the future course of the young republic. Carroll was a strong Federalist, though he was opposed to any show of aristocratic splendor in the conduct of national affairs. He was opposed to titles and courtly marks of distinction, though he favored duly respectful forms of address.

Carroll's Federal tendencies first came into prominence in a debate on the Foreign Relations bill, a bill for the establishment of what was subsequently the Department of State. The bill provided for the appointment of officials under the bill "by the President, by and with the advice and consent of the Senate, and to be removable by the President." The last clause was objected to by the opponents of the Administration, and Carroll, in a speech in defence of the bill, contended that the appointing power and removing power should be vested in the same officer, and complained "of what is called the atrocious assumption of power in the States." (Journal of William Maclay; Extract from Rowland's Life of Charles Carroll of Carrollton). The measure was hotly contested, and was finally passed by the Vice-President, John Adams, casting the deciding vote on the tie.

Charles Carroll was chiefly instrumental in securing the removal of the national capital to the banks of the Potomac. The long and heated controversy as to the location of the

capital came to a close when his amendment passed, fixing the temporary residence of Congress and the President at Philadelphia for ten years, and then transferring it to the banks of the Potomac.

He stood out prominently in the action of Congress in forcing Rhode Island into the Union, an act quite in harmony with his consistent Federal principles, but strangely contrasted to the later action of the Carrolls, the descendants of Charles Carroll of Carrollton, who with force of arms resisted the attempt of the North to maintain the Union which had already been established. Carroll of Maryland and Izard of South Carolina were the only Southerners who voted for the bill, showing that the division on the doctrine of State Rights was already well defined territorially.

In the session of 1792 the Maryland Assembly passed a law preventing officials of that state from holding office under the United States, so Charles Carroll of Carrollton, on whom the duties of government weighed heavily, resigned his seat in the United States Senate to continue as a member of the Maryland Legislature. He continued to serve in that body until 1800, when he finally retired to enjoy his estates.

Although Charles Carroll had retired from public life, he kept up a lively correspondence with many of his old friends and colleagues, and showed a clear knowledge of and an intense interest in all political questions. The triumph of Jefferson he viewed with fear and great distrust. He predicted that a continual round of revolutions would follow his accession to the presidency. His correspondence with Alexander Hamilton at this time showed him a master of the game of politics.

The victorious career of Napoleon gave him great concern. Educated in France, under the Jesuits and under the old regime, he held the royal family in great regard, and had feared the results of the revolution. Then when Napoleon came to tear Europe asunder, he could not contain himself. His son Charles, when at school in Europe, and later after his return to America, kept him informed of the movements of Napoleon, as far as they could be ascertained. He had no confidence in the little general, whom he once styled "Perfidy Personified." At his home at Doughoregan Manor he mapped out campaigns and foreign policies. He advocated an alliance offensive and defensive with England for the

purpose of liberating Mexico and South America and thus effectually check-mating France and Spain.

He noted with satisfaction the purchase of Louisiana, though he feared the dreamer Jefferson had some ulterior motive in the purchase, which he could not fathom. He had great confidence in the future of the young republic which was endowed with such varied gifts of nature, and thought the acquisition of territory of the greatest importance.

He earnestly desired and wished for war, but not with England, for France, not England, he declared, was our real enemy, and England was standing as the defender of Europe against Napoleon. He was not entirely in sympathy with the New England anti-war party; he was in favor of war, but wanted a different opponent.

After the close of the war of 1812 his advanced age kept him more confined to his home, and he ceased to take such an active interest in public life. His venerable age, and his long and faithful period of public service, had made him an object of public reverence and esteem.

In these later years of his retirement we get a closer view of his beautiful home life. His letters to his son are full of pious reflections: the death of most of his old friends—he was to survive them all—impressed him with the shortness of life. We are told by his biographers that he continued practising the pious habits acquired under the Jesuits at St. Omer's. He was active in the support of the Church, giving liberally to the cause of Catholic education. His daily life was athletic in its regularity. He rose at five o'clock in the morning, took a bath in a cold spring; took long recreations, and observed regular hours of retiring.

The fiftieth anniversary of the signing of the Declaration of Independence witnessed the dramatic incident of the death, within a few hours of each other, of Thomas Jefferson and John Adams, leaving Charles Carroll of Carrollton as the sole survivor of that memorable act.

One of the last declarations on political matters made by Charles Carroll was one eminently worthy the scion of a long line of Irish patriots. He said in a private letter, in 1829: "The Duke of Wellington's letter to the Roman Catholic primate satisfies me that the Roman Catholics will never be restored to equal rights with the rest of the King's

subjects until the British nation ceases to be persecuting . . . and the Protestant ascendancy in Ireland ceases to be selfish."

Old age finally mastered the "Last of the Signers" and the "last of the old school of gentlemen," and on the 14th of November, 1832, he quietly passed away. He fittingly closed the chapter of a long and useful life, with the words: "I have lived to my ninety-sixth year; I have enjoyed continual health; I have been blessed with great wealth, prosperity and most of the good things which the world can bestow—public approbation, esteem, applause—but what I now look back on with the greatest satisfaction to myself is, that I have practised the duties of my religion."

His Victory.

ARTHUR J. HUGHES, '11.

"There's no use for you to try to get out of it, Bill, you'll have to row. They need you, need you badly, and when you can render such a great work for your class it would be the grossest of selfishness on your part to hang back. Get out there and work. Work like the deuce. It's going to be hard, I'll admit that; but there are times when we must not think of ourselves."

"Yes, Hias, that sounds good. I'd like to see that in a novel. Gee! You know I'd sit down and read a story like that for a half a day; but when it comes to rolling out every morning at 5 a. m. and pulling your head off trying to make an old tub look like a thousand-dollar shell why it's altogether different. Just think, Hias, they want me to cut out the smokes. Can you imagine that? Why, that's all the pleasure I've had around this place and now to lay aside my trusty pipe. Why, Hias, a blow like that would break ma' heart. And too they say, 'Don't eat any pie.' Just think of that, Hias. Don't eat any pie! What would a fellow do around this place on Friday after the soup had gone by? I've had my pie regularly ever since I got over chewing on a rubber ring, and I wouldn't give it up for the greatest crew that ever rowed."

"Bill, you're not yellow, are you? You don't think of little things like quitting smoking and eating pie when it comes to getting out

and defending the honor of your fellowmen? You want to relegate such petty ideas to the background on a great occasion such as this. Be a man, Bill, be a man."

"Yes, be a man. That sounds real heroic of you, Hyslop Riddle. But you're not in on this rowing deal yourself. Why, when I was a kid I thought the only way to ever be a man was to get a great big pipe and see how much smoke I could blow out into the atmosphere, and now you come around and upset my pet theory of childhood days. Then too, they told me to go to bed at eight o'clock every night. Say, Hias, if some one should happen to come in here and make my clock read 11:30 when it was only 8 bells, and I fell to the thing and sank into the feathers, my last request is that you come in and take a picture of me. I want you to have witnesses right on the ground, for that's the only way I would ever make the folks at home believe it. I don't mind getting out in a light canoe under the overspreading branches of a mammoth oak with a music machine in the bow and a sweet girl graduate for a companion. Gee! I could row all afternoon on a day like that, providing of course the overspreading branches hung out. There's romance to that. But my artistic temperament falls away short of grabbing out the romance when you see a bunch of fellows coming in after about a four-mile pull with every man stretched on the bottom of the boat and their tongues hanging over the side. That looks more like a catastrophe to me."

"It's all in the way you look at the thing, Bill. If you've got that kind of an idea about it why maybe it's just as well that you quit it right now. My idea of college spirit, I see, is a little different from yours—"

"Yes, your idea of college spirit is to go around here and get every man in the class all worked up over this thing, and then you lie in bed in the morning until they have to come in and pull you out with a steam derrick. Those fellows that go around eternally preaching class spirit and college spirit and every other kind of spirit make me feel like committing a felony once in a while. That's all you fellows ever do is preach. You pose as the champion good men of the place. You go around here looking so honorable and upright that a stranger'd think you'd swallowed your store teeth. When the real men get out and do accomplish something for their class you fellows jump in at the

head of the parade and swell yourselves out like a whale that had just gotten outside of a dozen raw sharks served on the half shell. You talk about being a man. Don't you come around here giving me lessons about how to be a man. You'd better go out and hook up with a sewer gang and learn the art yourself. I never saw one of those student preachers belching forth uprightness and honor and spirit and sawing the air with his right hand that didn't have his left in somebody's pocket. If I decide to go out there and row I'll go, and it won't be because some professional spirit raiser comes around and pours a lot of oil into my ear."

"I am surprised, Bill. You are not the man I thought you were. I see you've been deceiving a lot of us around here—"

"Well, I've quit deceiving you now, and if you don't get out of this room you won't be the man in five minutes that you are now. Hear?"

"I'll go, Bill, I'll go. But remember you're queered. I'll see that this fixes you."

"Yes, you'll blackmail me now, will you? Well, I haven't got any money. I'm broke. You'll have to find a new mutt to work on."

The day of the big race came at last. Bill had gotten into training the very day that he had his rumpus with Hyslop. He had "cut" the smoking, and the curfew found him tucked away in the mystic land of dreams every night. It was not altogether class spirit that impelled him to make such sacrifices; it was the burning desire to floor Hyslop on the day of the race. He knew that the ambition of the student exhorter would never rest until he could get some position in connection with the affair where he could get out before the people without any labor or sacrifice on his part. The boats were set, and amid the cheering of thousands of admirers both crews broke away into the gruelling battle. The race was terrific at first. Every man was straining himself to the last notch to get the lead. The music of the band, which had been playing at the starting-place, grew dimmer and dimmer as the men pulled away. After the first turn the men slackened. The terrible effort which they were making to stick, brought the cheers of their friends resounding across the waters. Nearer they came to the point where they would again turn and start into the final stretch. Then came the cry of both coxswains: "Star board down. Turn." The big boats swished into the turn

"neck and neck." The first fatigue was over now, and all became exhilarated with the determination to win. In the excitement of making this last grand dash the men became crazed and pulled with superhuman strength. Down the stretch they came. First the Blues led only to give way to the Reds. The music and cheering grew louder and louder to the men as they approached the finish. A second and then a second more and the great race was done. The Reds had won by a foot. Bill gasped for breath and thanked Heaven that he had quit his smoking. The boats glided gracefully up to the wharf and six limp forms were lifted carefully from each of the crafts. The crowd surged forth with a mad impulse to greet the victors, but they were held back.

Like a flash of lightning from a clear sky Hyslop Riddle broke from the crowd and dashed out upon the wharf to be the first to greet the winning crew. If he had to do this it must be done where he would be seen by all. He grasped each man's hand vigorously until he came to Bill. It would not do to give Bill the same honest grasp that he had given the others, so he made a pompous bow as gracious as it was ironical. Bill caught the beaming Hyslop, as he turned to go, and pitched him headlong. There was a swish and a splash, and Hyslop disappeared from sight beneath the waves. Bill turned and walked feebly to the dressing-rooms feeling all the while that it was surely worth the sacrifice to experience such a day.

The Missionary.

"My son," the Master said, "give Me thy heart."

No worldly treasures bring unto the shrine

Of sacrifice. True zeal for love divine

Is all I ask of thee. The better part

Is offering of self. The pain and smart,

That bring sweet pangs, tho' sad, when men resign

All ties of earth unto this Heart of Mine."

Thus spake the voice which bade him to depart

And preach the Word to empty souls that cry

For life and love, where feet of men scarce trod.

O'er distant sea beneath an alien sky

He lives a priestly life on foreign sod.

And there at last his zeal sincere to try

He meets a martyr's death—alone with God. F.

The March Picnic.

C. L.

Fifteen freshmen drew up a great compact: a verbal agreement, that on the very first pet Thursday in March they would startle the world by going on a picnic. If the pet Thursday never came the compact would be held void ever after.

"In March, or not at all," declared Skive Maxman. "In April, May or June, a picnic is in order. In March it isn't, therefore the glory of a March picnic."

Thursdays came and went all through February and early March, but they were as wild as the lion in his native jungle, and it was beyond all thought to attempt domestication. St. Patrick's day fell on Tuesday. Tradition had made it a "rec" day from time immemorial. The day previous was glorified with a warm sun that heated the chill air. The sky above was a sea, on which white clouds sailed before a fair wind to some port that earth shelters not with her rugged hills.

"Why not to-morrow?" asked Joe McDermott as he returned from a morning class with some of his chums.

"Great idea, Joe! You just hit right." 'Twas Berger's first compliment to Joe in many months.

"Yes, to-morrow would be just the day if the weather keeps like this," agreed Phil looking up at the sky. They discussed, argued, proposed, with the result that St. Patrick's day was given the glory of the freshman March picnic. Tuesday, March 17, did not prove a disappointment to those by whom it was so signally honored. It was half-past nine when thirteen of them set out on a brisk walk to a lake some two miles distant where they proposed spending the day. Moon and Donlan had started some time before, holding themselves responsible for a grey horse and a rather ancient wagon which was loaded down with provisions.

Teddy Bare and Fritz were leading the brisk walkers, with Phil and Joe close at their heels.

"Great to be Irish on a day like this, Joe," said Phil, speaking for the benefit of Berger and Teddy.

"You bet—and the Germans know it," was Joe's response.

"When I think of all the great Irishmen,"

mused Phil, "who have—'hem—a—adorned the pages of history my heart throbs with pride. St. Patrick, Brian Boru, Sarsfield, Emmet, O'Connell,—those are names that will go down the ages forever, as that orator said last night."

"Yes, it's great to be Irish." Joe struck an attitude and walked nearer to Berger. Then he quoted:

One in name, one in fame,
Are the sea-divided Gaels.

Fritz turned. "Well, we can stand your hot air for one day. So go ahead." Phil and Joe both pretended to be surprised.

"Pardon, Berger, I didn't think you heard." Joe was profoundly apologetic.

"Oh, we can't help hearing the Irish on a day like this." So they parried back and forth through the bracing air of that March morning, and almost before they knew it they were at the scene of the picnic. Donlan and Moon had already made a fire as a preliminary to the great feat of cooking dinner. The others divided themselves into committees immediately on their arrival in order to have everything in readiness for the afternoon's program. Two were to assist Donlan and Moon; two were to make out a program of sports and exercises; two were to hire the boats which belonged to a farmer across the lake where they were picnicking. So the work was measured out. They labored with a will. Two boats were secured from the farmer, the program of sports and exercises was submitted and accepted. Best of all, dinner was ready by high noon.

"Nine rahs for Moon and his dish washers," cried Phil in delight. The nine rahs came lustily which caused more than passing surprise to a venerable mother cow in an adjacent field. She eyed the invading strangers for a little, and then tossed her head at such foolishness from people who should know better.

They sat without ceremony, ate without ceremony, and talked without any such formality as: "Beg pardon, were you going to say something?" The fact is, everybody had something to say and insisted on saying it whether or not he was heard or heeded. And it is this freedom from formalities which constitutes the joy of a day in the woods. The free and easy mode of life which does not stand on the order of comings and goings is just as proper to the picnic as are the conventional graces to the parlor.

Everybody was satisfied at last—and it

takes time and all manner of food products to satisfy the freshman when he goes to a picnic and carries his appetite. Then Joe McDermott struck the table. They were all silent and awaited Joe's message.

"At two-thirty," he began, "we will pull off several athletic events followed by a tug of war—Irish vs. Germans. But before this noble company breaks up we owe it to the memory of our great forefathers to have a few rounds of oratory. I therefore call on Phil Donnelly to say the best thing he can about Ireland." There was a pause.

"The best thing I can? Let me see?" He scratched his head and got his ideas in motion. "The best thing I can say is that piece I memorized for elocution class last week. I'll try it on you. Just shout me down if you don't like it." And through the calm air, under the blue of an Indiana sky, with the ripples of the lake beating a soft accompaniment, the voice of this young American delivered to his comrades the "Memory of the Dead."

Who fears to speak of Ninety-Eight?
Who blushes at the name?
When cowards mock the patriot's fate,
Who hangs his head for shame!
He's all a knave or half a slave
Who slights his country thus:
But a true man, like you, man,
Will fill your glass with us.

When Phil began he was nervous, as his voice and motions plainly showed. It is small wonder, surrounded as he was by a group of lads all ready for any kind of mischief, from hitting a man with a bun to ducking him in the lake. But his grandfather had schooled him in the fight of Vinegar Hill, and the oratory of O'Connell, and Young Ireland, and the Fenians. Hence, as he proceeded his voice gathered strength and steadiness and the fire was kindled in his eyes, and his hands made gestures all by themselves. A calm, which no mischievous prank could ruffle, settled over the group when Phil delivered the pathetic lines:

Some on the shores of distant lands
Their weary hearts have laid,
And by the stranger's heedless hands
Their lonely graves were made;
But though their clay be far away
Beyond the Atlantic foam,
In true men, like you, men,
Their spirit's still at home.

When Phil sat down, he was cheered to the echo. Others followed,—Moon, Donlan, Berger

and many more,—and had some words to say. They were neither better nor worse than most boys in like circumstances. The note of sincerity and patriotism ran through much of what was said. But the day was Phil's. It was his triumph, and no one was found to grudge him the glory.

In the international tug of war there were six on a side. Joe McDermott, because of a sore finger, was not required to enter, but instead was required to act as judge with Moon and one other.

"Bring on the rope for these Germans," commanded Donlan. Phil was slow in getting ready.

"Afraid Phil? Come on, come on—you true man, you new man like those of ninety-eight." Berger was testing the rope while extending this encouragement to Phil. Presently they all took sides and secured a firm hold. Joe called for attention.

"Now, fellows, before you begin I must tell you you're all wrong in your way of pulling."

"Mr. Judge, keep your advice to yourself. We intend to pull the gents from the green isle a mile or two before we quit, so don't waste time on talk."

"But, Berg, the rule is to face in the direction you are pulling," persisted Joe.

"I believe there's something in that, redhead; for when we Germans get started we intend to pull them right back to the University. When we face the way we pull we can tell where we're going." It was so agreed. Between the two inside men there was some four feet of rope. A mark was set, and any side that was pulled beyond that mark and held there for one minute lost the contest.

"Are you ready?" cried Joe in official style.

"We are!" came from Berger and Phil, the two captains.

"Then pull—and be hanged," cried Joe. They pulled, tugged, moved across from one place to another, put their feet against any obstruction that offered even the semblance of a hold. Now the Celts gained a foot or two only to lose it again before the united strength of the Teutons.

"All together, fellows!" gasped Berger, and they pulled and the Celts seemed yielding.

"Hold 'em!" encouraged Phil through clenched teeth. And they held and gained their lost ground. It was a great test of united strength, grit, endurance.

"Pull everybody!" yelled Joe. Both sides

made a supreme effort. In that brief interval Joe took out a pocket-knife that was as sharp as a razor. He applied it to the rope. On one side after a long swift run were heaped the Teutons, on the other the Celts.

"Did we get 'em?" queried Berger from under the heap.

"If we did they must have come fast," answered Skive Maxman trying to free himself.

"What happened?" panted Phil from a like position.

"Whatever happened, it happened quick," was Donlan's response.

"I hereby declare the contest a draw," announced Joe when a measure of order was called out of chaos.

"'Twas a draw all right," said Phil, shaking the dust from his trousers. Joe roared; the others merely laughed.

"What happened, fellows?" Berger was in for explanations. Nobody seemed to know, and it never occurred to anyone just at that moment to look at the rope.

"Joe, what was it? You must know." Phil faced the judge.

"Why, Phil"—Joe was critical, meditative. "Why, Phil, as I see it now it was purely a case of self-hypnosis—thought transference. Your side had an idea the rope was coming and it came. Berg's side had an idea the rope was going and it went. Do you catch?"

"He cut the rope," cried Berger.

"He cut the rope," shouted Phil.

"What will we do with him?" thundered avenging voices.

"To the lake!" clamored some one.

"To the lake!" thundered all. Joe jumped on the table while they circled round. He too had memorized "Ninety eight" for elocution class. He folded his arms after the manner of Robert Emmet and declaimed:—

Alas! that Might can vanquish Right—

They fell and passed away;

But true men, like you, men,

Are plenty here to-day.

"Pass it up, fellows," commanded Berger to his followers. "Might will never conquer Right on a day like this."

"Let him get away with it," cried Phil to his cohorts. "Joseph Desmond McDermott, you are pardoned."

"Because of Teutonic generosity," mused Berger.

"Because of Celtic magnanimity," added Phil.

Varsity Verse.

IN THE FOREST.

O PLAINTIVE note,
From what wild throat
Dost take thy way?

Has heart, in pain,
Quite burst in twain
To lose the day?

Stray note of grief,
Alas, too brief
To live apart!

And yet, full long
Thy echoed song
Shall thrill my heart.

T. A. L.

THE LAST MOSQUITO.

Yes, I heard them oft before
Just a-buzzin' through my door
By the score.

But the music now is dead
For the singers all have fled
As of yore.

Just one mournful note I hear
Striking faintly on my ear.

Do not fear,
It's the final parting wail
Of the last mosquito frail
Of the year.

F. W.

PET POODLE.

Are you moved to remonstration
Or to strong vituperation,
When an earthly habitation
Like a dog draws veneration
As do mighty men of station?
When he's held in estimation
Treated with consideration?
When there's little defalcation
In a prompt administration
To his every inclination?
When his food, his daily ration,
Served is in such combination
As to win his approbation?
When he gets his rich potation
Equaled to a fine libation
Or some other preparation?

A. R.

ONCE AGAIN.

Merely Nature's jesters,
Of gay attire bereft,
Too mortifying mockery
Of vanished graces left.

Withered now and dying,
Autumnal fields they limn
Blown about by breezes,
Slaves to season's whim.

Youth in contemplation,
Sits down amidst these leaves,
Touched by painful memory,
A heavy sigh relieves.

"Summer's love I cherished.
'Twas, oh! so dear to me.
To it I clung as firmly
As leaves cling to the tree;

As leaves I was forsaken.
Oh! sad my fate and cruel!
And autumn breezes bore me
Once more to boarding school."

R. W. F.

METAMORPHOSIS.

Charlie was a cute young fellow
But he had a streak of yellow
Down his back;
He would block and tackle hades,
But when it came to ladies
He'd turn back.

Now Charlie didn't want to
Let the people all get onto
This queer streak,
So he drank a lot of blue ink,
And turned green, and now don't you think
He's a freak?

J. F. O'H.

How I Lost a Friend.

F. R. CAVANAUGH, '14.

One morning I was sitting by our woodshed at home cleaning a new Colts 38 calibre revolver. I bought it that same morning and had been trying it out. My friend, Ralph Jones, vaulted over the fence near by and approached slowly. I could see his face light up with interest when he saw the finely-proportioned weapon. "Right pert gun," I remarked carelessly and balanced it on the palm of my hand so as to show it off.

"You're right and the Colt is a good make," he rejoined. Then followed questions and answers concerning cost, range, accuracy, and so on. Ralph suggested we try it, and forthwith we fired a couple of shots apiece at a knothole in the fence about twenty yards away. Ralph was going to shoot a third time when a neighbor's cat ran across the grass plot. My partner brought the gun down with a jerk, and the cat rolled. That was the first time Holdens' cat ever lost a moment going through our back-

yard. Ralph turned with a smile of triumph on his face.

"That was the best shot I ever made with a revolver," he said, wiping the gun barrel carefully on his shirt sleeve. I took the arm and removing the remaining shell started to clean it once more.

We sat on the ground and talked of things that were of interest to us;—such as the respective advantages of bull pups and fox hounds for people that could only have one dog. We spoke of fair maids that we were acquainted with and the recent performances of our game chickens. We put gloves on a couple of bantam roosters and had a little boxing match. We discussed the price of wheat and airships, and certain experiences we had had. We talked freely, for we were old comrades. We had been "running" together for nearly three years. While we were talking I finished cleaning the revolver and put it in the holster on my hip.

For a while we sat silently watching the country about us. I thought of a story I read once,—a story written by E. A. Poe called the "Pit and the Pendulum." I asked Ralph if he had ever read that story. He said he had and thought that anyone who could for two days watch a razor edge swinging over him, drawing nearer each minute until it began to slice him in two, and still not go crazy, must be strongminded indeed. Ralph shuddered. He was a lad with a very vivid imagination.

Then a thought came to me. I pointed the revolver at my friend's head, and said, "Suppose you got into a bad place some time,—some one caught you powerless, and told you he had one bullet in his gun and was going to pull off each chamber until the loaded one came up. Wouldn't you squirm and writhe in your bonds?" I slowly pulled the trigger—once—twice. Just as I pulled it the third time, I felt as though frozen, for I remembered the one cartridge. In that incalculably small fraction of a second, I remembered, and hoped the cartridge was not in that chamber. Although my hand jerked to one side—it seemed as though of itself—it was too slow. I heard the crash of the explosion and saw a little red place over Ralph's left eye. I can never forget that white, wide-open, left eye with the red spot an inch above it.

He quivered and I bounded to him. I seized him, but he was dead. His blood dripped between my fingers.

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—On Wednesday evening another link uniting the past and the present was broken when Father L'Etourneau passed away. To the students of the present

Another Pioneer Passes Away. day this venerable priest was not generally known.

For a number of years in the immediate past he suffered the silent martyrdom of the bedridden. In years more remote his work was carried on outside the University proper. But to the students of the old days, when Notre Dame was still in the making, Father L'Etourneau was well known and well loved. He was one of the builders, one of the select souls who bore the privation and the suffering which the time and the circumstances demanded. He gave of his life generously, never pausing to consider himself when sacrifice was demanded. His story is the story of innocence, gentleness, high devotion. He saw the Notre Dame when her sum of greatness consisted of a log house and vast stretches of prairie. He witnessed her growth and shared in the toil. Gentle through life, he was gentle in death. Seeking no recognition in life, he passed away with little of the world's remembrance. It is better so, because it is more in harmony with the character of the man. He worked for God. And God who knows will reward him with a full measure of recompense.

—We hear much about "hall spirit." It connotes cheering at a ball game to the

majority of students. That is very well and has much to commend it.

An Extension of "Hall Spirit." Permit a suggestion in the way of extension. Let hall spirit mean more than merely cheering a hall team to victory. Let it mean the banding together of all the students of every residence to conserve the good name of the hall. Let it mean the crushing out, swift and sure, of any attempt at rowdyism, underhand, back-alley methods which will serve to cast odium on the overwhelming majority of decent boys who reside in every hall. Thus the misfit who whistles during a lecture or concert when the theatre is dark—hiding his personality behind decent fellow-students—will soon be where he belongs. He is soiling the good name of the hall in whose section he sits. Your hall spirit will suggest a *modus agendi* which will be swift and sure.

—The announcement of the near approach of the bi-monthly examinations will neither surprise nor make uneasy the real student.

The Bi-Monthly Exams. He has reckoned on them from the beginning. In his plan of work and his application he has had the requirements of that test steadily in view and he is prepared. The only man who fears examinations or complains against them is the laggard, the man with the slipshod method or with no method at all. For him they are always a positive source of apprehension. Neither is this surprising. The law of growth, intellectual as well as physical, is action. It is a constant and faithful attention to the little things in study as in life that best prepares one both for the test of study and the great crises in life.

—The teachers in the dogmatic divisions of the Christian Doctrine classes are supplementing the regular work presented in the text-books by a systematic study of **Study the Bible.** the Holy Scriptures. However it may be among non-Catholic students, it is but simple truth to confess that Catholic boys are generally ignorant of the plan and text of the Book of Books. This, it need scarcely be stated, is not owing to any let or hindrance in the matter of studying the Bible, but rather to laziness of intellect which rests satisfied with hazy notions. Catholics

should know more about the Bible than the adherents of other religious beliefs. Its meaning is interpreted for them to begin with. And surely when interpreted, the matter of mastering is very much simplified. Many of the dogmas of our Faith are founded on the Scriptures. And a faith which is not enlightened enough to give a fairly good account of its origin is certainly not the most acceptable. The Catholic college man is expected to be versed in the doctrines of faith which go beyond the reach of the average lay mind. He is expected to be able to give a reasonable and accurate statement of that faith. As a help from a first source, the study of the Bible is commended.

—Nothing but the waves of the ocean could stop Sherman and his army on their march to the sea. Another army of men threw up their hands in despair when they arrived in Washington and saw the "Keep off-the-grass" signs. Sherman's army was accompanied by a military band, but theirs was not. The whole world is run by music. The barbarians of bygone ages knew its usefulness; the civilized man of the present day can not do without its charms; the armies and navies of the world recognize its worth and direct their movements by it; and it is even said that the ruffian of the street hears music in the ringing of the ambulance bells when it comes to carry away his dead. College students need this spirit; athletic teams need the same thing; and the college band is the only student organization that can furnish it. A university or college without a brass band is joyless and hopeless. It balks and stops and quits. "Keep off-the-grass" signs are staring it everywhere—and a stare is enough to halt it. Get behind the band, you who know music. Ask for an instrument. Then in due time, under proper direction, each man may blow his own horn.

—The shortness of the days, the coloring and falling of the leaves, the growing crispness in the air,—all prophesy the coming of winter with its indoor activities.

The Junior Prom. Then can more time be given to our books; the gymnasium will be substituted for our long walk and the basket-ball floor for the gridiron. While the time is thus occupied in mental and

physical pursuits, the social element must not be entirely forgotten. In daily life, we are constantly meeting strangers on social as well as on business relations. On such occasions it is always an advantage to be self-composed and free from any of the bonds of embarrassment. The student can have no greater opportunity for cultivating this quality than by attending the junior prom, the annual social triumph offered by the members of the junior class. This function has been yearly increasing in popularity, and this year promises to far surpass all previous endeavors in the social field. The prom deserves a measure of consideration when we are making our social appointments.

—"There is something rotten in the state of Portugal." The present political crisis in that wretched little corner of Europe was the inevitable outgrowth of a long line of villainies and godlessness. As it is wrong to judge without sufficient knowledge of motive and circumstance we should refrain from passing judgment; yet it may be stated as a fact, that the condition of private and public morality in Portugal is appalling. As nearly as can be judged from the meagre and unreliable news reports of the conduct of the new government, the reason for the revolution was simply that Manuel was not moving swiftly enough in his campaign of anti-clericalism. But a week or so before his downfall, Manuel issued his order expelling the Jesuits from the country, and his action seemed to meet with the approval of the mob. His action was not drastic enough, however, and as soon as the revolution had set the poet-politician, Braga, in the presidential chair, the order was issued expelling all religious from the country. It is simply a repetition of the act of France, though the conduct of the executive in carrying out the order may be expected to be more gross, if Portuguese precedent is followed. It will be a lesson, though a sad one, for the little country; and its worst effects will be those which follow as a direct result of the expulsion. It may be unwise to prophesy at the present time, and yet it seems that, unless the character of the Portuguese has changed radically, or unless a policy of cruel oppression is followed out which will effectually keep down a counter-movement, a year will be a long life for the new republic.

Death of Father L'Etourneau.

On last Wednesday evening the Rev. Louis L'Etourneau, C. S. C., died at the Community House at the remarkable age of eighty-two years. Father L'Etourneau was born on October 2d, 1828, at Detroit, Michigan. He received his education here at Notre Dame, and decided

and is remembered in every instance for the most conscientious service. He was assistant-general for a number of terms, and filled the important offices of provincial and master of novices. He was chaplain at St. Mary's Academy, superior of the Community House, and at



VERY REVEREND LOUIS J. L'ETOURNEAU, C. S. C.
DIED WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 19, 1910

to study for the priesthood in the Congregation of Holy Cross. On June 21st, 1854, he received the cassock, and two years later, May 18th, 1856, was admitted to religious profession. On September 20th of the following year, 1857, he was ordained to the priesthood. He held a number of important positions in his community

one time prefect of religion in the University. He saw Notre Dame in nearly every stage of its development. He knew Father Sorin intimately and lived in close relationship with Father Granger. He saw the fire which left blackened brick in 1879, and helped in the work of reconstruction. At the time of his death he was

very probably the only person then in America who witnessed the ceremony of proclaiming the decree of the Immaculate Conception. Father L'Etourneau was a thorough American. On one occasion he sharply reprimanded some one who mistook him for a foreigner. He was gentle and unassuming in his ways. He suffered much bodily infirmity during life, but was ever patient in his suffering.

His funeral was held in the Church of the Sacred Heart this morning in the presence of the entire student body. Rev. Father Franciscus officiated; Very Rev. J. Dinnen ('65) and Rev. H. McShane ('94) were deacon and subdeacon. Rev. Father French delivered a eulogy which was marked throughout for directness and good taste. Present in the sanctuary besides the local clergy were: Revs. J. Guendling, B. Ill, C. S. C., J. Scherer, C. S. C., D. O'Malley, C. S. C., P. Lauth, C. S. C., J. Thillman, C. S. C., C. Sztuckzko, C. S. C. Others included Bro. Marcellinus, Fort Wayne; Mr. and Mrs. C. Paquette, Cincinnati, Miss Margaret Paquette and Frank Paquette, Detroit, Mr. Joseph Paquette, Indianapolis, Messrs. Henry and Philip L'Etourneau, Detroit, cousins of the deceased. Members of the Paquette family are nephews and nieces of Father L'Etourneau.

Annual Students' Mission.

The mission for the students will begin next Thursday evening, October 27, and will end on the feast of All Saints. The exercises will be conducted by the Rev. Myles Whalan, D. D., formerly professor of Dogmatic Theology, St. Mary's Seminary, Baltimore, Md. The order of exercises will consist of a sermon in the evening and mass and instruction in the morning. Classes will continue as usual.

Apostolate of Religious Reading.

The following books have been added to the library of the apostolate: "The Whole Difference" by Kerr, "The Land of the Sky" by Reid, "The House of York" by Ticknor, "A Red-Handed Saint" by Parr, "A Victim of the Seal of Confession" by Spillmann, "My Friend Prospero" by Harland, "Not for this World Only" by Noble, "The Queen's Tragedy," "The King's Achievement," "Mirror of Shalott" "Lord of the World," "Winnowing," by Benson.

Cy Warman's Lecture.

It would be hard to classify the entertainment afforded the student body by Mr. Cy Warman on Tuesday last, but that it was very heartily enjoyed by everyone is an assured fact. As an entertainer, Mr. Warman possesses rare ability both in the happy choice of his selections and the manner of his delivery. The hearty applause which his clever recitation of "Ole Quebec" received, was the surest evidence of its worth. Following the recitations, some exceptionally fine moving pictures of Canadian and American scenes were shown, but, beautiful as they were, they lacked the charm of the poet's words. We hope to hear Mr. Warman again.

The St. Mary's graduates were at the lecture and spent the afternoon seeing the town. Among other curiosities they visited Old College, and found the fellows working. Fortunate young ladies! We have been here nigh four years now and never saw a sight like that. Come soon again.

Lecture and Concert Course.

Skovgaard Concert Company, October 8th.
 Ciricilla's Band, October 13th.
 Cy Warman (Moving Pictures), October 18th.
 Rummel Concert Company, October 27th.
 Dr. Walsh, November 6th.
 Victor's Band, November 8th.
 S. Gillilan (Lecture), November 12th.
 Edward P. Elliott (Lecture), November 17th.
 Thelma Rose Concert Co., Nov. 21st. 1:30 p. m.
 P. Rice, December 13th.
 Franklin Matthews (Moving Pictures), Dec. 14th.
 Miss Wilmer, December 16th 2:30 p. m.
 Brush, the Magician, December 17th 7:30 p. m.
 Alton Packard (Cartoonist), January 9th, 1911.
 Cope, the Humorist, January 12th, 4:30 p. m.
 Professor O'Meara, January 13th.
 Zwickey, the Cartoonist, January 14th, 7:30 p. m.
 Kellogg-Haines, January 18th.
 Orphean Musical Club, February 11th.
 The Bostonia Sextette, February 16th.
 Chicago Operatic Company, February 27th.
 Wallace Bruce Ansberry, March 10th.
 H. Snowden Ward (Moving Pictures), March 25th.
 John B. Ratto, April 3d.
 The Hinshaw Company, April 10th.

Class Affairs.

THE FRESHMEN.

Following the tradition of freshman classes, the men of '14 assembled in Walsh Hall on Monday the 17th for the election of officers, with "Judge" Buckley, for some reason or other, occupying the chair. He was called to preside by the unanimous voice of the class assembled, and filled the place of temporary chairman with a dignity and skill begotten only of ripe experience and rare knowledge of parliamentary procedure. While one or two were heard to faintly voice the regret that the class was not able to run itself, the general opinion seemed to be that it was better thus. The following men were chosen as officers: president, James C. Fenesy; vice-president, Lester Rempe; secretary, Clair Handlin; treasurer, John Fordyce; sergeant-at-arms, Cecil Birder,—all of Corby Hall.

JUNIOR PROM.

November 30th has been fixed as the date and Place Hall as the place for the junior prom of this year. Preparations are under way to make the event a social success. Novel schemes of decoration have been introduced, and originality is expected to mark the dance. The invitations will probably be issued next week.

LAW FRESHMEN.

The law freshmen elected the following officers recently: Peter J. Meersman, president; Leo Schumacher, vice-president; Henry C. Myers, secretary; Edward Cleary, treasurer; James McMahon, sergeant-at-arms; James W. O'Hara, class parliamentarian. Prof. Callahan was unanimously chosen honorary president.

Society Notes.

BROWNSON LITERARY SOCIETY.

The Brownson Literary and Debating Society held its fourth regular meeting last Sunday evening. The question for debate was: Resolved, That nations should submit their differences to a tribunal of international arbitration for settlement. The affirmative was upheld by Messrs. C. Derrick, A. Daniels and J. Dunden; the negative, by Messrs. O. Daly, T. Mahoney and B. Hayes. The decision of the judges was given in favor of the negative. Other numbers on the program

were: "A Psalm of Life" by G. Hanlon, "Death of the Flowers" by F. Mulcahy, and an address on Columbus by G. Marshall. A motion was made and carried to unite the library of the society to that of the Apostolate of Religious Reading. A committee on resolutions relative to the Orestes A. Brownson Monument was named. After a few remarks by the critic, the meeting adjourned.

PHILOPATRIANS.

The Philopatrian Society held their fourth regular meeting last Wednesday evening in their society room. The following program was rendered: "Somebody's Mother," W. Ward "Socrates Snooks," F. Logue; "The Boy who Never Told a Lie," A. Koelbel; "When You Foot the Bill," L. Cox; "Dot Baby-of Mine," R. O'Donnell. Arthur Koelbel was presented a beautiful bouquet by members of the society for his delightful recitation.

CIVIL ENGINEERING.

The Civil Engineering Society held its first program meeting last Wednesday night. Mr. Gamboa, the president of the society, spoke on "The Civil Engineer as a factor in civilization." In his paper, Mr. Gamboa clearly showed how engineers of the past have paved the way to our present development, by bringing about proper sewerage systems and building roads, railroads and perfecting waterways as means of transportation, thus contributing to the progress of commerce. Mr. Wolff, in discussing "The opportunities of the Civil Engineer," brought to light avenues of commerce that as yet remain closed, thus showing that further commercial development depends upon the engineer. Mr. E. Cortezar explained, in detail, the different methods of ventilation and the importance of a knowledge of it to the engineer, since in the actual construction of tunnels, subways, etc., it is necessary that provisions be made for good ventilation because without it the health and life of man are imperiled. Mr. Shannon was well informed upon the question, "Why is the temperature lower when it is clear than when cloudy, and why is it that, at such times, plants are likely to be affected by frost?"

The society was well attended, and already several of the lower classmen in addition to the seniors and juniors have joined. It is earnestly hoped that at the next meeting every civil engineering student in the University will attend.

Obituary.

Mr. Edward Quinn has the sympathy of the University in the death of his mother who passed away rather suddenly during the week. Mrs. Quinn was a typical Christian mother whose life was adorned with all the virtues of her state of life. Her memory is a sweet treasure for her children now that she has passed away. Faculty and students extend cordial sympathy and promise prayers. *R. I. P.*

Mr. Harry Coffman (student '10) has the sympathy of Faculty and students in the loss of his sister Thelma, aged eleven years, at their home in Madison, Wisconsin. What makes the loss all the more tragic is the fact that the death of little Thelma occurred while she was at play with her brother, aged eight years. The SCHOLASTIC extends to the bereaved family the sympathy and prayers of all at the University. *R. I. P.*

Two of the best-loved sons of Notre Dame suffered bereavement last week when the mother of Byron V. Kanaley (A. B. '04), and John B. Kanaley (A. B. '09), passed away peacefully at her home in Weedsport, N. Y. The summons was a sudden one, but it was not unprepared for. We know how idle words are in such an hour as this, but we wish to assure the bereaved family that the beloved dead will be long remembered in the prayers of the Community and of friends. *R. I. P.*

The death is announced of Rev. L. A. Lambert (LL. D. '92) who passed away after a brilliant career at a venerable age. Dr. Lambert was one of the few men chosen by the University for a place among her doctors of law. He was a priest of great zeal and personal piety. He was also a brilliant journalist and publicist. His "Tactics of Infidels" and especially "Notes on Ingersoll" have given him a place among the immortals. *R. I. P.*

Calendar.

Sunday, Oct. 23—Brownson Lit. Society
St. Joseph Lit. Society
Band Practice after mass.
Football Sorin vs. St. Joseph.

Monday, Oct. 24—Orchestra Practice
Band Practice at 3 o'clock.
Civil Engineering Society
Wednesday, Oct. 26—K. C. meeting after night prayer.
Philopatrian Society
Thursday, Oct. 27—Band Practice after Mass.
Football Corby vs. Walsh.
Rummel Concert Co.
Annual Students' Mission begins in the evening.
Saturday, Oct. 29—N. D. vs. Michigan Aggies at Lansing, Mich.
" Meeting of Standing Committee,
" College Department, Catholic Educational Association.

Local Items.

—No, it was not an anarchist's meeting, just the freshman laws electing a president.

—Bi-Monthly Examinations will be held on Wednesday and Thursday, November 2d and 3d.

—The juniors laws have decided to assert their identity as members of the junior class of the University.

—The Carroll Hall football team will meet the strong West-End eleven on Carroll Hall campus next Sunday.

—Report has it that the same kind of grease will be used on the fire-escape this year as has been the custom in the past.

—That noise Monday night similar to that from a disturbed hen roost was merely a hay ride of "fair ones" from the city.

—A new piano is to be installed in St. Joseph recreation room, making that place, already a veritable fairy-land, more glorious than ever.

—Corby Hall boasts of three class presidents, two vice-presidents, and several other minor officers along with a good hold on the interhall football championship.

—The classes in boxing and wrestling are fast filling up. Those that have not already handed in their names, may now hand them in to the Prefect of Studies and make sure of an opportunity to take up this work.

—Coach Maris states that the annual handicap meet will be held at Cartier Field very soon. The meet will be open to all, Varsity

men included. The coach expects a big squad to report and promises some exciting events.

—A branch of the Eucharistic League is being formed in the University for the purpose of honoring the Blessed Sacrament. The obligation consists in the offering of an intention for the honor of the Blessed Sacrament during high mass on Sunday once a month. This is indeed a cause worthy of the hearty support of the Catholic student body. By joining this League one can gain many indulgences. Tickets of membership will be found with the directors of the different halls. It is the wish of our Rev. President that as many as possible take advantage of this great opportunity to render homage to the Blessed Sacrament.

Athletic Notes.

BUCHTEL THIS AFTERNOON.

Rumors are like troubles, "they always was and always will be." For the past two weeks we have heard so many stories as to the strength of Buchtel that today we are in the very midst of doubt as to whether they are really a football team of some class or just a second rater. Buchtel defeated Oberlin and Oberlin held Cornell to a tie, but to draw a conclusion from this would not be the kind of logic the juniors are given to flunk in. Buchtel's game with Oberlin was an early season affair as was Oberlin's game with Cornell. The larger schools have a hard time of it in the early part of the season endeavoring to pick the best possible team from a large number of candidates. Regardless of the validity of the above syllogistic dope, Coach Longman has been working his men with a vim that has cost many pounds of weight during the past few days of hot winds and high temperature. Football is not a game to be played in the presence of palm fans and sunshades; but to see a squad of men going through long hours of scrimmage in summer weather—well, that is too much. Many changes in the line-up have been made during the daily workouts of the past week in order that the best possible team may be sent against this team of mystery from Ohio. If they are as good as they are represented the contest will be a hot one from start to finish; if the rumors are faulty the Varsity will have been afforded an excellent opportunity to get in shape for the big games.

MCDONALD WINS FOR CORBY.

In one of the most stubbornly contested games recorded in the interhall history of Notre Dame, Father Farley's Corbyites defeated the strong St. Joseph hall eleven on last Sunday afternoon. The teams were evenly matched. Corby's machine-like work was almost perfect. Careful training and coaching had rounded out the team until in the game Sunday individual playing gave way to machine perfection—every man was in every play, and every play was guided with precision. McDonald ran the team like a veteran, always using the best of judgment in the selection of his plays, and when in tight circumstances always availing himself of an opportunity to boot the ball.

For St. Joseph's team the individual work of Corcoran and Howard, especially on the defensive, and the determination of the men in general to uphold the pace set by their victory over Walsh two weeks ago, proved a strong bulwark to Corby's on-rushes. A pretty drop-kick by McDonald near the close of the third quarter brought the only score of the game. While Corby's victory in point of figures was not so decisive, none the less it was a victory. Corby still has a clean slate and a good chance for the interhall pennant. Much of the credit for Corby's victories lies in the fact that Corby has the spirit of doing things. The St. Joseph boys are by no means out of the race for the flag, however. They will make it interesting for everybody to the very last ditch.

BROWNSON AND WALSH IN TIE.

Thursday afternoon saw the fourth interhall game of the season—Walsh and Brownson tussling for honors on Cartier field. The surprise of the day was the unexpected strength of the Walsh aggregation. Their team work showed careful training and well-directed coaching. The plays were run off smoothly, and every man was behind every play. In the early part of the game Walsh secured a touchdown by blocking one of Brownson's punts, the ball rolling behind the goal line and a Walsh man falling on it. The try for goal missed by inches. Brownson tied the score in the latter part of the game by a brilliant end run, followed by a cleverly executed forward pass. The goal was missed. Thus the game ended with figures even, but with the argument somewhat in Walsh's favor.