

The Notre Dame Scholastic

DISCE · QVASI · SEMPER · VICTVRVS · VIVE · QVASI · CRAS · MORITVRVS ·

VOL. XLIV.

NOTRE DAME, INDIANA, NOVEMBER 26, 1910.

NO. II.

The Blind Boy.

THOMAS A. LAHEY, '11.

THE sifted beauty of the lily pale
Is not all lost unto thy sunless day,
For in the breezes of the gentle gale
Its perfumed image bears thy soul away.

The morning heights blush not in vain for thee,
Who gazest upward with unseeing eyes,
For in the lark's lone note of minstrelsy
Is written all the glory of the skies.

Blind boy, thy night is brighter far to thee
Than days of living unto hearts of prose;
Men see, and yet they know not how to see,
Who can not read the message of the rose.

The Law of Probability in the Drama.

PAUL RUSH, '12.



THE aim of the dramatist is to imitate the happenings of real life with such a degree of skill and perfection that his work when completed will almost make the spectator believe he is witnessing a reality instead of a mere imitation of life. He strives then to place and to maintain before his audience an action which will be for it an illusion. To accomplish this, he must be careful to observe that the action which he portrays contain no glaring improbabilities. When it is said that the action should contain no glaring improbabilities, it is meant that nothing be introduced into the work which is so obviously impossible that the reader or auditor rebels when asked to accept it. This idea is the nucleus

of the so-called law of probability which provides for a consistency in the course of action in relation to conditions and to the characters by whom the play is enacted. The importance of adhering to this rule can readily be seen. The audience before which the drama is presented can never entirely forget the historical, natural and social conditions; can never forget the demands and limits of human life; and no matter with what beauty or charm an obvious impossibility is presented, its effect will be a flat failure because it fatally destroys that illusion which it is the dramatist's object to produce. In no way could an illusion be so completely shattered as by the introduction of such an element, for by it the hearer is suddenly brought to realize the fact that the spectacle before him is not even a dream of life, but an utter absurdity, and he will feel abused and imposed upon if asked to believe it. Thus it can be seen that a violation of this law is fatal, and the inevitable result of a drama which thus offends is failure.

There are many things to be done and to be avoided in order that the drama may appear probable throughout, but before considering these it will be well to notice the things with which the law of probability deals and to enlarge upon the definition given. This law, strictly speaking, concerns only the action in the drama, but in reality it also refers to the characters as well, although in this field it has usually been called consistency of characters. However, they are so closely related to each other that we may consider both under the larger head of probability. To quote an eminent author: "It is in the consistency of the action with the characters, and of the characters with themselves, that this dramatic probability lies. The dramatist has to represent characters affected by the progress of an action in a

particular way and contributing to it in a particular way, because if consistent with themselves they must be so affected and must so act." As concerned with action, probability requires that the events in themselves be probable, that there should be sufficient preparation and motive for their occurrence; in regard to characters, it requires that they be natural, though some of their qualities may be slightly exaggerated, and that they do nothing which a real person, so constituted, would be unlikely to do.

Thus far, we have seen what the law of probability is, and that to violate it means failure. Now let us consider some things which should and other things which should not be done in order to have the drama appear probable throughout. Foremost of all is one which I have already touched upon, that the facts should be true and not false. This does not mean that the dramatist must limit himself to actual occurrences of history; that he can not create in his own mind an event of which a counterpart is unknown; it means that the picture which the poet places before us must be within the scope of possibility, and that it might easily have happened to anyone who, with like characteristics, was placed under similar circumstances.

Next should be noted that the connection of events and their motives must be probable. Obviously it would be a great fault and strike us as peculiarly strange if we saw an action performed before us which previous events had in no way led us to expect or to believe possible. Similarly, we would find it hard to reconcile ourselves to an action which relied upon a motive totally incapable of producing it.

Another important point to be noted is that the characters by which the action is carried on are not impossible creations, and that, if possible, they do nothing which a person of that special temperament would not ordinarily do. The necessity of this can be readily seen. Think of putting a character on the stage, calling him mortal and yet endowing him with superhuman qualities, or again, of picturing a cannibal with the refined habits of civilization. Think of a timid and cowardly man, and have him approach the recognized bully of the town to pick a fight! These illustrations are crude, but they point out what is meant by probability in regard to the characters.

So far, the subject has only been dealt with

generally. If pursued more intensely, it will be found that the law will admit of violations, provided, of course, that this is cleverly done. There are several ways of doing this: first, by making the creation resulting from the violation so beautiful and charming that the audience will forgive or forget its improbability; second, by introducing the violation simultaneously with some important actions, so that it will pass unnoticed. Examples of both of these may be found in "The Lady of Lyons." Of the first, the audience will gladly pass over the improbability of a Prince of Como not knowing his native tongue, in order to enjoy the beautiful character which is subsequently produced. But if such a strange and improbable element is introduced, particular skill and care must be used to explain the matter and avoid any difficulty. Lord Lytton gets around the improbability cited in the above incident very cleverly by having Melnotte answer Damas who has addressed him in his supposed native tongue, by saying he does not understand it as he pronounces it. Thus while we at once notice the improbability of the incident, the cleverness of the repartee, together with the charming character of the Prince, which is developed by not disclosing his real identity, more than compensates for the violation. In the second case, a fitting example may be found in the scene where Beausant and Glavis learn of Claude Melnotte, and write a letter inducing him to undertake their scheme for vengeance on Pauline, the girl he loves. Here the rising action so occupies the attention that the fact that Glavis and Beausant should arrive at this out-of-the way inn just in time to hear the shouts of "Prince," at the time when Melnotte was so angry at Pauline for the rebuke she had given his messenger and poem; that the young man they discovered should be so well qualified to pose as a Prince, and finally that they should induce this man, who was in every way so upright and honorable, to do such an infamous trick—all is overlooked in the action to which his decision gives rise.

Up to this point, only the elements within the drama have been considered, but there are several external influences relating to the probability of both action and character. Perhaps the most important of these, which the dramatist must observe, is that of the culture of the audience before which his play is to be enacted. Obviously a "Jack the

Beanstalk" type will not offend the sense of "what is probable" before an audience composed of children, while it would before one of adults. Similarly, an uncultured or a schoolboy gathering might see nothing improbable if the heroine arrives just in the nick of time with the reprieve, and bang! bang! bang! severing the rope just as the hangman has released the trap which is to drop the hero to his doom; yet a cultured audience would notice only the ridiculous in such a scene.

But it is not necessary to take such extreme examples to prove this point. Dramas have been known to succeed in one part of a country and fail in another, because the people of the different sections are so constituted that what seemed probable to one, did not seem so to another. Thus it is seen that the different limitations of the minds of the various audiences places before the dramatist the obstacle of meeting many different conceptions of reality. Nevertheless, there is in a degree a sense of unity throughout, no matter how cosmopolitan the assemblage may be, for "a certain agreement in feeling and contemplation develops, elevates one, depresses another, and, to a certain extent, equalizes mood and judgment through a common opinion." When the dramatist realizes this and has discovered just where this happy medium is, he will be able to produce a drama which will nowhere be questioned in regard to the probability of its action or its characters.

How John Bowman got his First Job.

F. R. CAVANAUGH, '13.

John Bowman was an engineer I knew back home. He was retired from business and living on a farm where he raised the best live stock for miles around. Although retired, he was not more than fifty years old. He simply had more desire to grow things on a farm than to do the work of an engineer, and since in his rolling about the world he had gathered a good deal of moss, he did as he pleased.

Mr. Bowman was not always wealthy. When he first started out it was from a Civil Engineer's office in New York. He had a knowledge of mathematics and some practice, but no money. This brings us to the start of the story of how he got his first job.

When he left his home office he had no desire to enter another office, and since there was no other opening for him he drifted. He worked with construction gangs on railroads out through New York state. He would strike the camp at about meal time, ask for a job, and if he got it would go to eat with the mess, if he didn't get it he would at least get something to eat. However, since John was gifted with a strong body and a persuasive tongue he was usually given work. He would then stay with the gang until he heard of a better one or tired of the work or had a fight with the working boss, which last happened often. I have heard him say that while those days were not the most prosperous of his life, he enjoyed them better than some of the most prosperous. He described them thus:

"We would get out early and wrestle for a place at the grub dispensary, and then go to work and kill time. There was mostly always something happening, for the men were reckless, good-natured devils; and they fought each other, and put blasting powder in your dinner bucket with the greatest good will. I said we killed time. Well, we did, but the work moved right along somehow. When we did work we worked hard. When we came into one of those little towns, everything in the town was ours. The people looked upon us tramps as superior people and listened to our stories and believed them and welcomed us to their firesides. But I soon saw that I wasn't getting much out of the work. I was making enough money to keep up expenses and was enjoying myself, but that was all. So I hunted up a bridge construction company. I thought that here my knowledge of engineering would help me up in the world. It did. I was holding a sort of a foreman's position within three months. At this time we were working in the Shenandoah valley, building bridges and retaining walls for the little counties. However, when the work in this territory was finished I had my choice of holding my foreman's job and going back to New York or quitting. I quit, because a good many boarding bosses I knew in New York wanted to see me worse than I wanted to see them. I've paid them all now though.

"I went to Charleston. They were just then building the great stone cotton docks and dock houses. That looked good to me. I went to work with a gang of white men. There were

different gangs, all working under government supervision, and some of these gangs were composed of white laborers, while others were black. The contractors had to use both white and black labor, but because of race rivalry they had to keep the gangs separate as much as possible. It seemed to me that this was the poorest way, because keeping the men of each race together enabled them to organize, and then they were in better shape to do harm to each other.

"After a few weeks I was acquainted with the work as thoroughly as any of the engineers on the job. There were about twenty gangs, each with its bosses in charge of an engineer. These men were all responsible to the chief engineer who was the government's agent. One of those engineer positions would have made me glad and I worked my best. I expected to get a position where I would have a chance at the one I coveted. But with all my efforts I remained just where I started. I was thinking of moving on when I began to notice day by day that the negroes working on the job near us were becoming too strong for their chief. He was a weak man and they were finding it out. They were getting beyond his control. His orders were received with scowls and disobeyed very deliberately. Several times bricks and blocks of stone fell near him coming from no one knew where. He saw this too and knew its meaning. He began to get thin and nervous, but he was a brave man, and stuck with the gang. One day I saw him turn just as a big negro working above him on a scaffold shoved a block of stone so that it rolled toward him. 'Come down! You're fired,' the engineer yelled at the workman. The man came towards him protesting that he should be permitted to work. The boss simply pointed to the street above and told him to go. Then the negro suddenly drew a knife and bounded at him. Then the gang of negroes seemed suddenly to collect at that one spot overwhelming their boss in a few seconds. We all moved that way too, and when the dust cleared away those negroes were pretty sick looking. The engineer was nearly dead and of course he would not work on that job any more.

"I applied for his position and was given the direction of a gang. This was my first permanent position as an engineer. I stayed with the government for nearly ten years after that."

Varsity Verse.

FAMOUS EVENTS IN HISTORY: THE REBELLION OF THE PERCIES.

(*Rough-house in Walsh Hall.*)

The sea was becalmed, for the lid was on,
The sky wore a color of gray;
But the calm was the calm that precedes a storm,
And it looked like a storm in the bay.

Within the breasts of the crew there brewed
An ominous storm, though still,
As the Admiral scornfully waved them away
From his seat by the window-sill.

The wild storm's fury abated not
In the breasts of the savage crew;
They skived to the Bend 'neath the shroud of night,
And they got away nicely, too.

But the Admiral's wit was too keen for them,
And when they all missed the last car
They found that a ground-swell had crossed their path,
For the gangway was moistened with tar.

H. O.

SONNET POSSIBILITIES.

.....a man;
.....old ale
.....for sale;
.....a plan!
.....a can!
.....a jail!
.....no bail
.....poor Dan!

.....ten piles,
.....hard stones;
.....ten miles,
.....sore bones;
.....ten days
.....Dan stays.

R. F. D.

A 9:45 P. M. RHAPSODY.

Oh, Sylvia, of golden hair,
Oh, Sylvia, my vision fair,
Thy love alone, my only care,
Oh, would I could my love declare!
Oh, Sylvia, my soul's delight!
Oh, Sylvia, my vision bright!
Of thee I dream by day, by night,—
Confound the luck, there goes the light!

H. O.

A FANCY.

A glow of light,
A blaze of red,
A shroud of white,—
The year is dead.

A smile, a tear
In silence shed;
A word of cheer,—
A soul has fled.

- J. F. H.

Christopher Marlowe.

RAYMOND E. SKELLEY, '12.

In "As You Like It," where Phoebe falls suddenly in love with Rosalind disguised as a boy, she exclaims:

Dead shepherd, now I find thy saw of might;
Whoever loved that loved not at first sight?

The shepherd Shakespeare refers to is Christopher Marlowe, a forerunner of the great bard and a genius who, living in an age of intellectual giants, was acknowledged by them their leader.

In the Church of Saint George the Martyr in Canterbury two months before the birth of Shakespeare, Marlowe was baptized. His father was a shoemaker in the ancient city and a member of the 'Tanners' and Shoemakers' guild. It is doubtful whether the elder Marlowe was possessed of the means to provide his son with the education he received. It is more probable that some rich gentleman—Sir John Manwood, perhaps—interested himself in the gifted lad.

Christopher attended King's School, Canterbury, and was a diligent scholar. From there he went to Benet—now Corpus Christi—College, Cambridge. Here he received a B. A. in 1583 and an M. A. four years later. His translations of Ovid's elegies were probably begun, if not completed, during his years at the university. It is certain that he had already closely connected himself with the stage before he received his second degree.

After leaving the university we have no connected account of Marlowe's brief and brilliant career. Although there are some indications in his poems that he may have been a soldier for a time, it is almost certain that he went at once to London as Swinburne says: "a boy in years, a man in genius, a god in ambition."

He attached himself as a playwright to a prominent dramatic company, that of the Earl of Nottingham, the Lord Admiral. Doubtless he was also an actor. An ancient doggerel, precise in its allegations, and supported by Philips, tells us at what theatre he played, and that he was incapacitated from a stage career by an accident:—

He had also a player been
Upon the curtain stage,
But brake his leg in one lewd scene,
When in his early age.

The absence of all contemporary allusion to

the accident, which probably lamed him for life, is so remarkable at a time when the town was flooded with lampoons full of personal reflections, that the veracity of the ballad-monger may be questioned. Marlowe's halt would have been at least as conspicuous a mark for ribaldry as Greene's red nose, or Gabriel Harvey's leanness.

The young Marlowe was a dashing fellow, witty and daring, "the darling of the town." He had a gift for making friends. He was a protégé of Thomas Walsingham, and among his associates were Kyd, Greene and Chapman, and, very likely, Shakespeare too. Sir Walter Raleigh found him a congenial spirit.

With energies all vitalized and athirst for satisfaction, both spiritual and sensual, Marlowe was the embodiment of the renaissance spirit. His daring nature knew no bounds, social or spiritual. To his pagan soul beauty and pleasure were the ultimate aims. Gay-hearted, passionate, undisciplined, he plunged into the Bohemian life with a fierce enjoyment that made him notorious.

For a few mad years he lived and wrote amid a life of revelry and excess, ever seeking new excitement. At twenty-nine his wild, meteoric life was tragically ended. To evade a warrant for his arrest as an atheist, which was doubtless due to an exaggeration of his irreligious scoffing, he had gone to the small town of Deptford. There in June, 15, '93, he was stabbed in a drunken scuffle at a tavern and died in great agony. His unhappy end, of which much was made by those who desired to show the fatal consequences of scoffing at God, was said to have been brought about by an argument over a woman of ill repute.

"Tamburlaine," his first play, probably written before he was twenty-four, bears the great distinction of being the first to popularize blank verse in the English drama. Heretofore dramatic exposition had been in monotonous heroic couplets whether they suited the subject or not. Marlowe was the first of English dramatists to understand that the thought and expression should be in harmony.

"Tamburlaine" excited immediate admiration. Like all his plots in being borrowed, "Tamburlaine" was taken from "Forteste," a translation from the Spanish by Thomas Fortesque. It was a conscious effort to revise dramatic poetry. Even in Marlowe's day the exaggerations of his "high, astounding terms"

excited popular ridicule, and quotations from his dramas became town catchwords. But the spontaneous passion of his idealizations gave them a force which the writers of his day were quick to imitate. And many critics since Ben Jonson have discussed "Marlowe's mighty line" and honored its influence.

His original spirit refused dictation, and his creative daring inaugurated our romantic drama and served as a guiding indication to Shakespeare himself. Among other heretofore forbidden licenses to which his musical ear and poetic instinct guided him, were feminine rhymes, variety in the management of the caesura, run-on lines, and the introduction of other than iambic measures, thus securing an elasticity of measure which permanently enriched English poetry.

In "Hero and Leander," which Swinburne describes as "pre-eminent in clear mastery of narrative and presentation, in melodious ease and simplicity of strength" as well as "in the adorable beauty and impeccable perfection of separate lines and passages," Marlowe gave full play to his sensual and passionate nature. One can scarcely read it without becoming convinced that this idealist was intended primarily for a lyric poet. Intensely subjective, he was incapable of taking an impersonal point of view—"That like I best that flies beyond my reach." Preoccupied with imaginative ideals he could not grasp everyday human nature, and he lacked a sense of humor to vitalize his work. He was therefore, at his best when expressing his own passions. "Hero and Leander" was left incomplete and was finished by Chapman.

Of all his works, "The Passionate Shepherd to His Love," "that smooth song which was made by Kit Marlowe," as Isaac Walton says, is the best known. For more than three-hundred years it has retained its popularity. At the present time Marlowe is not much read except by the critics who appreciate the greatness of his accomplishments, and the poets who love him as "a son of genius who lived unhappily and died early."

It is said that Goethe, who thought of translating his "Dr. Faustus," which was founded on the legend traceable back to the sixth century, said: "How greatly it is all planned." Though weak and faulty when compared with the "Faust" of Goethe, yet there are certain passages—for example, the final despair of Faustus—which are both powerful and beautiful.

The "Jew of Malta" is perhaps most noteworthy now for the similarity of several of its scenes to those of the later "Merchant of Venice." "Edward III." is structurally the best of Marlowe's plays and contains finely pathetic verses which bear comparison with Shakespeare's historical dramas. As he grows older, Marlowe seems to take a broader, more sympathetic view of life.

His admirers emphasize this, and lay stress on the fact that he was only twenty-nine when he died. However, it is doubtful whether his powers would have constantly developed with years. His was a genius which, while intense, was limited in range. He painted passions in action rather than character, and could not, therefore, have painted in great variety.

Marlowe attained fame very rapidly, and his death brought forth many tributes of love and admiration. Chapman spoke of him as standing "up to his chin in the Pierian Spring," And Michael Drayton wrote of him:—

Next Marlowe, bathed in the Thespian Springs,
Had in him those brave translunary things
That the first poets had; his raptures were
All air and fire, which made his verses clear;
For that fine madness still he did retain,
Which rightly should possess a poet's brain.

But as, like Faust, he bartered faith for pleasure, his best epitaph may be found in the closing chorus of one of his great tragedies:—

Cut is the branch that might have grown full straight,
And burnèd is Apollo's laurel bough
That sometime grew within this learned man;
Faustus is gone.

When Johnnie Got Fired.

CHARLES FAHY, '13.

Johnnie was office-boy to Mr. Micawber Heep, a self-important old man, who, about thirteen years ago, had been known to say that he was forty years old. Mr. Heep was rather lumpy about the waist-band, which was due, among other things, to the same cause that flushed his cheek. He was bald-headed to the maximum degree, but kept a little comb and brush in a drawer of his rubbish pile to soldier his neat, two-winged mustache. Mr. Heep was president, general manager and stockholder of the Coosaville Brokerage Co. of Coosaville, W. Va. Said Coosaville was at present gaining much witty advertising, due

to the fact that the city council was punching holes through the U. S. government, because the latter had given their flourishing city a population of only 7965. With loud gesticulations they protested that this should have been at least 23,000, for had not the surrounding six miles of farm-land just been incorporated within the city limits?

Anyhow, Johnnie was Mr. Heep's office-boy, whose duties were to sweep, build something like a fire of winter mornings, and carry Mr. Heep's keys back and forth between his quarters and the post office. The balance of his time was consumed in listening to good advice pertaining to how to be a successful business man (like Mr. Heep), and, when Mr. Heep was out, reading "How to Hit the Ball," by Tyrus Cornear, or when Johnnie felt intellectual, "Love Sonnets of an Office-Boy," by McMashum.

Johnnie was twelve years old. He was a firm believer in hair tonic for light hair, did not think himself quite tall enough for long pants, admired a small nose and little brown eyes, and therefore almost wore the reflection off his pocket mirror.

One day he was sitting in the office with his feet propped up on the one-lump stove, thinking what a hard life was his. A red-bird flew by, but it is doubtful whether Johnnie saw anything in the event; the trees were budding, a lady passed along with a white dress on, but here again Johnnie's perception is doubtful. Next day the school children ran by, shouting their joy that school was over. It is certain Johnnie did see something in that. He thought evil thoughts, and read "Alone in the Wide, Wide World." Next day the "kids" came by with bats, balls, mits, gloves and a substitute mask. Well, that was the end of Johnnie the office-boy. He grabbed his cap. Then he had a thought—he could not quit: his father had told him he must work, and Johnnie knew his father meant it. Back into the dark, dark office turned poor Johnnie deprived of all the glories of kid-dom. He wasted all that beautiful afternoon thinking—thinking thoughts every office-boy has dared to think before. Why couldn't he, like all the other fellows, have a little fun? Suppose he didn't study at school, did all the others study? Should he be made to work while the rest of the fellows were around the corner playing the national game? As the lazy clock struck five he had settled upon two points: he *was* working, and he was going to *quit* working.

At 5:30 he had perched upon another point: he could not quit straight out,—he must get fired, go home and plead with mother to let her downtrodden son rest awhile before getting another job, if he must get one, and in the meantime play baseball.

Johnnie went down to the office early the next morning with set jaws. He carefully distributed a bottle of ink over Mr. Heep's desk, settled comfortably in a chair, and, with a satisfied smile and grunt, went to sleep. The next thing he knew Mr. Heep was rather abruptly awaking him, demanding what all that ink was about.

"Mr. Micawber Heep," said Johnnie, "turn loose my arm. I poured that ink upon your nasty desk, and I don't care."

"Well, well, Johnnie," said the president of the C. B. Co. "that's right,—never tell a lie." Then he grabbed Johnnie by the ear, and the next thing the would-be fired office-boy knew he was cleaning up the mess.

Johnnie was mad now and settled down for more thoughts. After Mr. Heep had gone out he arose and calmly glued a long, sharp tack, right side up, in the chair of his fun-killer. He sat down again to await results. Just then an almost unprecedented thing happened: a nice-looking young lady came in to see Mr. Heep. Twelve-year-old Johnnie, smiling from head to foot, told her that Mr. Heep had just stepped out. So she said she would sit down a minute, and probably he would come in. Now the only chair in the office besides the one Johnnie had been sitting in, was the chair with the tack. Pushing his chair towards her, Johnnie begged her to have a seat.

"O keep your seat," she said, "I will sit down here, thank you."

And she sat down. Johnnie gasped, the lady screamed, Johnnie saw a star on the end of an umbrella, and the door slammed.

"I'm awfully sorry," muttered Johnnie, "but she wouldn't sit down here."

But in a moment his heart beat with joy. He would confess all to Mr. Heep, laying great stress on the lady's beauty, and if Mr. Heep did not fire him then—well, he was a mollycoddle. So he told.

"Did she have on a big black hat?" asked Mr. Heep.

"Yes, sir, a big, black hat, and beautiful blue eyes and red cheeks." Johnnie awaited orders to "get out!" But Mr. Heep laughed as

Johnnie had never seen him laugh before. He grabbed the surprised office-boy up in his arms and hugged him.

"Johnnie," he said, "you're a fine boy, and will make a great man some day. I owe that lady \$7.45 for my wife's last year's hat, and I guess she'll never come again," said Mr. Heep. He hugged Johnnie again, and sat him down in his chair. Poor Johnnie had the worst of it all around.

But the crack of the bat, the pat of feet and the shouts of the youngsters was more than Johnnie could stand. He would not give up. He would think of some cruel, monstrous and inhuman plan and be done with the whole thing. That night his fertile brain hit upon an idea, and that idea was a certain hornets' nest not very far from the awful office.

Early the next morning, by means of a large bag, he captured this instrument of torture, securely tied it up, and hid it under the office steps. He waited until Mr. Heep came in and became absorbed in the morning paper. Then going outside Johnnie untied the bag, then stole in with it, and, unnoticed, laid it just back of Mr. Heep's chair, opened its mouth, and rapidly beat a retreat. He next securely tied the door from the outside and climbed up to the window to watch the scene.

The hornets came out in battalions; they looked like a miniature tornado, while their eyes fairly sparkled with fury; straight at Mr. Heep's unprotected bald head they rushed. With a screech he slapped his hand to his head, shouting to Johnnie to get a stick, a shot gun, anything, and beat them off. But Johnnie was outside saving his life by not laughing just a little harder. Mr. Heep rushed for the door. In vain he pushed, tugged and bumped. The hornets worked on. He turned back, stuck his head in a bucket of water standing near. The bucket stayed on his head—the hornets could not escape if they wanted to. Finally he freed himself from the bucket, and yelled to Johnnie that if he would open the door he would not fire him, he would raise his salary 50 cents a week. Then a thought struck Johnnie and he shouted back:

"I'll open the door if you will fire me!" Mr. Heep thundered.

"You're fired!" Whereupon Johnnie danced a jig, cut the rope, opened the door, and scampered homeward, leaving Mr. Heep running up and down the street yelling "Help!"

Before Johnnie reached home he slowed up, and began to think some. What was mother going to say? Would she just turn him over to father for a whipping, and then let him play baseball? Or would she make him get another job? Or would she take that long-talked-of and dreaded trip out in the country to visit Aunt Josephine and her seventeen-year-old baby. Thus mused Johnnie. When he arrived before mother he told his tale, cried, pleaded and begged for a long-deserved rest. But mother said:

"Johnnie, my boy, you do need a rest. So I have decided that tomorrow we will go out to visit our Aunt Josephine, and when school begins, we can come back." On the morrow they went.

Now, of all things Johnnie hated—and he hated a lot—he hated the most just what his "getting-fired" brought upon him. And now they say Johnnie is president of a big insurance company and lets all his clerks play baseball without getting fired.

A Trial of Faith.

IRVING S. DOLK, '13.

The October sun which had been glistening on the white walls was excluded by a trim young nurse in a blue and white striped uniform. Her jaunty little white cap surmounted a coil of rich dark brown hair which in turn was the crown of a face, small, dimpled and decidedly pretty. After drawing the shades and glancing again at the shining instruments on the stand she leaned over the table and passed her hand soothingly over the flushed brow of the girl who lay there. But there was no response from the clear blue eyes. They stared steadily at the ceiling. No feature moved, no muscle twitched, the patient lay as in a torpor.

The door opened and a wiry little gentleman stepped quickly and noiselessly into the room. He looked at the girl intently for a moment without a move from his clear-cut but tightly drawn features. Then turning to the stand upon which he rested his little black case he opened it quickly and laid out a few scalpels, forceps, needles and some cotton, placing them beside the others already on the stand.

Behind this nimble surgeon there entered the room a tall, good-looking youth, case in

hand. He was striving hard to maintain a successful imitation of the elder colleague's inscrutable professional attitude, trying to act as if it were the same as eating a dinner,—a very common, ordinary, everyday dinner. But try as he might, he could not hide the intense interest, the eager curiosity which possessed him to be at the work. He wanted to face the problem, to see what new phase it presented, and there might be several, as this was his first year in practice. Every feature of his boyish countenance, his very step, betrayed this eagerness which possessed him. It was the natural enthusiasm of youth and of his profession, and he had not learned to master the outward evidences of this spirit as had the elder surgeon.

He stepped quickly forward and looked down at the girl on the table. His professional interest was reinforced by another—the interest of all youth in a pretty face. The young doctor came nearer. He leaned over, he hesitated, stood as if transfixed. Then a look of stunned surprise flashed over his face followed by one of unwilling belief, with a hint of pallor. Turning quickly he seized a glass of water on the window-sill, took a swallow and applied a few drops to his temples with his fingers.

Hurriedly turning around he cast a furtive glance at the surgeon bending over his instruments, fearful and ashamed that he had been betrayed by this unprofessional weakness. Then he stepped over resolutely and opened his case upon the stand. His colleague said not a word, but went on nimbly with his preparations. The younger man after a moment of hesitation placed a few bottles and accessories on the stand, and then stepped to the side of the patient. Resolutely shaking off a sudden nervousness he gently seized the girl's wrist and held it for a moment while he gazed steadfastly at his watch. His features remained set as he bent over the body and listened. The beat came full and fairly strong. He glanced up and nodded to his colleague who had turned around. There was a stifling odor of ether mingled with the hot air of the room; the young doctor gently smoothed the fevered brow and turned.

Most of his work was finished now. From this on he was half spectator and half assistant. He helped the surgeon as he turned the head and examined the wound, and stood by while the nurse sterilized the surface. Meanwhile the active surgeon had selected an instrument, and now he began. He worked feverishly, but

his hand was guided with the utmost care and precision. At last it was out, the piece of bone which had been driven inward and threatened to penetrate the base of the brain. The surgeon worked on hurriedly. Quickly he retraced his steps and undid his former work until finally he called for the needle and dexterously closed the incision which he had so neatly cut. He then stepped aside while the nurse sterilized the instruments and returned them to their places. The younger doctor stood over the girl, gazing intently at her features until at last she rallied. As her eyes opened for an instant he saw, or fancied he saw, a glimpse of light, a shadow of understanding, the merest ghost of a smile. It was for an instant. Then the blue eyes closed again.

.....
He stood for a moment in the vestibule of the hospital. Then he opened the door and stepped out briskly and was down the stone steps before it had swung back into place again with somewhat of a bang. The fresh October air brushed his cheeks and he was grateful. The brilliant sun, however, blinded him as it shone through the haze of Indian summer on the blazing dresses of the trees. And the heaviness akin to gloom in his soul was not easily dispelled.

Passing down the street, now hurrying, now lapsing into almost a stroll the young doctor finally reached the little room which served him for an office. Stepping in he put his case down and dropped into the big chair which had been his best and most constant companion since he came to Meadville to set up in practice. He picked up his pipe, lighted it, and tried to think, but he couldn't. His thoughts went wild, his brain whirled. At last he picked up his hat and went out.

Taking the direction of his favorite walk he soon came to the avenue, or what was called the avenue. It was more of a drive, winding through what once had been a forest, the favorite hunting grounds of the Indian tribes that had camped near by in days long past.

And now two years had passed. He wondered at the changes. He wondered how happy she was with this young Croesus who had taken one chance too many and lost control of his powerful automobile. Still wondering he slowly retraced his steps to his office, stepped in, sank into the chair and was soon dreaming a dream.

Notre Dame Scholastic

Entered as Second-Class Mail Matter

Published every Saturday during the School Term at the
University of Notre Dame

Terms: \$1.50 per Annum. Postpaid

Address: The Editor Notre Dame Scholastic
Notre Dame, Indiana

Vol. XLIV. November 26, 1910. No. 11.

Board of Editors.

THOMAS A. LAHEY, '11

ARTHUR HUGHES, '11 CHARLES C. MILTNER, '11

JOHN F. O'HARA, '11 FRANCIS WENNINGER, '11

JOHN C. TULLY, '11 RALPH C. DIMMICK, '11

JOHN P. MURPHY, '12 PETER P. FORRESTAL, '11

PAUL RUSH, '12

—This is the season of optimism. Thanksgiving Day has just passed; the year is drawing to a close; the beautiful season of Christmas is approaching, and the world has no place for the mean man. The recurrence of Thanksgiving Day should awaken in everyone a feeling of gratitude. There is no one who can not recall good and sufficient reason for thanksgiving. We all have our troubles and trials, but through them all we can recognize that we are receiving some benefit to which our merit has not strictly entitled us. We all, as the saying is, get more than is coming to us. The trouble with too many people is that they are too ready to over-estimate themselves and their ability; more real sorrow in life comes from this unhappy quality of self-glorification than from almost any real cause. The man who can find no reason for thanksgiving has no place in the world; his ingratitude for his own existence makes him dangerous. A cheerful smile and a ready spirit will help the world along, and this is the time when the world needs helping.

—We don't intend to be "preachy," and kindly do not consider these lines in the light of an instance to quote against us. In the sermon last Sunday mention was made about securing a religious picture and a crucifix as a part of the decoration of the student's private room. Surely the suggestion is most timely. The great day of Thanksgiving is just past, that most poetical of the Blessed Virgin's feasts, the Immaculate Conception, comes on apace to be followed by Christmas the feast with the setting of stars and angel song. Shed some of the old scales,—the poster, the sea-beach scenes and footlight splendors. Put away the old man,—the stale posers for cigar brands, the painted ancients who have long since lost the native bloom and freshness of young springtime. Put on the new man,—the man of originality, of true artistic instincts, of fine spiritual insight. Secure some real pictures—not many, but well-finished; have the family group, a landscape or two, friends well-known and well-loved; then an artistic crucifix to remind you betimes of the great Fact; add a picture of the Blessed Virgin—the best you can buy—to remind you of the great Ideal. Try the plan for two months. Be sure if you do, you will wonder how you could tolerate the perpetual nightmare of the "chorus lady" as the central figure in your scheme of decoration.

—The last game of the interhall season has brought to a head the undercurrent of discussion of interhall eligibility rules. Though there has been much criticism evoked among the students by these rules at other times, the question has probably never been so thoroughly gone over as at present. It is pointed out on the one hand that the purpose of the interhall series in different branches of athletics each year is to develop material for the varsity teams, and it is advanced in support of this purpose that many men who have won laurels for themselves on varsity teams have had their start in interhall athletics, and would never have developed their powers had not hall spirit sent them into a hall team. On the other hand, it is asserted that while the system may have been perfectly good in theory, and at the start, it has led to serious abuses. As against the number of men who have gone from interhall athletics to be varsity stars, the claim is made that the varsity is made to suffer continually by the policy of holding back such men as show promise, and keeping them out of varsity practice for a whole season, simply for the glory of the hall. There is quite a bit

The Interhall Question Again.

of truth in this statement. There is such a thing as a good system growing stale, as has been remarked by a competent judge. No one will attempt to deny that the number of good men developed by interhall teams has been infinitely small in proportion to the number of men engaged in hall contests. It is just as true that, in football at least, most of the men that have been developed from interhall teams have been deprived of a year's practice under the varsity coach because of the hall managers' fear that they would be drafted for a minor game and thus be disqualified from further participation in hall athletics. It seems no longer advisable to put off the matter: it should in justice be considered at once, and if the system of interhall athletics is deemed to no longer fill the purpose for which it was created, it should be discontinued, even though traditions be violated in its discontinuance. The fact that the interest manifested in the Sorin-Corby game of last week was many times as great as that shown in the varsity contest of a few days later is sufficient cause for a consideration of the question. Whether class contests be adopted as substitute is another matter; the point at issue is that varsity spirit should not suffer because of hall spirit. The SCHOLASTIC is not playing favorite. It has no voice or choice in the matter. It simply speaks for one large interest which should not be lost sight of because of several particular interests.

—The other day one of our college exchanges roundly lectured the students of the school it represents for misbehavior in chapel. It

The Chapel and Its Use. was no case of small irreverence, but of out-and-out misconduct. Hanging around

the entrance, causing annoyance to those attempting to get inside, flirting, laughing, loud talking are included in the litany of charges. All which is serious enough surely. But are not school authorities themselves somewhat to blame? A chapel, to our notion, is a house of prayer,—the one place where God is supposed to come unto His own. All creation is His, of course, but the board of directors have long ago decided to limit Infinity, and confine the Lord God within the four walls of the chapel. Later on, to be sure, the coach of the football team secured a half interest to give the team a black-board drill; the cheer-leader demanded a half

interest on the remaining half to practise songs and yells for a big game. Prof. Rostas Brown asked another subdivision to discuss the vibrations in the notes of a bullfrog, and Miss Anabelle Ide had to have a place for an evening with Browning. And yet this good Ed.-man expects students will carry themselves with religious decorum while Rev. So-and-So relieves himself of a long prayer despite the above. If the house of God is to be a holy place, try hard to keep it such. Put up some building for the coach and the cheer-leader, and call it a hall or a gymnasium or something such. Get the Professor and the Browningites to rent rooms. Let the chapel be the chapel. Just a quiet place, given to God out of His own creation, beyond the shouts of the campus and the wisdom expounded in the recitation room. Let this chapel be always for God; let the students hear nothing else but God therein. Then is it too large a dream to picture the strong sons and fair daughters of alma mater sitting through a service without flirting between the periods of the sermon or the pauses in the hymn?

—Since the recent elections the democratic press has been filling its columns with exultant pæans of what it chooses to call a "great victory." Pro or con-

The Party System. we submit some observations. Whatever disadvantages a party system may labor under it performs the indispensable function of critic and guardian of abuse in the conduct of government. For this especial reason it is conducive to national well-being when there are two strong parties neither of which may disregard the demands of the other. Action and counter-action by parties whose principles are at extremes will at least insure a safe mean. Violent disturbance of this balance of power often leads to grave abuse manifested by the encroachment of private interests upon both party and public interests. Such would seem to be the situation of the present party in control. For precisely in those states where the administration's policies were endorsed, there was a democratic landslide. On the other hand, those states in which normal republican principles were advocated retained their respective political footholds. At all events the results of the election illustrate the beneficent public influence of strong opposing parties for good government.

Praise for the Law School.

We have pleasure in quoting the following paragraphs from *The American Law School Review*:

There is a marked increase this year in the number of law students at the University of Notre Dame. The enrollment now registers 112, and prospective additions point to an attendance of 125 or 130. The need of a new law building, with spacious library quarters, is year by year becoming more pressingly manifest.

Visitors regard as somewhat unique the close relations existing between the law and the collegiate students at the University of Notre Dame. They lodge together in the college halls, dine in common in the refectories, attend as one body the church services, general lectures, and entertainments, mingle without class distinction in the college games and pastimes, and observe in like manner the same general rules of discipline.

The electric railway system has brought the University of Notre Dame into closer touch with neighboring cities, including Chicago, and added notably to the number of day students.

The question of opening a Summer law school at the University of Notre Dame has been mooted, and is likely to receive careful consideration during the current academic year. At any rate, there could be no question as to ample accommodations and pleasant environments during that season, considering the number of buildings available during vacation and the spacious and attractive grounds, groves, lakes, and cultivated fields at Notre Dame.

The work of Dean William Hoynes, of the University of Notre Dame, having been rendered less arduous and engrossing by the addition of Judges T. E. Howard and G. A. Farabaugh and Professor Callahan to the Law Faculty, he has determined to utilize the leisure time at his disposal in securing data for a law book that he contemplates writing and having published. The experience of Dean Hoynes as an editor in early life lends itself readily to work in this line.

Lying Correspondents Still Busy.

We print the following correspondence from the *Terre Haute Star* of November 22d which is an added illustration of how false statements are accepted from irresponsible correspondents:

John Cavanaugh, C. S. C., President of the University of Notre Dame, has written to Heze Clark, athletic director at Rose Poly, requesting information regarding a dispatch from *Terre Haute* to an Indianapolis paper. The dispatch stated that Notre Dame players resorted to dirty work in their game with Rose Poly. The dispatch was as follows:

"The Catholics simply lurched their great weight

against the young Scientists, and the spectacle of a 130-pound boy out of high school this spring tackling the 220-pound Dimmick or Philbrook was a fine display of pluck. The Catholics laid out Hoffner, Stoms and Black, and a few times it was not clean work which bore the light weights down."

The text of President Cavanaugh's letter to Mr. Clark is as follows:

"From the last sentence of the enclosed clipping you will see the charge that our football team did not confine themselves to clean work in the recent game with your men. Is the accusation true? Personally, I am determined that there shall be no legitimate cause of complaint, though experience shows that we must consent to bear abuse even when we do not deserve it.

"The object of this inquiry is not to get from you any statement for publication, though if you are able to state that the work of our team was entirely unobjectionable, and if you permit me to quote your statement, I will send a brief letter to the *Indianapolis News*. Above all, do not be afraid of hurting my feelings."

Coach Clark of Poly emphatically repudiates the story which appeared in the *Indianapolis* paper. Clark makes the following statement:

"That story is absolutely false. We were beaten, and beaten fairly, and at no time did a Notre Dame player use dirty tactics. Notre Dame played clean football. We have always found them to be clean players. Regarding the 130-pound boy, I will say I have no 130-pound boy on the team. The lightest man weighs 145 pounds, and he is a senior."

Thanksgiving.

On Thursday morning, solemn high mass was sung in Sacred Heart Church at 8 o'clock by the President of the University, assisted by Rev. Father Schumacher as deacon and by Rev. Father O'Donnell as subdeacon. The Reverend Patrick J. Dalton delivered the sermon of the day. In an effective discourse, the preacher discussed the sins of modern society, especially emphasizing the sin of gambling and direct dishonesty. The final paragraphs of the sermon called attention to the day and its religious significance. At the conclusion of the services, all the students sang the Hymn of Thanksgiving. At noon everybody ate turkey and spoke of the "absent ones" in Milwaukee.

Reading by Thomas A. Daly.

Thomas A. Daly, poet, humorist and journalist, came to us last Saturday night. He had been with us before for a memorable night last March and that is why the announcement of

his coming was greeted with a shout and himself greeted with a big crowd.

We wish he were really and truly a Daly occurrence. First, because he is a genuine poet; he sees inwardly and interprets life with lyric power. Secondly, because he is catholic in his sympathy; Trojan and Tyrian (and for that matter, Celt, Italian, New Jerseyite and American) are treated by him with no discrimination. Thirdly, because he is "one of ourselves." Fourthly, because there are eighteen other reasons (by official count) why we like him.

The evening is altogether too short (no matter what the lying clock says) when you are with us, Mr. Daly. Nobody writes exactly like you and nobody reads at all like you. Your work has the sweetness and wholesomeness of the morning as well as the craftsmanship of the song bird. In the words of a fine American poet, speaking of Padre Dominee, "We are onta you."

The Thelma Concert Company.

The Thelma Rose Concert Co. discoursed a program on the local stage on Monday afternoon. It is no exaggeration to say that the entertainment left much to be desired. In the few scenes from Richard III., which the reader gave us, there was a strong flavor of the pseudo-dramatic. On hearing the rendition we were constrained to think of the bard of Avon, as a much-abused person. The musical part of the program was not a decided triumph, to put it mildly.

Society Notes.

NOTRE DAME COUNCIL NO. 1477.

The regular meeting of the Notre Dame Council No. 1477, Knights of Columbus, was held Monday night, November 21. It was decided to hold an initiation of candidates during the month of January, or as soon thereafter as possible, the first degree to be given one week previous to the other two degrees. The following committees were appointed to take care of applications for membership in the different halls: Sorin, Henry Kuhle and John Mullin; Corby, James Nolan and Peter Meersman; Old College, Tom Havican and Arthur Hughes; St. Joseph, John Costello and Patrick Barry; Walsh, James B. Sherlock.

The fee for initiation was fixed at ten dollars.

Previous to the business meeting a literary and musical program was given. A violin solo by Master T. Nester, of St. Edward's hall, received a hearty encore. The degree of perfection already attained by this young musician is remarkable. His selection was followed by a short address in which Antenor Rizo Patrón, of La Fundición, Peru, South America, described, in very graphic language, the first impressions of a foreigner who visits the United States, and showed us "as others see us" in a description of the recent visit of the American fleet to South American waters. Mr. Rizo Patrón has been at the University only about two months, and yet in that time has acquired a wonderful command of the English language. His performance was really remarkable. Following Mr. Rizo Patrón, Henry Kuhle gave a description of the Passion Play as he witnessed it at Oberammergau this summer.

ST. JOSEPH LITERARY.

St. Joseph Literary Society held its regular meeting last Sunday evening. The following program was rendered: solo by Mr. Balenseifer accompanied by Mr. Sponsler. Charles Henneberger recited "The Last Leaf," and Aloysius King entertained the society with the recitation of "Faithless Sally Brown." After a piano solo by Mr. Twining, Herman O'Hara delivered a speech on "Monasticism" which was followed by some humorous stories by John F. O'Connell. The unique part of the program was the roll-call, each member giving a quotation from Shakespeare in response to his name.

PHILOPATRIAN ASSOCIATION.

The Philopatrian Association held a meeting in Washington hall last Saturday after the lecture. A very interesting program was rendered, including music by the association's orchestra, recitation by James Robins and a song by Cecil Birder. After the program the members repaired to the small dining-room where refreshments were served, followed by cigars. Speeches were made by many of the members. Mr. Carmody of Corby hall rendered a violin solo, and Messrs. Raft and Birder a song. The next meeting will be held December 19th.

CIVIL ENGINEERING.

The regular meeting of the Civil Engineering Society was held on Wednesday evening. "The Probable error" was discussed from a

practical point of view by Mr. Gamboa. The probable error is really a measure of the precision of observations, its value being such that there is the same probability of the true error being greater and of its being less than this value. The deduction of the probable error is made possible by the application of the theory of Probability. The Probable error receives practical attention by the precise surveyor and astronomer and is applied in the work of the United States Geodetic Surveys.

Mr. Shannon developed "Some theories upon railroad location." In the location the skill of the engineer is brought to light to a great extent. Many conflicting facts must be considered, but the major items of consideration are length, curvature and grade.

Mr. J. Kelley read a paper "Perpetuating Surveys." This matter is important to every owner of property in the land. If reference works are determined by some surveyor of former years and the records describing them have been destroyed, the correct location of the boundary lines between two pieces of property is a difficult task. The question perhaps is taken to the courts and much time and money spent in solving a problem which would be self-evident were the reference works and records of the original survey presented.

The question "There is a reason why sound travels faster on the summit of high mountains than at the base. What is it? There is a reason why it should not. What is it?" was explained and discussed in an exceptionally brilliant manner by Mr. Elmo Funk.

BROWNSON LITERARY AND DEBATING.

The eighth regular meeting of the society was held last Sunday evening. The subject for debate was: Resolved, That life-imprisonment should be substituted for capital punishment. Messrs. E. Riedman, H. Gefell and F. Mulcahy upheld the affirmative and Messrs. E. Hanrahan, J. Devlin and R. Schindler the negative. The decision was given in favor of the affirmative. "Lead, Kindly Light" was recited by Mr. F. O'Connell. After a general discussion of the question of debate the meeting adjourned.

TIMES BUILDING, TIMES SQUARE,
New York, November 11th, 1910.

Brother Alphonsus, C. S. C.,
University of Notre Dame,

Dear Sir:—Mr. Farrelly has sent me your letter with the request that I make acknowledgment. It afforded

me much pleasure to read the resolutions of the Brownson Literary and Debating Society, and I trust its members will always keep Brownson in mind as the ideal Catholic American layman.

The warm regard in which he was held by Father Sorin, and his contributions to the early numbers of the *Ave Maria*, identified him with Notre Dame long before he went to live in Detroit.

Of all the Brownson eulogies here and abroad which I have read, none appealed to me so strongly as a favorite quotation by Father Fitte, C. S. C., of the estimate held by Père Gratry when Father Fitte was a seminarian in Paris. What a grand old man was Father Fitte, and how intensely American! My personal recollections of him are of the warmest character.

Very truly yours,

M. J. Harson, Chairman,
Brownson Memorial National Committee.

Safety Valve.

DEAR VALVE:—I noticed in your last issue the cool assertion that Henry Kuhle is the best-groomed man at the University. I know of at least one man in Sorin Hall who can back him off the boards. Modesty forbids mentioning his name. Yours truly, R-----t Sh-nk.

Too bad, Bobbie, but you've been seen in a soft shirt.

This week we open the contest for the Cutest Ever between Paul Rush and Robert Shenk. Ten cents a throw. Suffragettes at regular rates.

The prettiest (at long range)—Cupid Gynn.
The man with the broad *a* (as hawf)—Joe Collins.

The man who can talk, talk, talk—Jim Sherlock.

The boy with the gold teeth.—Bergman.
The man with a big hunch for work—Elmo Funk.

DEAR STREET-CAR COMPANY:—Won't you please remove that unsightly pile of dirt from our front yard? Your loving little Niece,
NORA.

Have you seen Stony in his army suit? Take him along and try him on your piano.

The dear *Daily Northwestern* sported a clever

editorial last week which was made by our mill. We turn those out every week, dear *D. N.*, only when you gather in one, mention our firm, else boss gets awfully owly.

Otto Hugg—the affectionate.

Sim Mee—the egotist.

George Lamb—the gentle.

DEAR VALVE:—Lynch says that no Old Collegeite was ever found skiving. Do you think so? J. T. Yes.

For the *Dome* Calendar: Monday, Nov. 20th, Huges writes a new story and breaks all records.

O'Hara goes on his first trip to Indianapolis. How many more?

A full set of chewing gum for the man who guesses what hall rector says "Nothing doing," when you ask permish.

Ever notice that Scotchy McAllen always looks cold?

Among our other troubles the Sorin fellows brought back a tie and their lives from Michigan City.

We learn from the *Chicago Tribune* that two seedy elevens played a 5-5 tie on a vacant lot at Milwaukee on Thanksgiving. Really we don't know the names.

How was the turkey?

Calendar.

Sunday, Nov. 27th—Brownson Literary Society.

" St. Joseph Literary Society.

" Band practice after mass.

Monday, Nov. 28th—Band practice 3 p. m.

" Orchestra practice 7:30 p. m.

Wednesday, Nov. 30th.—Philopatrian Society.

" Engineering Society.

" Sophomore Cotillion.

Thursday, Dec. 1st—Confessions.

" Band practice.

Friday, Dec. 2nd—First Friday Communion.

Saturday, Dec. 3rd—Christmas work due from staff men. Don't forget!

Personals.

—Ambrose A. O'Connell announces that he has opened an office for the general practice of the law at No. 60 Wall Street.

—Patrick J. Dougherty (LL. B. '79) has recently moved from Chicago, Ill., to Mason City, Iowa, where he is practising law.

—Harry Curtis, former Coach and Manager of Athletics, is now located in Chicago, Ill., where he is connected with the Royal Assurance Company.

—Julius M. Hack (student about eighteen years ago) and Miss Estelle K. Dalbey were married in Vincennes, Indiana, on Thanksgiving day. After January 1st they will be at home at 303 North 4th St.

—Arthur Gillespie (student in '06-'07) has a very important position with the General Electric Company of Schenectady, N. Y. He is the general representative for his firm through the middle western states.

—M. H. Miller (Ph. B. '10), Captain of the Varsity football team in '08 and star half-back on the Western Champions of '01, is coaching the football team at Creighton University, Omaha, Nebraska. Harry is devoting his extra hours to the study of law.

—Dr. Edward L. Green was a visitor at the University this week. Dr. Green is connected with the Smithsonian Institution and is considered among the most eminent botanists in the United States. Notre Dame is indeed honored to have had the distinguished scientist as her guest.

Local Items.

—Sorin football team was entertained by Michigan City Thanksgiving. All report a grand time. Score, 0-0.

—A box marked "Glass! This side up!" was seen at the express office for Old College, Thanksgiving evening.

—Corby resolves that she will no longer be in the dark. The new arc-light is now doing business. Hard on the "skiver."

—It is reported that few left Sorin for home on Thanksgiving. Football games are such uncertain things on which to place one's money.

—SPECIAL NOTICE:—Any old student wishing a position as teacher in the Philippine Islands at

a salary of \$1000 or \$1200 may apply to the United States Civil Service, Washington, D. C.

—At a mass meeting in Corby rec room Sunday night, the hall champions were given an ovation. The students of the hall presented the management with a purse to be used in dining the team at the Oliver.

—The military stock received another boost Tuesday by the arrival of the new uniforms. Reports say that they are very natty. The first appearance will be made Monday evening at drill. Watch the swelling chest.

—Jimmie Cook held forth in a mass meeting Tuesday for the purpose of laying plans to give the team a "send-off." Everything was in readiness but a change in the time of the team's departure prevented the demonstration.

—A movement, headed by Coach Longman and Leo Buckley, '11, is on foot to collect an all-western football team to play a series of games during the Xmas holidays. Mr. Buckley has assumed the management of the project and has already opened up negotiations with Coach Cochems, formerly of St. Louis University, for a game in the St. Louis Coliseum. Another game with the strong Multnomah team of Oregon is to be played New Year's day in Portland, Oregon. Many of the old N. D. stars are now playing on this team, such as "Sam" Dolan '10, "Bill" Smith '10 and Callicrate '08.

Athletic Notes.

OHIO NORTHERNERS UNINTERESTING.

The local football season was closed locally on Cartier field last Saturday when the Varsity walked off the field leading the Ohio Northerner's goat with a chain that had forty-seven links in its makeup. The day was favorable for the game, but the field was muddy and the going proved very poor. Despite this there were several spectacular runs made during the game for long gains. "Lee" Ryan started the spotlight going by taking the ball on the five-yard line and galloping down through the enemy's stamping ground like a house on fire. Dorias at another period grabbed the ball down near his own goal and brought it to the danger mark after much very effectual dodging and squirming. Then again Matthews got away on a run from about the twenty-five yard line and successfully planted the oval behind the enemy's lines. At the end of the first half a

large number of the enthusiasts bade their more enthusiastic friends a fond farewell, and sought the endearing charms of the radiators. The Ohio men were game enough, but they were sorely handicapped by lack of weight and experience. The line up:

NOTRE DAME (47).		OHIO NORTHERN (0)
Crowley, Martin	R. E.	Cox
Dimmick, Capt.	R. T.	Kohlburn, Capt
Kelly, Diebold	R. G.	Holliday
Foley	C	Small
Diebold, Oaas	L. G.	Goringer
Oaas, Morgan	L. T.	Musante
Collins, Williams	L. E.	Fry
Dorias	Q. B.	Schules
Clinnin, McGinnis, Ryan	L. H.	Griggs
Matthews, Bergman	R. H.	Smith
Stansfield, Clippinger	F. B.	Peterson

Touchdowns—Matthews, 2; Ryan, 2; Dorias, 2; Bergman, Crowley. Goals from touchdowns—Dorias, 7. Time of quarters—15 minutes.

THE WISCONSIN CROSS COUNTRY.

Notre Dame failed to show up in the Cross-country run held at Madison last Saturday afternoon. The men had but little preliminary training and the weather conditions during those days was so very inclement that it was next to impossible to gain much out of the work. Dana, Devine and Hogan finished for Notre Dame in the order named.

THE BRAVES HUMBLE BOOKIES.

Two touchdowns, with both goals straight over the bar, for Corby, and two beautiful field goals and permission to town in the evening for Sorin, was the story which decided the inter-hall football championship of the University on Cartier field Thursday, November 17th. It can safely be said that a more enthusiastic crowd never gathered at the local lot than the one that gathered to watch these two determined teams struggle upon the frozen ground for the championship flag.

Sorin started the excitement when Fish dropped back and boosted one between the uprights. Corby got mad and sent Jones over for a touchdown just to keep up the interest; and just when the Corby crowd thought they could see the flag waving over their place of habitation Fish put another nice one over the bar. This was too good to last, for Gushurst went around Sorin's right end for thirty-five yards and Mehlem got busy and trotted around the left end and over the goal line. Sorin made a noble effort to overcome the lead, but the Corby boys couldn't see things that way. The game ended with the ball on Corby's forty-five yard line.