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At the Bier.

THOMAS A. LAHEY, '11.

THAT massive brow, sublime in life and bold
Is noble yet, though bloodless, pale, and cold,—
A masterpiece of almost god-like mold.

Mèthought that as I stood and gazed the while,
God's angels hovered round the gentle smile
Of his dead lips, unmasked of sin or guile.

And as a ruin in its sad decay
Tells of the glory of another day,
So spoke to me that bit of lifeless clay.

The Forged Bull of Adrian IV.

JOHN F. O'HARA, '11.



ARDINER, in his "Student's History of England," makes the following statement, which is generally accepted by historians of England and Ireland: "In 1154 Adrian IV.—the only Englishman who was ever pope—hoping that Henry would bring the Irish Church under Papal order, had made him a present of Ireland, on the ground that all islands belong to the Pope." This sentence implies a remarkable contrast, in view of which it may be well to investigate the authorities to whom it may originally be ascribed, and the authenticity of the testimony on which it rests; for the Irish people have, from time immemorial, been marked by a strong faith and an affectionate attachment to the Holy See, and have, at the same time, had just cause to lay at the door of England most of the wrongs which they have suffered, both to their religion and political existence.

The first historian to mention this grant of Ireland to the English crown was a Welsh priest named Gerald Barry, commonly called "Giraldus Cambrensis," who at the instance of Henry Second, wrote a history of Ireland, intended to place the people of that country in disfavor at Rome. He bases the right of Henry to the island on a papal bull, said to have been issued by Adrian IV., the translated text of which is as follows:

"Adrian, Bishop, servant of the servants of God, to our most dear son in Christ, the illustrious King of the English, greeting and the Apostolical Benediction.

"The thoughts of Your Highness are laudably and profitably directed to the greater glory of your name on earth and to the increase of the reward of eternal happiness in heaven, when as a Catholic prince you propose to yourself to extend the borders of the Church, to announce the truths of Christian faith to ignorant and barbarous nations, and to root out the weeds of wickedness from the fields of the Lord; and the more effectually to accomplish this you implore the counsel and favor of the Apostolic See. In which matter we feel assured that the higher your aims are, and the more discreet your proceedings, the happier, with God's aid, will be the result; because those undertakings that proceed from the ardor of faith and the love of religion are sure always to have a prosperous end and issue."

"It is beyond all doubt, as Your Highness also doth acknowledge, that Ireland, and all the islands upon which Christ the Sun of Justice has shone, and which have received the knowledge of the Christian faith, are subject to the authority of St. Peter and of the most Holy Roman Church. Wherefore, we are most desirous to sow in them an acceptable seed and a plantation pleasing unto God, because

we know that a most rigorous account of them shall be required of us hereafter.

"Now, most dear son in Christ, you have proposed to us that you propose to enter the island of Ireland to establish the observance of law among its people, and to eradicate the weeds of vice; and that you are willing to pay from every house one penny as an annual tribute to St. Peter, and to preserve the rights of the churches of that land, whole and inviolate. We, therefore, receiving with due favor your pious and laudable desires, and graciously granting our consent to your petition, declare that it is pleasing and acceptable to us, that for the purpose of enlarging the limits of the Church, setting bounds to the torrent of vice, reforming evil manners, planting the seeds of virtue and increasing Christian faith, you should enter that island and carry into effect those things which belong to the service of God and to the salvation of that people; and that the people of that land should honorably receive and reverence you as lord; the rights of the churches being preserved untouched and entire, and reserving the annual tribute of one penny from every house to St. Peter and the most holy Roman Church.

"If therefore you resolve to carry these designs into execution, let it be your study to form that people to good morals, and take such orders both by yourself and by those whom you shall find qualified in faith, in words and in conduct, that the Church may be adorned, and the practices of Christian faith be planted and increased; and let all that tends to the glory of God and the salvation of souls be so ordered by you that you may deserve to obtain from God an increase of everlasting reward, and may secure on earth an everlasting name throughout all time. Given at Rome, etc."

Before examining into the merits of the document itself, it may be well to examine briefly the character of the man who first announced that such a bull had been granted, *Giraldus Cambrensis*. The Abbé MacGeoghegan, in his "History of Ireland," gives the following trite comment on the author and his work:

"Gerald Barry, a priest, and native of the country of Wales, in England, . . . was the first stranger who undertook to write the history of Ireland, in order to perpetuate the calumnies which his countrymen had already published against its inhabitants. . . . Cambrensis was . . . ordered to verify, by writing, the statement

upon which the granting of the bull had been extorted; he did not fail to intermix his work with calumnies and groundless absurdities; however, the credit of a powerful king knew how to make even the court of Rome believe them. It was in this spirit that Cambrensis wrote his history, and from thence the English authors have taken the false coloring under which ancient Ireland has been represented. Passion and interest made them pass over the recantation which Cambrensis felt himself obliged to make, in the latter part of his life, of several false and calumnious imputations, with which his history has been filled." With regard to the descent of this author, we have it from Professor Martin A. O'Brennan that Gerald Barry was a son of the harlot Nesta, the concubine of Henry I. It is upon the testimony of this man that we are asked to believe that the Pope granted Ireland to Henry II.

In support of the authenticity of the bull itself, J. C. O'Callaghan gives the following arguments: first, there is the testimony of John of Salisbury, secretary of the Archbishop of Canterbury, who relates having been sent as an envoy to ask for the bull; second, we have the bull of Adrian, given in full in the works of *Giraldus Cambrensis* and in the works of other writers; third, we have in the same authorities, copies of several bulls of Pope Alexander III., confirming the grant; fourth, we have the recorded reading of the bulls at the synod of Waterford, in 1175; fifth, we have the bull of Adrian affixed to the petition which the Irish presented to Pope John XXII. against the English; sixth, there is the mention of the grant in the works of Cardinal Baronius; seventh, the bull of Adrian is contained in full in the edition of *Bullarium Romanum*, printed in Rome in 1739. And with the arguments here advanced, the case of the enemies of Ireland may be said to be fully stated.

Cardinal Moran has answered each of these arguments in a manner that leaves little doubt that the bulls of both Adrian and Alexander were false. The testimony of John of Salisbury must be taken with the greatest reserve, for it is inserted at the end of his book, the "Metalogicus," and is in strange contrast with the rest of the work and the actions of the times, which lead to the assumption that it may have been inserted with a purpose by another writer of that or a later time. It was evidently written about the year 1159, for it mentions the death

of Adrian IV., which occurred in that year, as having occurred just shortly before. The bull was supposed to have been granted in the year 1155, but still no mention was made of it, nor was it promulgated until the year 1175. There could be but one reason why Henry should refuse to promulgate this decree, by which his entrance into Ireland was justified, and that would be for reasons of state, and if this were the case, it would hardly be possible that John of Salisbury would mention it in his work in 1159. Then, too, the words *usque in hodiernum diem*, used in the supposed text of John, would hardly have been his, as they imply a long period of time since the grant, which was supposed to have been made only four years before. Also the expression *jure hæreditario possidendam*, seems out of place at that time, for the question of hereditary right did not come up till much later. So much for the testimony of John of Salisbury.

In the second place, the testimony of *Cambrensis* has already been discredited, and there is no evidence that the other writers mentioning the bull, or giving its text, obtained it from any other source. Ralph de Diceto, who wrote about 1210, had, like *Cambrensis*, received favors from Henry II., and the other historians were mere compilers.

The bulls of Alexander are several. All but one have reference solely to the invasion of Ireland by the English, and make no mention of the previous bull of Adrian on the subject. There is one, however, which makes mention of this grant, and confirms it, but there is grave doubt as to the authenticity of this bull. It has been preserved by the man whose authority and veracity have been repeatedly questioned, *Cambrensis*. And further, both the tone and circumstances of the bull raise doubts as to its authenticity. The three other bulls of Alexander published in 1172 are dated from Tusculum, where Alexander was known to reside at that time, and the fourth bull is dated from Rome. The agitated condition of Rome at that time would hardly have permitted the residence there at that time of the Sovereign Pontiff. Even at the time of its publication its authority and genuineness were doubted.

There is no record in the Irish Annals of any synod held at Waterford in the year 1175, at which time the bull of Adrian was supposed to have been promulgated. We have this only on the authority of *Cambrensis*. We know, however, that the first English bishop was

appointed to the see of Waterford in the year 1175, and it may be that this occasion was made use of for the proclamation of such a document.

The mention of the bull in the petition of the Irish princes and people to Pope John XXII., made about 1315, was simply to show that the English had violated whatever right they ever had to the island by their abuse of the rights stipulated in the alleged bull.

The argument that the bull was mentioned by Cardinal Baronius in his history is ultimately reduced to the second argument, for, while it is asserted that Cardinal Baronius obtained his copy of the bull from the Vatican library, it is shown by his own manuscript that he secured it from the work of Matthew of Paris, who was, like Roger de Wendover, merely a compiler of previous chronicles.

The final argument advanced by Mr. O'Callaghan, that the bull was contained in the edition of the *Bullarium*, is of little weight, for at the time there were editions which contained the bulls of Alexander (which the one referred to did not) and left out the bull of Adrian. The editor of the work simply made the mistake of copying the spurious bull from historical works in the Vatican library.

Thus Cardinal Moran disposes of the most plausible arguments in favor of the authenticity of the bull, and leaves little doubt that the work is a forgery. And such a thing was not at all impossible in those days. In fact, frequent remonstrance is made against the "detestable sin of forgery." The infrequency and difficulty of correspondence and the disturbed state of Europe made possible things that now could be run down in a few hours by mail and telegraph.

Finally, granting that the bull is genuine, and given by Pope Adrian IV., England has violated repeatedly, from the very first invasion, every right that it might give her to the island. Instead of introducing the Christian faith and uprooting the "vice" which *Cambrensis* alleges to have existed there, the profligate Henry, the murderer of Thomas à Becket, took with him the creatures of his own vices, and left the stamp of his sin on the Isle of Saints.

Viewed in the light of recent investigations, and considering the character of all the principals in the action, it seems highly improbable that such a bull was ever issued; if it was, it was grossly violated, for it gave no right of conquest, and was made null and void by the very monarch who claimed it as a shield to his actions.

Solving a Mystery.

MICHAEL C. HAYES, '11.

Early in the spring of 1789 I had occasion to ride through Connecticut on business. It was a cloudy morning when I left the little village of Benton and started off on my all-day ride to the next settlement, Westbury. It continued to cloud up, and in the middle of the afternoon one of those rare, terrific hailstorms came down in all its fury. The trees afforded me practically no protection from the large driving stones, and realizing that danger would result if I did not secure immediate cover, I spurred on my horse with the hope that I might find some shelter. Imagine my delight when, after riding for less than fifteen minutes, I saw an old ramshackle house at the left of the road. I turned down the lane and came to the driveway, shaded on either side with dark, gloomy pines whose branches formed arches across the way. Intense darkness surrounded everything. The very air seemed filled with spirits. When my eyes had become accustomed to the gloom, I urged my horse forward. With great difficulty I made my way to the shed-like veranda, well protected from the rain and wind. Here I dismounted and tied my horse. The house had evidently not been inhabited for several years, yet the door moved easily on its rusty hinges in response to my touch. I found myself, as I entered, in a long hall on both sides of which were several doors; the nearest of these I approached. Turning the knob, the door to my surprise opened readily and I was in a fair-sized room with tapestried walls. On one side I noted the outlines of a fireplace.

The first thing I did was to start a fire with one of the broken chairs, for the rain had now begun to come down in a steady pour and the house was damp and chilly. After I had done this, I drew up before the cheerful blaze and proceeded to make myself comfortable. How long I sat there thinking of the probable mystery of the place I do not know; but I must have fallen asleep, for when I came to my senses it was with a feeling that I had been awakened by something. I listened attentively. Suddenly I heard a noise like the rattling of chains and simultaneously a terrible screeching. My hair stood on end and my blood fairly congealed with fear. Again I heard it, this time it seemed

to come from the fireplace; the fire had burned down to ashes and now and then gleamed with a fitful glare. My heart jumped and stood still as the utter terror and loneliness of the place came over me. A third time I heard the noise, but by this time I had remembered that I was well armed and was not so utterly terrified. At length, the noise became unbearable. Getting down on my hands and knees I began scraping at the fireplace and as I worked on, it seemed to me that the noise grew more distinct. Suddenly a portion of the framework moved, and pushing against it with all my strength, it fell back with a crash. Instead of the brick partition, there was a large opening from which steps descended. I peered down into it, but could see nothing, so complete was the darkness. A kind of terrified curiosity came over me. I could not resist and went hesitatingly down the long creaky stairs. Two small, phosphorescent, green lights gleamed at me from the bottom and then disappeared. I heard the patter of claw-like feet along the stone floor. Then a heavy door creaked and a ray shot through the low stone room. My flesh grew cold, and half beside myself I staggered toward the light, but just before I reached it, it disappeared. I then flung myself against the door, and with a terrible creaking it fell in and crashed against something, at the same time I heard the screeching as before. The something was a man. Rough-bearded and bright-eyed, he stood in a little cell-like room and seemed as terrified as myself.

"Who are you," he said, "and how did you get here?"

"I came by the stairway," I said, half dazed.

"What are you doing here?" His face grew more natural and in reply to my question he answered:

"I have been living here for many years and until tonight no one has disturbed my loneliness. Swear you will not betray me," he cried excitedly, and then wept like a child. After a moment he went on and told me his story.

"I was born in New England and spent most of my early days among these hills. When the great war broke out I was fifteen years old, and entered the army as a drummer boy. From this post I rapidly advanced by my bravery and enjoyed the confidence of my superior officers. One night an important message was to be sent. A soldier had been condemned to die as a deserter. He was to

be shot at sunrise. But the general had just found out that the charge was false and this message contained his pardon. I was appointed to carry it. This distinction pleased me and I started on my charge with the best of intentions. Besides the pardon, I had several papers containing military instructions for the general at the other camp. All would have been well if my horse hadn't stumbled and broke his leg at the very door of a friend's house. A horse I must have, and so I determined to enter and beg the loan of one. Within there was great revelry, and while I waited for the horse, which my friend had ordered saddled, I too joined in the merry throng. I was not used to intoxicants of any kind, and so after I bade my friends good night and mounted my horse my head began to grow heavier and heavier. I could scarcely control the horse and grew less and less conscious of what I was doing. The horse must have thrown me, for when I awoke, I was in a thicket by the roadside and my papers gone.

"The sun was high in the heavens. A traveler told me the soldier had been shot. I went mad with remorse and wandered about in the woods. When my mind returned to its normal state, I resolved to come to this house once the abode of an English governor. From hearsay I knew of the secret cavern underneath the fireplace. Here I came, easily removed the fireplace and descended. I also brought with me huge chains, so that I could frighten anyone away, for the fear of discovery haunted me. Whenever I heard anyone above, I came to the bottom of the stairs and dragged the chains along the stone floor.

To my question of how he managed to live, he answered: "During the night I come out of my cavern and go into the woods near by. There I procure food in the summer time; a great quantity of this I store away for winter use. I also choose stormy nights for my rambles, and doubtless if you had not chanced to come here tonight I would now be out prowling around." Thus finishing his story he threw himself at my feet and begged me again to keep his whereabouts a secret.

"But your family?" I remonstrated, no longer terrified but astonished.

"They have suffered so keenly from my disgrace that they do not wish to see me again."

It was all useless to try and induce him to come from his living tomb. The next morning I resumed my journey.

Breaking Into the Family.

RAYMOND E. SKELLEY, '11.

"Now, wouldn't that jar you?" MacMahon was mad. Williams looked up from his book.

"What seems to be the trouble, Mac?"

"Why, the governor is playing wise. Treats me like a kid. You know he won't listen to me getting married before I finish school. Finish! There's about as much chance of my finishing as there is of my taking the gold medal for good conduct at a girl's seminary. And here he writes me that I'm to spend the holidays in Chicago with that hen of an aunt of mine or he will cut off my allowance. Pleasant, isn't it? And I'd made arrangements to spend Christmas with the girl. I'm going to put the keboosh on this stuff. If the girl's willing to take a chance on getting the governor's O. K. afterwards or living with me on twenty per, I'm going right down there and marry her."

"Bully for you, Mac, old boy."

"Listen, Tom. An idea begins to leak through my skylight."

"Wonderful! Out with it!"

"Say, this is too good! Listen! Here's a chance to slip one over on the governor and his crab of a sister at the same time. She doesn't even let you and Marie correspond, does she? Well, here's your chance if you're game. She's never seen either of us and you have all the characteristics of the family. What's the matter with your taking my place?"

"What? Me go up there and pan myself off as her nephew? Not much! Life is too short as it is. Why, I'd never get away with it in the world. Besides, what would Marie say to it?"

"Marie? Why you heart-wrecker! She'd do her own washing to marry you. I got tired hearing about you the last time I saw her."

"Mac, I believe there's something to your game. Why, confound it, man, I'd hold up a train single handed to get to spend two weeks with Marie. And under her aunt's very nose too! Say, this is poor! But what if your governor should happen to drop in? Happy thought, eh?"

"Two to one shot he doesn't. Governor's laid up at Palm Beach with the gout. Always takes about a month to get over an attack."

"Mac, old boy, you're on. I'll take the chance."

"Put 'er there, Tom."

"Now, let's have some of your family history."

Williams was keen with the spirit of the adventure as he stepped off the train at Chicago. Marie, who had been let in on the scheme by MacMahon, met him with the car. Needless to say the reunion was rather jubilant.

"Won't mother be furious when she finds out? But my conscience doesn't trouble me in the least. To think she could be so mercenary as to let money stand between us. Really, though, mother doesn't deserve all the mean things I've sometimes thought about her, and I know she'll be delighted with her nephew."

"Well, I'll try to forget my prejudices and see if I can't make myself solid with her."

If Williams felt any scruples on greeting his "aunt," they were dispelled when she mentioned his "friend."

"Richard, what kind of a chap is this friend of yours, this Williams?"

"Really, not a bad chap, Auntie. Something wrong with him lately though. About the most uncivil chap I know."

"No doubt he'll get over it when he learns his place. He certainly has ambitions for a beggar."

"Beggar? Seems to me you're pretty hard on him?"

"If I ever saw him I'd give him a piece of my mind that would be a lot harder."

"Perhaps you'll have the opportunity soon. He is spending the holidays in Chicago."

"He knows better—at least, I hope so—than to dare show himself in this house."

"Don't worry, mother dear," Marie put in.

"I am too much interested in my new cousin to bother about anyone else at present."

"Really, Marie, you are showing signs of intelligence."

The two weeks passed entirely too fast for Williams. On the evening preceding the day of his return to school, they had just finished dinner when who bustled in but the elder MacMahon.

Williams heard his voice in the hall, and at the sound he felt like a criminal caught with the goods on him, and his first thought was to look for a means of escape. But he saw he'd have to stay and face the music.

MacMahon entered, kissed his sister and niece and turned to Williams in surprise:

"Hello, Williams! Glad to see you. Hardly expected to see you here. So you've relented, Martha? Why, what's the matter?"

His sister could only stand and stare. At last her confused senses revived enough to ask:

"What in the world are you talking about?" Robert? Isn't that your son?"

"What's that? My son? Don't you suppose I know my own son?" His sister turned to Williams.

"Why don't you speak, sir? Don't stand there like an idiot! Who are you?"

"Your brother just told you."

"What! O this is too much." MacMahon was at sea.

"Easy now, Martha. What's the meaning of all this?" Marie came to the rescue.

"Uncle Bob,—mother, listen—"

Just then in stepped Mac with his girl.

"Hello, everybody! Hello, Dad! Heard you'd arrived. Dorothy, I want you to meet your father-in-law."

"What's that! Well, I'll be d——."

It was the male member of the family's turn to be surprised. He didn't even get a chance to get mad he was so taken back. He gazed, fascinated for a time on the girl where she stood in the doorway, with cheeks flushed, a lovely picture. Finally he thundered.

"Young lady, come here to me." Dorothy advanced towards him.

"Do you mean to tell me you've been foolish enough to marry that?" pointing to his son.

She smiled: "If you call it that, yes."

He turned to his son. "Well, all I've got to say is that if you were able to talk this girl into marrying you, you are wasting your time at school. Tomorrow you go on the road."

With this happy reunion and after due explanations they all turned their efforts to pacifying the aunt, who had recovered sufficiently from the shock to be in a furious rage. The laughter of her brother, who, when he understood the situation, appreciated it immensely, didn't help matters much.

But her brother was equal to the occasion and knew how to soothe her wounded feelings. Besides she had grown to like her supposed nephew very much and when she learned the esteem in which her brother held him and that he had a good position waiting him on his graduation in June, her good nature gradually reasserted itself and the scene became one of congratulations all around.

A Comparison.

WHEN winter's vanguard, marching far ahead
A song-bird sights, he flies away,
And all his kin.

So should man's soul, for love of Him who bled
To make it free, His voice obey,
And fly from sin.

S. E. T.

"Ben-Hur"—A Review.

CLARENCE DERRICK, '13.

Upon the tale of the coming of the Christ Lew Wallace has constructed his masterpiece, "Ben-Hur." Since the object of a book review is to place the principal events of the book clearly before the reader and to arouse his enthusiasm, it is necessary to give a brief synopsis of it, dealing, as one must in a limited space, with the chief points of interest only.

The story opens with the meeting of the Magi and the coming of the star. The birth of the Divine Child in the barn and the adoration follows. Then the story is abruptly switched and the main character enters. We are given a picture of Jerusalem and a contrast of Jewish and Roman ideals in the introduction of Ben-Hur and Messala, his Roman friend. The friends quarrel and Messala leaves in wrath. Messala, nursing a grudge, casts about for a means of humbling his Jewish enemy, which soon presents itself. Valerius Gratus is appointed procurator of Judea, and in his triumphal entry into Jerusalem, a brick falls from the house of Ben-Hur. Judah, whose family name is Ben-Hur, is accused of the accident, and, with speedy Roman justice, is arrested and by Messala's influence is sent to the galleys, while his mother and sister are driven from their home. Five long years pass; the house of Hur is sealed up, and Judah is freed by a tribune Arrius, whom the Jew has rescued from his sinking ship. Arrius makes the young man his son by adoption and showers much honor and wealth upon him.

As his first step in regaining his former position as a prince of Judea, Judah sets out to find his mother and sister. But they are gone. Search is unavailing, and Ben-Hur sets his teeth in grim resolve and determines to wreak awful vengeance upon the author of these wrongs,

Messala. The latter has been leading the high life of Romanized Judea and has forgotten his late friend. In his search for pleasure, he engages as an athlete of Rome in a chariot race. Ben-Hur finds his long awaited opportunity.

An old Arab chief has a splendid chariot team for the race, but lacks a skilful driver. Judah works his way into the old man's affections and at last is chosen as the driver. Now comes the plan for revenge. Ben-Hur, by means of a spy, learns the exact height of the hub of Messala's chariot and proceeds to alter his own to the same height. The race begins. Messala attempts to spill the Jew at the start, but by skilful generalship Judah escapes. They are to run the course seven times. For six rounds, the Arab steeds are kept within easy reach of the Roman. On the last course, Judah creeps up on his opponent and at the critical moment deflects his course until the hubs meet. The Roman's chariot totters and falls, while the man behind crashes in and the race is easily won by Ben-Hur. Messala has escaped death but is crippled for life. Smarting with pain and the sense of defeat and also incited by the loss of a huge bet, he determines to slay the Jew. For this purpose gladiators are chosen, and the prince of Hur is decoyed by a false message to meet his fate. He finds one of his assailants to be his old master in the then-known art of boxing, and persuades him to allow the second fighter to meet him alone. In a short bout the Jew kills his adversary and by means of a bribe induces the gladiator to dress the body in Judah's clothes. By this strategy the body is buried as Ben-Hur and Messala's wrath is appeased.

But Ben-Hur does not lie idle; he mixes in Jewish politics and heads a revolt against the Roman rule. Now the great figure enters,—Christ. His trial and sufferings arouse the sympathy of part of the Jews, and a conspiracy is organized by Ben-Hur to set Him free. This fails because of Hannas, the uncle of Caiaphas, the high priest. Hannas, betrays the conspirators to Caiaphas and the insurrection is quelled.

Meantime the mother and sister of Judah have been discovered in a prison and are freed, but have become lepers. Judah knows nothing of this. The Divine Actor cleanses the unfortunate women before His betrayal and they are restored to Judah.

Then comes the Crucifixion. Ben-Hur stands at the foot of the cross and hears the Son of God utter His last words. This pitiful spectacle

converts him, he becomes a Christian. The passing pages hurry over the divine tragedy, and the vast wealth of the family of Ben-Hur is devoted to the building of a catacomb, while Judah and his family live on happily in true peace,—the peace of God.

The story upon which the work is based is very old, but the thought is new and the descriptions, especially that of the chariot race, are calculated to hold the mind in close attention. One's literary course may be complete without Mark Twain and Oliver Optic, but every aspiring book-worm should read "Ben-Hur."

Abraham to Isaac.

HEAR the laughter of a hidden host
 Budding within thy bones, of little ones
 That shall bring days of ringing mirth to thee
 When Abraham is shouldered by the winds
 In dust, and all his deeds shall hollow sound
 But down the time as some far voice at night
 Singing an olden tale. O seed of me,
 Warmed by a thousand kisses, little lips
 Shall call thee father, Isaac: voice on voice,
 More than the thunders flung from coursing stars
 Or rolling echoes on the world's wet marge
 When seas are clashed to stormy symphony,
 Shall call thy name. O potent seed of me,
 Thy forehead strikes the stars that slumber lone
 Low over hills no human foot has found
 By nameless waters. Thine eyes shall gaze upon
 Unwritten splendors, as when suns shall flame
 At midnight, making holocausts of worlds,
 Or trailing stars shall weld the east to west
 With bands of fire. Lightnings shall shiver
 Sudden on thy foes with reeling doom
 And moonlight bathe thy dreams with idle calm.
 O son of mine, thy sinews grown and firm,
 Shalt rule the sheiks of men; for thou shalt sit
 Upon a million thrones, built glittering large
 Of sundered sapphires and of pearls, plundered
 Of ocean caves and slimy eyes to gleam,
 Mayhap, against thy queen's most queenly snow,
 And rubies red with blood of wailing cities
 Lost in war. Oh, brilliant dead, rich dust!
 O son, before the fragrance of thy bloom
 I sink; it wraps my soul and folds me round
 With dreamy dissolution. Thine be empires,
 Worlds of thought and power beyond my reach
 Of farthest fancy. Yet Abraham to these
 Bring thou, and say I fathered thee by word
 Of stainless deed, not art of fluting speech.
 I die. My ashes are thy fire, in thee
 My winter is a June that passeth not,
 Flowered with a myriad, myriad sons that go
 Laughing and treading down the misty days
 Of man's endeavor. Isaac, in thy thigh
 Slumbers our world; as Abraham puts down
 His life, the last faint issue of his breath
 Blows strong into the heart of all his seed. F. M.

An Even Trade.

CHARLES B. HENNEBERGER, '14.

It was in the middle of the forenoon. Sam Mills was walking leisurely homeward along the dusty road carrying an axe on his shoulder when he became aware that the calm of the peaceful morning was disturbed.

Behind rose rumbles and noisesome puffings and a horn honked its warning. Sam sighed and stepped to the side of the road. Looking over his shoulder he saw a low road car come swinging around the bend and leap into the straight road. He stood still waiting for the car to pass, but to his surprise, with a rattle and a bump it came to a stop beside him and a voice familiar to him called

"Good mornin', Sam."

Sam turned his head and opened his eyes. Through the cloud of dust he recognized his old friend, Art Thorne, at the steering wheel.

"Good mornin', Art," he replied. "What are you doing in that thing?"

"Me?" Art laughed. "Oh! this is mine. It is mighty queer you haven't heard that I had it, everybody in town knows it. Jump in and I'll take you home."

With a little fear and hesitancy Sam walked up to the side of the car. After examining the machine very carefully he jumped in and took his seat beside Art.

"I want to know if you went and bought one of these things?" said Sam.

"Bought it,—I guess not! Took it in trade for one of my houses in the east end of town. The fellow wanted a house pretty bad and didn't have the money to spare, so we made the trade."

"What are you goin' to do with it since you've got it?" Sam asked. "You aren't goin' to keep this just for a plaything?"

Art grinned and said: "I wasn't thinkin' to, but when I bought it, or rather traded for it, I thought that it would make a good thing to use in a livery. You see this seat behind us can be taken off and a double one put in its place. That would let me carry four persons. I could easily get one dollar an hour from each person and that would make me pretty fair money."

"That isn't a bad idea," mused Sam. "There ought to be a few dollars in it for you."

"So I was thinkin'," agreed Art. "She is a slick runner, isn't she?"

"Slicker than grease," Sam returned.

"You see the reason that it will be hard for me to run the livery is because I have to run my threshin' machine during the summer and that is a good time for takin' passengers. I think this would be too much on my hands. Do you want to get out here at your house or would you like to take a little ramble with me?"

"I'll keep on goin'," replied Sam. "I never once dreamed that it was so much fun to ride in one of these things. Kinder enlivenin' isn't it?"

"You bet it is; the more you ride the more you want to, and runnin' the livery is about the smoothest way of makin' a good summer's salary I know of."

Sam was quiet for some time watching the road slip beneath the wheels.

"You weren't thinkin' of sellin' it?" asked Sam.

"Oh, I don't know," replied Art in an uninterested way, but with a glitter in his blue eyes. "Maybe I'll have to. I don't see how to keep everything goin'."

"I suppose it takes a good while to learn to run one?" queried Sam.

"It's very easy; it would be for you because you have had a good deal of experience with the machinery of your traction engine. Runnin' one of these cars isn't as hard as runnin' that engine. I'll tell you what I'll do—if you are thinkin' of buyin' it—I'll make you a reasonable price."

"I've been thinkin' about somethin' like this. I wanted somethin' that would earn a few dollars for me during the summer."

"It would be a good thing for you; it would keep you busy and the labor would not be strenuous. Sam, make me an offer on this car."

"Well," responded Sam, "you remember you were looking at my traction engine about three weeks ago and you wanted to know if I had any intention of sellin' it. If I had this auto I would not need the engine. I'll trade the engine for this, if you will give me fifty dollars to boot."

One was about as keen as the other when it came to trading, and after arguing for a few minutes they agreed to trade even. They signed the necessary papers and parted.

Sam stood in the yard and listened to the rattling and rumbling of the car as it went down the road. He said to himself: "That Art Thorne isn't so slick a trader after all. I

guess I beat him in this deal. Fact is the engine is very old and needs many repairs and won't last more than one more season."

By the first of the next week Sam was running his little roadster and feeling very proud of his ability to run the machine so well. In the meanwhile Art had taken the traction engine and began to do some work with it. It went very well the first two days, but on the third day several castings broke.

Sam's love for motoring soon left him when he had to stop seven times while going the distance of a mile, and crawl under the car to repair it. At the seventh time he said: "Well, I guess I'm stuck now." After making one more heroic effort the machine began to cough and rattle and at last moved very slowly. "Now if I can get up this hill, the rest of the journey will be easy." The machine reached the top of the hill and went down the other side. Just as he was making a turn the steering wheel failed to work and the machine wheeled suddenly to the left and ran through the fence and into a creek, throwing Sam into the water.

Sam picked himself out and walked home. After changing his wet clothes as he sat down to supper he heard some one knocking at the door. It was Art Thorne standing there.

"See here, Sam, you played a mean trick on me by tradin' me that old worn-out engine for the automobile."

"Well, the auto isn't such a swell thing; it might be all right for a decoration, but when it comes to using it for practical purposes it's N. G."

"Well, if you are not satisfied with it," said Art, "I'll trade back."

"I'm willin'," was Sam's quick response.

As Art started for the door he turned around and said: "Since we've made the deal, I may as well tell you your engine is in Owen's pasture with the boiler cracked and four castings broken. The old thing isn't worth a cent."

"And you," said Sam dryly, "will find the auto in the middle of Pine Creek down along the bend of the hill."

GOD has given us the most exquisite program, the most finished piece of legislation that ever mortal eye beheld, no one, by any possibility, being able to understand it, unless it comes from the divine imperial lips.—*Rev. D. W. Cahill, D. D.*

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Calendar.

Sunday, Jan. 15—Band Practice after Mass.
" St. Joseph Literary Society.
" Brownson Literary Society.
Monday, Jan. 16—Band Practice at 12.30.
" Orchestra Practice.
Tuesday, Jan. 17—Organization of Glee Club.
Practice 7.00' p. m.
Wednesday, Jan. 18—Kellog-Haines. Washington hall
" Prof. Newman's lecture on the
Balkan countries.
" Philopatrian Society.
" Civil Engineering Society.
" Meeting of the K. of C.
Thursday, Jan. 19—Band Practice after Mass.
Friday, Jan. 20—Band Practice at 12.30.
Saturday, Jan. 21—First Regiment Track Meet at
Chicago. N. D. entered.
" Basket-ball. N. D. vs. Wabash. Gym
Track Practice Daily at 3 p. m.
Basket-ball Practice Daily at 3 p. m.

—We are painfully conscious that at the present time we need poets. With a few bright exceptions we are not even on speaking terms with the muses. And more

Poets Wanted. deplorable still, many of us do not seem to want an introduction. The result is a barrenness in our verse department terrible to behold. We can get doggerel and dreary odes and ditties absolutely sapless, but the few select lines that are sacred because of some thought—they do not come

our way often. We do not expect it will be always thus; but we want the change to a brighter day very soon—at once. Please remember us who are pining for song, and send us an offering.

—There is some talk of reviving the good old days when skating was a genuine winter pastime down on the lakes. Aside from the "revival" sentiment, there are some twenty-seven other reasons why skating should be given its due time and place in the year's calendar of sports. The bracing exercise, the fresh, sweet air, the tired feeling after that follows and brings a night of deep, dreamless sleep, the breaking up of the long dreary afternoon recreation periods, are a few of the twenty-seven. The others will readily suggest themselves. Many among us will hang on to a radiator and look out on the falling snowflakes and the winter sky with a sort of terror. Probably if we battled more against the weather by skating and other forms of outdoor exercise we would not be so susceptible to the cold that catches at the lungs and seems dangerously like the destroyer himself—pneumonia.

—Most of us are back by this time fortified by the conventional New Year's resolution. There is a big piece of work ahead of us and it will take a rather strong resolution to keep us at it till we get through. Seniors, juniors, sophomores, freshmen,—everybody in fact—must jump right in if he is to see the rosy dawn of graduation or promotion in June. Bygones must be bygones even today. Turkey, theatre sleep, sloth, parties, pies, grandeur, girls and "good old times," must be blotted from the pages of memory and we must start the gay life of books with beloved professors yet again! Sweet thought! Take the "sweet thought" part as you will, the fact is we have to get in. Several have already made the jump and are clamoring to us that "the water is fine." May be it is, or may be it's imagination. But since we have to jump, it seems best to jump now and splash away with the rest of them. Thus it will happen that the New Year's resolution will not have been taken in vain, and the class records this session will run way above the danger line.

—A few years ago when the Apostolate of Religious Reading was begun, it is safe to say even those who had the movement most at heart did not expect so

A Deserving Work. full a measure of success as it now enjoys. It has grown to be a power for good in the University, and the better known it becomes the greater number of persons will be enlisted in its growth. It does a twofold work. It acquaints ever so many young men with the Catholic point of view in life and literature who might never be blessed with a like opportunity again. There is so much literature of the indifferent kind, where the point of view is not so much anti-Catholic as it is pagan, that any movement, however small, working against it, is to be welcomed with undivided support. Again, the Apostolate works for the recognition of the professedly Catholic writer. Father Smith speaks very truly of the meagre recognition given by Catholics to the Catholic novelist with the Catholic point of view. Canon Sheehan, Father Benson and a few others enjoy a degree of popularity to be sure, but when we consider the high class of literature they have produced we are surprised at the comparatively small number of their readers.

Students who read Catholic literature will learn to love it. They will get the Catholic point of view and will make it known. They will recommend the books they have read to others, and the movement will gather force from day to day. Members of the Faculty and students should take a more than passive interest in a propaganda that must prove an efficient force to secure recognition and help for the Catholic writer, and will make the reader prouder and fonder of his faith.

—The recent action of the executive committee of the Michigan Oratorical Association in barring professional speakers from its contests has re-

Professional Oratory Again. called the discussion that was held at the Inter-state oratorical convention at Omaha last May. At that time it was decided that some action was to be taken to determine whether or not the association was to retain its standing as an amateur organization, for in the contest held at that time three of the seven speakers were professionals, and the winner of the contest, the Indiana representative, was

a man advanced in years who had had a long experience in the pulpit. To obtain an expression of the views of the different states it was decided to return the matter to the states for discussion and action. In view of this, the Michigan schools have taken the matter up and decided against the professionals. It is hoped that the example of Michigan will be followed by the other states, and that Indiana will not be the last to adopt so sensible a rule. There is every reason for such a restriction. Anybody who has had any experience in public speaking knows what "stage presence" means, and knows, too, that the oftener a speaker appears in public the easier this presence becomes. It is absurd to deny the fact that the practice thus acquired gives the speaker an additional advantage over his opponent. It is said by the partisans of professional oratory that a bar would work great harm to many young men who find themselves financially embarrassed in their studies for the ministry. This will not hold, for the young aspirant to the ministry whose ability is such that it will win a state oratorical contest, will find no dearth of country parishes that will be willing to pay fifteen or twenty-five dollars a Sunday for his services. The real harm is done to the secular student to whom such prize money would be a benefit, and who is kept from it by having to compete with old and experienced orators. It is time that something be done.

Professor Newman's Tyrolean Views.

Professor Newman proved a most delightful entertainer last Wednesday afternoon, when he presented his views of the Austrian and Italian Tyrols. The views were exquisitely colored and showed the romantic peaks of the Alps in a vivid manner. Prof. Newman began his journey by presenting pictures of the little village of Oberammergau and several characters from the famous Passion Play. As the lecturer continued his tour he showed types of peasants in picturesque costume, scenes from the daily life of the Tyroleans, mountain climbers, dancers, marching soldiers, processions, churches, school children at play, and so on through almost every phase of the sweet, remote lives of the simple Tyroleans. We are pleased to announce that Professor Newman will appear again next Wednesday.

Brush, the Magician.

On December 17 Brush, the magician, entertained us in Washington hall for an hour and a half. He had the usual sleight-of-hand tricks and some others that were not so usual. He plucked silver dollars from people's beards, made cards do what he wanted them, and pulled a rabbit out of a hat when we didn't expect it. All told, Brush, the magician, is quite magical enough to entertain in an acceptable manner. His puns are decidedly far-fetched and not uproariously funny. We have outlived them, however.

Feast of the Epiphany.

On Friday, January 6, the Feast of the Epiphany, solemn high mass was sung at 8 o'clock at which the students were present. Rev. Father Carroll was celebrant, assisted by Rev. Father Schumacher and Rev. Father Lavin as deacon and subdeacon. Before beginning the holy sacrifice the celebrant explained briefly the meaning of the feast and the position it holds among the other great festivals of the year. As First Friday fell on the 6th, all the students went to Holy Communion at the early masses.

Walsh Hall Entertains.

Shortly before Christmas, Walsh hall held a smoker in honor of the football team at which, besides the football men, a number of invited guests were present. Before the cigars were passed around, the hall orchestra rendered a program of music which did credit to the members of the organization. Messrs. Birder, McDermott and Murphy responded to requests for vocal solos and gave good account of themselves. Violin and piano selections were given by Messrs. Hicks and Robinson in a very creditable manner. "Billy" Ryan was forced to impersonate Caruso and did so in true grand opera style. Father Schumacher, ex-coach Tom Barry, Harry Miller and Ralph Dimmick made brief addresses. Cigars, sandwiches, coffee, ice-cream, cake, etc., etc., followed and the meeting became delightfully informal. The Walsh hall boys are capital entertainers and have set the good example of holding some of the pleasurable affairs at home.

Mr. Packard, Cartoonist.

On Monday last, that brilliant cartoonist, Anton Packard, entertained us in Washington hall for over an hour and a half. If a cartoonist deserves to be classed as an artist, certainly Mr. Packard deserves the title. Perhaps he is worthy the title anyhow, for some of his work went beyond the range of the cartoonist's immediate field. All which makes us sorry that Mr. Packard did not give full time at the work for which he is pre-eminently fitted. It is safe to say that there was not a single person in the audience who would not have joyfully spent three hours in the artist's delightful company as a creator of scenes, characters and impressions.

But Mr. Packard as comic reciter, punster, pianist, vocalist is a decidedly different personage. We have heard worse reciters, have endured more ghastly puns and worse musicians. But they had to make a living. Mr. Packard is an artist, brilliant and finished, in a very legitimate field. It seems a pity that he wastes his time and energies in a work foreign to him, when hundreds hunger to watch the boldness of his stroke and the witchery of his touch that people the canvas in an instant.

Notre Dame Men of New York Dine.

[*Special to SCHOLASTIC.*]

On Monday night the Notre Dame men in New York City and vicinity congregated and a genuine jubilee followed. The call for the love-feast was sent out, and the response came from all corners of New York and adjacent cities. Old King Cole furnished a fine meal, plenty of good cigars, an excellent orchestra and lots of other things. Real happiness reigned from the time the first two arrivals came to the banquet hall until the men were obliged to leave three hours later. The affair was held in the King Edward hotel in Forty-seventh street as a forerunner for the great gathering of Notre Dame men that is to take place next spring, and which the New Yorkers guarantee will make all other Notre Dame societies and all other college societies in the land sit up and take notice. The committee in charge of the spring meeting is already at work and is made up of a number of the younger

men of the society. Frank O'Malley, Peter P. McElligott, Anthony Brogan, Thomas Reilly and Ambrose A. O'Connell are the committee. The Laetare Medallists of New York and many other distinguished people will be present. The event will probably take place at the Waldorf hotel or the Hotel Astor.

A special feature of the Monday night meeting was a letter written to the men from President Cavanaugh and read by the President of the Notre Dame society of New York, The Rev. Luke J. Evers. At the close of the letter a great cheer for President Cavanaugh and Notre Dame burst forth, and before the men adjourned they pledged their loyalty to Notre Dame and promised never to permit an opportunity to pass to advance the best interests of their Alma Mater.

The Apostolate of Religious Reading in 1910.

Two years ago a free religious library, with the name of the Apostolate of Religious Reading, was established for the students of the University of Notre Dame. The purpose in organizing this circulating library was to supply the students with interesting and instructive reading by taking good books to them in their private rooms or study-halls. Many of the same books are in the University library, but experience has shown that most of the students through lack of knowledge about religious books, or through the trouble or expense required to obtain such books, will not read them unless they are placed in their hands.

The method of distributing the books was this: In each hall a certain student was requested to carry to his own room a small satchel filled with books. He then went through the hall, visiting each room and asking the inmate if he desired a religious book to read. When one was taken, it might be kept as long as the student wished to retain it. Every month a visit was made to each room, that the reader might exchange his book if he so desired. If within the month more books were wanted, they could be obtained by going to the room of the student that did the distributing.

The following are the names of the students who generously co-operated with the director in carrying on this apostolate of religious reading: Edward Story, John Engemann, Thomas Ford, Justin Maloney, Joseph McGlynn,

James Nolan, Peter Meersman, Frank Boos, Earl Dickens, Thomas Havican, Jeremiah McCarthy, Sylvester Gera, Paul Byrne, Russell Scott, Robert Schindler, William Coakley, Edward Kelly, Joseph Miner.

The money to buy the books was obtained from the students and their friends in South Bend and from friends of the director of the Apostolate. In 1909, \$79.10 was received; in 1910, \$137.42 was collected; making the total amount \$216.52. Among those who contributed generously to the fund of the Apostolate are the following: Mrs. A. L. Sweet, Brother Casimir, C. S. C., Dr. Stoeckley, Dr. Lucas, Dr. Sensnich, Wyman & Co., Ellsworth & Co., McNery & Doran.

All the money that was received has been spent for books or other incidental expenses connected with the Apostolate. The number of volumes in the library at present is 328. Among the valuable gifts to the Apostolate were three of Dr. James J. Walsh's own books and a set of Mr. Frank Spearsman's works presented by Rev. Father Cavanaugh.

A glance at the work of the Apostolate for the year 1910 will give the reader an idea of what has been accomplished in the way of fostering a taste for wholesome reading. Such books as "A Daughter of the Sierra" and "Philip's Restitution" by Christian Reid, "Fabiola" by Cardinal Wiseman, "My New Curate" by Canon Sheehan, "Education and the Higher Life" by Archbishop Spalding, "Phileas Fox" by Anna T. Sadlier, have each had a large number of readers. What noble ideas were here held up to the reader, and who can say how beneficial they were to him!

What has been achieved in the short time that this Apostolate has been carried on shows the great possibilities for good there are in such an attempt to supply religious reading to our students. When a student reads a book, he will often recommend the same to others, who in turn will read it and probably speak in praise of it to their friends. In this way the merits of a book will pass on from one student to another. And when a student goes out from here he will continue the good work. Thus a number of the books are always in demand, and, like those mentioned above, they are frequently the best that could be put into the hands of a young man. Truly God has blessed the Apostolate of Religious Reading. May He continue to bless it and its promoters! THE DIRECTOR.

Personals.

—Matthew Long (Student 1898-1900) of Syracuse was a recent visitor.

—The marriage of Miss Helena Lang to Mr. Louis de Lone took place at Overbrook, Pa., December the 29th. Congratulations and best wishes!

—It is learned on good authority that Jesse H. Roth (A. B. '10) has arranged to enter the University of Chicago Medical School next October.

—We have the information that "Bobbie" Lynch ('03) is to coach the Northwestern University baseball team this spring. We congratulate the purple players on securing the services of so clever a ball player as our "Bobbie."

—Miss. Effie L. Kramer and Mr. Columbus Delano Saviers were married at Columbus, Ohio, on Saturday afternoon, December 17th. Del Saviers is one of the best remembered of the boys in the late eighties. The SCHOLASTIC sends congratulations and good wishes.

—William K. O'Connell (B. S. '87) is now Vice-President of the National Bank of Monticello, Indiana. However, Will has not abandoned literary work altogether as a recent number of the Monticello *Herald* contains a delightful account of the Passion Play from his pen.

—Word has come to the SCHOLASTIC that Mr. Henry E. Weiss has changed his address from 208 Oneida St., Milwaukee, Wis., to Cheyenne, Wyoming, where he is connected with the Cheyenne Light, Fuel and Power Co. in the capacity of Engineer of the Power Plant. He says: "Thanks to N. D., I am doing fine."

—Mr. Angus McDonald, well-known football and baseball player in the days of Gibson and the well-loved Mike Powers, visited the University for a few hours last week. Angus holds a very important position in the Southern Pacific railway. In future much of his time will be spent in Chicago, so we expect to see Angus very often.

—It will be good news to all our readers to learn that Dr. James C. Monaghan is rapidly recovering from his recent illness. He is now able to walk about with a cane and the doctors promise him another opportunity to work in

a short time. His son, Jimmie, is now Assistant Deputy Receiving Teller in the Immigrants' Bank of New York City.

—Many readers of the SCHOLASTIC will be interested to know that Mr. Gerald Egan, a former student, has relinquished his position as Washington correspondent of the New York *Tribune*, and has accepted a position on the local staff of the Philadelphia *Press*. Gerald's father, Dr. Maurice Egan, is expected to arrive in this country next month.

—Mr. William Montavon (A. B. '98) is making a distinguished record as an educator in the Philippine Islands. The *Cable News American* of Manila recently contained a long and interesting correspondence on the work Mr. Montavon is doing as Division Superintendent. The service of particular value is that he is turning the young people under his care in the direction of gardening, agriculture and the trades and crafts as against the old contingency to run after "white shirt" jobs only. There is a need of that sort of work in America too.

Society Notes.

PHILOPATRIANS.

On Wednesday evening the Philopatrians met for their first after-Christmas meeting. No regular program was presented, but instead the members discussed their plans for the coming term in an informal manner. The following members were assigned to appear in the next program: J. Harrigan, T. Sweeney, J. French, A. Krampf, W. McBride, J. Casey.

CIVIL ENGINEERING.

The Civil Engineering Society held its first meeting of the new year on the evening of January 11. Mr. Hebenstreit read a very interesting paper on "Conveyancing" in which he pointed out the important part the Civil Engineer plays in the transference of real property. Such work is expressly detailed and the data offered as the result of observation and investigation must be errorless. In a paper on "Insensible Ventilation," Mr. Duque told how air is interchanged through materials forming the walls of a building and through cracks and crevices which are sure to exist. Cases where such ventilation is effective and where it is and is not considered in design were presented. Mr. Lahey told in a good common-

sense manner "How to become an Engineer." Above all other requisites it is necessary that a man like the work the engineering profession calls for, so that he may naturally exert a maximum of energy. To be an engineer a man must combine the best theory with good practice. To Mr. Derrick was assigned the subject "Radiant Heat" and some of the phenomena arising from the action of heat. His explanations and illustrations were very interesting and instructive; the many questions proposed and the discussions arising on the part of the members gave evidence of the interest aroused by Mr. Derrick's able presentation of this very interesting topic. The interest Professor McCue is taking in the society was manifested in a few remarks made by him in which he emphasized the importance the work of the society plays in the general training of the engineering student.

Local Items.

—Bowling is still attracting its devotees to Walsh hall.

—Interhall basketball will soon be in order. How about inter-class basket-ball?

—Several new students entered for the after-Christmas term. Till February 1st some may be expected every day.

—The Guest Party given by the South Bend K. of C. Wednesday evening proved the Mecca for the University society lions.

—Fine skating on St. Mary's lake was the principal attraction for the lovers of outdoor sports during the first of the week.

—There is to be a general improvement in the South Bend street-car system. Please don't forget "Hill Street" in the round-up.

—Edward Figel's operation for appendicitis at St. Joseph Hospital proved very successful. We expect Ed back on the campus soon again.

—The track men are daily getting into shape. From all accounts it seems that Notre Dame will be represented by another championship team this season.

—The season has now arrived for the organizing of the "Shaved Bone-head Club." Eligibles are keeping Jim, the barber, busy with the horse clippers.

—Corby rec room has undergone a series of repairs and improvements in the way of new

lights, floor and artistic finishings. Nightly soirées are still held there, Dolan *et al.* furnishing good music.

—Announcement was made during the week of the resignation of Walter Duncan from the position of Assistant Manager of Athletics. It seems that the duties of the office claimed too much of Walter's study time.

—A rifle range is now in progress of construction at the Gym. Shooting will be in order every day from 12:30 to 1:30 p. m. This is excellent sport and should create a good deal of enthusiasm in the ranks.

—Carpenters were at work during the vacation partitioning off a room in the south wing of Walsh hall basement to be used by the local K. of C. council as a club room. The council has plans on foot to make its appointment ideal in the way of comfort and convenience.

—Visitors to the gymnasium found that a complete transformation had taken place in the way of improvements. A new covering of river-bottom clay hides the black soggy loam formerly used. The inside has felt the brush of the painter; in fact everything is in readiness for the season's work which promises to be a busy one between track, drill and basketball.

—Capt. Stogsdall has been working wonders in the military affairs during vacation. The entire equipment of the Battalion has arrived and the general verdict is that in the matter of efficiency it could not be better. The rifles both for target and general use are all new and of the latest patterns. All that remains now to make the Battalion successful is the enthusiasm of the cadets, which seems assured.

Athletic Notes.

NOTRE DAME, 25; HULL HOUSE, 14.

Captain Fish led his men against the Hull House basket-ball team of Chicago Saturday evening, December 17th, and for the second time this season scored a victory. The game was fast and also rough, twenty-six fouls being called during the contest. Fish and Maloney played a very pretty game at the forward positions. These men work together in a manner which never fails to elude their guards while the ball is being brought within shooting distance of the basket, and then with a man like Maloney to make the try it is little wonder that Notre

Dame wins many basketball games. "Dud" has always been a marvel in the scoring line, and twelve of the points made in the Hull House game were made by the lithe Crawfordsville star. Granfield at guard played a most excellent game. His forward found it impossible to get away from him, and the freshman star made two field goals for extra measure. Ulatowski showed up well, allowing his man but two goals during the game. O'Neill played a good game at center, his work eliciting much favorable comment on the part of the fans. The line-up:

NOTRE DAME		HULL HOUSE
Maloney,	Left Forward	Dulin
Fish	Right Forward	Wolf
O'Neill	Center	Woolson
Granfield	Left Guard	Miller
Ulatowski	Right Guard	Heller

SUMMARY: Field goals, Fish, 2; Moloney, 2; Granfield, 2; Ulatowski, 1; Burke, 1; Dulin, 2; Wolf, 2; Woolson, 1. Free throws, Maloney, 8; McNichols, 1; Woolson, 4.

TRACK MEN ARE AT WORK.

The track men have started practice in real earnest and the big gymnasium has assumed the appearance of the mid-season training quarters. Mahoney and Plant are aspirants for the distance events, and much is expected of them. John Duffy, who has been the University's mainstay in the past in the long dash will not return to school until September. A number of promising men are at work, and expectations run high for a strong team.

Safety Valve.

To save you trouble: we've just 149 days more.

Mr. Claire Handlin was among our first arrivals. He sure had a good time.

Just nine thousand one hundred and five short of that ten thousand crowd at St. Louis. Don't see how you could get any nearer and miss, Judge!

Stranger to Actor Lynch.—Do you know if William Ryan is in this University?

Lynch.—Padon me, but you mean Billy Ryan. O yes, we sleep in the same class.

FROM HENRY KUHLE'S JOURNAL.

Sat., Jan. 7—Shaved. Took a wash. Watched the snowflakes. Combed my hair. Had a mixup with Shorty. Had to comb my hair again. Fixed my necktie. Didn't like it. Tried on another. Felt satisfied. Went to Philosophy. Came back with notes. Shined and fixed up for dinner. Felt fine.

Unlike Jefferies, the football team succeeded in getting back.

A. A.

Day Dodger.

Poor Postseason.

Red Rempe.

Mike Morrissey.

We have a proposition we'd like to buckley if we can get some one to figel it.

Professor.—Give me a rime for knowledge.

Bright Boy.—Old College.

Professor.—I am not writing jokes. Sit down.

Joe Collins assures us he's still an amateur. Yes, a *simple* amateur, so to say.

Woodman spare those trees,

That stand so stout and tall!

How will the skivers make

Their get-away at all?

Mr. Pflaum, you are as welcome as the pflowers in May!

RENOUNCEMENT.

[The right to sing reserved to John. W. McDermott.]

Said Mee to Herr:

"My true, true love,

Will you be mine

Eternally?

Ah yes, bright one,

We'll married be,

For you are Herr

And I am Mee."

Said Herr to Mee:

"Ah, sad is fate

That weaves such con-

sanguinity!

Alas, true love,

It cannot be!

Though I am Herr

Still you are Mee!

PREDESTINED.

Noud he is a Noudy boy,

As you can plainly see.

But please do not demerit him

For Noudy he must be.

Have you seen Master Scotch's Boston playthings? They're the cutest ever. Almost as cute as Scotchy.

'Spect 'tis time that John Murphy say "prospects of the military company are being realized."

From the way they talk, the engineers must be the only hardworking people in the village.

Student.—Going out gathering weeds today, Joe? Joe Huercamp.—Please?