

The Notre Dame Scholastic

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

VOL. XLVI.

NOTRE DAME, INDIANA, NOVEMBER 30, 1912.

NO. II.

Gray November.

GRAY is the sky this November weather,
Dead are the grasses that used to grow.
'Tis bleak, for the wind is about on the heather,
With never a tree for a mile or so.

But a man can dream when the wind is wailing,
And in the hush of it look on high,
Where the troubled clouds down the sky are sailing,
Till they vanish out of his life and die.

'Tis the dusk of the day, and the night will follow;
The rooks for their forest home are bound.
Hear the wind's swish through the hedge in the hollow!
Hear the dead leaves whirling round and round!

A man has his dreams this November weather,
Out in the dusk where the chill winds blow.
Sweet is the smell from the heart of the heather—
A fragrance remembered from long ago.

C. L.

College Spirit.

JOSEPH M. WALSH, '13.

In the newspaper account of a recent college football game, it was told that every time the goal line of their team was threatened, the entire body of students arose and sang their Alma Mater song; and each time their Varsity team responded like gladiators and warded off defeat. Steadily forced back before a fierce onslaught into the shadows of the goal-posts, they fought desperately, hearing their Alma Mater calling to them to preserve her glory. Such was the strength imparted to them and the dauntless courage inspired in their hearts by that cry, that they stopped the triumphant onward march of their foes and snatched victory from defeat.

The explanations of this occurrence will be

numerous, yet many will stoutly assert that it was not the voice of the captain or a sudden weakening of the opposing eleven which made this stand possible; for the same incident took place several times in the same game, and it occurs on many occasions in other games. How few will be in a position to prove that those words of loyalty and affection for their college, chanted by comrades and brothers, aroused a vital, powerful conception in the minds of the battle-weary team? There will not be many who will know that on such occasions there is present in the heart of every student, in the whole mass of students as a unit, a potent, vitalizing force that fills the grandstand and the bleachers with one long shout of approval and encouragement, and overflows upon the field where it wraps each separate player in triple armor and nerves him to heroic deeds; this force is called college spirit. It was their valuation of college spirit that impelled those men on the gridiron to fight as they never fought before, to revel in devotion to duty at the cost of any pain, after the manner of the famous Old Guard of Napoleon. It is the love and reverence, which is felt for the honor defended that stirs men to such superhuman efforts; the determination that the glory entrusted to their keeping shall not, through any failing of theirs, suffer diminution is the sort of feeling that urges them on. And is not such an idea something to be applauded and desired? Is it not a spirit to be carefully fostered when acquired? And its acquirement is within the power of every true college man.

Although college spirit manifests itself in forms as numerous as the activities of the institution in which it dwells, it is often overlooked and passed by. For it is not at first, nor always, of such proportions as to produce an effect which is the wonder or admiration of the uninitiated. There must be a stirring conception

of the college as a living, pulsating entity—not merely as a collection of piles of brick and stone surmounted by a name. And this spirit, when realized is nurtured only by activity. It matters little the form this activity assumes, but it must be uncompromisingly manly, upright, and beneficent. Whether it is the athletic field, the associations in student life or the recreation room that furnishes the means for this activity and effort, it is of little consequence. The essential fact to be insured is that its general end be the highest good of the institution, of the person himself, and of his fellow-students. But it is incumbent upon all to nurture this spirit and to guard it carefully. It will involve sacrifice, but the end in view is worth the cost. Of the individual that is not large enough to recognize within himself or to care for the attainment of this principle, little need be said. For, if he neglects to foster within himself and others the spirit of his Alma Mater, he is shirking and backsliding on a duty almost as sacred to a college man as that of acquiring an education.

The activity, however, which manifests itself in the insane celebration of victory, in egotism run riot, is not the activity to feed this spirit, but rather to check its growth and finally to choke it out of existence, as the cockle did the wheat.

The true college spirit is an influence that promotes respect for authority and consideration of our brothers. Joy may be unconfined, and happiness reign supreme, and the world know of it also, without violence to person or property being necessary. It is no more than right that expression be given to the feelings of gladness which result from a notable victory in a field of college endeavor. Every such proper expression is an activity which vivifies the concept of college spirit in each individual student.

It is the duty of every college student who, at any period of his life, has had a longing to possess; to be part of, or to gaze upon expressions of college spirit, to look within himself and seek for the seed of this thing of which he dreamt. If an emptiness of heart in this matter greet your introspection, make haste to supply for the deficiency. If you can not do it, or will not, then college is no place for such as you. You are a clog in the machinery which moves the institution forward. You are of the class of persons that will laugh at those who believe

in such a thing as college spirit, and then bewail the low standing of their college. They sit mute when the home team is on the verge of defeat, and hide their diploma when they graduate.

But the normal and desirable man who discovers within himself the longing to give his share to the life of his Alma Mater, to make life bigger and better for himself and his fellows, let him look about and see wherein and how he can best foster this spirit. Ask yourself the question, What am I doing to raise the standard of my college—to make myself more of a man, to get closer to my fellow men in life? Then strike out and do something for this idea. Try for better work in your classes; try for student offices; try for the teams, but by all means, make some effort to do something which will nourish this seed within you. And if you honestly do attempt to aid its growth it must flourish and increase; and when you leave your college, either as an alumnus or an old student, it will go with you. Do not imagine for a minute that this spirit is only for college days. It is too big a thing, when properly reared, to cease with graduation. It will go with you into life and will have the selfsame effect on you in your daily battles for success as it does when it stops defeat on the gridiron. Go into the activities of your college with a vim, therefore, and foster this living, vital spirit.

A Fallen Star.

GEORGE A. LYNCH, '13.

The world moves and we must move with it or be left behind. Whether or not it is a progressive movement is a matter of some controversy. Youth says it is; the veterans of a more sedate past say it is not. All must acknowledge, however, that there is movement of some sort.

Wilson Garrett was an actor of the old school, and as such firmly believed that the dramatic world had retrogressed from that high standard set by his idols, Booth and Barrett. He was one of that legion of old actors whose slogan seems to be, "I played with Edwin Booth." Like the veterans of the Charge of the Light Brigade, and the six original pretty Maidens in *Flora Dora*, the colleagues of Edwin Booth seem to increase with the passing years, until

we are forced to the conclusion that Booth at one time must have ventured into musical comedy and was there supported by an unusually large company.

Garrett was an exception to this class of fire-fly stars. He had really supported Booth, playing minor Shakespearian rôles with that master and also with those other great geniuses, Barrett and Keene. Upon the retirement of Keene, Garrett had renounced his chosen calling to bask in the warm sunshine of fame, back in the provincial town of his nativity. He was a good elocutionist and a successful parlor entertainer, and as he was able to make a fairly good living with these accomplishments, he preferred to remain a large frog in a small pond. His late years would be lit with the triumphs of youth, and he would shine in the reflected glory of Booth and Barrett.

The years passed and Garrett found himself, at the age of fifty, teaching elocution in a fresh-water college where he was a very large frog indeed in the small world of university dramatics, and had the final word in all matters pertaining to the stage.

Now the world has moved greatly in dramatic art. There are only three men now living that can play Shakespeare successfully. They are E. H. Southern, Forbes Robeson, and Robert Mantell. We live in a fast moving, cynical "show me" world. The audience of today demands naturalness above everything else. If Southern were to turn his back on the other characters on the stage, and rant his lines to the audience, his performance would be hissed. When the hero of today is told that his wife has eloped with the villain, he does not put one hand on his heart, one to his head, and exclaim in stentorian tones, "My God! what will become of my chee-ild!" Rather he is expected to take such an announcement as the average man would, which probably would be in a stricken sort of silence. The average man, under such circumstances, does not shout his first words; his utterances, when he does speak, are more apt to be in broken whispers.

Garrett, accepting this college adulation, determined, at the earnest entreaties of his student friends, to return to the professional stage. Having decided that his vehicle should be the "Merchant of Venice" he had to decide which manager he would accord the honor of presenting him. But, strangely enough, none

of his letters met with replies, and when he called personally, the managers were always out.

Garrett became incensed and highly indignant; he determined to prove to the managers that he could still attract the public. So shortening his production to the court-room scene, which he believed would bring out all his talents, he pocketed his pride, and called upon a great vaudeville manager.

At first the manager laughed at Garrett, but Garrett was so earnest, so insistent, so sure of himself, and demanded such a small remuneration for his engagement that the manager at last reluctantly consented to let him go ahead with his effort to uplift the drama.

At last Garrett had his chance. He had his scenery and his props all ready, and stood waiting in the wings while Bernard and Weston told a highly appreciative audience of the adventures of a "Ragtime Soldier Man." When the curtain rose for his act, Garrett was confident "Why surely," he reasoned, "if such an act can draw applause, Shakespeare acted by Wilson Garrett will be a tremendous success."

When he entered there was an uneasy rustling, a restless shuffling—that was all. The applause that greeted Bernard and Weston was absent. As he proceeded with his part, here and there through the audience several men arose and left the theatre. They were going to "duck the high-brow act."

As he proceeded, the shuffling grew more and more pronounced. A man somewhere down in front was heard advising some one to "hire a hall." But wait, Garrett would hold them. He commenced his plea for the pound of flesh and was in the midst of his impassioned speech when some one in the gallery cried out, "Sing us a song, kid!" Laughter followed, mingled with jeers and groans. Surely there must be a mistake! Garrett stood astounded in the center of the stage, waiting for the noise to cease, when suddenly he became conscious of a rustling movement in the flies, and a blank surface intervened between him and the howling mob without. He stood stupefied, not realizing the significance of this new development until a stage hand told him to "beat it, kid, till we change the scene." Then it came to him. They had rung down the curtain on him, on Wilson Garrett, who had played with Booth and Barrett. Blinded with tears, broken in heart and spirit, he groped his way to the wings, a fallen star.

Varsity Verse.

FOR WHY.

Ay don' know why for mek me mek
 Thees Father Carreeco
 Thees poetry; I brek may neck
 For mek eet go jus' so.
 He all-time tell me mek some rhymes,
 He mek me work so manny times
 Ay theenk Ay better writin' lines
 For Father Carreeco.

Ay don' can spick so verry well
 To Father Carreeco,
 An' so Ay don' explain maysel'
 Jus' why the rhyme don' go.
 Ay look for English rhyme for *cough*,
 An' maybee when Ay write eet *dough*,
 He laugh so much hees chair fall ough
 Thees Father Carreeco.

Ay guess he maybee mekin' me,
 Thees Father Carreeco,
 Mek so much rhyme so's Ay gon' be
 One Meester Shakespeare, no?
 An' some day when Ay mek some rhymes
 So's he don' say they been all chrymes
 He preent them in St. Mary Chymes—
 O Father Carreeco!

WINGED THOUGHTS.

Across the sky the sunset's wings
 In radiant splendor widely spread,
 Sun-steeped the starlings soar in rings,
 Then sink to rest when day has fled.

Has Hope not wings and plumage fair
 As dying rays of wingéd day?
 Wont Hope possess my heart? And care
 And grief—will they not pass away?

F. C. S.

THE WATER LILY.

There lies beyond the woodland dense and dark,
 A tiny lake—sweet tempered as a nun;
 The sprightly robin and the songful lark
 Seek out its shaded shores against the sun,
 And there they come to rest when day is done.

There, too, the lily lifts its chalice up
 For kisses from the rosy lips of morn;
 And after twilight falls, the fairies sup
 On nectar dewdrops caught within its pearl-
 white cup.

J. M. B.

Trying Him Out.

FREDERICK L. MILLS, '15.

John J. Burke was a strong, manly chap of twenty-one. He had just completed his college course and won his monogram both in football and baseball. In his last college year he had been tempted from the paths of senior seriousness into the morning-glory ways of freshman love. Great was the fall thereof: yea, great and complete, and beyond resurrection. And all this mischief was wrought by the charms of little Jane Hathaway. Jane was the daughter of a wealthy manufacturer of New Haven. Mr. J. Francis Hathaway had made no objection to the attentions paid to his daughter, although he knew that Burke had worked his way through college. Mr. Hathaway had had a long talk with the Yale graduate, to the effect that Jane should never be the wife of a ne'er-do-well. The wealthy magnate ended by saying: "The man that gets my daughter Jane must have *courage*—he must be a *man*."

One Tuesday evening in December, Burke, still speculating on Mr. Hathaway's plain talk, made his way to the Hathaway mansion. Jane was waiting for him. After a little chat they decided to take a short walk about the town. They talked pleasantly enough on all subjects until they came to a little side street. Here they fell into a sudden silence which seemed in keeping with the gloomy darkness of the thoroughfare. They walked on without saying a word. Suddenly the sharp command, "Hold up your hands!" broke in upon their reverie. "Hold up your hands, I say! Ain't ye got no sense at all? Be quick about handin' me over everything, 'cause me time is valuable. Do ye understand?"

Hesitatingly, they both pointed skyward, and the man awkwardly went about his business of relieving Jane of her purse, watch, and other valuables. Burke eyed the crook with rage. Wrathful thoughts ran through his brain. Why should *he* be handled in this manner? *He*, John Burke, hero of many athletic contests, in the pink of condition, and with two good hands. The masked man took his eyes off Burke for only an instant, but that instant was long enough for the Yale man to deliver home a stunning blow to the side of the head. The man dropped to the walk unconscious.

Miss Hathaway ran down the street for aid while Burke bent over the fellow and attempted to unfasten the mask. The man, who was rapidly coming to, vainly tried to prevent his attempts, and Burke succeeded, only to jump back with amazement. "By Heaven! Mr. Hathaway!"

"Where am I? What has happened?" exclaimed the man in a dazed way.

"Mr. Hathaway, what on earth did you mean by doing such a thing?"

Meanwhile Miss Hathaway, who had secured the services of a policeman, was rapidly approaching the scene of the fray. Surely it would not be prudent for New Haven's most prominent citizen to be discovered in the rôle of the latest joiner of the ancient order of footpads. Mr. Hathaway had by this time fully recovered, and so Burke rapidly helped him into an alley.

"I was sure I left them here," Burke heard Jane tell the officer, as he and the hold-up man dodged around the corner.

When the two men reached home Jane was waiting for them.

"My gracious! What has happened? Where did you go?" asked Jane. "And where did you meet dad?"

Burke rose to the occasion and explained that the prisoner, coming to his senses very suddenly, had leaped to his feet and put off down the street as hard as he could go with his would-be victim hard at his heels. Burke added that in the chase he had come suddenly and unexpectedly upon Mr. Hathaway. Both had collided, and Mr. Hathaway was knocked down. This, John explained, was the reason for the large swelling over Mr. Hathaway's eye.

"It was merely a ruse to try your courage, my young man," said he of the swollen eye, grimly. "I did not care to give the hand of my daughter to any man that lacked courage and backbone. I decided that the best plan to try you was the one I attempted to carry out." Mr. Hathaway put his hand to his head. "By Jove, you hit me a clip that I can hardly forgive."

Burke is now secretary to President J. Francis Hathaway of the New Jersey Construction Steel Works. Jane Hathaway is now known as Mrs. John J. Burke. Mrs. Burke is still sometimes greatly perplexed when two gentlemen, one young, one old, laugh over a certain incident, which happened long ago one Tuesday night in December.

A Notable Modern Play.

PAUL R. BYRNE, '13.

Nearly all of the plays that have found a place in our dramatic literature were written primarily for presentation on the stage, and were not intended for the study-table. Many plays successful on the stage lose much of their impressiveness when read. When a play reads as well as it acts we may claim for it real dramatic art. Every serious play must teach some lesson. The lesson to be learned from Mr. Charles Rann Kennedy's great play, "The Servant in the House," is the lesson of brotherly love: "Hunger for brotherhood is at the bottom of the unrest of the modern civilized world."

This drama, which has received great praise from some critics and violent condemnation from others, presents a unique and daring theme and an interesting group of characters. It opens with a scene in the breakfast room of an English vicarage. There it presents the vicar, who has won some notice as a preacher and a scholar; his brother, Robert, an outcast and drain digger, sunk to the lowest levels; Mary, the unhappy daughter of Robert, kept in ignorance of her father and brought up by the vicar's wife; the Lord Bishop of Lancashire, a worshipper of Mammon; the vicar's wife, unhappy because her husband has not been advanced to a better position; Manson, the new butler just from the Orient; and finally Rogers, the page boy; this completes the cast.

The plot is simplicity itself. The drains beneath the church and the vicarage are giving trouble, and, in consequence, the congregation is falling off. There is no money to make the necessary investigations and repairs, and as a result the vicar is depressed. He knows that his life is a lie and that he had been raised to his present position at the expense of others. His father was a poor man and was not able to give his son an education, so his two brothers sacrificed their share of the small patrimony that he might be advanced. One went to India and became the famous Bishop of Benares, and the other, after the death of his wife and the adoption of his child, became a drain digger. The vicar receives word that both brothers will visit him that morning; the arrival of the Lord Bishop, who is brother to the vicar's wife and unfriendly to the vicar, complicates

the plot. The questions arising from the plot are: Shall Mary be told all about her father? Shall the vicar follow his wife's advice and refuse to receive his outcast brother? And shall the church receive aid in the way suggested by the ungodly bishop? Manson, the new butler, is the embodiment of the Christian spirit, and his character is drawn with a fine attention to details. He finds their lives all tangled and awry, but "under his influence he raises their minds to a higher level and they begin to look with the eyes of sympathy upon the souls of men and to recognize the strivings after spiritual betterment formerly concealed beneath prejudices. The action takes place in the region of the conscience and the mind." In the end all is straightened out and they are led back to perfect peace and contentment.

In the third act Robert, the drain digger, enters the breakfast room and finds Mary, who, ignorant as to who he is, at first takes him for a thief, but wishing to help him if possible enters into conversation with him, and the topic turns to the question of that which each wants most. Mary says: "I want my father," and the following conversation takes place.

ROBERT—I want my little kid.
 MARY—Your what?
 R.—My daughter.
 M.—Oh! is she dead?
 R.—Fur as I'm concerned, yus.
 M.—What do you mean? Isn't she dead?
 R.—She's alive all right.
 M.—Perhaps she ran away.
 R.—She got took.
 M.—How do you mean, gypsies?
 R.—I give 'er up. 'Ad to.
 M.—Why?
 R.—Look at me!—That an' drink, an' the low wages, an' my ole woman dyin': That's why I give 'er up.
 M.—Where is she now?
 R.—Never you mind. She's bein' looked after.
 M.—By whom?
 R.—By people as I've allus hated like poison.
 M.—Why, aren't they kind to her?
 R.—Yus: they've made her summat as I couldn't 'a' done.
 M.—Then why do you hate them?
 R.—I don't any longer. I 'ates myself, I 'ates the world I live in, I 'ates the bloomin' muck hole I've landed into!

All through the play there is the shifting of hatred from the individual to conditions,

and the responsibility for the conditions is shifted to the shoulders of the individual who blamed them. The speech in Act 4 between Mary and the vicar is another example of this shifting. Nothing is more touching in the whole play than Mary's attempts to picture a father whom she could love and admire. "He must be better than anything else in the world! He must be brave, he must be beautiful, he must be good."

"The almost divine character of Manson grows upon us as the play progresses." The theme is lofty and it is carried out in a lofty manner, but there are one or two speeches which are rather out of keeping with the general character of the play. Early in Act 1 Mary asks Manson to guess who is coming that day, and she says, "think of the very biggest person you ever heard of in this world!" Manson: "In this world! that sounds very much like—Does he give free libraries?" Such a trivial remark is out of keeping with the character he is portraying. Again in the last act the ugly speech of Robert as to the trouble with the drains might have better been left unsaid, as it offends good taste.

Nearly all of our modern plays are built upon some sort of love theme, but this play is without the conventional love interest of the present-day drama. It treats of another kind of love, that of father and daughter, husband and wife.

The play is constructed with a compactness found in few successful dramas. The action takes place in one room, and each act begins where the one before left off. It is really a one-act play divided into five scenes. It could be presented with no scenery at all, provided there was a table, a sofa, and some chairs. The characters are nearly all of equal importance, Rogers excepted, and their lines are of almost equal length. The time of the action is the time that it takes to present the play. The author in confining himself to this unity of time and place accomplished a feat of great difficulty.

The best evidence of high poetic thought in the play occurs in the second act where Manson in describing his church says: "I am afraid you may not consider it an altogether substantial concern. It has to be seen in a certain way, under certain conditions. Some people never see it at all. You must understand, this is no dead pile of stones and unmeaning timber. It is a living thing.

"When you enter it you hear a sound—a

sound as of some mighty poem chanted. Listen long enough, and you will learn that it is made up of the beating of human hearts, of the nameless music of men's souls—that is, if you have ears. If you have eyes, you will presently see the church itself—a looming mystery of many shapes and shadows, leading sheer from floor to dome—the work of no ordinary builder!

"The pillars of it go up, like the brawny trunks of heroes: the sweet human flesh of men and women is moulded about its bulwarks, strong, impregnable: the faces of little children laugh out from every cornerstone: the terrible spans and arches of it are the joined hands of comrades; and up in the heights and spaces there are inscribed the numberless musings of all the dreamers of the world. It is yet building—building and built upon. Sometimes the work goes forward in deep darkness, sometimes in blinding light: now beneath the burden of unutterable anguish: now to the tune of great laughter and heroic shoutings like the cry of thunder. Sometimes, in the silence of the night-time, one may hear the tiny hammerings of the comrades at work up in the dome—the comrades that have climbed ahead."

The part of Manson has received, perhaps, the largest amount of criticism of any rôle of the play. He dresses in the long, flowing robes of the Orient, has a curled, parted beard and long hair. He assumes the attitudes and poses which we are accustomed to associate with Christ. On the wall in the centre of the stage there is a large painting which he affects to copy in costume and pose. Moreover, Manson in the garb of Christ becomes a bit offensive to us when we see him waiting table, cracking jokes, and acting generally with the usual licence of the servant.

The play is brought to a close by Robert's ugly speech as to the trouble with the drains, and the disclosure that the long-looked-for Bishop of Benares is none other than Manson, the servant in the house.

The Art.

To fair renown I thought I'd write my way,
I gathered garlands from the classic trees,
And twisted wreaths,—they withered in a day.
Teachers and schools I sought afar, but these
Could never teach me how to write and please.
While wandering in a grove where twines wild thyme,
I found a thought uncared for and alone;
This little thought I clad in simple rhyme—
It lived, it breathed, immortal for all time. W. L. C.

Catholic School System in the United States.*

SIMON E. TWINING, '13.

When Protestants come to realize the sacrifices out of which Catholic education in America was born and nourished; when they come to appreciate with how great patience and patriotism Catholics shouldered and bore—and bear still—the heavy burden of double taxation for the sake of a religious principle; and when they come to understand fully the great weight of that ever-increasing burden; then we may confidently hope that their American sense of fair-play will lead them to see the injustice of existing conditions, and to join with their Catholic neighbors to frame a constructive remedy. It is in such a spirit of hopefulness that the Rev. J. A. Burns, C. S. C., has written *The Growth and Development of the Catholic School System in the United States*.

Antedating the public school system, Catholic schools in the colonies were in the beginning supported by general taxation, along with those of other religious denominations. As the population of the school districts became more cosmopolitan in character, however, the number of hostile denominations represented so increased that separate denominational schools for all were impracticable, and the outcome of the necessity thus arising was the public secular school. This school so well accorded with the shifting and uncertain principles of the various non-Catholic bodies that other denominational schools than the Catholic were almost wholly abandoned. The public school system was developed into a Protestant school system. Where Catholics were forced to send their children to these schools they objected strenuously, and then the fight was on. The Protestants gained the first battle when they succeeded in having all state support withdrawn from the Catholic schools. Catholics gained the second battle—though in many places they have not followed up the advantage—when they forced the establishment of the principle that no religious teaching should be thrust upon the unwilling subjects in the public schools. Catholic schools were thus divorced from the state. In some communities one or the other of these decrees is not yet enforced, but both were at least

*An appreciation of a recent educational treatise by the Rev. J. A. Burns, C. S. C.

the result of a common impulse flowing from a common religious ideal." That religious ideal, however, did not permit the Catholic school to remain long the inferior or even the equal of the public school. Not having money to waste, Catholic educators have always been conservative. Conservatism and progress are never opposed to each other, and, in this case at least, they became synonymous. Today not only Catholic elementary schools, but also Catholic high-schools and colleges are for the most part fundamentally superior to those supported by the state, despite the fact that they are crippled by lack of funds. There is, further, that most vital point of superiority, that the atmosphere of the Catholic school is religious.

In 1909-10 there were enrolled in the Catholic parish schools of the United States 1,237,251 pupils. Father Burns estimates from the average cost per pupil in the public schools that Catholics are thus saving the nation an annual total of \$34,073,798. In return for this the nation taxes them for the support of the public schools, in the same proportion as other citizens, as if the service were nothing. In addition to the students in the parish schools, there are enrolled in Catholic private academies and colleges 113,237 students (1909-10), a grand total of 1,450,488. Not less than a million Catholic children, however, attend the public schools, and 4004 parishes were, in 1910, yet without Catholic schools. Whole worlds, then, in spite of the noble record of achievement, are yet to be conquered.

This is but a brief outline of Father Burns' thorough, accurate, and altogether remarkable book. Exhibiting a marvelous love and aptitude for historical research, Father Burns has woven into the narrative brief histories of the activities of all the religious teaching orders in America, and of the educational struggles sustained by Catholics in all the various states of the Union. There are chapters, too, on the relation of education to the state, to the parent, and to the Church; and the Catholic bid for state support is summed up as follows, in the words of Father Hecker:—"The aim of the state in the present system of public instruction is to furnish to each and all of the children under its jurisdiction such elementary knowledge as is necessary to make them good citizens of the republic... provided the end be accomplished, the means of its accomplishment must be to

the state an altogether secondary consideration. If, then, persons come forward who offer to give such education, and who guarantee that their instruction shall be all that the state requires, that it shall be quite as satisfactory as that now given in the public schools, and at less cost, we maintain that the state is bound, in the interests of its citizens, to accept their offer. Such an offer is made by the Catholics of the United States."

Well-ordered, logical, complete, and, though teeming with statistics and naturally dry historical data, "The Growth and Development of the Catholic School System in the United States" is throughout eminently a literary production, profitable and interesting for that quality alone. It is a book without which no bibliography of American history can quite cover the field, and non-Catholics as well as Catholics are under a debt of gratitude to Father Burns for his labors. The work should do much to make the Catholic school system and its reasons for existence better understood,—and out of that understanding let us hope there may come justice.

Many of the early attacks against the Catholic school were based on the fact that the teachers were largely foreigners, and that, besides English, a foreign language was taught. And yet, as Father Burns points out, it is to this very fact that we must attribute the ease with which the Catholic immigrants were assimilated and Americanized. German schools in America formed a generation of German-Americans,—but the second generation was thoroughly American. The first generation was only a bridge, and the boys and girls of the second were all the better Americans because they had become so gradually.

"The Catholic educational movement was not intellectual, but religious. It sprang from the heart rather than from the head, and was potentially existent for the whole nation before 1840, the year which marks the beginning of the "great immigration." It is of the growth and development of the Catholic school system in the United States after that year that Father Burns principally treats.

Within a single decade during the early period of that immigration, Catholics from Germany and Ireland doubled the numerical strength of the Church in the United States. The established educational policy was "the school alongside of the church," and at least

in one diocese, that of Bishop Hughes, it was "the school before the church." Adherence to these principles in the face of such an influx of immigrants necessitated tremendous sacrifices. The author cites the instance of men who had no money to contribute coming night after night, after their twelve hours of labor for wages were over, and working as long as there was light to raise the walls of a new school or church. Even then, though there were pupils and schools, there were no teachers. Over the world went the appeal, and brave bands of religious, men and women, answered generously. From sunny France came Father Sorin and his band of priests and brothers of Holy Cross,—“the first of the existing teaching brotherhoods to be established in the United States,”—and two years later came Mother Angela and her Sisters of Holy Cross, pioneers to the mission stations of the Potawatomie. In all, twenty-five new religious communities were established, nineteen of which were sisterhoods. Teaching brothers were in great demand in Europe, and the great need for priests in America made it difficult to get vocations for the brotherhoods. Moreover, Sisters could live more cheaply, and in the struggling pioneer parishes this was a factor to be considered.

The Civil War interrupted, for a time, the growth of the schools. Priests and brothers exchanged their religious habit for a uniform, and the war-records of those years tell the story of the brave and unselfish Sisters who went forth to nurse and care for the sick and wounded on the battlefields. There were other opposing forces, too, both before and after the war, when bigotry held full sway, but trials were only furnaces wherein determinations were purified and tempered.

The Periodical Press.

RAYMOND F. MCADAMS.

Next to the daily newspapers, the periodical magazine occupies a highly important place in our every-day life. The influence of these periodicals in America has been great in many respects. However, many of our present-day magazines are published solely as a means of getting at the public's pocket book, and they will print anything to gratify the public's taste, or lack of taste.

The story magazine existed before 1880,

but it has changed greatly in the course of years. The demand for weekly story papers of a certain grade of excellence has constantly grown, and as a result we are now served with better stories, romances and editorial comment than ever before. Of late years the Sunday papers have been printing a supplement, called *The Sunday Magazine*. These Sunday supplements do not rank very high in the magazine line when compared to such weeklies as *Harper's*, *Collier's* and *Leslie's*.

The *New York Nation* was among the first weekly papers of the country. It discussed the social, political, literary, economic, and artistic questions of the day. Nothing so thorough or so clever as its book reviews had previously been published in this country. It was an extremely popular magazine, and people who liked good reading on important subjects took it and enjoyed it, and such as would be in the intellectual fashion cut its leaves and had it on the center table. The *Nation's* influence has been of surprising value; it ably supplements the wonderfully increased activity of universities and colleges.

The *Saturday Evening Post*, is typical of the higher class of American weeklies. Founded by Benjamin Franklin and begun with a handful of subscribers, it has now a circulation of over 2,000,000, and its stories and its "Who's Who" articles are world famous.

We have also several quarterlies, weeklies, and monthlies that refer to special and general interests. Examples of these are the *Political Science Quarterly*, *Popular Science Monthly*, *Journal of Economics*, *North American Review*, *Ladies Home Journal* and the *Country Gentleman*. The two last mentioned are published by the Curtis Publishing Co. of Philadelphia which also handles the *Saturday Evening Post*. There are also a number of religious papers such as the *Churchman*, the *Independent*, the *Outlook*, the *Catholic News*, and *America*, which discuss topics of interest to the general public.

The existence and the success of periodicals such as these show that the standard of periodical literature at the present day is of a far higher nature than any dreamed of by most of the magazines and weeklies of twenty years ago. Periodical literature is taking a livelier and more intelligent interest in the larger affairs of life, and the history of its progress in the last twenty years points to a much greater development in the future.

Notre Dame Scholastic

Entered as Second-Class Mail Matter

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

Terms: \$1.50 per Annum. Postpaid

Address: The Editor Notre Dame Scholastic
Notre Dame, Indiana

Vol. XLVI. NOVEMBER 30, 1912. No. 11.

Board of Editors.

SIMON E. TWINING, '13	WILLIAM J. MILROY, '13
LOUIS J. KILEY, '13	JOHN F. O'CONNELL, '13
WILLIAM J. BURKE, '13	THOMAS F. O'NEIL, '13
FRANK C. STANFORD, '13	JOHN T. BURNS, '13
WILLIAM M. GALVIN, '14	JOSEPH M. WALSH, '14
MAURICE NORCKAUER, '14	ARTHUR J. HAYES, '15
FRANK H. BOOS, '15.	

—Students should keep long in grateful memory the faithful workers who made possible the splendid setting of the Thanksgiving game at Chicago last Thursday.

Honor to Whom Honor is Due. Mr. Charles Comisky for his generosity in donating the ball park and for his active interest in the staging of the battle will live in our athletic traditions. Mr. Joseph Farrell, not often mentioned in Notre Dame festivities at Chicago, proved that he is filled with the kind of loyalty that is operative. Like Mr. Comisky, he made personal business sacrifices in order to quicken interest in the game. Joe is not only an orator, able to bring light to our eyes with after-dinner eloquence. He is a doer also, as distinct from a talker. "Bill" Draper and Stewart Graham were generously helpful too. They felt that Notre Dame was worth the sacrifice of time and effort before and during the game, and every Notre Dame student and well-wisher thanks them therefor.

The game emphasized one truth which it will be well to keep with us. We can not be too sanguine of active coöperation on the part of many of our alumni. They are busy with their own affairs and can not spare an afternoon to "boost a bit." When men like Mr. James Keeley will leave the office of a large daily paper and journey here to lecture to the students of journalism, and speed back again in the evening to take up his work where he left off; when mere outsiders—for love of the work, for the good of the cause, in admiration of the unselfish sacrifices

that are made for the advancement of the purpose of the school—when mere outsiders are thus generous, surely we can not expect our alumni, the members of the house, to whom this Mother of ours has given her blessing and the seal of her love—surely we dare not expect *them* to quit the office desk for an afternoon, and work for the "glory of the Golden Dome," as they say in climax?

After-dinner oratory is tender and melting and easy. No doubt it made Philip of Macedon anxious, and sent Cataline to the electric chair. Just the same, while applauding "the glorious old Notre Dame" climax, keep in mind the doers, the voiceless ones, who "plugged" with our "Bill" Cotter in Chicago—"Joe" Farrell, Chas. Comisky, "Bill" Draper, Stewart Graham, and the others of their kind.

—Though the wild geese have barely begun their southward flight, Winter has already sent in his card—the first snowflake of the season.

In a few weeks, the **The Advent of Winter.** Old Man of the North will have completed his "masonry" work. From his "quarry of snow" he will fill up the streets, blockade traffic, add magic stories to low-built cottages and span the valleys with perilous bridges. But let him come; we welcome him. His approach means the realization of youthful longings; his arrival will add to our enjoyments. Out of doors, there will be days of brisk, rigorous exercise; within, happy evenings by the fireside, spent within the charm of the home circle.

Winter, however, has its disagreeable features too. For those that are not robust or are but poorly clothed and fed, there is ever present the danger of sickness. And even though sickness is warded off, the poor still suffer severely. Many of them are forced to work in the open, exposed to the rigors of the cold season. We may say that some of these people are improvident. Perhaps so. The fact still remains that most poor people are poor because they lack the opportunities that the more fortunate possess. It is nothing more than our Christian duty to take an interest in the poor. Don't look upon them as so many unfeeling cogs in the monster machine that does the world's work. If such be your state of mind, go out and take a poor man's place for a few hours while the world is asleep, wrapped about with an endless coverlet of snow and hushed by the chant of the rising gale. Go get a pick and shovel

and, try cleaning the city streets against the coming day. Stick to the work for the entire night. When morning comes, the word *poor* will have a more concrete meaning for you.

Guard your own health with special care in this season in which sickness is so easily contracted and so hardly gotten rid of. We much prefer the warmth of a room to the "snappy" weather outside, but we should remember that exercise is even more important now than in spring or summer. Yet, when you do venture out, be cautious. Do not expose yourself to every kind of weather, and do not dress "smartly" at the expense of comfort and safety. And when you are in the open air, try to understand the spirit of winter. It is a spirit of virility, of hardihood, and of hearty cheer.

—Faith that does not show itself in works is dead. As college men, we should know our faith better than the average Catholic.

Knowing it better, we
The Students' Sodality. should love it more; and this increased love should manifest the faith itself in our lives. One evidence that we can give of this living faith is our membership in the Students' Sodality. It is gratifying to note the large number of students who have, of their own initiative, taken the pledges of one or all of the three degrees,—promising to abstain from profane, vulgar, or impure language, and to endeavor to discourage it in others; to abstain from alcoholic drinks; and to perform every day some act of devotion to Our Lord in the Blessed Sacrament.

No heroic sacrifice is required to keep these pledges. The Notre Dame man who does any of the things they ban, whether he is a sodalist or not, is playing false to his university by breaking her rules and tarnishing her fair name. Membership in the sodality will only help us to remember to do what we ought to do, and restrain us by our pledge from doing otherwise. We owe it to ourselves not to refuse such an aid.

Engineer's Inspecting Trip.

The senior electrical engineers recently made a most satisfactory and instructive inspection trip to Elkhart. Through the courtesy of the Rev. Father Jansen of the Elkhart parish and his friends, automobiles were placed at

the disposal of the class for the afternoon. The first visit was to the Briggs Magneto Co., where Mr. Briggs and his chief engineer conducted the boys through the plant, explaining in detail the manufacture of magnetoes and telephones. The power plant in course of construction by the Indiana and Michigan Power Co. was another point of much interest. The engineer in charge readily pointed out the special features of this most modern structure.

On the whole, the members of the class can not soon forget the courtesy shown to them on every side, and take this opportunity of assuring Father Jansen, Mr. Briggs, and others of their sincere thanks. The class is also indebted to Professor Green, through whose efforts the trip was arranged.

Lecture on Journalism.

Mr. James Keeley, managing editor of the *Chicago Tribune*, and one of the most prominent newspaper men in the United States, addressed the school of journalism in Washington Hall, Tuesday afternoon. The fact that Mr. Keeley has associated himself with school of journalism augurs well for our most recently instituted department, as his many years of experience in the capacity of managing editor of one of the greatest dailies in the world should render his assistance invaluable. Mr. Keeley briefly sketched the organization of a representative metropolitan daily, the annual cost of maintenance of which runs into the millions. The newspaper, he declared, as a present-day type is the friend, confidant, and adviser of its thousands of readers. The ideal newspaper was declared by Mr. Keeley an impossible and undesirable innovation.

"One man's physical food," he remarked, "is another man's poison, and until all think alike the ideal newspaper can not come into existence. And may it never come, for when all think alike the spice of life will be gone, initiative will be smothered, and the world will be reduced to the dull level of mediocrity."

Mr. Keeley dwelt upon those phases of journalistic activity that would most concern the student of journalism, heartily sanctioned the new school, and as an incentive to diligent application, held out the splendid offer of four positions on the *Tribune* for the honor men of each succeeding class. Mr. Keeley's lecture will appear in full in a later issue of the SCHOLASTIC.

The Notre Dame Club of Chicago.

The regular weekly meeting was held Monday, November 18th. This was the best attended meeting that the Notre Dame Club of Chicago has ever held, and the manner in which they have attended these meetings speaks well for the spirit of the Notre Dame alumni. We of the committee earnestly hope that this fine spirit of loyalty will continue.

There were a good many old students present that have not been attending regularly. Hugh Daly, C. D. Freeze, Robert Lynch, John Devine, and the Rev. J. Keogh of the south side were among those who thus honored us. Father Keogh dropped in on the invitation of Pres. McKeever. When he heard of our arrangements for the big football game he stated that he was anxious to bring his altar boys to see it. He states that he was pleased to see such loyalty and college spirit as we displayed by our attendance in such numbers. He mentioned that it was too bad that more of the Catholic Clubs did not show their loyalty and fidelity to their Alma Mater.

On the request of the majority of the members present it was decided to change the theatre party, which had been arranged for the entertainment of the team, from the original selection of "Ben Hur" to "Fine Feathers" at the Court Theatre.

Canalejas.

With the assassination of Prime Minister Canalejas in the Public Square of Puerto del Sol, Madrid, November 12, there was swept into eternity one of the most remarkable national figures in the more recent history of Spain. Concerning the heedless, fiendish anarchy that has sent another soul to its Maker without a moment's warning, little need be said. The blind malevolence and futile viciousness of these unreasoning revolutionists, make their personalities, like their ends, enigmatical and subversive of all rational ideals. But Canalejas himself! To many his name is synonymous with untiring zeal and disinterested patriotism. But to others, to those who are conversant with conditions as they actually exist in the unhappy kingdom, he stands forth as a cunning, conscienceless politician, not to be dignified as a statesman; actuated in all his official deeds by sordid avarice and base ambition.

To his memory must always attach the stigma of his infamous hostility toward the religious Orders that hold out the only hope of redeeming Spain from its curse of atheism and anarchy. For he it was who persecuted and oppressed the helpless nuns whose orphanages and hospitals are the annual refuge of homeless thousands. His was the arrogant threat, remaining, as it always will remain, unfulfilled, that in a single year he would rid the country of the last person wearing a religious garb. Sorry indeed is this miserable claim to distinction. Yet it is solely because of his rabid anticlericism that he is lauded by the biased press of many nations.

Certainly his statesmanship is the very epitome of vacillation and irresolution. By hesitation and double dealing he sought to placate both parties, and succeeded in deceiving neither one. Beside Maura and Prinaré he dwarfs into insignificance. For his régime, and such it might be called, is neither marked by the far-sightedness of one, nor the organizing genius of the other.

While deprecating the useless policy of violence and bloodshed, so tragically apparent in the manner of his death, we can not candidly acclaim him as anything other than he really was, and a summing up of his good and bad qualities leaves a great deal to be desired.

An Appreciation.

Mediocrity was the distinctive feature of the concert rendered in Washington Hall last Saturday evening. The party of entertainers was composed of a soprano, tenor and pianist. Although the tenor was good—even excellent in some songs, the program presented was insipid and amateurish in the extreme. It was a sorry transition from the excellent recitals hitherto afforded,

Society Notes.

BROWNSON LITERARY AND DEBATING.

At the weekly meeting of the Brownson Literary and Debating Society last Sunday evening, occurred the strongest debate that has so far been given this year. The subject was: Resolved, "That the Recall of Judges would cause greater evils than exist under the present system." The affirmative was represented by Messrs. J. Schuster, R. Byrnes, and J. Lawler. The negative was upheld by Messrs.

T. Galvin, R. Downey, and E. Lenihan. The debate was long and hotly contested as both sides were well prepared to present strong arguments. The decision was awarded to the affirmative by a narrow margin. Father Carroll acted as judge and critic. In his criticism he gave special praise to Messrs. Galvin and Lenihan for their delivery and expression.

ARCHITECTURAL CLUB.

On Monday evening, November 25, the regular monthly meeting was held. Hon. William Hoynes, LL. D., Dean of the Law School, favored the Club with a very interesting address concerning his travels in Europe. At the conclusion, refreshments were served by the four senior members.

PHILOPATRIANS.

The Philopatrians held their regular meeting last Monday evening. The program, which had been carefully prepared, was enjoyed very much. The recitations of Oscar Otero, Lawrence Hubble, and Louis Hellert were very amusing. Jerome Hanler's description of the "Second Table" was very good, and Arthur Hoover did justice to "Off again, On again."

Obituary.

With profound sorrow we announce the death of Mr. George A. Senrich, who passed away in South Bend Friday, November 22, after a prolonged illness. Mr. Senrich was thirty-four years of age, and was graduated from the school of pharmacy in '90. To few men of his age has it come in life to be so highly regarded by the whole city; but the sterling qualities of his character, combined with his courtesy, kindness, and unfailing charity of speech made him a universal favorite as well as a model citizen and Christian. May he rest in peace!

Old students of the University will be grieved to hear of the death of Mr. Eugene Smith, who passed away recently in Nashville, Tennessee.
R. I. P.

Personals.

—Walter Maguire, M. E., '12, was entertained during the week by his brother, John, of Walsh Hall.

—Rudolph Probst, E. E., '11, of South Bend, Indiana, was a caller at the University last Sunday. "Otto" has a responsible position

with the Rumley Company at LaPorte, Ind.

—"Tom" Quigley (LL. B. '12) is in the legal department of the United Steel Co. at Gary, Indiana.

—Francisco Enaje (C. E. '12) is employed as assistant engineer on public works by the Insular Government of the Philippines. His friends wish him great success.

—Earl Luder, student '09-'11, visited friends in Corby Hall on Wednesday last. Earl is salesman for a prominent printing house in Indianapolis, and reports great success.

—Dr. Edward Lee Green, a distinguished scientist of Washington, D. C., and an honorary member of the Smithsonian Institute, was the guest of the Faculty during the past week.

—Mr. Stewart Graham, an old student of Notre Dame, was at the University in the early part of the week on business relative to the entertainment of the students in Chicago on Thanksgiving Day.

—The marriage of another "old boy" took place last week, when Edward L. Rousseau, and Miss Helen Lyons were wed in Twodot, Montana, on Wednesday, November 20. Mr. and Mrs. Rousseau will be at home in Roundup, Montana. Congratulations!

—C. B. Flynn, one of the bunch of Flynn boys from the Northwest about twenty years ago, is the spot-light in the McIntyre-Porcupine Mines Company with offices at 334 Fifth Ave., New York. "Charley" threatens to join the Notre Dame club of New York and to pay us a visit soon. He can't scare us.

—Mr. William A. McGuire, a former student at the University, and now a prominent playwright, called at Notre Dame this week, during the production in South Bend of his latest success, "The Divorce Question." Mr. McGuire has two later plays which are to have an early production in New York and Chicago.

—Mr. Felix Baca, a student here in the late '80's, revived old memories by a short trip to Notre Dame during the week. Mr. Baca spoke feelingly of the old days—of Father Walsh, then president of the University, of Father Fitte, and of Father Sorin. In those far-off days Father Morrissey spurred on the mathematical mind in the trigonometry classes, and Colonel Hoynes was just laying the foundations of his great legal reputation.

Mr. Baca is located in Albuquerque, New Mexico, where he is a practising attorney.

Athletic Notes.

MARQUETTE DOWNED AT LAST.

That tie with Marquette of three years' standing was not only broken Thanksgiving day at Comisky park, Chicago, it was smashed to smithereens when our own true Varsity piled up 69 points and allowed Marquette a sad one-eyed zero. Oh, for a diamond pen and golden ink and an orator's style to chronicle the game. And while we're wishing, we'll take a rubber stamp with Notre Dame on it and another with Dorais, and a third with Eichenlaub, for these names occur too often to pen.

The victory must be attributed to the team,—the splendid, magnificent, superb interference of the team, although the landslide of tallies that overwhelmed Marquette must be credited to Eichenlaub and Captain Dorais. The interference given our runners was the wonder and delight of all football fans who saw the game; and the work of Dorais and Eichenlaub,—well, it won the hearts of all non-partisan spectators and of some of the Marquette fans as well, and ten minutes after the game started the Milwaukee eleven didn't have a supporter who wasn't from Marquette.

Referee Eckersall blew his whistle to start the game at 2:15 p. m.; Marquette kicked to the Varsity, and before three downs had been made, we had won the game, for the Milwaukee boys were off their feet, up in the air so far that they never got down until the fourth period of play. The attacks of the Varsity were enough to send a much better team off its feet. Feeney at centre with his two side-partners, Fitzgerald and Yund, as well as Deak Jones and Harvat were opening up whole boulevards for traffic, while Rockne and Crowley never failed to block a tackler from the play. But the delights of the game were the Marathon races run by Dorais and Eichenlaub when they carried the ball. The former went for eighty-yards and a touchdown on one occasion, incidentally ridding himself of seven personal tacklers during the obstacle race, and Eichenlaub carried the ball and four Marquette players (more or less) seventy yards on another play, and was prevented from scoring only by a mud puddle.

Within six minutes of playing Pliska started scoring with a touchdown, and thereafter

Marquette made no effective stand until the last quarter, when a brace and a determined fight coupled with a fumble and an open field in front of the Marquette runner gave Notre Dame supporters a thrill of fear, but our two-hundred pound Mercury was on the villain's trail and the pigskin stopped on our 15-yard line.

The whole story is told when we say that the line held like a prison gate, the interference was a whole locomotive and freight train protecting the runners, Eichenlaub was a Halley's comet and "Gus" Dorais was a jack-rabbit on wheels. First the comet, then the rabbit carried the oval, always starting behind the boxcars, always going where they wanted to go, never failing to cross at least one chalk line, and often crossing ten, twelve and sometimes fourteen of them.

And we must not forget the subs who played in the game. Finnegan and Gushurst added a touchdown apiece to the total score, and Cook, Nowers, Lathrop and Larkin were all more than a match for their opponents.

In our enthusiasm over our team, we must not forget the coaches and the managers. Coaches Marks and Dunbar have developed what we confidently believe to be the best team in the West. The material was here to be sure, but the coaches cultivated it, and placed it where it produced the best results. For that reason the victory belongs to Coaches Marks and Dunbar as well as to the team. Then, too, Managers Cotter and O'Connell can not be too highly praised for negotiating the transfer of the game to Chicago. To team, to coaches, to managers, all thanks for the game that has meant more to us than any other since the Western Championship contest with Michigan.

NOTRE DAME [69]		MARQUETTE [0]
Crowley, Nowers	R. E.	Kelly
Harvat	R. T.	Vater
Fitzgerald	R. G.	McKusker (Capt.)
Feeney	C.	Krause
Yund, Lathrop	L. G.	Krebs
Jones	L. T.	Woodworth
Rockne, Cook	L. E.	Shubert
Dorais (Capt.)	Q. B.	Whalen, Slattery, Doyle
Pliska, Gushurst	R. H.	Lally, Prescott, Simmonet
Berger, Larkin	L. H.	Foley, Simmonet, Doyle
Eichenlaub, Finnegan	F. B.	Frawley, Johnson

Touchdowns—Pliska, Eichenlaub (4), Dorais (2), Finnegan, Berger, Gushurst. Goals from touchdown—Dorais (6). Goal from field—Dorais. Referee—Eckersall, Chicago. Umpire—Steffen, Chicago. Head linesman—Heneage, Dartmouth. Time of quarters—15 minutes. Attendance, 7,000.

Calendar.

Sunday, Dec. 1—First Sunday of Advent.
 Monday—Philopatrian Society 5:00 P. M.
 Carroll Eucharistic League 7:30 P. M.
 Tuesday—Indianapolis Club 7:30 P. M.
 Wednesday—Civil Engineering Society 8:30 P. M.
 Saturday—The Hussars, a "singing Band" 7:30 P. M.

Local News.

—FOUND—A watch between Walsh and Sorin halls. Ask the editor.

—FOUND—A watch left in one of the class room. Owners may claim same at Students' Office.

—The Philopatrians are in great glee these days. Because of their good work in the society, Brother Cyprian has promised them a buffet lunch and a Christmas lottery before the holidays.

—Last Saturday afternoon Brownson hall defeated the husky eleven of Benton Harbor on the grounds of the latter team by a score of 3 to 0. Ike Lower's beautiful goal from the 30-yard line won the game.

—The Carrollites started basketball practice last Monday evening. A large number turned out for the practice. Everyone in Carroll is enthusiastic over the new season, and will try hard to make the team better this year than ever before.

—The various professors of English are remarking that many of the brighter students are taking advantage of last week's photo-play advertisement, and are trying their skill at scenarios. The SCHOLASTIC wishes the budding playwrights all success in this new and promising branch of work.

—Two very exciting basketball games took place last Tuesday and Wednesday between the ex-Minims of Carroll Hall and the Minims of St. Edward's. The contests were spirited, both teams working hard; but the ex-Minims proved no match for their younger collegiates as the little fellows succeeded in capturing both games.

—The Walsh preps, not having been defeated in football this season by a team of their own class, claim the championship of the light weight football teams of Notre Dame. The preps certainly deserve this distinction, for they have practised faithfully from the beginning,

fought gamely in every contest, and suffered only one defeat and that was from a mixed team, and so did not count.

—Once again we catch vague rumors that Walsh is about to revive its ancient "pep" and give a minstrel show. We have heard such reports before that turned out to be false alarms; but this time we are assured it is a go; the show is already well under progress. Walsh started the fashion of student vaudevilles here last year, and it is fitting and desirable that that hall should continue its good work.

—The mass meeting held in the big gym last Saturday evening, although not quite as monstrous as the advertisements had promised, was nevertheless a success. The final arrangements for the Chicago trip were announced and were found highly satisfactory. The management has done all it could in behalf of the students, and if the trip isn't the "best ever," it won't be the fault of the management.

—There was a meeting of the Freshman law class last Monday evening for the purpose of selecting and voting on class pipes. Despite the poor attendance, the class is determined to push the proposition through. Now we expect to hear from the other classes, hoping that the fertile brains of the upper classmen will invent something novel and "spring it on us."

—Now that we have been taken off the rack, devised by inhuman monsters in prehistoric days and come down to us in the shape of the quarterly exams, things have about regained their normal equilibrium. We no longer see carefully covered transoms nor catch the odor of burning wax in the corridors at night. But a word to the unwise: Don't toss the books aside just because you "got away with" the exams. If you passed, still study hard; if you didn't, study still harder.

—The recent change of weather, with its thaw by day and freeze by night, has given the infirmary more than its usual quota. But we would be unjust to lay the entire blame on the weather. Among those occupying the little white beds are many over-zealous turkey-eaters, pumpkin pie fiends, oyster consumers, and the like, who gormandize annually on the day of Thanksgiving. Let us be thankful at least that they were not put to bed permanently and tucked in with a sod.

—The first real snow-fall arrived on the

wings of a boisterous wind last Sunday. With it, no doubt, came also the street-car company's yearly excuse for poor service or none at all. The Hill Street cars have the peculiar trait of refusing to run whenever confronted by snow. Let no one disclaim against them on this account; that is their right, established by long, unbroken custom. When the real blizzards come put on your slippers, you're in for the night!

—Now that the fall days are over, we no longer hear the "thud" of handballs and the cries of the players in the ready-made alleys behind the big gym and beside the steam house of old St. Joseph. There is a rumor, still unverified, to the effect that a real, up-to-date handball alley, one enclosed for winter use, will be built near the gym. If this be really the case, our local enthusiasts need not discontinue their sport during the winter months because of the cold. Let us hope for the best.

—The St. Joseph "bunch," after nailing the interhall pennant hard and fast to the wall, along with the thousand and one other trophies and spoils there already, decided to give a real banquet to celebrate the winning of the championship. We'll admit that the St. Joseph men worked hard enough on Cartier field to get a wonderful appetite for the banquet. They say they like the looks of the pennant so much that they have decided to get the rest of this season's flags. We have an enlarged likeness of their doing it in our eye.

—The only plausible reason for the existence of cement walks is that they are intended to be walked upon. We can not imagine what else they could have been laid for. And yet there are a great many young men, all of whom have reached the age of reason, who seem to look upon side-walks a little askance and prefer to spoil perfectly good lawns rather than take a chance on the cement. We beg to call your notice to the grass plot in front of the church which is being ruined by carelessness. Stick to the walks, boys; walk on them all you want to; that's what they were made for.

—When the odor of sizzling turkey has passed from a sensation to a recollection, we know that Thanksgiving has passed us by,—winter is at hand, and the football season, with all its excitement and "pep," is already inscribed in the pages of ancient history. And perhaps it is a good thing that the pigskin has passed

out of vogue for a time, for, from the looks of Sorin's windows, had the punting season continued much longer, the abode of the upper classmen would have presented the appearance of a Turkish fort after a nine days' bombardment. Then, too, whole windows are desirable things these chilly days for another reason more urgent than appearances.

Safety Valve

The much-used "unbroken tie" was very much broken day 'fore yest.

Down at the book store our Twining will give 'way any three Domes for one Dome of last year. 'Spect that's about the relative values.

In the excitement don't forget dear old St. J. won the interhall championship. Even Torso Howard has written US about it.

The papers credited Milwaukee with the red-sweatered guy as tried to lead the rooting. No protest offered at this end.

Corby famously featured against the Friars.

And Brownson brilliantly boomeranged Benton Harbor.

All forenoon Friday, the Entire Student Body was abed.

Including Walsh Hall Delinquent List.

"The Badgers," writes Mr. Eckersall, "would receive a stiff game from the Catholics."

Or, exchanging punts, "The Catholics would receive a stiff game from the Badgers."

Among other distinguished men present at the game were Mr. Raymond Eichenlaub and Mr. Charles Emile Dorais. Marquette players and rooters were profoundly impressed and depressed by their presence.

"Possibly," writes Mr. Hugh S. Fullerton in his "Wake of the News," "it would be a fair idea for the All-America pickers to wait until after the Notre Dame game to complete the work." Yes, but whoever heard of an All-America picker having a "fair idea."

Toot, toot! Next station where this train stops is Christmas.

DEAR VALVE:

We would like to know if you have seen Bill Galvin?

PRINTER.

Yes, in Chi. Thursday eating a hot wienie 'tween halves.