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NO. I.

## The Sun.

JOHN C. HOLD.

THE purple stars he gathers up  
Their veins are large with wine,  
He treads them out, makes full the cup  
And leaves the naked vine.

Then pausing in his homeward way  
Upon the mountain crest,  
The crimson vintage of the day  
He pours into the west.

## The Religious Life of the Student.\*

Choose this day whom you would rather serve.

—*Josue 24-15.*



OSUE, the gallant leader of the Hebrew people, being now old, called together all Israel—the elders and the princes and the judges and the masters—and said to them: "I am old and far advanced in years. Behold, this day I am going into the way of all the earth." And then with his failing strength and his last breath he recited the story of God's friendship for Israel and the favors He had done the people, and he concluded: "I gave you a land, in which you had not labored, and cities to dwell in which you built not, vineyards and oliveyards, which you planted not. Now therefore fear the Lord and serve Him with a perfect and most sincere heart.... But if it seem evil to you to serve the Lord, you have your choice; choose this day whom you would rather serve... but as for me and my house we will serve the Lord." And the people answered, and said: "God forbid we should leave the Lord, and serve strange gods."

In the lives of men, as in the lives of nations,

there are epochs whose beginning and end are plainly marked, and which bring with them triumph or disaster, glorious achievement or shameful defeat. For many a boy the day of his First Communion has marked the beginning of a new life. With his lips still purpled with the sacred blood of Christ he framed in words the resolution, which perhaps, placed him years later on the altar, chalice in hand—the miracle-working priest. For another, the meeting of a wise, true friend has marked an epoch—the friend who could enter into the deepest recesses of his heart; who could pour into the wounds of life the balm of sympathy; who could impart wise counsel and lead him on in holy and safe paths. Such a friendship was that of Basil and Gregory in the University of old Athens, and it inspired both to become immortal scholars, illustrious saints and doctors of the worldwide Catholic Church. Marriage is another epoch of life which often works a great change in men, for it brings with it responsibility for the lives and happiness of others. A good retreat has been the beginning of a new life for many a man, by affording him clear vision of the eternal truths of life and death, and duty and destiny. An attack of grievous illness may be to you a means of grace as it was to the soldier Ignatius of Loyola when a French artilleryman fired the shot that struck him down in the breach of Pampeluna, and changed him from a blustering soldier of Spain into an intrepid and triumphant captain in the armies of God. And so the day on which you enter college may mark an epoch of high resolution and noble effort, as Augustine of Carthage, the brilliant young pagan, who journeyed to Milan that he might learn rhetoric from the eloquent lips of St. Ambrose, put away under the inspiration of that great teacher

\* Sermon delivered by the President at the formal opening of the University, September 21, 1913.

the vices of pagan youth and solicited adoption into the austere Church of Christ, becoming at the last an illustrious doctor of the Church, and, as I believe, one of the four greatest minds that ever glorified the human race.

I address myself chiefly to the new men here today, who sit for the first time where generations of students have sat in times past, and for whom we fondly hope and fervently pray this beginning of college life may be the commencement of a new epoch of earnestness and higher endeavor. In nearly all cases there has gone before this day the sacrifice lovingly and perhaps painfully made by the folks at home. The silent, patient father has saved and perhaps skimmed himself for years that his son may have a better chance in life than he had, that life may open sweet and large and beautiful on the son whom he loves. Perhaps the father himself knew poverty in his youth, and the hardship of labor and the difficulty of getting on without an education. Poverty prevented him from enjoying the comforts of life in his youth, and the divine instinct of fatherly love within him makes him eager to deny himself still that you may receive an education and grow to the full stature of manhood. And who shall fitly tell of the holy vision which the mother sees through a mist of tears and yearning—her son refined and strengthened by education amid holy surroundings; her son winning in the battle of life and doing noble service to those weaker than himself;—she believing heroically in the goodness of her boy now and the greatness of him in the years to come, counting every sacrifice a joy if only it help to make the vision in her heart come true; and the proud brother and loving sisters and kindly neighbors who have followed you from home with pride and hope and good-will and prayer; and yourself, taking your place during these opening days, amid a multitude of young men gathered from every corner of America, filled with aspiration and high resolve—how can it fail to mark an epoch in your life? And so like Josue, I remind you of what God has done for you by His grace and by the grace of parents and friends; and I bid you as the old leader bade the hosts of Israel: "Choose this day whom ye shall serve...but as for me and my house we will serve the Lord."

It is well that you should realize vividly in the beginning the reason for the existence of such a school as this. The world knows

that the future belongs not to the nation with the largest armies or the great sea-sweeping navies alone; the future belongs to the nation that will best educate her sons. And so all over her glorious, imperial domain, America, vigilant, resourceful and patriotic, has sprinkled her colleges and universities erected by public expense or private largess. Into these schools she has poured streams of gold; upon their rostrums she has placed some of her most learned sons; with privilege and benefit she has girt them round. From every point of view they are admirable—from every point of view save one. In these schools men may learn about laws and literature, about arts and sciences, about beasts and birds and bugs, about everything save the rights of God and the duties of men. Through no fault, perhaps, of the teachers who labor in these schools, but by the relentless necessity of the nature of the school itself, the name of God must perforce be banished from its teaching. At a time of life when the years are most heavily freighted with destiny; when Almighty God is storing up in the bosom of a young man the physical energies that are to make him a home-builder in the years to come; when Almighty God is transforming the body of a boy into the body of a man—in these wonderful years when the solemn and serious lessons of life are most imperatively needed to save him from disaster and tragedy, the Creator, who alone can save him and make him strong, is banished from the young man's life. During these years, too, there are great changes going on in the soul of a boy. During these years is largely determined the question whether the youth will walk through life upright, like a man with his face to the stars, or whether he will wallow through the world, like a beast with his face to the earth. In all the range of thought there is no notion so tragic as that during this time religion should be absent from the influences that are moulding human life.

It is no direct part of the work of the Church to organize and direct a great school like this. Her business is to make men holy rather than learned; but because in the accomplishment of her high purpose she finds herself compelled to make use of all the aids and instrumentalities by which men may be influenced for their betterment, therefore the Church has been found in history to be a school of poetry and painting and music and eloquence and architecture. And because she sees that education

which forms and colors the very fibre of men's brains has been divorced from religion and even made the aggressive and powerful enemy of religion, she summons her armies of consecrated priests and teachers, and girding them with her giant strength sends them forth to do battle for the cause of Christ on the professor's rostrum as well as in cathedral pulpit, imparting the highest and deepest lessons of human learning, not as though these were separate from religious truth and human duty, but interpenetrating science with faith and morality with customs, teaching Christ as well as culture, sanctity as well as science, morals as well as mathematics; making a synthesis between the life of the mind and the life of the soul, and yielding to the world as their finished product the Christian gentleman as well as the accomplished scholar. Such a school as this, therefore, is not merely an institution of learning; it is an apostolate also. The men who laid its foundations in pain and privation in the wilderness seventy years ago bent themselves to the work in the same spirit which actuates the foreign missionary who carries the word of God to the nations that sit in pagan darkness. Their successors to this day carry on the work in that same spirit. They labor without human reward; they voluntarily surrender their liberty of action that they may do their work more efficiently under the direction of superiors. From the day when they take their vow of poverty until the day when they are borne to their resting place in the little Community cemetery, they can never have any thought of salary or wages. From the day when they make their vow of chastity they must abandon even the innocent joys of domestic life. From the day when they make their vow of obedience they must live in a condition of perpetual infancy, depending upon others for the necessities of life and relinquishing even the very power to own anything. If, then, the results of their work be no different from the results attained in other universities, what a hollow mockery is their sacrifice, what a pathetic tragedy is their life! And because the Church appoints these consecrated sons to do the work of education, the Church also expects their labors will yield a race of God-fearing, religious, pure, honest and devoted laymen.

Two great facts, therefore, appear in clear outline—not only must the secular education

imparted in such a University as this be at least equal to the best afforded by the State universities of the country, but the faith of her students must be stronger, and the morals purer, if success is to be written on our banners.

Now faith is a gift of God, it is a gift so precious that the martyrs of the early Church permitted themselves to be torn apart by wild beasts and to be burned at the stake rather than relinquish it; it is a gift so valuable that your forefathers four hundred years ago permitted themselves to be hanged on the gibbet and to die of starvation in the hills rather than abandon it; it is a gift so priceless that multitudes of strong, wise men today suffer constant disadvantage to retain it. But like any other gift it may be lost. The young man attending the secular university from which the name of God is banished may easily come to forget God. The very fact that religion, which in his home and amongst his people stood as the most important and solemn fact of human life, is there ostentatiously passed over, is itself a great shock to his faith. Constant intercourse with professors whose learning he admires and who are known not to be religious men, little by little gnaws at the vitals of faith as a cancer works death upon the body. Daily intercourse with students who have no religious faith and perhaps even deride religion altogether, comes after a while to paralyze the instincts and impulses of religion. It is not human reason which works this result; it is the mere pressure of the atmosphere around him. It is not that science is the enemy of faith, but that teachers of science, themselves without faith, by persistent reiteration of their own infidel opinions, suggest the belief that learning has no fellowship with faith. You know, as a matter of fact, that since the God of science is also the God of faith there can be no conflict between them. But you know, too, that the hero-worshipping youth, measuring his untrained and callow mind against the mature intellect of the professor, observing that the professor finds no place for religion in his life, may come after a while to believe that religion is not the all-important thing he fancied it. By the grace of God you have the Christian faith. You will find yourselves surrounded here by learned and virtuous men to whom that faith is the vital fact of existence. You will find religion, not alone in church and chapel but in the daily lecture, in daily conversation,

touching, as it should touch, life at every point. Fellow students share with you this glorious faith; devotions are performed in common; the truths of religion and the forms of prayer mingle honorably in the conversation all around you, and here the world is full of God and the atmosphere is brightened with His name and His praise. But mere presence here does not of itself insure the strengthening of your faith. You must study the teachings of the Church; you must know her dogmas, their meaning, their history and the arguments by which they are defended; you must become familiar with the splendors and glories of that ancient Church that has marched triumphantly down the centuries of history in spite of persecution without and sin and treachery within; and you must learn a thousand delicate and charming things about her ceremonies, her traditions, her legends, her saints and her martyrs. You must love her sacraments and go to them gladly and often; you must by your reverence in church confirm the habit of faith in yourself and show inspiring example to your neighbor. Faith is not to be learned by mere theoretic study like history or letters; it must be assimilated into your life by loyal and loving daily practice.

And morals are to rise out of faith like perfume from the flower. Every act of your life must be challenged by the standard of religion and conscience. It is here that you must exercise your mind to see things aright, and your courage to do things aright. Your faith is secure, but the influence of the easy-going, self-indulgent, corrupt world may easily enough affect your morals. There never was on earth a place so holy but that evil could enter into it, and especially in this day when corruption and immorality run rampant in human life. It is a fact of history that countries and ages that have been most wealthy have also been most corrupt morally. Poverty is a great conservator of virtue, and because this country and this time are, generally speaking, the most wealthy and luxurious that the world has ever known, the old Christian doctrine of mortification has largely disappeared; the old horror of sin has been partly lost. There has grown up a series of maxims adopted by the world in direct contradiction of the law of God and the teaching of Christian morals. Even here where the same law of God is accepted by all of us, this pagan spirit of immor-

ality may have its spokesman. An evil companion may whisper that it is childish to stand in fear of drink or immorality; but you know that these twin giants of evil every year slay multitudes of the souls and bodies of men. The world will tell you that a boy must cut his wisdom teeth; that the puppy must continue to chew up books and clothes and shoes until some day he chews the soap, after which he becomes a very sober, solemn, well-conducted puppy. But you know in your heart that puppies were never intended to eat soap; that it may be fatal to them; that they may be brought up wise and sensible and healthy without that experience. Perhaps you may be told that a boy can not be tied to his mother's apron strings always; but your conscience tells you that it is better to follow the counsels of the pure and wise and noble mother who loves you than to follow the leading of the devil who hates you. The world may tell you that a boy must get experience through sin; but the world is a liar; for your own soul whispers that whatever a man must know in human life he may learn in safe ways and through holy channels, and that a man does not purposely expose himself to smallpox in order to know about it. The world may say that a young man must sow his wild oats; but the instincts of faith tell you it is the voice of rottenness and sin that speaks so. And you know from the teachings of faith without need of the horrible teaching of experience that he who sows in the flesh, of the flesh shall reap corruption. Beware, therefore, of the ingratiating suggestion of the false friend and beware, too, of that most hateful form of weakness, human respect. The young man who has not the courage to say No when sin is proposed to him by a companion is foredestined to failure both in life and eternity.

Finally, I urge you to assume a manly attitude towards the discipline of the University. Every wise man who would do a serious work sets bounds and limits of his own liberty. The successful men of the world plan their day and rigidly fulfil the plan. The discipline under which you live here is worked out in every detail with no other purpose than to enable you to study with success, to augment your faith and to preserve inviolate your moral life.

Pray that God may send from His right hand the spirit of wisdom and that He may

teach you the need and the value of discipline and faith and virtue. Here in this place which wears the name of Notre Dame, Our Lady, which was founded in faith and nourished into greatness by the virtue of her sons; here in this University which is crowned with the image of holy Mary, on this day, the feast of her Seven Dolors, commemorating the crucifixion of her heart through the crucifixion of her Son,—pray that she may guide you through the days of your student life and bring you triumphantly through the perils and temptations of youth into the strength and cleanness of Christian manhood for the glory of God and the saving of your immortal soul.

### Varsity Verse.

#### A PATH TO PEACE.

WHEN the world seems void of gladness,  
 And your friends have lost their cheer;  
 When your heart draws only sadness  
 From the music that you hear:  
 Do not suffer till tomorrow,  
 Tread the path of peace today,  
 It will lead you from your sorrow—  
 Heaven's saints once trod that way.  
 On this path your griefs will vanish,  
 Passion's storms give place to calm,—  
 Thoughts of love all hatred banish,  
 And your wounds shall feel a balm.  
 List my friend! this way immortal,  
 Leading souls from realms of care,  
 To the everlasting portal,—  
 Was by Angels christened, Prayer.

A. I. S.

#### THE FLIGHT.

The nest is built, the little bird awakes  
 Warbling wildly in the leaves of Spring,  
 Out of the North the Herod Winter breaks—  
 The mother and her young are on the wing.

#### THE LILY.

I am the glistening chalice of the night,  
 Wherein the dewdrop lies,  
 Comes dawn, a priest, vested in stainless white  
 To quaff the sacrifice.

#### THE SIN OF SOCIETY.

She knew he stole but what of that,  
 For money was but made to steal.  
 He lied about his neighbors, too,  
 And secret faults did oft reveal,  
 She liked him still and stuck by him  
 And to him many letters sent  
 But, oh! she dropped him like a coal  
 Because he said "the man has went."

#### A CONSOLING THOUGHT.

Has it ever occurred as you plowed through the mud  
 On a skive to the dear old Bend,  
 That with your short career, be it happy or drear,  
 The woes of a skiver wont end;  
 But that twenty years hence when you're settled in  
 life  
 Some other poor critter will ride  
 To town in the rain and will come home again  
 With the Prefect of D at his side.

Has it ever occurred as you stood on the soft,  
 Smooth carpet in Father C's room,  
 When you're up in the air, and the clouds of despair  
 Wont let a bright ray through the gloom;  
 That a century hence some poor innocent boy  
 Will fight for his life just like you,  
 Will draw sigh after sigh and tell lie after lie,  
 While he swears that his story is true.

S. T. D.

#### THE UNPARDONABLE.

I must confess I skive class now and then,  
 I sometimes stay in bed from morning prayer;  
 But when there is a feed around the place  
 You'll always find "Yours Truly" promptly there.  
 I'm not a sissy or a choppy boy  
 I stand my ground and call the prefects bluffs  
 I've done most everything that's wrong—but one,  
 I've never sported celluloid for cuffs.

I like old Alma Mater just as well  
 As any other chap around the place,  
 I never go behind her back to talk,  
 I have my little say before her face.  
 I must admit she feeds me hash and stew  
 Instead of tender steak and jelly puffs,  
 But she's my friend, because she never made  
 A son of hers wear celluloid for cuffs.

J. C. R.

#### THE GIRL OF TODAY.

O maiden of this day and time,  
 You're charming as the dawn,  
 You draw your beauty from the rose,—  
 The dove,—the stars,—the fawn.

In summer lace or winter fur;  
 In hat or silken veil,  
 You take the "other half" by storm  
 And their poor hearts impale.

No matter what the fashion is  
 You never can be beat.  
 But when we think of what you cost,  
 We're apt to get cold feet.

W. M. G.



## Billy Kob.

FRANCIS LUZNY.

On January 26, 1913 the South Bend National Bank was robbed of \$10,000. I mention this solely for the reason that the robbery forms an important link in the following story. On the day after the robbery William Kob suddenly disappeared from South Bend, and of course, that coincidence proved beyond the shadow of a doubt that he was guilty of the crime, as one of the papers wisely remarked in its comment on the circumstance.

Who was Billie Kob? Well, just who he was and where he came from no one in South Bend knew. Even Helen Hardy knew very little of Kob. He had come to South Bend two years before and opened a law office. Billy was a handsome fellow. His general appearance could be summed up in the phrase, "a perfect American type" so familiar to all of us. Being a good speaker, smart, and self-possessed he made quite a reputation during his short stay in South Bend and all that his friends knew of him was that he was a clever, heady, and plucky young man. Here is the other side—things that can justly be called real facts of his life.

Kob was a son of a railroad magnate. After graduating from college he became an ardent and unshaken believer and member of the so-called "high life society" taking for his motto, "Pa's rich and ma don't care; therefore, I shouldn't worry." His mother, however, did care. She pleaded, she warned and she begged—but Billy thought he knew better. He would probably have been ruined for life were it not for the fact that his father finally stepped into the case. This is the summary or rather the outcome of the interview between father and son: Billy was to go to South Bend for two years not mentioning the fact to his friends. There he was to make use of his education and try to make a man of himself.

"If you fail to show signs of improvement," said his father kindly but firmly, "don't come home."

And so Billy went off determined to do good. Of course this does not mean that he was of a retiring disposition at South Bend. Not at all. He had a good many friends and acquaintances, the most intimate of whom was

Helen Hardy, the daughter of his next-door neighbor—a lawyer like himself. It is true that Kob was rich and had chances of marrying daughters of millionaires in Pittsburg; but the beauty of the self-possessed and attractive girl whom he met each day on his way to his office began to play on those strings of admiration, respect, and love which every human heart possesses.

It all began with an introduction, which was given to Billy one evening. The acquaintance thus started, we may say, in businesslike manner soon developed into strong and intimate friendship. And it was this friendship that made Bill repeat over and over again as he wrote home, "Dad, I'll make good or I'll bust."

A year and a half flitted past, when it chanced one day that Mr. William Kob senior, on his way to Chicago, stopped for a few hours in South Bend to see just how things were going on in reality. This gave Billy an opportunity to show his father that he meant business, and of laying before him a certain plan over which he had been thinking for over two months, and that was to give Helen, who was but an eighteen-year old girl, an opportunity to resume her college training which she was forced to abandon owing to the financial crisis which brought heavy loss to her father. Billy was unable to carry out the plan himself so he ventured to introduce the subject to his father. He expected a refusal, but to his surprise the old man consented after he had heard the fact that Mr. Hardy was once a well-to-do man, but owing to a failure of a certain bank was now forced to work his way through. Incidentally, of course, he got more than ample information as to Helen's good qualities.

Two weeks after this interview, that is on January 26, Billy made his startling proposal to Mr. Hardy, and it was only after he had used all the powers of his eloquence to persuade the old man, that there were many reasons why he should take interest in Helen's welfare, that his offer was accepted. The scheme was a simple one. Helen was to receive her education thinking that it was paid for, out of her father's savings. The whole affair was settled, and as Billy was handing the five thousand dollars to Mr. Hardy he said:

"You don't know what a pleasure you give me by accepting this plan. I can't do too much for your daughter for you know as well as I do what she is to me."

It was on the evening of the 26th of January, that is, on the same evening that Billy gave the five thousand dollars to Mr. Hardy, that the South Bend National Bank was robbed. Of course, the matter was not found out until about ten o'clock the next day. We are not much interested with the details of the things that then followed—the principal thing is that Mr. Bretherton, the cashier, testified that he had placed the ten thousand dollars in a drawer of his desk instead of locking the money in the safe, and that the only man who could possibly have known that the ten thousand dollars was in the desk and not in the vaults was Mr. Kob, for, as the cashier stated, Mr. Kob was in the office on business, and saw him put the money away in the drawer. Then John Cleis, the young clerk in the bank, came forward to declare that he had heard from several sources that the young lawyer's private character was shady, but as everyone knew that he had unsuccessfully aspired to the hand of Helen Hardy and had been refused because of her declared preference for William Kob, no one was much inclined to give particular attention to his accusations.

Of course detectives were put on the case immediately and these in order to be precise and begin at the beginning, thought it wise to call on Mr. Kob. On calling at his office, they found the door closed and a card attached to the outside giving reason for his absence in these concrete yet not very persuasive terms:

"Called away on particular business; will be back in a few days."

The clever secret service men expanded their chests feeling sure that they had a clue. Someone had told them that Helen Hardy could tell a good deal about Billy if she would. But neither Helen nor her father had much to tell. All she would say was that on that very morning at seven o'clock Mr. Kob came to bid her and her parents good-bye, and told her that he had suddenly been called home, and showed her a telegram stating that his father was at that moment on the point of death. Helen, however, did not tell the detectives all that was said during the few moments of parting. Why should she? She did not tell how Billy had asked her to trust him and think of him, and how she, looking into his handsome face, felt she could never trust anyone else, and had consented to place her future into his hands. Mr. Hardy also fearing

lest his child's reputation be harmed did not mention the fact that he had received five thousand dollars on the very night of the robbery.

Two days passed during which Billy's name was mentioned by the papers in connection with the crime,—and no news, not even a telegram was received from him. The girl knew that the finger of scorn and suspicion was pointed at him, but not for one moment would she allow anything unpleasant to enter her mind. On the third day the strain was beginning to tell on the brave, resolute girl.

On the afternoon of January 29, Tom Hardy, Helen's brother, came hurrying into the room where Helen and her mother sat chatting together.

"Why Tom, what's the matter?" exclaimed Mrs. Hardy.

"Oh, it's great Helen. It's just great. He's pickled, why he's—"

"Tom, do tell me what is the matter. Who's pickled? What are you talking about? Has anything happened to Mr. Kob?"

"No, mother, but John Cleis was arrested this afternoon for stealing the money from the bank."

And what about Helen during this episode? Well, I suppose she ought to have swooned, but she did not. She listened to the startling news without a word and then with eyes gleaming with love, pride and joy, turned to her mother and said:

"Oh, I knew all the time that Billy was innocent."

The issues of that evening's paper had lengthy apologies to the suspected and offended parties.

But where was Billy Kob all these past three days? Why didn't he notify the police, and send a few consoling words to the girl he loved? Well, the fact of the matter is, he did both. The police on receiving the telegrams, immediately began their investigation anew, keeping the fact, however, in the greatest possible secrecy. The two or three other telegrams destined to reach Helen, got as far as the servant's hands, who later confessed that she received two hundred dollars from young Cleis for her services.

In accordance with the law that when joy or sorrow comes it never comes singly, the next day after the arrest of young Cleis, that is, on January 30th, Billy Kob was back.

It was a matter of a few moments to set things aright, for everyone at Hardy's was glad to see him.

"You took us by surprise," said Mr. Hardy, as they sat in the parlor waiting for Mrs. Hardy. "This morning we got a telegram from detective Kersh that you would come, but he did not state just when that would be. Helen? Why she went off for a drive with a friend of hers this afternoon—and—"

Just then Helen chanced to cross the hall, and Mr. Hardy with rare discretion and due precaution slowly withdrew. We would do well to imitate him.

### The Weird Element in Poe's Works.

JAMES J. STACK.

While a great man lives it is difficult for a just judgment to be formed of his abilities. Love and admiration on the part of friends tend to overestimate the man's merits; hatred and prejudice on the part of enemies tend to magnify his faults. When, however, the scene is shifted and time has intervened, then we may justly understand the true worth of the individual. The true worth of Poe as an author was not recognized for almost half a century after his death. The praise of friends and the bitter reproaches of foes had long been forgotten before his place was finally determined.

The place occupied in literature by the author of "The Raven" is a very singular one. Few literary men have travelled the path over which Poe trod. He entered the undiscovered fields of the preternatural and described them with all their strange charm. Poe is the only author who has used the weird element in practically all of his works, and this is why we behold him like a lone star in literature,—the weird element in his works distinguishing him from all other writers.

This distinguishing characteristic of Poe's works has been accounted for in many ways. Not infrequently it has been attributed to overdrink. "Until lately," says Prof. Minto, "when J. H. Ingram, the careful editor of Poe's works, undertook to collect the plain facts of the author's life, the current statement and belief were that his strange tales were flung off from a distempered imagination in the intervals of degraded debauchery. The myth was studiously floated by Griswold, his first

biographer, and found ready acceptance with the public owing to the weird and horrible character of much of his imaginative work." Our theme, that the weird element in Poe's works is not the outcome of overdrink but the natural product of his character, is proved from the facts of the author's life.

Poe entered Virginia University at the age of seventeen. He did not receive a degree, because degrees were not given at that time, but left the University in high standing. According to the Secretary of Virginia University, there is nothing on the record books against Poe's character. The poet's school days at West Point were not happy ones and his expulsion came about through "neglect of duty and disobedience of orders." No mention is made, however, of expulsion on account of drunkenness. It was not long after his dismissal from West Point that Poe was forced to earn his own living. His first position was assistant editor of the "Messenger Magazine." He remained in the employment of this magazine during the whole of 1836 and left it in 1837 to secure a more lucrative position. That Mr. White parted very reluctantly with his young editor may be inferred from his words: "Mr. Poe, however, will continue to furnish these columns with the effusions of his popular pen."

In 1838 Poe entered into an agreement with the "Gentlemen's Magazine," which was afterwards merged into "Graham's Magazine." In the following year the poet published a number of his stories under the title of "The Arabesque and Grotesque." This collection contained some of Poe's best stories. It included "Ligeia" and the "Fall of the House of Usher." In 1841 "The Mystery of Marie Roget" was published. And one year later the "Descent into the Maelstrom" appeared. These stories were written while Poe was editor of "Graham's Magazine." If the weird element in Poe's works can be attributed to overdrink there ought to be unmistakable evidences of his drunkenness at the time he wrote these weird stories. "That Poe was not a drunkard at this time," says J. H. Ingram, "is proved conclusively by Mr. Graham's famous letter of 1850."

We have now reviewed the greater part of Poe's life. We have seen that he was not dismissed from school on account of drunkenness, that he held several positions with prominent magazines, and was not discharged in



a single instance for partaking too freely of the flowing bowl. We have noted that Mr. Graham, for whom Poe worked when he wrote some of his most weird tales, openly asserts that Poe was not a drunkard. Hence, we conclude that the weird element in Poe's works can not be attributed to overdrink. We have many authorities which confirm this same conclusion. N. P. Willis, who knew Poe well and often felt the sting of his criticism, said he saw nothing of Poe's dissipated habits. L. A. Wilmer, another intimate friend, stated that he had nothing but commendation to speak of Poe's life and character. Elizabeth Ellicott Poe, a relative of the author, says that he could not write a single line except when his head was clear and he was in a sober mood. She says, "the unromantic fact is that alcohol made Poe sick and he got no consolation from it."

The impress of Poe's personal character, almost to an incredible degree, has been left upon his works. In many places he uses the first person in such a way as to leave little or no doubt that the reference is made to himself. It is not maintained that every story of Poe's written in the first person has reference to its author, but there are, here and there in Poe's works, unmistakable evidences of his real personality. Let us prove the contention by reference to one of his stories. Poe's story, "The Facts in the Case of M. Valdemar," verifies our contention. We can not doubt that Poe is the mesmerist of the tale from these words: "My attention for the last three years has been drawn to the subject of mesmerism; and about nine months ago it occurred to me quite suddenly that in a series of experiments made hitherto, there had been a very remarkable and most inevitable omission—no person had as yet been mesmerized in articulo mortis." We know from the facts of the author's life that these words refer to Poe himself. Add to this yearning for knowledge about such subjects as psychology, metempsychosis and mesmerism, Poe's own peculiar temperament and his keen imagination, and the explanation of the weird element in his stories is clear.

Poe was naturally fond of the weird. Mentally he lived in ghostland. His exquisite sensitiveness to the descriptive power of words for picturing all that he saw in ghostland has given us the weird tone of his stories.

"It is in this power of banishing all impressions from the mind and putting into it the possession of impossible figures and incredible situations that Poe shows his artistic skill." In "The Pit and the Pendulum" Poe introduces a number of minute and highly descriptive details each of which helps to create the atmosphere the author intends. The sensation of awe is gradually increased and passes into one of terror. The story is simply the result of Poe's genius to paint pictures of terror.

Poe himself explains the weird tone of his stories in these words: "Having chosen a novel and secondly a vivid effect I consider whether it can be best wrought by incident or tone, whether by ordinary incident and peculiar tone, or by peculiarity of both incident and tone, afterwards looking about me (or rather within me) for such a combination of event or tone as should best aid me in the construction of the effect." Poe was left an orphan at an early age and was forced to earn his own living. His life was filled with hardships, and it is not surprising that looking within himself for the tone of his stories, the weird element should most impress him.

Poe breathed into his words a spirit which made his works immortal. The years that have rolled by since his death have but served to unwrap the veil of obscurity from his name. His weird tales do not interest all readers, but no sane American will cast aside the works of one of our greatest geniuses because a few people insist that he was a drunkard.

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### Morning.

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WALTER L. CLEMENTS.

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Awaken, arise, the sun's in the skies  
And the green hills with diamonds are set.  
Why slumber so long when Robin's glad song  
Has been thrilled to the new violet?

Awaken, arise, each laborer hies  
To his duty, but yours you forget.  
The bee in the flower has labored an hour  
And the reapers their long sickles whet.

Awaken, arise, a morning soon flies;  
Not so long and the sun will be set.  
Your life flits away as quick as a day.  
Oh, why are you slumbering yet?

# Notre Dame Scholastic

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—Once more we have gathered at the starting line with our faces toward the tape, awaiting the signal to plunge forward. We have

all an equal chance now,

**Getting Started.** and it is quite safe to say that scarcely a person entered need come across the June line without honors. We can not all be first, but we can all run a race worthy of merit and gain a well-deserved reward. Half the race, however, depends upon the start we get. If we lag behind in the cool of the morning when our bodies and minds are fresh after a long rest, be assured we will not double our speed in the broiling heat of the day when we have grown weary and depressed.

If September is spent in writing unnecessary letters to friends whose acquaintance we have made during the vacation, in loafing in the rooms of companions, or in visiting the city, it is quite reasonable to predict that June will be given up to worrying over conditioned examinations. Now is the time to make the finish sure and easy. A good start, extra exertion during the first few months, perseverance in the face of obstacles—these are the things that count. There is nothing that makes a student's face beam with joy and contentment in June like a good start in September.

—Education means the physical, intellectual and moral development of a man. Nor can anyone be said to be truly educated who bestowing all his energy on physical

**Confession.** and intellectual development neglects his moral training. It is the strength gained through the practice of our religion that regulates and directs our learning, and he who has not acquired that strong moral force will in most cases turn his learning to evil account.

The sacraments are the chief aids in our

spiritual development, and the student who grows lax in the reception of them during his college life, will utterly fail to secure a true education, no matter how he may store his mind with secular learning.

Next Thursday evening the monthly confessions will be heard and it is required by the authorities of the University that each Catholic student go to confession and communion at least once a month. Make the resolution now to be prompt. A little effort is all that is required, but the strength received from fidelity to this practice is no little thing. You came here for a Catholic education—get a real one.

—If newspapers are really contemporaneous history, then we want that history to be above all things true. We want the press to be a

**Sensationalism** real record of the progress  
**Of the Press.** or retrogression that we make from day to day. Newspapers are public servants,

and when there is a graft to be exposed or a murder to be related they need not be so scrupulous about exposure as an individual would. But what historian would give the same space in his work to an obscure murder of the Thirteenth Century, noted only for its grewsome details, as to the signing of the Magna Charta? If he did so, he would certainly not give an adequate record of the past. Nor does the journalist truly reflect present day life when he devotes half a column to the debate in Congress on the currency bill, while he wastes three columns delving into the murder of a servant girl by a derelict priest in New York. Of course it is the popular appetite for sensationalism that makes the newspaper men so eager to bring such news before the public. But who, pray, are the educators of the people more than newspapers? They reach the millions every day. Give the popular mind better material to digest and it will lose all desire for such foul stuff. Give the people a true record of the important things in their life each day and they will feel the inspiration of real life and not the morbid fever of the criminal. Tell us of the orphans that are fed, and the youths who are educated at the hands of Catholic priests every day. Then when one clergyman goes wrong, maybe, we shall have time to briefly notice it. We have heard of Judas. What about the eleven faithful?

—Even the most optimistic observer of the trend of modern-day life and customs is forced to shake his head forebodingly when he looks

### The Press and The State of Morals.

about him, and sees the startling lack of morality of present-day society. Volumes have been written decrying the demoralizing influences that have crept into our social life, and even into the very homes of the most respectable citizens of the land. Many are of the opinion that morality is at its lowest ebb since the French Revolution. The daily papers devote columns of their editorial pages to discussions of these problems of the day, endeavoring to find a remedy for the rapid increase of vice and immorality. It may well be asked, however, whether or not the daily press is not itself much to blame for the increase in crime throughout the country. The pages of the most reputable papers in the land are constantly filled with accounts of the most revolting offenses against decency, and these cases are described with the greatest minuteness, none of the filthy details being overlooked in the telling. If anything, the story is added to through the imagination of some reporter anxious to infuse all the "spice" possible into his narrative. What a paying proposition such a policy is, is readily seen every day in any of the large towns of the country where newsboys display the "scare head" type employed in the headlines of even conservative papers. His wares are snatched up by an eager crowd anxious to feast their minds upon the latest scandal.

The power of the press of today can scarcely be overestimated. It wields a power for good or evil of more consequence perhaps than some of the laws of the land, and at its door must in great measure be laid the demoralization of society.

### Formal Opening.

• In accordance with the time-honored custom of beginning important events with religious services, the University opened Sunday, September 21, with solemn high mass, celebrated by the Rev. M. Walsh, vice-president, assisted by the Rev. Fathers Schumacher and Lavin as deacon and subdeacon. Professors and students in cap and gown were present at the services, and President Cavanaugh delivered the sermon of the occasion which we give in full in the beginning of this number.

### Death of Brother Albeus, C. S. C.

The closing days of the last school year at Notre Dame were saddened by the death of Brother Albeus, the treasurer of the University, on the 14th of June. The deceased had been troubled for some years with a weak heart,



and hence, while his death was sudden, it was not unexpected. He had been dangerously ill during the first week of June, but soon recovered sufficiently to return to his post of duty, where he died a few days later.

Brother Albeus, known in the world as John Lawler, was born in Dunlavin, Ireland, in 1857. At an early age he came to this country and in 1883 joined the Congregation of the Holy Cross at Notre Dame. After his profession in 1886 he was for many years prefect in Carroll hall and teacher in the preparatory department of the University. He was made treasurer of the University in 1901, in which office he remained till his death. In addition he was for the last several years a counsellor of the provincial of the United States province and a member of the general chapter of the congregation.

In business ability Brother Albeus was well qualified for the burdensome office with which he was entrusted for so long a time. He is fondly remembered by the students of many school years for his unselfish devotion to their interests during their days at Notre Dame. Among the members of his community he was always esteemed for his fine spirit of charity, his quiet but intense devotion to duty, and by the exemplary quality of his religious life.

The funeral mass was celebrated on commencement morning by the Rev. Peter J.

Franciscus, assisted by the Rev. Matthew J. Walsh as deacon, the Rev. Thomas P. Irving as subdeacon, and the Rev. William R. Connor, as master of ceremonies. Besides the community, a large number of the Alumni and other friends of the deceased attended the body to its resting place in Holy Cross Cemetery.

The SCHOLASTIC may readily presume to represent all the Notre Dame students who have known the lamented Brother in extending to the University their sincere sympathy in the loss of its esteemed treasurer, and in praying that the departed may speedily enjoy the reward for which he lived and labored. *R. I. P*

### The Late Patrick O'Brien.

With sincere and profound sorrow we record the death of Mr. Patrick O'Brien of South Bend, a lifelong and tried friend of the University.

Mr. O'Brien passed away August 10th after more than a month's illness. The funeral was conducted by the Very Reverend Provincial, Dr. Morrissey, and the sermon was preached by the President of the University. A large body of the clergy manifested their respect for the deceased by their presence in the sanctuary.

Mr. O'Brien was a typical Christian gentleman. Through native talent and industry he won material success, but best of all he was always nobly loyal to his faith, generous in its support and responsive to its duties.

To the bereaved wife and daughter, and to his five sons (all of whom have been educated at the University) we extend assurance of cordial sympathy and prayer. May he rest in peace!

### Obituary.

The Rev. L. J. Carrico, C. S. C., has the sympathy of all at the University in the loss of his sister who passed away during the vacation. May she rest in peace!

We regret to announce the death of the Honorable William L. Dechant (B. S. '79; M. S. '95) of Middletown, Ohio. Judge Dechant passed away at Battle Creek, Michigan, on August 25th after a brief illness.

The deceased alumnus had just been appointed by Governor Cox a member of the new

Commission of Public Utilities, the law governing which he had himself previously drafted. He had already enjoyed a distinguished career as Judge of the Common Pleas bench by appointment of Governor Hoadley and had also administered the immense estate of Paul J. Sorg during a period of fifteen years.

Judge Dechant was one of the most highly respected alumni of the University, which sends assurance of sympathy to the bereaved mother, wife and family. *R. I. P.*

### Personals.

—Mrs. & Mr. Albert A. Kotte visited the University during the summer.

—Mr. G. M. Maypole (Student '02-'03) is with the Stutz Motor Car Company, 2450 Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Illinois.

—John C. O'Neill (C. E. '05) is Chief Engineer of the Butte, Wisdom and Pacific Railroad with headquarters at Butte, Montana.

—Mr. Lewis N. Davis (Student '85-'89) visited old friends at Notre Dame last week. Mr. Davis is with the Second National Bank, Ashland, Kentucky.

—Mr. Henry E. Weiss (S. E. E. '08) is now District Electrical Engineer for the Racine Division of the Milwaukee Electric Railway and Light Company, Racine, Wisconsin.

—Mr. Patrick F. Campbell (Student '91-'94) and his charming wife visited the University during the summer. Mr. Campbell is a dentist with offices at 14 The Plaza, Indianapolis, Indiana.

—Mr. E. A. Carey (Student '11-'13) has been accepted as a seminarian of the diocese of Alton, Illinois, and will continue his studies in Kendrick Seminary, St. Louis, Missouri, next year.

—Mr. Arthur J. Hughes (Ph. B. '10) instructor in the preparatory school last year, will spend the coming year in Budd, Illinois, looking after property interests. We wish him success.

—A card from Houston, Texas, announces the sudden but not unexpected arrival of Miss Iris Eckhardt Paine at the residence of Mr. & Mrs. Robert Edward Paine, Jr. We trust "Bob" will make an effort to conceal his joy and pride, at least in public.

—On September 9th at Waterloo, Iowa, in the Church of Saints Peter & Paul, Mr. George

Ziebold (Student '01-'04) and Miss Viola Pinkel were united in holy matrimony. George was a favorite among the men of his time, all of whom will wish him happiness in his married life.

—Through the initiative of Right Rev. Monsignor Frank A. O'Brien of Kalamazoo, the Michigan Historical Commission, and probably the Governor of Michigan, will make a special visit to the University Wednesday, October 8th. Needless to say, they will be most welcome.

—Mr. Gustavo L. Trevino (E. E. '08; M. E. E. '09) has just been appointed General Manager in Monterey, Mexico, of the Mexican telephone and Telegraph Company of Boston, Massachusetts. It is a position of great responsibility and importance. We congratulate Mr. Trevino.

—We have pleasure in announcing the marriage in St. Patrick's Church, South Bend, Indiana, of Mr. Frederick H. Meifeld, old student, and Miss Maud Elizabeth Miller of South Bend. Mr. and Mrs. Meifeld will make their home in Frankfort, Indiana. Congratulations and best wishes.

—We are pleased to learn that Mr. Peter J. Meersman (LL. B. '13), John F. O'Connell (LL. B. '13) and Stephen J. Morgan (LL. B. '13) successfully passed the examination for the Illinois Bar in July. They were the only candidates from the State of Illinois. This keeps up the old record of one hundred per cent of success for our law school.

—The marriage is announced of Mary Alice Lynch to Ray J. Daschbach in St. John's Church, Omaha, Nebraska, August 20th. Miss Lynch is one of the best known graduates of St. Mary's College, Notre Dame, Indiana, and everybody knows Ray Daschbach is one of the best Notre Dame men who wears the colors. A Notre Dame family truly!

—The Honorable Timothy R. Ansberry, (LL. B. '93) Congressman from Ohio, has been in Europe for some months in quest of health. We are pleased to announce on the authority of Mrs. Ansberry that "Tim" seems to gain each day and says he feels as he did when eighteen. He may be addressed at the Grand Hotel, Chateau D Oex, Switzerland.

—A very welcome visitor during the summer was Frank Walker (LL. B. '09) of Butte, Mon-

tana, who had come East on an important business errand. Frank was a member of the Montana Legislature last term and distinguished himself as a debater, even as he did here. He was accompanied by another popular alumnus, John Schindler (LL. B. '09) of Mishawaka, Indiana.

—Simon E. Twining (Ph. B. '13) is an alumnus who does things. The papers within a radius of fifty miles of Bowling Green, Ohio, have been sizzling with red-hot news about Notre Dame every day, and the cause of it is the meek and gentle Ercile. In other ways, too, Mr. Twining has shown already the qualities that made him a marked man at the University.

—A traveller in Cuba writing to a friend at Notre Dame speaks of having met "one of your University men named Simon, a civil engineer, and he certainly is a credit to his alma mater. The University tag on his bag he preserves as if it were a family photograph." It is good to read these words about Arturo T. Simon (M. E. '09). He is well remembered here and was a thoroughly good fellow.

—Hugh O'Donnell (Litt. B. '94), formerly business manager of the *Philadelphia Press*, has returned from a five months' tour through Egypt and Palestine, the Balkins and Ireland. Mr. O'Donnell has been gathering material for a series of travel lectures to be given in fifteen of the largest cities of this country the coming season—*Editor and Publisher*.

We don't know whether we can qualify as one of these fifteen large cities, but we surely want to hear Hugh in his travel-talk.

—It will be of interest to all Notre Dame men to learn that Edmund H. Savord (LL. B. '12) has received the Democratic nomination for City Solicitor in the recent primaries held in his home city, Sandusky, Ohio. "Duke" had as his opponent the man who has held the office for the past two terms, and victory came to him only after a close contest. The city has a Democratic majority, and we are confident that another N. D. man will soon be holding a place of trust in his native city.

—Alumni will be interested in the following editorial from the *South Bend Tribune*, referring to the complimentary dinner of prominent citizens in honor of F. Henry Wurzer on the occasion of his removal to Detroit:

The honoring of F. H. Wurzer by friends who gave him a farewell dinner last evening was the bestowal of a deserved compliment on one who has earned it.



Mr. Wurzer is a self-made man. From the youthful days when his ambition to learn and to climb higher on life's ladder prompted him to secure not only a common school education but an education in the great University of Notre Dame to the present he has made his own way and it has been a course of progression. As a practicing attorney in South Bend he has been a success, and in leaving for his future field of labor in Michigan's beautiful city of Detroit, he will carry the honest wishes of scores and scores of friends for continued and multiplied success. Mr. Wurzer's efforts to elevate the standard of the bar in this city and county will stand as a monument to him. Seconded by other attorneys he has performed a service in this direction which should never be forgotten and which should offer the motive for ever-increasing effort to still further elevate the bar standard, which never can be too high.

It is an honor for the University when alumni are thus honored. Our best wishes go with Mr. Wurzer, whose career so creditable thus far is destined to be far more successful in Detroit.

—The following letter from Dom Gasquet will give pleasure to all his old friends:

ST. MARY'S ABBEY, NEWARK, N. J.  
September 3, 1913.

VERY REV. AND DEAR FATHER CAVANAUGH:

Many thanks for your cordial letter of invitation to Notre Dame. I shall certainly avail myself of it, and I am sure you will extend the invitation to my secretary, who is a charming young man.

I can not yet say when I shall come, for the Knights of Columbus have undertaken all the big arrangements and I do not want to cross purposes. But one of the pleasures I promised myself in coming to America was a visit to Notre Dame, which has left a lasting impression on me since I was there nine years ago.

My main object here, however, is to raise funds for the Revision of the Vulgate and I must chiefly talk about that.

With kind regards to Father Hudson and warm thanks for your letter, I am

Yours very sincerely.

F. AIDAN GASQUET, O. S. B.,

A lecture by Dom Gasquet, the greatest living Catholic historian who writes the English language, will be a joyous occasion. The ancient Benedictine tradition of scholarship is in him revived and glorified. He is unequaled as an authority on so-called Reformation times, and his scholarship and activity were largely decisive in the condemnation of Anglican Orders. Notre Dame will give a loyal welcome to this illustrious scholar and Churchman.

## Athletic Notes.

### INTERESTING YEAR IN FOOTBALL IS PROMISED.

Oct. 4—Ohio Northern vs. Notre Dame at Notre Dame;

Oct. 11—Varsity vs. Freshmen at Notre Dame

Oct. 18—South Dakota vs. Notre Dame at Notre Dame;

Oct. 25—Alma vs. Notre Dame at Notre Dame;

Nov. 1—Army vs. Notre Dame at West Point, New York;

Nov. 8—Penn State vs. Notre Dame at State College, Pennsylvania.

Nov. 17—Wabash vs. Notre Dame at Crawfordsville, Indiana;

Nov. 22—Christian Brothers vs Notre Dame at St. Louis, Missouri;

Nov. 27—Texas vs. Notre Dame at Austin, Texas.

Above is given the schedule of games arranged by Coach Harper for his men. Five of the games—Freshmen, South Dakota, Army, Penn State and Texas—are with teams the gold and blue has never met in football. Taken altogether the schedule is by far the hardest arranged for our gridiron warriors since the organization of the Western Conference, if indeed, it is not the hardest in the history of local football.

South Dakota looks particularly formidable; all the more so because this game will be played early in the season, leaving little time for Coach Harper to repair the breaches made in his line by the loss of Charlie Crowley and the failure to return of Feeney, Harvat and Yund. The South Dakota team proved itself one of the best in the country last year by winning from Minnesota 10 to 0, and by holding Michigan to a 7 to 6 tally. The western team will suffer very little loss of experienced players; all but three of the old team have reported this year. Our boys will, of course, have the advantage of the home field in this game, and hope is still entertained for the return of at least two of the missing linemen.

Heretofore Pittsburg has marked the eastern limit of gold and blue football excursions, but this year Coach Harper will send his men into the far East for two invasions—to the Army and to Penn State. In these games Notre Dame will meet the best in the East. It is needless to remark on the strength of

West Point, and the fact that Penn State defeated the University of Pennsylvania, Cornell and Carlisle last year marks that eleven as a threatening power.

For the first time, too, our eleven will invade Dixy. The Thanksgiving game this year will be played against the University of Texas on Clarke Field, Austin. The Longhorns lost only two of last year's men by graduation, and the nine remaining, together with eight of last year's reserves and twenty new men are preparing to give us a warm reception.

To represent us in these battles we have all of last year's letter men except Crowley, Feeney, Harvat and Yund. Of these the last three may be back, but nothing definite has been heard from them. Should they remain out of the game, the line will be considerably weakened.

In the line are Capt. Rockne, "Deak" Jones, Stevenson, Fitzgerald, McLaughlain, Cook and Nowers as well as Elward, Gargen, and Lathrop of last year's squad, and among the new contenders for front positions are "Rube" Mills, Voelkers, Reidman, King and several others recruited from interhall circles.

The back field promises to be extraordinarily strong this year, Coach Harper having at his disposal three full sets of first-class backfield men. Eichenlaub, an all-Western choice of 1912 and ex-Capt. Dorais of second Western honors are both back. Besides there are Berger, Pliska, Finnegan, Gushurst and Kelleher who wear monograms, Larkin and others of the 1912 squad.

With these men to choose from, Notre Dame will be able to play any kind of game it pleases, if the line can be strengthened. It has the sprinters for long runs; good passers and receivers for the forward pass; quick, accurate and powerful kickers, and some heavy men for the old-style plunges.

The principal innovation made by our new coach is the organization of the Freshman team, which will be led by assistant coach Edwards—Capt. Edwards of the '09 Champions. The call for freshmen was sent out and twenty-four reported for suits Thursday afternoon. The first day out they looked good, and the second day they looked better. Among them are some mighty good-looking football players. They make us wish there was no freshman rule, so they might be able to be used the first year. We expect a real game on the eleventh of next month when the Freshies meet the Varsity.

## Calendar.

Sunday, September 28—Twentieth Sunday after Pentecost.

Meeting of St. Joseph Literary Society, 7:30 p. m.

Monday—Band Practice, 5:00 p. m.

Military Drill, 5:00 p. m.

Orchestra Practice, 5:00 p. m.

Tuesday—Military drill for Carroll Hall, 5:00 p. m.

Wednesday, October 1—Military Drill for Carroll 5 p. m.

Thursday—First Friday Confessions, 7:30 p. m.

Military Drill, 8:20 a. m.

Band Practice, 8:20 a. m.

Friday—First Friday

Military Drill, 1:15 p. m.

Band Practice, 1:15 p. m.

Saturday—Ohio Northern vs. Notre Dame in football  
Cartier Field.

## Local News.

—A new fire-escape has been installed in the rear of Carroll hall and as yet we have seen no one performing on it. But we must remember Albert Harper is not with us.

—Last Wednesday afternoon Coach Harper had three complete teams of regulars trying out. It looks as though the football season might be a most successful one.

—Professor McCue's class-room was completely remodeled during the summer and it is a treat to see the engineers at work these days. They are simply eating things up.

—The Walsh hall bowling alleys are in first class shape and the tournament between the different halls is on. Brownson and Walsh played the first series Wednesday evening.

—Corby hall had little trouble in defeating Walsh in an indoor-baseball contest last Wednesday. Walsh, however, was handicapped from the start as Fr. McNamara was in the pitcher's box.

—The University recently purchased the library of Richard Clark of New York, consisting of twelve hundred volumes. Students of the historical department will welcome this addition to their library.

—A new floor has been put in the Carroll play hall, and handball has become very popular. The juniors who are not interested in football should all get into this game. It affords splendid exercise.

—Students who witnessed the burning of the old Novitiate last spring, were somewhat surprised on their return to find the new structure almost completed. The roof is now on, the

plasterers will begin their work next week, and it is hoped that the novices may be able to enter their new home sometime in November.

—A requiem mass was offered, by Fr. Doremus, in Corby Chapel, for the repose of the soul of Mr. Keefe who died during the vacation. Every member of the hall assisted at the service, many of them receiving communion. It is this kind of remembrance that is worth while and that makes one feel it is well to be a member of a Catholic College.

—Never before, perhaps, did so many students return to the University on the same day as at the opening of the present school year. All the halls were filled on Thursday the 18th, and students who came in later and had not reservations found themselves without rooms. As a result Brownson hall has more students this year than ever before.

—The opening meeting of the Holy Cross Literary Society for the installation of officers took place last Sunday evening. The following officials were placed in office. President, Maurice Norckauer; vice-president, Joseph Miner; secretary, Francis Luzny; treasurer, William Lyons; reporter, Matthew A. Coyle; critic, George F. Straussner; executive committee: Messrs. Flynn, Kehoe and Adrianson.

—A new minim's refectory is being built just behind the students' infirmary. When it is completed the minim department will be completely cut off from the college, and the little folk will not have to leave their grounds even for meals. The Carroll hall students will occupy the present minim refectory which is adjoining their campus. This arrangement will also separate the junior department from the students of the other halls at meals, and will make it more convenient in every way.

—The Notre Dame Council of the Knights of Columbus held its first meeting last Tuesday evening at eight o'clock. The members had the pleasure of having as their guest Mr. Charles Niezer, an old Notre Dame man, who has recently been elected State Deputy of the society. Mr. Niezer's talk on "What was to be expected from a Knight of Columbus," was practical and spirited. It made the members realize that they had a battle before them, and that there was grave necessity of preparing for it now. Among the other speakers were Fathers Schumacher and Carroll and Professor Hines. Art Carmody and Poynt Downey furnished the music.

## Safety Valve.

### NEW THINGS AT NOTRE DAME.

Stew for supper  
Military Drill  
"A Batch of Good Books."  
"Lids for the halls."  
Class on recreation days.

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Three new arrivals from Portland have informed us that Oregon is the most beautiful spot on earth. What more need have we of proof.

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DEAR JIM:—Vacation is over and it's me for hard work. I'm going to forget everything and everybody. I'll keep my nose to the grindstone from now till June just like a serious Senior ought to do. By the way, tell Mable to write me a long letter and let me know what all the girls are doing. I wrote ten pages to Margaret today telling her how I enjoyed her company during the summer and how glad I would be if she would correspond weekly with me. She surely is one dandy girl. Lill promised also to write a weekly letter telling me what the crowd at Melville is doing and my letters are to be read aloud at their meetings. It is strange how soon a fellow can forget pleasant things when work is staring him in the face. Why I can scarcely remember anything of the very pleasant summer since I've had to write essays in Greek. Did Rosie Clay make up with Jim? I hope so. I wrote to her during English class today and told her how foolish she was to look upon the affair in that light, and I spent yesterday afternoon in town buying pennants for Mable and Lill. I hope they will like them. Write me about the Thelma dance when it comes off and tell me if that brunette is there and who she is.

You don't know what discipline is, John, till you have five classes to carry daily. It takes all the curiosity out of a fellow and keeps him eating ink and paper day and night and reading the deepest old books. I haven't had ten minutes to myself since school started. I've worked every minute, but such is school life and we who choose it must pay the penalty. It's time for laboratory work in Spanish so I will say bye, bye.

Sincerely yours,

JOHN.

Military drill in Carroll hall will consist this year of picket duty—This is not a mere fence of words.

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(from the Chicago Record-Herald.)

### THE MOST WONDERFUL FOOTBALL PLAYER.

As was stated in Sunday's Gist, Mr. Smith of the University of Notre Dame was the most wonderful football player that ever lived as far as we know. His claims to this title are based on the facts that (a) he never crowned a training table waiter with a plate of soup, (b) he never told his fellow playmates that he knew more about the game than the coach, (c) and, finally, he never spoke at a farewell banquet and spread honeyed words all over the prexie he hated worse than Friday buns. Smith is deaf and dumb.