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NO. I.

The Mocking Bird.


F. M.

PENELOPE'S lone art
Is hers the day long,
To weave within her heart
A tapestry of song.

Then, in the dream-swept night
She rends it all to shreds,—
Fall through the still starlight
The silver, broken threads.

The Courage which Wins.*

THE REV. JOHN TALBOT SMITH, LL. D.



HE successful graduates of this department deserve congratulation tonight, for the happy ending of their preparatory career. They have won success and honors, and they are in possession of a sound training. Having made use of God's great gift, time, they have nothing for which to reproach themselves. The unsuccessful have also their rewards in the consciousness of failure, the pity of their friends, and that lost time which one day will rise like the ghost of Banquo to reproach them. Some of you will take up college life next year, others will enter the arena of the world, both will enter upon the man's struggle with the world; for life is a battle with many forces, which no man can avoid, and in which the risks are both sure and terrible. He who loses perishes forever; he who wins seizes the everlasting crown.

In this battle there are two leaders, between whom you must choose. Self is the first,

and perhaps the more popular. It is quite easy to recognize at a glance the youth who has enlisted under his banner. In ordinary language he is known as a 'sport.' In his opinion money was made to be spent to the last penny on personal pleasure, time was made to be wasted, and intuition and inspiration rather than labor and taking pains are the rungs of his ladder to success. He takes his place in the office quite sure that these opinions will bring him reward, and is surprised at the promptness with which his employer later on dismisses him.

The world, however, makes up for the employer's rudeness. For a true 'sport' the world has the highest appreciation and the most delicate flattery. Out of his kind it derives a large part of its income. It encourages his extravagance and praises his ideals. Life was made for pleasure, if one has the means to buy it. In his innocent hands it places the sparkling champagne and bids him drink. He pays the bill and the world reaps the profit. Drink takes the edge off his talent and drains the fire of his youth. In a few years he is only half the man he should be, and finds himself by taste and need urged into the next circle of dissipation.

He begins to gamble, for the pleasure and the profit of it, and the world praises his skill, his nerve, and his 'sportiness.' When drink and gambling have a fair hold on him, it is only a step lower into the circle of uncleanness. He moves into this terrible circle with ease and satisfaction, because it means the perfection of his career. He takes rank now with the manliest men in his class. He has earned his degree. He belongs to the world, to the unfortunates who cry in the market-

* Address delivered at the closing exercises of the Preparatory Department, June 8, 1911.

place: eat, drink and be merry, for tomorrow we die.

What an ending for any man, but what an ending for a Catholic! Very often these unfortunates delude themselves with the idea that they still possess the faith. They hold a pew in church, contribute to the missions, and shout enthusiastically for glittering generalities; but if they are not open traitors to the cause of religion, they are skulkers in the great fight which has to be waged day and night against the advance of sin. Their souls have surrendered, and the end for them is death and hell.

Who is the other leader? He under whose tender guardianship you have carried on and completed your studies: Jesus Christ. There is no need to compare the two, Self and Christ. The chief weapon of the one is indulgence, that of the other is the cross. And it is the cross alone which can overcome Self and overcome the world. He who takes Christ for his Captain enters the arena with no illusions and no weaknesses in regard to the world. He has to meet the same temptations. To him the world offers the sparkling cup and bids him drink; but to his shrewd question, at whose expense? remains silent; and to his other question, to whose profit? replies by turning away.

Unclogged by drink, stimulated by industry, encouraged by the sight of the profits in his own treasury, he takes the lowest place and works upward through acquired skill and experience. He will not spend his money on the world's wine, races, or pleasures, merely to add to its income. Sobriety is the pilot of his ship, wide awake in every storm, with a strong hand on the wheel every moment. Cleanness of heart is the wine which stirs his blood, and gives him, sleeping and waking, the vision of God. He never loses sight of his Leader. His best work is done for Him. He knows that not a drop of sweat, not a sigh of weariness, not a groan of pain, not a pang of grief, not a glass of water, will be forgotten, or overlooked, or left unrewarded by that Leader in the great summing up at judgment.

Above all he carries on his life with courage, that rare virtue always, and seemingly rarer in our time and country than ever before. We are still Christians in America, still under statutes dictated by Christian morality. Yet we permit the meanest to drag the venerable

name of God in the filth of the streets; we permit them to fill the public places with the language of the brothel; we let the press make sport of religion and virtue, and praise at the same time offences against decency; and we sit silent under the plague, for lack of that simple courage which the most ordinary savage possesses in defense of his customs. We have succeeded in cleaning our streets and public vehicles, in forcing the unclean to hide their filth, but we have yet as a nation to acquire the courage to jail the profane and the obscene.

It is for you then who have chosen Christ as your leader to display everywhere that courage which is the clearest sign of the Christian. Do not be fooled by the profit-taking world. Carry your cross with you into the market-place. Let all men know that where you plant that banner the virtue and decency which it stands for are to be maintained at any cost. This is the courage which wins. It is no longer a common virtue as in the days when the Christian built up civilization, but surely it should be the marked quality of the boys of Notre Dame.

The Poetry of Father Tabb.*

THOMAS A. LAHEY, '11.

The ultimate theme of all poetry is life. Only when particular viewpoints color the light of interpretation do poets become individuals of a class. A Shakespeare stands in the shadows, studying life as other men live it; he gives us the result in poetry,—and we have the great dramatist. A Milton, looking out over the noble and heroic in time, fixes upon some one event that will help to explain life; he narrates it in poetry,—and we have a master of the epic. A Wordsworth, finding about him the vast world of nature and man, seeks within for an explanation; he embodies the reading of his own heart in poetry,—and we have the great lyricist. Through these three vistas poets have ever gazed, finding, in their common point of perspective, different views of the same common thing.

In their objective and subjective relations to life, poets of unlike categories necessarily differ; in their moral interpretation of the

* The Meehan Prize Essay.

same they must agree, for its canons are founded upon the Eternities. Any essay, therefore, that would criticise the poet of a class must apply to him only the artistic standards of his kind. Beyond and above this, whatsoever be the nature of the poet, his productions must conform to those great principles of morality which lie at the bottom of all life. If an author excel in the one and conform himself to the other, then he must be conceded the first qualities of genius. It will be the purpose of this essay to show that the poetry of Father Tabb possesses, in a sufficient degree, the artistic and moral requisites of greatness.

John Bannister Tabb was born of Episcopalian parents, in Amelia County, Virginia, March 22, 1845. His childhood was the usual one until the thunders of war first distracted the South. Then, with characteristic fortitude, he espoused the Confederacy, and enlisted himself in the service of a blockade runner. After a short but excellent career, his ship was captured and its crew placed in confinement. There, amid the squalidness of Point Lookout Prison, Lanier's flute first drew together these two great poets of the South into a friendship that was to remain unbroken.

The war over, necessity compelled Tabb to teach, and later we find him engaged as professor of English in Racine College, Michigan. During these years, great changes had taken place in the beliefs of the young man. From a mere desire to enter the ministry of his own faith, he gradually found himself walking the same path as the great Newman of another day. Through his writings, he was able to follow the truth, and, in 1872, he entered the Catholic Church. In that same year, he matriculated as a student of St. Charles' College, Ellicott City, Maryland, and twelve years later was ordained a priest of the Roman Catholic Church. From that date until his death, Nov. 19, 1909, he continued as priest and instructor of English in the *Alma Mater* of his youth.

This, in merest outline, was the career of John Tabb. Seldom does literary history tell us so much about the life of an individual and so little about the man that lived it or the poet that garnered it. We do not even know when he first knelt as a novice in the temple of song, yet it is a significant fact that poet and priest partook of a single birth. The same year (1884) in which the Church

consecrated him as a Minister of her Word, prospective publishers were launching the first fruits of his genius into the world. Idealized by this high influence, the definition of "Poetry," as Tabb early conceived it, became the veritable consecration of his art to a principle that must ever stamp him as the priest-poet no less than the poet-priest.

A gleam of heaven; the passion of a star
Held captive in the clasp of harmony:
A silence, shell-like, breathing from afar
The rapture of the deep,—eternity.

Henceforth the poet, sanctified by the divine anointing of the priest, was to ascend Parnassus by way of the altar.

The artistry of Father Tabb's work allows no line of demarcation, stamped, as it always is, with the sign-manual of his genius; "the minimum of words; the maximum of thought." Seldom does he exceed a dozen lines in catching an analogy or enshrining a thought; more often he will crystallize it into a single quatrain. Yet this marshalling of many powers into a limited space was only his method. Though this is undoubtedly a rare technical accomplishment in itself, Tabb apparently always subordinated it to the greater demands of the perfect poem; for only by this constant packing of thought and saving of words was it at all possible to realize that wholeness and after-effect, so well characterized in his address "To a Songster."

O Little bird, I'd be
A poet like to thee
Singing my native song
Brief to the ear, but long
To Love and Memery.

Although such ambition does not soar, it is none the less exacting for being cast in a modest mold. And it is particularly in this Liliputian style that Tabb shows to best advantage the exquisite workmanship of his genius.

It is well for intelligent criticism to realize from the beginning that it was harder for Tabb to be Tabb than it was, say, for Longfellow to be Longfellow. For if there is any one form which at the same time invites experiment and discourages achievement, it is the little "arrow-flight of song." He who would facet the tiniest of jewels, as this poet does, runs continually the imminent risk of moving a hair's-breadth out of the way of perfection. There is so much for his intellect to accomplish, so great a demand upon eye

and ear and mind, that he must divine the inevitable word and use it, or forego his production. Only occasionally does the language fail him; but when it does, he will sacrifice correctness of rhyme rather than lame the thought. A failing this is, to be sure, but only in so much as the poet-lapidary is unable at times to resist the hardships of his own style. In so many other senses has Tabb dominated the mechanics of his medium in this regard, that the very rareness of his defects seem to preach his perfection rather than his imperfection; for it remains a significant fact that, in this age when poets ape the diversity of genius by being protean in form, Tabb's uniform verses wear the chains of art so easily and with such manifest adornment as to suggest a veritable "Pegasus in Harness." And this in itself is great art.

Our poet's pen is neither touched by fire nor dipped in tears, yet it does not partake as some have asserted in all the frigidity of the *conceitist*. True, a lyric is at times studied or perhaps even too severe; but, though we would condemn the fault, we are driven to admire the poem for the sheer beauty of workmanship which it displays. Often, it is not emotional austerity at all, but rather the perfection and crystalline finish of his lines, which give the idea of coldness. For example, when he writes of "Archery" as

A bow across the sky
Another in the river,
Whence swallows upward fly,
Like arrows from a quiver,

he is in reality painting a picture such as only the full heart of a nature-lover could have conceived. To condemn such poetry as cold or unemotional from the fact that its very form necessitates deliberate art, is to censure all sculpture and painting for the identical reason that they demand infinite labor with the chisel and brush. If Tabb's lyrics have not the full sweep and harmony of language it is only a peculiarity of his rather peculiar cast of thought; for the great body of his poetry strikes deep roots into those great facts of life whence all feeling flows. Thus it happens that, while the accumulation of thought consequent upon the extreme brevity of his medium does not entirely bury the plan of his passion, it serves rather to make it the more subtle,—the more elusive. And it is this particularly rare

art of compressing, or rather embalming, his emotion, coupled to the power of economizing and beautifying his thoughts by the same suggestive image, that makes it possible for Tabb to produce the complete poem instead of the perfect line or the superb epigram.

His metres seldom have the space-opportunity to sing, and yet, in their undertones they carry a music all their own. Like his emotions, they throb more in the thought and ring more in the memory than in the form. Rarely does he depart from the reposeful lamb; yet, even when he does, there is no doubting his ability to make language melodious. "Wood-Grain" is an example in point:

This is the way that the sap-river ran
From the root to the top of the tree—
Silent and dark,
Under the bark,
Working a wonderful plan
That the leaves never know,
And the branches that grow
On the brink of the tide never see.

If there is one quality rare among writers of our time, and yet withal entirely necessary to the poet, that quality is imagination. Without it, a writer may fashion, as it were, in dead material or dull glass, but he can not create,—can not give life to the body or light to the gem. It is this peculiar but undefinable power of getting at the heart of things that makes Tabb sure of his genius. It is the "imperial faculty," and stamps his poetry as genuine. By the very intensity of his mental gaze, he has succeeded, not only in getting beyond the accidental qualities of things, but in detecting new and peculiar sympathies between the natures of objects externally different. And so his imagination becomes creative, as when he writes of Evening under figure of "The Postulant":

In ashes from the wasted fires of noon,
Aweary of the light,
Comes Evening, a tearful novice, soon
To take the veil of night.

Still, it must be admitted that this supreme power sometimes so eludes the pen of John Tabb as to lie entirely without the beck and call of his poetic will. Where imagination holds its solemn court, there must fancy also trip in merry attendance. Not infrequently, on that account, will this sprite be found coloring even so exalted a theme as the Incarnation, while its nobler companion con-

tents itself in scattering the most magnificent imagery over an otherwise commonplace subject. The result is often a combination bewildering in its effects, and yet coming from so chaste a pen as Father Tabb's, always artistic, always beautiful. In truth, his genius is entirely too daring to be prosaic, or even secondary; and although fancy enters into much of his work, it is generally only as a companion of that deeper imagination from which it refuses to be entirely separated. His all-poetic eye sees *The Paschal Moon*, "whitened with remembered woe of Calvary;" *The Butterfly* becomes a "leafless, stemless, floating flower;" even the *Peach-Bloom* is

A dream in fragrant silence wrought,
A blossoming of petaled thought.

He hears "the harmonies of sleep," and the sea impresses him as "forever calling on the shore." When he addresses the *Mocking-Bird*, it is in the words "O Heart, that can not sleep for song;" although the heart of the *Wood-Robin* is "a bud of silence which breaks to ecstasy of song" only with the necromancy of flower and leaf. It is this supreme power,—a power which wings its discovering way among the stars), dives into the calyx of the lily, and snatches the poem hidden in the heart of the sunset,—that has crowned the work of John Tabb ere ever the literary Sanhedrim will have opportunity of sitting in judgment upon his muse.

Granted that his field of expression was contracted, its difficulties are quite as great, within limitations, as were those which confronted any English lyric writer of the age. In surmounting them, he may or may not have attained to the particular accomplishment of a Keats or a Shelley, but he has certainly proved his genius to be equally legitimate with their own. Measured by the artistic standards of his own kind, he can say more, and say it better, grander and more artistically within the limits of a single quatrain than any known writer. And that in itself is a great accomplishment. In the technique of a particular lyric field, therefore, Tabb is supreme, satisfying in this regard the first requirement of poetry quoted in the forepart of this essay,—perfection of form.

Now, howsoever a poet may enchain the form, which is after all the mere shell of thought, he yet wants another requisite before great art is possible,—beauty of substance. And

in this capital requirement, Tabb approaches the pinnacle of perfection. Strictly speaking, religion is the great pointer-star to which he has trained his entire output. Indeed, his genius is of so solemn and sacred a kind that even his most arbitrary productions are devoted to the spelling out of that message which God has involved in the universe of things. Relative to itself, however, the subject-matter of Father Tabb's poetry presents a twofold division which we shall follow: one class, wherein the poet dominates, conveniently called his non-religious poetry; the other wherein the priest becomes more in evidence, or his religious poetry.

(CONCLUSION NEXT WEEK.)

Benjamin Franklin as a Literary Force.

EDWARD P. CLEARY, '09.

In making an analysis of the rise and development of American Literature, one must draw a distinct mark of differentiation between the period of the early Puritan writers and those who came at that later period which may be said to have begun shortly before the Revolution. The first men who contributed to literature in this country were not Americans in any sense of the word. They were English through and through, and if they were not born in England they were so thoroughly imbued with the English spirit that there is no difference in the work they did and that which was being done by their co-religionists in the mother country.

These Puritan writers, or at least their immediate ancestors, had sought the American shores to obtain freedom of religion and thought. Their minds and hearts were set on the preservation and propagation of that doctrine which they deemed essential to man's eternal salvation. Their religion was devoid of that cheer and hope which marked the older faiths from which they had severed themselves. They knew little of the æsthetic beauties of life, and the little they did know was submerged in their stern austerity. They frowned upon gayety, not because it was sinful but because it was pleasurable. It is not surprising, then, that their literature should be not only devoted entirely to religious topics, but that it should be almost utterly devoid of any of

that charm and beauty which is the essence of real literature.

Even Ann Bradstreet, who essayed to give vent to her feelings in poetic outbursts, and who was called "A Tenth Muse" by her contemporaries, was fatally compromised by a religious prejudice that gave the old Puritan tone to what might have been fairly good verse had she taken a broader view of people and things. To this woman Shakespeare was an abomination, and yet she was not alone in the opinion. Practically all of her contemporaries shared her dislike, and this abnormality of thought found expression in their works.

Cotton Mather, than whom no more boorish spirit has ever contributed to the literature of the North American continent, remarked that Ann Bradstreet's work "would outlast the stateliest marble." This divine, bound up in his own narrow ideas, could not look ahead to that time when America would become the home of other European exiles who did not share the Calvinistic view and who had no sympathy with the puritanical movement. To him America was New England, and it would always remain so. He knew naught of that future time when the literature of the entire Puritan cult would find a resting-place on the unused shelf of some library, there to molder away, until nothing should be kept but a memory.

The influx of immigration to the new country brought a cosmopolitan throng of varied ideas on every subject. These peoples sought homes where they could enjoy their own individuality and live a life of usefulness. The old literature of the Puritan period held little of interest for them; they demanded something broader. They demanded a literature suited to their own needs, and it was this demand that started a new movement, which gave birth to the first real American literature. When the need of this kind of literature was felt throughout the colonies, it was some time before a writer came forward who had the natural ability to head the new school; but at last such a man was found, and America knew for the first time Benjamin Franklin and his literature of Usefulness.

Times were unfavorable, however, for the immediate development of the needed individual. The early colonial period was far from supplying the wants of a soul thirsting for

literary food. Books were practically unknown, and the few which could be had were such as no boy of to-day would care to read. But the young Franklin benefited by the compulsory education of a time when it was the duty of the select man to see that every Boston boy could read and write the English tongue, and soon grew to have such a fondness for literature that he eagerly snatched up everything which was in any way accessible. As yet the printing press was a thing of such rarity that very few had ever seen one. Franklin with the few coppers that could be saved by a tallow chandler's son, and denying himself the limited treats afforded by such a strictly puritanical town as Boston, purchased the limited library, if such it could be called, which was to be the basis of an education which would open for him but one career, that of a man of letters. Narrow and prejudiced as were the volumes of the period, their effect on Franklin was not striking, for he was by nature disputatious, and rarely accepted any teaching or doctrine without first weighing it most carefully from every viewpoint.

Franklin's early literary activity may be said to have begun in 1718 when he was bound to his brother as an apprentice on the second newspaper established in America.

While engaged in setting type and mixing ink in his brother's office, Benjamin began to write. His first attempts were two ballads in doggerel verse, treating of subjects which at that time filled the minds of the common people. But his matter-of-fact father, from whom, perhaps, Franklin may have inherited a portion of that practical nature which later became so marked a characteristic of all his writings, told his son in very plain language, that all poets were beggars and that he would do well to turn his time and talent to better use. The advice was taken and Benjamin went on with his reading. An intense longing for books possessed him. When he had by much perseverance secured one, he read and reread it till he obtained another, even stooping to the degree of machinations with booksellers' apprentices by which they loaned him available material on the sly. Like Lincoln of later times, he read from sunset till the break of dawn, with only the light of a farthing candle purloined from his father's shop. These were the hours which paved the pathway of his literary career. Everything he read

influenced him strongly. He read the "Memorabilia" and became a strict adherent of the Socratic method of dispute. He read Shaftsbury and Collins and became a sceptic, but the greatest and most lasting influence, the one which molded the unshaped genius into that lasting and delightful handler of words, was Addison. To his dying day he never read anything which affected him more deeply or left a more powerful imprint. He kept "The Spectator" before him always. Night and day, Sunday or weekday, whenever a moment could be spared, he absorbed its contents. But what was still better, he chose those thoughts which to him meant most, and jotted them down, retaining the substance intact. Then after a brief lapse of time, he would reproduce the essay in language purely his own. Sometimes he rewrote in verse what pleased him most, and soon overcame that difficulty which so often besets a young writer, an insufficient vocabulary. With an enlarged vocabulary came his studied arrangement of thought, the ordered array of notes and proper placing of sentences. All this time he was spending the money earned by hard work for books, and living on the poorest of food.

When James Franklin started "The New England Courant," and became notorious for his arrogance and general insolence in dealing with Cotton Mather, Benjamin Franklin, under the name of Silence Dogwood, began his brief but spicy letters to that publication. Never since have the diction, delicate humor and peculiar spirit of Addison been so closely rivalled as they were in these surreptitious letters by an unknown writer who signed himself Silence Dogwood. Henceforth Benjamin became the moving force of his brother's publication and ever after, until their quarrel which resulted in his leaving Boston and seeking his fortune in new climes, young Franklin's success grew apace. His fortunes and misfortunes in Philadelphia and later in London opened to Franklin a new world. They broadened his nature and made him see those varied phases of life which to one so young as he, and in such circumstances as he was placed, meant a new awakening. To judge of his experiences, we have only to read his autobiography; to measure its final effect as to his literary activity we can only say that it woke him to the real force and power of passion as it exists in man and to the ever-

present world of evil. However, it did not bring him immediately to a greater knowledge of the true meaning of the existence of a Supreme Being. During his stay in London appeared "A Dissertation on Liberty and Necessity, Pleasure and Pain." In this treatise, he admitted the existence of God, but held that evil does not exist, since God, being all-powerful, nothing can exist against His will, and being all-good, He can will nothing but good, and hence nothing but good can exist and evil does not exist. He held that there is nothing in the acts of man which distinguishes them into good, evil and indifferent. Yet Franklin, in spite of the favor won among many of the sceptics, who lionized him for a time, later disavowed his views and stopped the circulation of the pamphlet.

His return to Philadelphia from London marks the real crisis in Franklin's life. The vagaries and misfortunes of youth, the misconceived ideas of life which had sprouted but had not grown, were now to be rooted out. A new and in every sense more sane and practical attitude asserted itself. During this time, when Franklin had bested his rival printer, Keimer, there appeared thirty-two papers, comprising "The Busybody," of which but six are really the work of Franklin. Here again we see marked traces of the Addisonian influence. He wrote without ornamentation, display of learning or flights of imagination. The papers are marked by an ease and grace of dealing with plain, homely matters of everyday life and are rendered in the purest English idiom. Franklin's huge mountain of common-sense, combined with just enough wit to be unobtrusive, won for these essays and those of a later day a popularity and influence beyond that of any American author since his day.

Franklin soon gained control of the "Pennsylvania Gazette," which was to be for twenty years the scene of his literary activities. During this period, he contributed a great deal, particularly in the field of essay writing. The majority of these essays are remarkable for the matter-of-fact usefulness and common-sense view taken on everyday affairs pertaining to the general good. By Franklin's activity in the line of furnishing libraries for the people of this time, he gave more encouragement to letters than he did merely by being a printer. It was at this time that the Philadelphia Library was founded. The greatest and per-

haps most lasting of Franklin's contributions to letters and the one that has won for him a peculiar place in American literature was the publication of "Poor Richard's Almanac." The business of publishing almanacs was at this time a most lucrative one from a printer's point of view. There were several in existence at the time, the most noted those of Burkett, Godfrey, Taylor and Titan Leeds. They were practically similar in subject-matter and form. Franklin's literary instinct at once suggested the plan of creating a philomath out of his own imagination which should not only achieve the highest possibilities of the art, but should picture the ideal he had formed of such a philomath. He wrote his own almanac, announcing that it was prepared by one Richard Saunders whom for short he called "Poor Richard."

As the great poet, Shakespeare, hunted the ancient chests of legendary lore and romantic tales for matter, so Franklin plundered right and left to obtain material for the wise sayings of Poor Richard. His genius for creating character soon manifested itself, and Poor Richard became the "Sir Roger" of the masses. He won the hearts of great and small, rich and poor. The early numbers made great sport of Franklin's rivals in almanac making, much to their discomfiture.

Besides formal essays or prefaces which appeared in each number, there were numerous verses, paragraphs of admirable satire on the events of the day, on human weaknesses and foibles, and best of all, those prudential, useful maxims which have been handed down to us and have become a living factor in our daily life. For twenty years Poor Richard kept up his stream of fun, now choosing the sound, wholesome characteristics of life, again rollicking in jest and the elemental joys of life, all expressed in the inimitable language of which Franklin was at once the producer and master. It may truthfully be said that it was in this way that Franklin built up the wonderful reputation which has surprised us so much, a reputation of long growth, not merely the fancy of a single day, not the passing fad of the crowd. One who for a generation held the attention and admiration of gentleman and peasant, of high and low casts, could not help but build up for himself the foundation of a wide influence. Translations of Franklin's works reached every land and every nation. Seventy editions were printed in English,

fifty-six in French, eleven in German and nine in Italian, not to speak of dozens of other languages.

For a time, as is often the case, Franklin was accused of plagiarism, but this accusation can not be proved. Many of the thoughts are found in essence in Rabelais, Bacon, Rochefoucauld, but they were always rewritten to suit the purpose of the time and to reach a wider circulation. He never revised without improving. He rewrote the "Book of Job" in paraphrase form, making it a satire on English politics, but his humor in this respect was a trifle cheap and worthless. His literary style is probably the most effective of any used by an American writer, and his "Poor Richard" promises to live as long as the poems of Longfellow or the romances of Hawthorne. In "Father Abraham," perhaps the most famous of Poor Richard's sayings, Franklin leaves us the keynote of all his success when he says: "I conclude at length that the people were the best judges of my merit, for they buy my works: and besides, in my rambles, where I am not personally known, I have frequently heard one or other of my adages repeated with 'as Poor Richard says' at the end of it." His speech of Father Abraham is without doubt the most famous piece of literature the colonies produced.

With Poor Richard, Franklin's career as a strict man of letters may be said to have ended in a great measure. His contributions never ceased but piled up year after year, attaining an aggregate almost inconceivable. Much of his best work has been lost, many, such as "The Dog Wood Papers," the sketches written for "The Courant," the essays in the "Pennsylvania Gazette" and the Prefaces and Prognostications of Poor Richard, have never been gathered. When this is accomplished, Franklin will be given his proper place in the goodly company of American men of letters. His place among them, however, is hard to determine.

He gave no impetus to letters; he put his name to no great work of history, or poetry or of fiction. We have no common grounds upon which to compare him with such men as Irving or Cooper. It was furthest from his intention or aim to write for literary fame. If such were the case he would never have left that wonderful story of human interest his "Autobiography" to remain half completed.

He would have guarded each production which went forth from his pen with the jealous eye of one who looks to future commendation. Such Franklin never did. He belongs, without doubt, to that great race of essayists and writers of pamphlets and tracts which was contemporary with, or followed, the war for independence. He ranks first among those who broke away from the strict reign of puritanical literature and breathed their appeal to that sense of American thrift and independence in thought and action which marked the real "Yankee." Franklin's chief merit lies not so much in what he said, but in the manner of saying it. As an imitator of the immortal Addison he stands first in the gentle humor, light, easy satire, and elegance of style; he may be said to almost surpass even Addison. But the nature of the man drew Franklin away from the strict lines of literary effort. Business, science, electricity, politics, discoveries, and the pressing demands

for statesmen, called him to larger fields. His was the life of usefulness both for himself and for his country. His writings breathe the spirit of his life. Immediate and practical, they struck home to the hearts of the real American people and to the masses in foreign lands. Brevity, clearness, force, humor, but foremost and above all, hard, common sense and a practical view of life, characterize his work. His attitude was that of the man who knows the world and whose range of knowledge on economical, political, religious, scientific and moral subjects was most broad, if not at all times correct. It formed a basis for a wealth of literature which will be as the works of the great Fathers of the Church were to the spiritual development of man, a most potent, sound and striking factor in the existence of man; earthly, not only for his time and our time, but to many future generations of the world's inhabitants.

The Painted Queen.

A. F.

Lady, your fingers are heavy with rings, and statue-like footmen are waiting your beck,
A coronet crowns your head and half the wealth of a kingdom is round your neck.

Do you see that rose girl standing apart out there on the edge of the surging crowd?
If you had the deep, far-shining eyes of hers you'd be millions of times more proud;

If you had her billows of hair, as black as a raven's wing or the bird of night,
You'd stand forever that men might come and adore you under a flood of light.

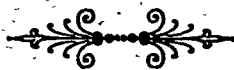
Yours is a powdered face at which a powdered world will smile and nod;
Hers is red like the Dawn, painted on canvas of sky by the brush of God.

Yours is a soul awaery grown with pleasure, yet wasting for something new.
Life has a million joys, a million loves; are all of them hidden from you?

Birth and gold have placed you above the streets where the battle for bread is fought;
Art has given you all that Art can give: Nature has given you naught.

You are common: common of mind and heart, for all that tinsel and stuff.
There's light on that girl's face, a shape to her hand, though her shapely hand be rough.

Live in your towering palace, alit with gold—you with a face of clay;
That rose girl's eyes are stars, her cheeks are red with the flush of the breaking day!



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—At the opening of the school year one is always conscious of the school trotter: the young man who with every coming September hies to some other school
A Mixed Metaphor. till the next September wheels around. Whether he does so for the sake of variety or to gratify a roaming disposition is not worth discussing. One statement is certain: he does not make his annual change with any hope of bettering himself intellectually or morally. One readily grants that any young man may desire to change from one college to another either because of surroundings, courses of study, climate, or for a dozen other legitimate reasons. But such a young man is very different from the student trotter who attempts to get an education on the bureau system by making a circuit of colleges. At the end of three or four years he gets off the circuit and passes into perpetual winter quarters with the unknown.

To mix the metaphor, those of us who expect to grow should get rooted. We may never sink down very deep and we may never grow up very high. But by all means let us get rooted some little distance and start growing. Let us quit talking to the folks about the annual September transplanting. Then we will be trees sometime; not fruit trees, perhaps, that will yield a full measure to add to the world's riches. But we can cast a mellowing coolness around us anyhow, and prove excellent timber too. Let us get rooted.

—Under the heading the "Wages of Sin" the Chicago *Inter Ocean* makes certain wholesome reflections on the Beattie trial and condemnation which we quote
Put This Where You Can See It. in full. It is seldom our large city dailies attempt to draw a lesson of warning

and help for their readers from the shocking crimes that are told with such minuteness on the front page. The *Inter Ocean* is a conspicuous exception. Rarely does an issue pass out that does not contain timely and thoughtful paragraphs on great moral questions in the editorial section.

Henry Clay Beattie, Jr., the young Virginian whose crime and trial have attracted national attention, has been condemned to death by the jury in whose hands the due process of law and justice placed his fate.

There is apparently no doubt of the fairness of the trial and the justice of the verdict. The jury, giving by the God-fearing sobriety of their conduct a merited rebuke to the cheap sensationalism and appeals to morbid sentiment with which the case has been surrounded to some extent, were plainly men who made a conscience of what they did.

With the life of a human being,—still human though most depraved—in their hands these Virginia farmers were not ashamed to pray together for divine guidance. They were never in disagreement. The proofs were too clear and convincing. They felt that they could not do otherwise than condemn the accused to the punishment decreed by human and divine law for his crime.

Unhappily there is nothing strange or unusual in the ways that have led this young man to a shameful death. It is the old, old story, as old as humanity and sin, of him who wilfully seeks and finds the wages of sin—of him who blinds his eyes and deafens his ears to the divine commandments and the experience of all the ages—who rejects the wisdom that admonishes:

"The lips of a strange woman drop as an honeycomb, and her mouth is smoother than oil. But her end is bitter as wormwood, sharp as a two-edged sword. Her feet go down to death; her steps take hold on hell.

"Let not thy heart decline to her ways; go not astray in her paths. For she hath cast down many wounded: yea, many strong men hath she slain. Her house is the way to hell, going down to the chambers of death."

For "the strange woman" this shameless young man left his fair and faithful wife, the mother of his children. For "the strange woman" this besotted seeker of the wages of sin slew that wife and mother. And those wages of sin he now justly receives.

—The daily press has given headlines to the ban put on cigarettes here at the University. Naturally we looked for exaggeration of statement, else why the **The Exit of the Little Enemy.** headlines? And naturally we were not disappointed. It was said, for instance, that the President and Faculty found the cigarette strikingly general here and so decided to expel him. The fact is, he has been here, as one

could discover without the use of a microscope; but he has never run wild about the countryside. To be candid, our people up on the watch tower have never been markedly enamored of him. We have concluded they are right. Companionship with the little fellow begets littleness. His presence as a headlight under one's nose is no splendor on the sidewalk, no glory on the Appian Way. His blue breath on the atmosphere doesn't develop brain cells like Gladstone's nor a loveliness of physical form like that of Apollo Belvedere. The touch of him makes your finger-tips yellow and your face sickly, which neither pagan nor Christian nations consider good or wholesome in these days. He is neither pretty nor healthy, with his insides held together by paper glued with saliva. The big man who associates with him has a friend who subtracts all he can from his social stature, and the little man who makes him his travelling companion will always line up with the feather weights.

The tall type in the newspapers is not so important. What the President and Faculty have done for the physical and intellectual uplift of the students of this University in sending the little white peril packing is of untold advantage. It will prove a matter for self-congratulation in the near and more remote future if every student in the University bids the cigarette a lasting good-bye.

—A recent issue of the *Hiberno-Argentine Review*, the leading newspaper of Buenos Aires, Argentine, South America, pays this much-appreciated tribute to our Alma Mater:

The recent departure of a young Irish-Argentine to the United States of America with the object of entering on a University career gives origin to these few lines on a great educational establishment. In the state of Indiana there stands far removed from the madding crowd the great Catholic University of Notre Dame. Mark that word "Catholic." The Bishop of Trenton some time past was compelled to speak strongly in the pulpit on the "godless" education that is usually given in the Universities of the United States. He declared that it was the duty of all Christians to save their children from the loss of faith that is unavoidable in many of the secular universities. Now the duty of Catholics is apparent. If there are in the United States Catholic Universities which afford degrees equal in point of merit to the best secular institutions, Catholic parents should send their children to such institutions.

Public opinion values a diploma according to the

repute of the university that grants it. Notre Dame comprises amongst its advanced courses: letters, economics, sciences, law, with civil, mechanical, electrical, mining and chemical engineering a specialty. A diploma from Notre Dame for any of the above subjects is guarantee that the recipient is thoroughly efficient. In Notre Dame there are also such courses as pharmacy, architecture, business and journalism. There is scarcely a branch of the University curriculum in which the alumni of Notre Dame have not obtained national fame. In Notre Dame we behold a great University, eminently fitted to turn out men capable of fighting their way and earning a name in life. But when all is said and done, success and fame are not the ultimate objects of life. From the cradle to the grave is at best a short span. Beyond the grave there is a land where worldly success is not reckoned. There is a haven for which each one is steering his bark, and if we are wrecked on the rocks before the haven is reached, verily all is lost. Notre Dame, in addition to giving her scholars the best possible preparation for success in this life, affords them a solid, religious education that will render them proof against the attacks to which their faith will be subjected. Catholic parents, who intend sending their sons to a United States University, would do well to send them to Notre Dame.

—With this issue of our college weekly the record of the year begins. There is a sadness of spirit at the thought of the big falling off in our last year's **The New Seeds** staff. Graduation, like death, cut down the fairest flowers in the editorial garden and now new seeds must be planted that will be long in the growing. Lahey, Hughes, Miltner, Wenninger, O'Hara, Tully, Dimmick and Forrestal blossom no more in this garden, wherever else they bloom. Murphy, Howard, Milroy, Twining and Barry still glorify the narrow acres we call our own.

The season of planting is fast upon us. We need eight or nine of the best seeds blown about here to plant where bloomed those others that are gone. Do you think you can take root? Remember we do not expect you to blossom right today. Indeed we probably would not want you if you thought you could. Be just willing to take root and grow. You will blossom into a tall, fair literary flower in due season, you may be sure. Graduation will cut you down later on of course. But this paper can afford to let you go. The world and posterity will need you. **The SCHOLASTIC** can part with you, knowing full well that other seeds will quicken into blossom in your place. Such is the law of succession. Such is the law of life.



The New Book Plate.

We have pleasure in publishing a book plate designed for the University by Mr. L. Clarence Ball of South Bend, Indiana. All who have examined this book plate have expressed a high degree of admiration for both the conception and execution of it.

The rosary, which forms the outline of the plan, lends a note of distinction and originality to it. The use that has been made of spire, and dome, and University seal is admirable. The bookish tradition associated with the old monasteries and religious houses of the Middle Ages and earlier is happily suggested by the figures of the two monks. Indeed, all of the details show the very best characteristics of book-plate making, a field in which Mr. Ball holds a very enviable distinction. We congratulate him on the success of this work.

Feast of the Seven Dolors.

Sunday, September 17, the feast of the Seven Dolors, solemn high mass was celebrated at 8 o'clock by the Rev. Father Irving, assisted by Rev. Father Maguire as deacon and Rev. Father Bolger as subdeacon. The feast is an occasion of special devotion at Notre Dame, being one of the patronal feasts of the Congregation of Holy Cross.

A High Enrolment.

The unusually high enrolment at this writing gives assurance of an exceptionally big year at Notre Dame. Despite the very large class graduated last year the number of new boys gathered from all parts of the country more than makes up for the long roll of loyal sons who went forth with the University diploma last June. A high percentage of the old boys have returned to continue their studies.

Lecture and Concert Course.

The course of lectures and concerts as arranged for up-to-date are herewith presented. The presence of Mr. Newman, Opie Read, Leland Powers, in addition to well-known concert companies, should make the course the most popular in years.

Tuesday, October 3—Bruno-Steindel Trio, 5:00 p. m.	
Wednesday, October 18—Newman, Travelogue, "	
Wednesday, October 25—Newman, Travelogue. "	
Wednesday, November 1—Newman, Travelogue, "	
Saturday, November 4—Opie Read..... "	
Wednesday, November 8—Newman Travelogue, "	
Thursday, November 9—Ross Crane, Cartoonist, "	
Saturday, November 11—Dr. Edgar J. Banks,	
"Babylonia"	5:00 p. m.
Wednesday, November 15—Newman, Travelogue, "	
Saturday, November 18—Dr. Edgar J. Banks,	
"Bismya"	5:00 p. m.
Saturday, November 25—Dr. Edgar J. Banks,	
"Egypt"	5:00 p. m.
Saturday, December 2—Dr. Edgar J. Banks,	
"Persia"	5:00 p. m.
Saturday, December 9—Dr. Edgar J. Banks,	
"India"	5:00 p. m.
Saturday, December 16—Dr. Edgar J. Banks,	
"The Hittites"	5:00 p. m.
Tuesday, January 9—"Good Fellows" Company, "	
Saturday, January 13—Gov. R. B. Glinn..... "	
Wednesday, January 24—Marcosson Co....	7:30 p. m.
Saturday, February 3—S. Landon.....	5:00 p. m.
Saturday, Feb. 24—International Opera Co..	7:30 p. m.
Tuesday, February 27—Leland T. Powers..	5:00 p. m.
Saturday, March 23—Bostonia Sextette..... "	

The Apostolate of Religious Reading.

A free library with the above name has been established at the University for the use of all residents at Notre Dame. The book-case of this library is situated in Brownson Hall and is in care of Brother Alphonsus. Books may be obtained directly from him or from the distributors in the various halls.

It is the purpose of the director of the Apostolate to make the library representative of the best there is in English religious literature. History, poetry, essays, biography and fiction, especially the last named, are offered to the patrons of the library. No charge is required for the use of the books, but voluntary contributions will be gratefully received.

"A Pre-Lutheran Bible."

Professor Warren W. Florer, who has published monographs on Luther's language as contained in his translation of the Bible, and O. E. Fuelber, both of the University of Michigan, are guests of the University of Notre Dame, where they are investigating a pre-Lutheran Bible which is deposited in the library of the University. The object of the research is to ascertain to what extent Martin Luther used the pre-Lutheran Bibles in his translation.

This rare book is the second volume of a German Bible printed in the month of March (Monday after *Invocavit*) in the year of our Lord 1483, about seven months before the birth of Martin Luther, and is therefore over 400 years old. It was printed by Anthony Koburger at Nuremberg, Bavaria, being the first German edition of the Bible that was artistically executed and richly illustrated after the art of printing was invented. The many wood cuts found in it were executed by Michael Wolgemut.

Professor Florer has promised to give us in the near future a more detailed account of his research—*Catholic Universe*.

Alumni Marriage Announcements.

An item of unusual interest to students and alumni is the announcement of the marriage of Miss Ada Belle Kimberlin to Dr. Francis J. Powers, professor of Physiology in the University. The marriage took place in South Bend on August 7th. The SCHOLASTIC extends to Dr. Powers and his bride special congratulations and bespeaks for them a long and happy life.

The marriage is announced of Miss Susan E. Llewellyn to Dr. Emelius M. McKee (B. S. B. '06) at Lexington, Kentucky, August 28th. Dr. McKee is a well-known and highly respected graduate of the University. We wish Dr. and Mrs. McKee a long and happy life.

The marriage of Miss Sarah Elizabeth Whittlesey to Mr. Roscoe P. Hurst (LL. B. '06) took place at Portland, Oregon, on August 19th. The groom is a well-known graduate of the law school, and his many friends wish him and Mrs. Hurst every happiness and blessing.

The marriage is announced of Miss Frances

Cordelia Coontz to Mr. Varnum A. Parrish (Litt. B. '08) in Vandalia, Missouri, September 14th. Mr. Parrish was a favorite and brilliant member of his class. We extend felicitations and good wishes.

We acknowledge with thanks an invitation to the marriage of Miss Margarita Berardi to Mr. Francisco Trevino (old student) at Monterey Mexico, September 15th. We extend to the happy bride and groom good wishes and assurance of prayers.

Mr. and Mrs. Stewart S. Kurtz announce the marriage of their daughter Carolyn Constance to Mr. Evaristo Batlle y Alvarez on Monday, July the 3d, 1911. Mr. Batlle (B. S. A. '06) has the congratulations of a large circle of friends, who wish him continued happiness and prosperity. To Mrs. Batlle the SCHOLASTIC offers felicitations and best wishes.

Mrs. Charles DeWitt Lawton announces the marriage of her daughter Gertrude Genevieve to Doctor Thomas J. Swantz (B. S. B. '04) on Wednesday, July the 19th, Lawton, Michigan. After September 15th they will be at home in South Bend where Dr. Swantz has a large and growing practice. Few young men of his time are so highly regarded as the genial doctor. The SCHOLASTIC extends congratulations and good wishes.

The marriage is announced of Miss Lenna Bingaman to Mr. John C. Shea of Dayton, Ohio. The ceremony took place July 26th, and Mr. and Mrs. Shea will be at home after September 15th at 39 Santa Clara Avenue, Dayton, Ohio. John Shea made a remarkable record at Notre Dame. His loyalty to the University is equalled only by the devotion he has won from a large circle of friends among the faculty and alumni.

Personals.

—Lee Matthews, end on last year's football team, is coaching the squad at St. Edward's College, Austin, Texas. We predict a winning team for St. Edward's under the tutelage of Lee.

—Colonel William Hoynes, Dean of the Law School, has been appointed delegate to represent the University at the Third National Conservation Congress to be held at Kansas City, Missouri, September 25, 26, 27. The President of the United States will address the Meeting.

—A letter from Ex-Senator John M. Gearin

(B. S., '71; M. S. '74) of Oregon contains this pleasant promise: "You may rely on my stopping at Notre Dame the next time I go east. Just how soon that will be I do not know, but it is a long time since I saw the old place and I promise myself the pleasure of a few days with you on my next visit."

—The Very Reverend Provincial, Morrissey preached the dedication sermon of the Sacred Heart parish school, New Orleans, La., last Sunday. Two former members of our Faculty, Rev. T. R. Murphy and Rev. P. J. Dalton, are first and second assistants of the parish in the order named. Father Morrissey's address received very favorable comment in the New Orleans papers.

—Mr. Charles Comiskey, president of the Chicago American baseball club, so well known as the "White Sox," and Mrs. Comiskey visited the University last Wednesday. Master Francis Whitman, a student of Carroll hall, is Mr. Comiskey's nephew. The well-known baseball president was accompanied by Mr. and Mrs. John Burns, and Mr. and Mrs. Peter Hamler. Mr. Hamler entered his son Jerome as a student in St. Edward's hall.

—Wednesday evening Mayor John Fitzgerald of Boston, accompanied by Mrs. and Miss Rose Fitzgerald and Mr. Richard Walsh, paid a very brief visit to the University. The fact that Mayor Fitzgerald had very important business waiting him in his home city necessitated a hasty departure. We hope the well-known municipal head of Boston and his charming wife and daughter and his friend Mr. Walsh will come soon again to stay longer. Miss Catherine Conway accompanied the distinguished party.

—A New York writer has been telling of some successful literary men from the West, and among them of some young fellows from Indiana. We quote:

It is said that all New York newspaper men are Hoosiers, Southerners or Masons. Some of the crack reporters were born in Indiana or went to school there. Louis Weadock, writer of humorous and human interest stories, is a Notre Dame boy. Will Irwin calls Weadock one of the leaders of the new school of writers. Frank Ward O'Malley, humorist of the New York Sun, is another Notre Dame man. Ed. Hill, a reporter for the Sun, hails from Indianapolis. What's the why of all this literary rush from Indiana?

Weadock and O'Malley have been getting their full share of public recognition in journalism.

Local News.

—Harry Newning will captain the Walsh football team this year.

—In the matter of rooms there isn't much left in the way of choice.

—The outdoor band concerts during the opening weeks are most welcome.

—Lost—A sum of money. Finder will please leave same with Brother Alphonsus.

—Irish History will be taught on Tuesdays and Fridays at 1:15, beginning next Tuesday.

—The coming week will probably witness the reorganization of many of the well-known, popular societies.

—Captain Stogsdall is not wasting any time in getting the Battalion in motion. Already he is organizing.

—Edward Peil, a Carroll hall boy three years ago, has returned to the University this year as a Corby haller.

—Rules pertaining to the discipline of the day students are being drawn up by the Prefect of Discipline.

—Father Quinlan will have charge of the preparatory studies this year. The preps will have to keep moving, you may be sure.

—St. Edward's hall park is still a post-summer glory. The rich serpentine, the cross and the anchors, and the "Ave Maria" were never more splendid. Pity the winter ever comes!

—Manager John Murphy is already hard at work arranging for next year's baseball schedule. No doubt it will show the result of his work.

—Students desiring to join the Glee Club will meet next Thursday morning at 10 o'clock in the band room. Do not forget the time and the place.

—James O'Brien of St. Joseph hall received a telegram Thursday morning calling him to Fairbury, Illinois, on account of the death of his grandfather.

—Father Quinlan reports all the suites in Walsh engaged, and an unusually large number of collegiate students among his charges.

—The number of old boys who returned with new boys are the kind of fellows with the N. D. spirit. Nearly every old boy who couldn't get a stranger brought his brother.

—Charles Miltner and Charles Marshall,

of last year's graduating class, will pursue their theological studies in Rome, Italy. They will probably sail the latter part of October.

—Colonel Hoynes is giving the Senior law men a thorough course in reviews. This is really a post-graduate course, and is perhaps the most important part of the year's work.

—Sorin was "made over" during the vacation. The pillars were painted, the woodwork was grained and varnished, the rec-room was re-floored,—and new, double-strength screens were placed on all the windows.

—With Howard, Hicks, Barry, Maloney, O'Brien, Robinson and McSweeney among the old men, and a husky and promising lot of new material, St. Joseph hall looms large on the inter-hall football horizon this year.

—At a meeting of the St. Joseph hall athletic association held Wednesday night, Patrick Barry was unanimously elected athletic manager for the year 1911-12. James O'Brien was elected treasurer, and S. E. Twining secretary.

—Corby always has something to feel "chesty" over. This time it is eleven "batches" of brothers. They are: Cortez brothers, the Bergmans, Carmodys, Dinnens, Frawleys, Gushursts, Nolans, Lequericas, Murphys, Welchs and the Roachs.

—Before it becomes a nuisance we hope the younger generation will cease to trespass on the cement walks in front of and around the University with their bicycles. The walks are not for speeders; nor are these same speeders any addition to the peace of the premises.

—Captain Stogsdall will have as his assistant in the military department of the university this year Sergeant Herring who is living in Sorin. The military department will be strengthened this year and the best results are expected. There will undoubtedly be much interest in the work, and each hall should have a full company. The date of the first drill has not yet been announced.

—Brother Florian had the St. Joseph rec-room newly decorated during the summer, the piano tuned, and everything ready for the boys' enjoyment when they returned. New carpets, pillows, pennants of all the colleges and other decorations give an impression of almost oriental splendor. There are now fifty-five students in the hall, and not another one can be accommodated.

Athletic Notes.

With the opening of school, athletic activities have been resumed, and once more Cartier Field is alive with men chasing down the field under punts, falling on the ball and doing various stunts, preliminary to the more strenuous work of scrimmage, in an effort to get in shape for a hard schedule. During the week the squad has rapidly increased in size. New men with great reputations for deeds done in preparatory schools have appeared in goodly numbers; and many of last year's inter-hall stars, quickened by a desire for the coveted monogram, have donned the moleskins.

At present the squad numbers about twenty-five, a number which is not at all proportionate to the available material. Every man who possesses a fair knowledge of football and can weigh about 145 pounds or more should present himself as a candidate. The lure of inter-hall athletics should in nowise be a hindrance to any man; for the man who sacrifices these inferior honors for the welfare of the Varsity, even though he be a scrub, is worthy of all praise. Scrubs make winning teams a possibility. The schedule as arranged to date is as follows:

- Oct. 7.—Open
- " 14.—St. Viateur's at N. D.
- " 21.—Butler College at N. D.
- " 28.—De Paul University at N. D.
- Nov. 4.—Pittsburg University at Pittsburg
- " 11.—St. Bonaventure's at N. D.
- " 20.—Wabash at Crawfordsville
- Thanksgiving Day—Marquette at Milwaukee.

Manager John P. Murphy is in communication with several colleges and there is but little doubt that the open date will be filled.

The football destinies of the gold and blue for this year rest with Head Coach L. H. Marks, Jr. He is a graduate of Dartmouth and one of the best players that the big Eastern school has turned out. George Philbrook and "Don" Hamilton, of the 1909 Western Champions, will assist the head coach; the former having charge of the line men and the latter instructing the back field in the fine points of the game.

Many of last year's team have been lost through graduation or by failure in returning to school. The loss of Dimmick at the tackle

position and of Collins and Matthews on the ends has left vacancies which will be difficult to fill. Captain Luke Kelly, McGrath, Smith, McGinnis, Rockne, Morgan, O'Neill, LeBlanc, O'Rourke, Henahan, Gushurst, Dolan, are among the men who have reported for practice. Jones and Howard, both of whom have won honors as inter-hall stars, have signified their intention of joining the squad. Smith, Kelleher and Miller, a brother of the famous "Red" Miller, have appeared and give promise of great achievements.

Safety Valve.

So these then are the boys

Who are going to love their kind teachers

For a school year

Of nearly ten months

O joy!

To harp back on the dear *Dome* Calendar:

Did you get your double room?

Neither did we.

Among the newcomers we notice one Dew. Off the grass!

FIRST STEPS IN LATIN.

1. Quid materia est tecum?—What is the matter with you?

2. Ego certus sum laetus videre te—I sure am glad to see you.

3. Sit id unquam sic humilis, ibi es nullus locus similis domus—Be it ever so humble, there is no place like home.

SCHOLASTIC, PLEASE COPY.

Late last evening Mr. Wm. Cotter left from La Salle Street Station in the New York Central limited for Notre Dame University, eleven miles south of Niles and one mile east of St. Mary's. Asked if it were true that he proposed severing connections with the ex-Philopatrians, Mr. Cotter smiled in his characteristic way and answered: "Tell the people of Chicago from me that at present I have no intention of separating myself from the bunch." Mr. Cotter positively refused to more fully expand his thought.—*Chicago Tribune*.

Lots of new faces and two Kaspers.

Old College, as we knew it, has passed. And we are sorry, for O. C. was good to These Columns in the matter of copy.

Professor—What is a mummy, Mr. Philbrook?
Philbrook—A pickled Egyptian.

We do not hear you say any more!

Have you got the makins?

Seeing that we had a week of band concert for the preps we counted on a month of grand operaf or the college highbrowse.

SCIENCE NOTE.

A remarkable "find" by gentlemen of the science department during the vacation led to a near riot a little south of us. A meteor was flung through space some time in the iron age and landed on a sand pit down the county. Two of our profs. fell onto the meteor and worked up a big bunch of enthusiasm round here. They stole a sledge from the railway section boss and started the sec. b. cussing. They calculated its worth at some few hundreds of thousands of dollars. They made arrangements with the R. R. to build a track into get it. It was a valuable find! They hammered off an ear of the meteor and brought him home for analysis. Later he was found to be a pig-iron one time lost in a R. R. wreck.

VEST POCKET DICTIONARY.

Skive—To depart furtively; to vanish.

Night skive—A temporary separation from familiar haunts during the brooding silence of the dark; an egress into gloom.

Push lines—To transcribe high literature from our inevitable weekly.

Crab—A wizzened apple; to exude sourness.

Professor—a peculiar person.

Prefect—a very peculiar person.

Student—a rare human, now almost extinct.

All aboard till Xmas.

Of course there may be a changing of berths meantime.

Cheer up:

We have fair prospects for a team,

Carmo and Paul are *nobiscum*,

And the next *Dome* jokes wont escape before May.

Our South Bend *News* man writes of a f. b. possibility going through the "grilling prescribed for aspiring ends and backs with all the aplomb of a veteran."

Egad, this is the *avant coureur* of a new Marquis of Queensbery.

DEAR BILL—They have put the ban on the cig. here. Send on the corncob I left you at parting. Sorry, but a pipe is a pipe with the ban on the cig.

In distress, L. J.

Tom. ♪

Perhaps the only regrettable circumstance about Mayor Fitzgerald's visit was that he did not have time to ring the big bell and see McGarry.