

The Notre Dame Scholastic

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

VOL. XLVII.

NOTRE DAME, INDIANA, OCTOBER 18, 1913.

No. 4.

Fair Autumn Days.

FAIR Autumn days of varied hue
No rainbow's tints e'er rivaled you;
More crimson-stained than gory dye,
More purple-hung than sunset sky,—
The very fields with gold you strew.

What prince has robes so often new?
What king, your gems of diamond-dew?
The artist's skill you still defy,
Fair Autumn days.

Not Summer time with skies of blue,
Not Spring with all her pink-cheeked crew,
Not Winter's fairy lands supply
The beauty you bring to the eye,
Fair Autumn days.

B. W.

Dickens, the Champion of the Poor.

EDWARD A. ROACH, '13.



IN the times which Dickens describes, England was enjoying a long domestic peace. Lower and middle classes were far more numerous, far better educated, and far more influential. No political or religious dissensions of much consequence threatened the country. The sovereign's power was more limited than ever before by parliamentary restraint, and though generally approved and respected, no longer tyrannized or had the power to tyrannize over, or even to direct the views and opinions of the nation. Life and property were comparatively secure; both Jews and Christians of all denominations, relieved from persecutions and penalties, mingled together on terms of friendship and showed a common respect for the established laws.

Yet, notwithstanding these vast improvements in the social state of London, suffering still existed among its poorer inhabitants. The treatment of prisoners in jails, especially in debtor's prisons; the neglect and cruelty endured by pauper children in London work-houses, and the terrible temptation to robbery which so rich a city offered to its poorer inhabitants were now the chief curses of London's teeming population.

To draw attention to these evils, to mitigate and if possible to remove them, was the desire of Charles Dickens. Perhaps no one has succeeded better, or discovered a more effectual plan of drawing attention to public abuses, than Dickens has done by mingling terrible descriptions of London misery and crime with the most amusing sketches of London life. Instead of describing, like Addison, Fielding and Richardson, country gentry or London men of fashion, or attempting to write the historical romances and legends of Sir Walter Scott; without alluding to the classic writers of antiquity, with which Dr. Johnson's learned pages abound—without, indeed, saying much about famous men or incidents of his own or any other age—Dickens tried to secure interest by describing the characters, habits and language of the middle and lower classes in modern London.

Out of such apparently unpromising materials, the amazing genius of Dickens constructed a long succession of tales, sketches and novels, which finally attracted more attention and obtained more readers than any works of fiction had ever done before in England. The historian Alison says that during the first half of this century romances and novels chiefly described high life, but that this tendency changed, and new writers appeared who discarded all attempts at patrician-painting, and confined themselves to describing the manners,

ideas, habits, etc., of the middle and lower life in England.

Many people who would have avoided a grave treatise on this subject, studied it attentively in pages where such painful instruction was blended with so much exquisite wit and amusement. The result was that the more educated and wealthier classes throughout England acquired a knowledge of their poorer neighbors, their wants and actual conditions, of which many were previously almost as ignorant as foreigners. While describing and keenly sympathizing with the sufferings of the poor and unfortunate, Dickens never causes among them the least ill-feeling against the wealthy and prosperous, as a man of his talent might certainly have done. But he knew the real interest, as well as the peculiarity of his countrymen. He firmly and steadily appealed to the good feelings and common sense of all classes, and thus elicited a general sympathy for and interest in the unfortunate, without either arousing the fears or endangering the safety of the prosperous and wealthy. He knew the calm justice of the English character sufficiently to be convinced that the public mind of the country only required enlightenment about the want and sufferings of its poorest inhabitants to grant the needed attention and consequent relief. His object was evidently never to induce discontent, but to induce the common intelligence of the country, in all its different classes alike, to redress real grievances and alleviate undeniable sufferings. For these purposes he employs the most eloquent language, and accomplishes the most graphic and powerful descriptions of life and character ever attempted by any novelist. Accordingly his works, from their very first appearance were sought for, read, and mentally devoured by the public with an eager delight.

Dickens blends the comic and pathetic sketches with remarkable skill. When his readers are sated with laughter at his wit, he introduces pages of suffering and sorrow which, described with all the vividness of truth, interest even the most obdurate or unimaginative, while they fairly melt the hearts of the sympathetic. Like Shakespeare and Scott, Dickens wrote for all denominations of educated men, neither offending nor gratifying religious prejudices. He first charms readers by his wit and humor, giving them real pleasure of the most wholesome kind, and then before the most

captious critic can call him frivolous, he describes scenes of woe and melancholy, which impress all thoughtful minds with irresistible power.

In his first sketches which so well reveal the dawn of his genius, Dickens describes neither beauty, love, war, nor wisdom. There is nothing romantic in them; no sentimental scenes to interest novel-readers; no exposure of religious error to interest controversialists, and no political allusions to attract or gratify party feeling. All such matters, usually the chief subjects of fictitious literature, are utterly, perhaps purposely, omitted. It is the streets of London as they are that he describes with the real condition of their inhabitants, enlivened constantly by the wittiest sketches of amusing characters placed in ridiculous situations, all possible and many probable. Accordingly his first two books—the "Sketches" and "Pickwick Papers"—excite more laughter than any of his works. Chapter after chapter in each abounds in varied fun and wit, while only a few in either reveal his great power for pathetic description. The first chapters of "Pickwick" are droll and lively, with fun and merriment in every page until the chapter describing the clown's death. This vivid description confirms the previous impression, derived from the "Sketches" of Dickens' great power for pathetic delineation. His object in this sad chapter being to draw attention to the real state of those unfortunate people whose lives are devoted to amusing the public, and who literally live upon the applause which their efforts arouse, yet whose real condition is so secluded from public sight that they are too often little benefited by public charity. The readers of "Pickwick" in the midst of laughter pause at such a sad chapter as this, which makes the better impression by appearing so suddenly and unexpectedly amid so much merriment. It was all the more effective on this account; the author's object being to draw general attention to the state of poor actors and artists who are often so strangely admired and despised alternately by thoughtless people, but who have latterly been much more the subjects of benevolent attention. Yet Dickens does not delay longer than he thinks necessary for his excellent purpose on this sad subject, but again diverts his readers through many chapters with a succession of humorous scenes.

Again the famous trial scene in "Pickwick" is a strong proof of how deep a sense of legal injustice and knavery was striving in Dickens' mind with all his natural wit, drollery, and power of exciting laughter. He wisely resolved, however, with all his attempts to leave a cheerful impression on the reader's mind, to condemn and expose the state of the law which sanctioned the rascally conduct of the attorneys, Messrs. Dodson and Fogg. True and valuable information is given of the strange abuses with which the English law was at this time disgraced; of the shameful cunning which often prevailed under its sanction, and of the real danger to the public welfare in allowing such practices to continue with legal impunity. It was his use of great talents, guided by clear judgment, which enabled Dickens to enlist the mind of England on his side, to share his sentiments and views to their fullest extent. The most enthusiastic demagogue, eloquent politician, or sincere clergyman, might have declaimed for years about the iniquity of English lawyers, the defective state of the law, the mismanagement of prisons, and the sufferings of deceived clients, and yet not have produced as much effect on the public mind as Dickens accomplished by his description in "Pickwick" alone."

Except the trial scene, the most impressive chapters are XI and XII, describing the dreadful state of this prison, as it doubtless existed when Dickens wrote, its wretched rules and regulations and the neglected, sad condition of its luckless inmates. Old and young, cheats, swindlers, and innocents were here confined and huddled together, apparently quite excluded from the outer world and seldom visited by either magistrate and clergyman. No mention is made of clergyman or magistrate interesting themselves in a place, the condition of which so specially required their attention. To prevent some fastidious or nervous readers from avoiding these chapters in disgust or horror, Dickens introduces some amusing and harmless rogues like Smangle, Mivins, etc., but the death of the old Chancery prisoner, neglected and half-starved, tells its own tale of misery and strange injustice. Yet his case is too painful to dwell upon. Dickens presents it suddenly, describes it in a few powerful lines, and leaves it to make its proper impression on the minds of all thoughtful readers. The account of this man's death is as brief as it is affecting. The reflecting

reader must study it, the most thoughtless will hardly skip its perusal, while its effect will probably be much the same on all men of common sense and ordinary humanity.

That such a case was not uncommon even at this time (1832-33) in London seems certain. How such abuses of all right, law and justice could exist in London, where Christianity was preached and generally professed, is indeed difficult to explain. But it is very remarkable that the attractive pen of a novelist drew more practical attention to the state of London prisons than either the speeches or writings of legislators and clergymen, whose special duty was surely to examine and bring to light such matters. These debtors' prisons were apparently worse managed, and their wretched inmates more thoroughly neglected, than were the political prisons and prisoners of former times. These "prison chapters" in "Pickwick," therefore, may well cause thoughtful readers to wonder what excuse a civilized government and community could offer for such extraordinary neglect, especially during a time of domestic peace, with ample leisure to examine and improve the condition of existing institutions. Were the sovereign, the parliament, and the clergy satisfied with, or in unaccountable ignorance of such things? The latter is most probable, and seems confirmed by the earnest and indignant attention which Dickens' revelations aroused. Nothing can be better than his description of the poor debtor's jail in "Pickwick," or of the old parochial authorities in "Oliver Twist."

Again in "Nicholas Nickleby" Dickens exercises his wonderful descriptive powers, and introduces us to conditions scarcely conceivable. The following account of the Dotheboys Hall pupils must make a strong impression on any reader:

"Pale and haggard faces, lank and bony figures, children with the countenances of old men, deformities with iron upon their limbs, boys of stunted growth, and others whose long meagre legs would hardly bear their stooping bodies, all crowded on the view together. With every kindly sympathy and affection blasted in its birth, with every young and healthy feeling flogged and starved down, with every revengeful passion that can fester in swollen hearts, eating its evil way to the core in silence, what an incipient hell was breeding there."

Here, again, readers may reasonably wonder, as in the prison scenes and workhouse scenes of "Pickwick" and "Oliver Twist," where were the clergymen of the parish or the nearest magistrate. That such schools were actually in Yorkshire when this book was written seems certain, but it is to be feared that clergy or magistrates could not have been entirely ignorant of such horrors in their neighborhood. "The debtor's prisons described in 'Pickwick,' the parochial school management denounced in 'Oliver' and the Yorkshire schools exposed in 'Nickleby' were all actual existences, which now have no similar existence except in the forms he (Dickens) thus gave them."

Dickens writes so that we feel, instead of his having known of these schools and their evils, he had just discovered them, and drew public attention to them at the same time. Otherwise it would seem his just mind and powerful pen would probably not have spared either wilful neglect or connivance. He writes like a traveller hastening to apprise his fellow-countrymen about his discoveries. In the preface to "Nickleby" Dickens states that "more than one Yorkshire schoolmaster laid claim to being the original of Mr. Squeers; that one consulted a lawyer about bringing an action against the author of Dotheboys Hall, and that another meditated a journey to London for the sake of committing an assault and battery upon the traducer."

Dickens expresses natural and wholesome satisfaction at these involuntary tributes of respect to his genius and motives. The names of Squeers and Dotheboys Hall were soon spread through every English town and district; indignation and astonishment were aroused, and general inquiries were made about schools and their management. With his remarkable knowledge of the English character Dickens had guessed the best plan for accomplishing his design. He appealed to their feelings, and after he had enlightened the minds of the public by a delightful book suited to the taste of all, he quietly awaited the marvelous success which he deservedly obtained.

Dickens has been accused of presenting low life in too vulgar a light. He has received much criticism on this account, but only the most fastidious could study or read "Oliver Twist" or "Nickleby" or "Dombey" and not find their better feelings aroused and strengthened. The most frivolous who seek only amusement in

literature will find in Dickens amusement of the most attractive kind, yet inseparably blended with most valuable moral instructions and mental enlightenment. There is perhaps no more sublime moral spectacle than that of a man of the highest intellect pre-eminently gifted with power to attract and interest others, steadily recognising and achieving through life the purpose for which he was gifted by his God.

Dickens held to the standard he had set up, and it was a standard which everyone in his day approved. It stands to the lasting honor of Dickens that he did much to infuse a more humane spirit into the general life of the people. "Daniel Webster once told the Americans that Dickens had done more to ameliorate the condition of the English poor than all the statesmen Great Britain had sent into parliament." "It was his pen that abolished the debtor's prison, public executions, and the worst abuses of parochial and private school systems, to speak only of reforms that are generally known as his handiwork." For him, as for every man of genius who has profoundly moved us, it is true that "he learned in suffering what he taught in song." The poor and the harassed, the people of no account who know sordid struggles and mean anxieties, will always love Dickens, and the house which has no other books will have his. Above all things he was a novelist of the people—far more than Scott or Fielding or Thackeray, or any other writer with whom he has been compared. To reach the people the pen need not be superfine, but it is certain it must be wielded—or taught by a kindly heart. If sometimes the fastidious may reproach such a writer with vulgarity, is it not a very light charge when we remember the affection, pity and sympathy he has excited and stimulated into active forces, deeply penetrating the whole mass of society with the spirit of a most serviceable humaneness, and arousing their consciences to a sense of justice toward the poor? Of course it is not claimed that Dickens was without shortcomings. He possessed them, and even makes mention of them himself. However, let us pass them by and say as Pope did in his essay on Criticism:

Whoever thinks a faultless piece to see
Thinks what ne'er was, nor is, nor e'er shall be,
In every work regard the writer's end
Since none can compass more than they intend,
And if the means be just, the conduct true,
Applause, in spite of trivial faults, is due.

Varsity Verse.

ONLY TODAY.

ONLY today I hold you, dearest heart,
 I hope not in the dim unreal tomorrow
 To have your pearl-pale blossoms for my part—
 Else where were sorrow?

Only today your phantom roses bloom,
 Tomorrow comes, the autumn wind asighing,
 Parting our lips it folds us to the tomb—
 Else what were dying?

S. T. P.

LOVE'S DRAMA.

"My play is finished now," quoth she!
 "And thou mayst choose a rôle.
 Wouldst thou the good, kind Friar be
 Who strives to save each soul?
 Or would'st thou be the villain vile
 Who in his greed for gain,
 Wreaks ruin with a sneering smile
 And plans dark deeds, in vain?
 "Or wouldst thou be the king defiled
 Who reigns 'mid pomp untold?
 The humble peasant with his child?
 The miser with his gold?
 Or would'st thou be the brave young knight
 Who seeks the fair maid's hand,
 Who leads the conquest for the Right
 In hostile foreign land?
 "No peasant, priest or king with gold!
 You ask me of my part.
 Ah,—let me be, the lover bold,
 Who battles for thy heart.
 Let carnage rage, 'mid flags unfurled.
 Test well, my love, most true!
 For I could win against the world
 If victory meant You."

F. W. HOLSLAG.

THE BETTER MIRROR.

The darkening cloud upon your brow
 Enshrouds me also now,
 For I am glad when you are glad
 And in your sorrows I am sad.
 Your glass but gives you back the grace,
 Beloved, of your sweet face,
 While I, with greater trueness do
 Reflect the every mood of you.

H. V. L.

The Humbug.

WALTER L. CLEMENTS, '14.

McNad had come to his office early, and there during the balmy part of the morning had spent an hour or so smoking and planning, when the stenographer entered in her usual quiet and dignified manner. Immediately an alteration came over McNad so apparent that Miss Sadie Warren might have apologized for interrupting his train of thought. But she didn't. Instead she merely asked if there was anything for her to do, and being answered in the affirmative, took a seat at the typewriter. Her employer proceeded to dictate the following letter to his partner in "business" way out West:

MR. JAMES BARTON, OPERATOR,
 Goldbug Mines, Hotspur, Nevada.

DEAR JIM:—Got another monkey on the string. He's one of those exact little fellows that has saved up a lot of hard-earned cash. He fell for your reports of the gold mines. I'll send your share of the fleece when the shearing is done.

Your pal,

BILL.

When the letter was sealed and addressed, McNad again forgot business.

"Miss Sadie," he said, "I could dictate letters forever with you at the keys. You don't know how I like to have a girl like you around."

He was standing close beside her, but she arose her face flushed with anger.

"It is disgusting to have to be about a fellow like you," was her reply. "Please be a gentleman while ladies are around at least, Mr. McNad. Do not think, sir, that because poverty forces me to be connected with your bunco business, I am altogether dishonest."

"Haven't I asked you to marry me over and over again?" Bill pleaded. "Just accept my proposal, if you don't think I mean what I say."

Her voice took on a gentler tone:

"Not while you are in this crooked game. Though I might have liked you, if you had been straight."

"Look here," retorted McNad, "haven't we got a claim out in Nevada? Don't everyone of our stockholders get a slice of real property for his money? Nobody can say that we are

not acting within the law. Ain't Jim out there sending in reports and explaining just why there ain't any take-out for the stockholders just yet?"

"Yes," was the answer. "But you know that land is not worth a cent. A gold mine! Why your pal has not done a thing out West, but manufacture mining literature."

"I don't think that would convict us in court," Bill interrupted with a chuckle.

Miss Warren continued: "This gentleman who was here yesterday has a manly face that anybody ought to like. If you care for me you will not try to ruin his fortune—you'll have no more to do with this swindling."

Bill McNad, the faker, answered with a slight catch in his voice:

"Miss Warren, I started out in life doing business on the proposition that the people like to be humbugged. I have prospered at it. I enjoyed the game till I met you, but an old horse can't learn new gaits. I would do anything else for you, but I'm in too deep now. Jim's my partner. He's stuck by me—I guess there's still honor among thieves. That's what you say we are."

Though caring little for the faker, his stenographer knew that McNad could have made good at anything he had gone at. She was about to tell him so when their conversation was disturbed by the entry of the victim that the faker was preparing "to shear of his fleece."

Timmons, the victim, had a clean-cut, businesslike appearance which at once indicated his own honesty and trust in the honesty of others. Though Timmons had been thoroughly convinced of the importance of the "gold mine magnet" and his stock, McNad saw at a glance that mining stock was not the only thing in this man's estimation. He heard the other man's hearty "Good morning" to the stenographer, and the girl's cheerful response as she thanked Mr. Timmons for the flowers he had sent on the previous day.

Miss Warren had met the prospective buyer of mining stocks when McNad brought him into the office to be filched good-naturedly and to be hoodwinked with ease. But now the "bogus mining magnet" was beginning to realize that he would give anything to be able to win the girl's admiration and respect as his victim was doing.

There was a momentary ebb in Bill McNad's

ordinary affable expression as he guessed the true reason why the stenographer wanted him to abandon the mining deal. But he resolved all the more firmly to lead this newest "lamb" to the market, and his lips closed tighter, his jaws set firmer than ever, portraying bull-dog grit and determination.

"By the way, Mr. Timmons," he broke in, "here's a letter I received from my partner this morning. He said not to sell any more stock at par. So I would advise you not to sell yours at any price."

"I have no stock yet," put in Timmons. "That is what I came for this morning. Here is a check for fifteen thousand. It represents my savings for the last ten years, so you know what faith I have in the ultimate success of your mines."

"Well, I am a man of my word," replied McNad, "so here are the certificates, signed and sealed; and the deal is made. Wont you come and have lunch with me, Mr. Timmons? We can talk future prospects better." And the two men left the room, leaving the stenographer alone with her emotions.

That evening Timmons called at the home of Miss Warren and her mother, as he had become accustomed to doing frequently of late. At first she resolved to say nothing about business matters' but so thoroughly were they interwoven with her sympathy for her friend, and with her own troubles that it seemed her heart must break, if she did not tell him, and she did. The girl related amid tears how McNad and his partner had enticed buyers of the Goldbug stock to pay for shares that were worth little or nothing, how she had been forced to be connected with them in order to support an invalid mother, and finally how Timmons himself had been looted.

Timmons notified the officials of McNad's crookedness and early the following morning "the magnet" was waited on by a sheriff with a warrant for his arrest. Bill McNad secured a lawyer to go his bail for which he put up a round five thousand. Bill was acquainted with every angle of the game, so his next move was to send a letter to the partner out West, which read in part:

"Our steno. became enamored of the 'lamb' and snitched. I am now out on bail. My trial is set to occur some time in about two weeks. Employ every dollar I send in purchasing a mining outfit and hire a force of miners. We

may be sent up if we do not stall that we are in serious search of gold. We have to prove that we have men at work on the claim and machinery in operation. Do your part and they can not prove anything against us."

During the week before the trial Barton, the silent partner out West, quit loafing around the Travelers' Saloon and gave his former friends in leisure the go-by. He got down to business for the first time. Thoroughly and rapidly did he carry out the orders of McNad. So that when time came for the latter's trial on charge of obtaining money on false pretense he was able to produce a sworn statement from the judge, sheriff, and clerk of Boom County, Nevada. The officials declared beyond a doubt that all necessary preparations had been made toward operating a gold mine. If they wrote in glowing terms of everything else, they made no mention of the fact that gold was not discovered. Why should they? They were intimate friends of Barton and did not like to knock their home country any way. McNad had no doubts as to the happy outcome of the trial till the prosecuting attorney began introducing evidence to prove that not a step was taken toward operating the mine at the time glowing reports were sent out and many shares were sold. Then indeed it appeared to Bill that his days out of the penitentiary were numbered.

On the afternoon that the case was expected to go into the hands of the jury, the South Bend courthouse was crowded.

There was a lull in the murmur of the crowd when a messenger entered and handed McNad a telegram. McNad read it without changing expression and then handed it to his attorney. The lawyer informed the court that it was a telegram from the silent partner out West bearing materially on the case and was permitted to introduce it as evidence. Barton's telegram read as follows:

"W. T. McNAD,
South Bend.

"I began operations as you advised, and to the surprise of all a rich vein of gold has actually been discovered. I am forwarding twenty-five thousand that a California capitalist gave for two hundred shares in our mine. Buy back every share that you can at 150. It will go through the roof in a week.

JAMES BARTON."

There was such a commotion in the court room

as the glitter of gold always does cause among humanity. The court proceedings were lost sight of. McNad was the hero of the hour. He made his way to where Timmons and Miss Warren were sitting.

"I'll buy your stock back at fifty per cent profit," he told Timmons.

"No, was the reply, "we'll keep ours."

"You seem to like my humbug," put in the magnet.

"Yes," responded Timmons, "P. T. Barnum was right when he said the American people like to be humbugged."

McNad turned to the girl: "Miss Warren, I am an honest man now. Will you not give an honest man a chance?"

But she replied: "There are always opportunities for honest people. If I do not see you any more I wish you increased success. Mr. Timmons and I have agreed to go out West next week, and see what our chances are for a fortune in the gold mine."

"What? You going away?"—then the man of nerve and daring gained control of himself.

"It was a good deal all around," he said as he congratulated them.

As the crowd filed out of the court-room McNad flippantly remarked to his attorney:

"If you want to coop the eagles, friend, just have the grit to bet that the pea is under the shell every time."

But the old judge on the bench was heard to remark to himself half aloud:

"Some day America, our all-provident mother, is going to quit paying the forged bills of her spendthrift sons, and then things will not turn out so comically fortunate for swindled and swindler."

Homeward.

Night and white stars, and silence still as death—

Then dawning day,

There shall be music in the ocean's breath,

But sorrow, nay.

Only the thoughts of loved ones on the shore,

The lips unkissed,

The eyes that kindled us, but nevermore—

These shall be missed.

Night can not last, and day can not be far,

I will not stray,

Till I shall see their spirits cross the bar

Robed white as day.

C. D. R.

Fixed and Moving Stars.

One like good Martha moving to and fro,
 Busied in service sweet,
 Another fixed in the clear blue, doth glow
 Like Mary at His feet.

Y. I. D.

"Twelfth Night."

J. S. SMITH.

The "Twelfth Night" is the title given to the last of the joyful comedies written by Shakespeare. There is some disagreement as to the date of its composition, but from the fact that it contains fragments from the song, "Farewell, dear heart, since I must needs be gone," the date is fixed at about 1601 or 1602, because the song is from "A Book of Ayres," first published in 1601. That it is not later is proved from a note in the diary of a John Manningham which says: "Feb. 2, 1602—At our feast we had a play called the 'Twelfth Night,' etc." From these facts we can almost fix the date with certainty at 1601.

Thus we see that the play is a product of that third period of his life, the period of "sorrow and gloom," included between the years 1600 and 1608. This was the portion of his life in which he produced his series of great tragedies. In the preceding period he had turned out his great comedies. This play is, therefore, both in point of fact and in its very nature, a point of transposition; it was the connecting link between the works of the two periods, and Shakespeare's "farewell to comedy."

The title of the play is in no way significant of the plot. Some critics say it is so called because it was one of the plays acted by Shakespeare's company before the court at Whitehall during the Christmas season of 1601, and 1602, and it was, possibly, presented on the twelfth night of that season. Shakespeare was indifferent to the work, as he was engaged with his tragedies, and he probably gave it the name of "What You Will" in the spirit that he named "As You Like It," and in referring to the play people probably mentioned it as the "twelfth night performance," and the name was undoubtedly applied in this way.

There has been a great amount of speculation as to the sources from which Shake-

speare drew the plot. Many have accepted a suggestion made in the diary of John Manningham. In the same note where he speaks of the "Twelfth Night" as being "given at our feast," he describes the play and adds: "That it is much like 'Menechmi' in Plautus; but more like and near to that in Italian called 'Inganni.'" There are extant two Italian plays by this name which contain incidents resembling those in the "Twelfth Night." One written by Curzio Gonzalo might be accepted, as it has an incident of mistaken identity where a girl dressed as a boy, under the assumed name of "Caesar," is mistaken for her brother. The same incident is in the "Twelfth Night," and the fact that Shakespeare gives his character the assumed name of Caesario makes this a very probable source. There is also another Italian play, "Gl'Ingannati," which has similar incidents and a character named "Malevolti," which is very suggestive of Malvolio, Shakespeare's character. Hazlet, however, and numerous other critics, agree, that the ultimate source was Bandello's "Novelle" which reached Shakespeare through many versions and translations in the novel entitled, "The History of Apollonius and Silla," by Barnaby Rich.

The "Twelfth Night" is a delightful play, both to read and see acted. It abounds with rich, wholesome humor, is full of simple fun, and has an extremely interesting plot. The scene of the story is laid in a seaport of Illyria. Sebastian and Viola, who are twins, are separated by shipwreck. Viola is rescued by a captain, of a vessel and taken to Illyria where she disguises herself in the attire of a man in order that she may enter the service of the Duke Orsino, of whom she had heard her father speak with respect. She advances rapidly in the employment and favor of the Duke. He learns to like her very well and extends her many privileges. Viola, on the other hand, allows her affections to be captured, and she becomes enamoured of this "handsome and excellent man." But the Duke is in love with a native lady named Olivia. Olivia spurns his love and refuses to hear his messengers on the excuse that she has gone into mourning for her brother for seven years. As a last resource, the Duke sends Viola, who is known to him as 'Caesario,' to court Olivia for him. She does not enjoy this as she loves the Duke herself, but she obeys her master and succeeds in gaining entrance to Olivia's home and courts her with

so much grace and elegance that Olivia falls deeply in love with Viola. She throws aside her intent to mourn and her womanly reserve and openly expresses her love to Viola. Viola is much confused, is unable to conceal her confusion, and takes a very awkward leave of the lady. Being sent to the court of Olivia a second time she is discovered by Sir Andrew Aguecheek who becomes enraged over the attentions that he supposes Viola is paying to Olivia, and he challenges her to a duel. The duel is the result mostly of a practical joke perpetrated by Sir Tony Belch, Sir Andrew's intimate friend. The situation is very ludicrous with Viola being forced into the fight, trying to play her part to the last, and Sir Andrew's cowardice and assumed bravado. The duel, however, is prevented by the arrival of officers. Sir Andrew, on being told of Viola's unwillingness to enter the duel, is filled with temerity and becomes eager to renew the fray. Just at this time Sebastian lands in Illyria, having also been saved from the sea, and he is the exact double of Viola as she appears in men's clothes. Many humorous situations arise on account of mistaken identity of the two, and finally Sir Andrew Aguecheek meets Sebastian and forces the quarrel with him. This time he does not encounter the weak arm and shrinking spirit of a woman and he is badly cut up in the fight. Olivia also meets Sebastian and forces her suit too. Here again the confused and bashful spirit of Viola is not encountered. Sebastian is attracted by her charms and returns love for love, and they are married without delay. In the concluding scene the situation is very humorous. Olivia addresses Viola as her husband in the presence of the Duke; Viola is more confused than ever and the duke becomes very angry at the conduct of his page. Matters become more complicated when Viola is accused by Sebastian's benefactor, Antonio, of being ungrateful and dishonest. But Sebastian enters and the knot is quickly untangled. Viola and Sebastian are reunited and Viola marries the Duke.

There is also a by-plot which provides most of the comic incidents. Malvolio, a conceited servant of Olivia, is made to believe that his mistress is in love with him. A letter is written by one of the other servants directing him how to act and dress to please his lady love. He carries out the directions, and his conduct is so ridiculous that he is locked up as a madman.

Feste, the clown, is another great source of humor and plays an important part in carrying the sentiment and mood of the play. Olivia, Orsino and Malvolio are delineated in a wonderful manner. Sir Tony Belch, Sir Andrew Aguecheek and Maria provoke laughter with every word they utter. The play as a whole, in the words of a Shakespearian critic is perhaps the most richly woven with various hues of love serious and mock heroic, of any of Shakespeare's plays.

The characters and incidents are not new or experimental as they are selected from former characters and schemes. The characters all bear a strong resemblance to earlier ones used by Shakespeare. Thus in Viola we see suggestions of Portia; the true friendship of Antonio recalls that of the same character in the "Merchant of Venice;" and Feste is a combination of the best of all the former clowns of his works. As an incident it closely resembles "The Comedy of Errors." Wendell, in commenting on these facts, says the play "is a masterpiece not of invention but of recapitulation."

Sparkling comedy is the characteristic of the "Twelfth Night." All hints of melancholy or sadness are buried up in humor. It is intended only as a source of fun and to provoke mirth. We may conclude with Wendell's characterization of it: "Light, joyous, fleeting, a thing to be enjoyed, to be loved, to be dreamed about."

God's Ways.

ANDREW J. SCHREYER.

He sends the glowing summer sun,
But gives us shade-trees, too;
And when the killing frosts depart,
He sends the balmy dew.
He forms the glist'ning flow'rs in Spring,
In Fall, their beauty mars;
And though He sends the sombre night,
He also sends the stars.

Some hearts He gains by winsome love,
And some by seeming scorns,—
'Tis He who makes the roses fair,
'Tis He that gives them thorns.
So if your lot in life be grief,
Regard it still as Love—
Remember that the ways of man,
Are not as those above.

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. XLVII. OCTOBER 18, 1913. NO. 4

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—After the journey of Israel from the bondage of Egypt and their march across the sea, comes the unchanging Decalogue thundered from Sinai. After the Columbus and Sorin. explorer of new lands, the pioneer, blazing his way through the forest, comes the lawgiver, the educator and civilizer. Our custom of celebrating Columbus Day and Founder's Day at the same time has a signification, that few who give it serious thought can fail to see Columbus, DeSoto and many other notable explorers following the lure of the new land and searching the unknown, came hither under the banner of the cross. Settlers of all varieties followed in their wake. Then Sorin came like the first explorers beneath the banner of the cross. As Columbus planted the cross on American soil when he first landed, so good Father Sorin came to plant the sign of the cross firmly in the hearts of this new people. He resolved to do so by educating the youth, and instilling into their minds sound principles of moral conduct based on religion. Sorin's work was to be the complement of that of the discoverer. Let us who are heirs to the greatness of Columbus and Sorin learn well the lesson of our celebrated teachers. We should remember that unless we follow the example of Sorin's learning and piety, we can not make a great nation out of this fertile land that Columbus opened to the world.

—The secretary of the State of Ohio has recently given the figures of the divorces obtained

in that state during the last year, and they are simply appalling. Out Divorce the Destroyer. of 43,357 marriages, says the Secretary in his report, 13,724 were legally nullified in the divorce courts. Ohio is considered a great state by all Americans, but how long can it, or any other state, remain great that continues to break up the very units of which it is composed. Why waste time in our legislatures in passing laws for social betterment, when we permit the family, the unit of all society, to be torn apart at the whim of individuals, and the children to grow up stunted and dwarfed, having never known the sunshine of a home. The number of divorces in this country is growing every day, and unless something is done soon we will find our country so weakened and demoralized that it will be unable to hold its place among the nations. Last week the Superior Court of New York opened its new official year, and the judges were confronted with 184 divorce cases on the very first day. It is no exaggeration to say that half the troubles existing in society today are a result of our present divorce laws, and it is utterly useless to water the bloom and leaves of the social plant so long as we permit this destroying insect to eat away its roots.

—In the death of Canon Sheehan of Doneraile, County Cork, Irish literature has sustained a grievous loss. No writer perhaps in all Ireland looked with clearer vision into the heart and character of the Celtic people, and portrayed their habits of life more truly and sympathetically than the author of "My New Curate." His field as a novelist was not wide. He seldom went outside of the little circle in which he lived for his characters, but so faithfully did he depict the true types of Irish people, so vividly did he portray the everyday scenes of country life, that he is considered by scholars one of the greatest novelists the Emerald Isle has ever known. He has been severely accused of unloyalty to his race, of endeavoring to ridicule and belittle his own people, but nothing could be farther from his intention. Whatever irony or caustic wit he made use of was done with the sole aim of leading his people to a higher and better living. Father Sheehan will be missed by all who love to read of the simple customs and strong faith of the Irish race.

Chesterton has aptly expressed the attitude of the Church toward eugenics: she would rather have rheumatics. This applies particularly well to its most insinuating form the teaching of sex-hygiene. So, when the question was presented at the fourth International Congress on School Hygiene last summer we were not surprised to see Father Richard Tierney at variance with ex-president Elliot. Father Tierney's attack was admirable and eloquent; yet it aroused in non-Catholics only the usual feeling that the Church was pursuing its ancient policy of conservatism. Even our old friend, the *Inter-Ocean*, differed from her. Nevertheless, since the days of the congress, strange and fearful things have happened. Dr. J. J. Walsh has dealt the opposition some decisive uppercuts. Canon Lyttelton has written a brilliant and authoritative article in the *Nineteenth Century*. Last and foremost, however, Prof. Hugo Munsterberg, of national fame as a psychologist, has expressed views almost identical with those of Father Tierney. He says that sex-morality is a question of will and not of information; that a course in school would arouse a powerful stimulus for which it could offer no equal potent sedative. He asserts that Munchausen trying to lift himself by the scalp, adopted no more inefficient means than does society in sex-hygiene. Now, Prof. Munsterberg has written sufficiently to inform all that he has no sympathy with Catholicism. On the other hand, the supporters of the theory have long termed him an able psychologist, therefore, thanks is due him for aid in again vindicating the Church—not only is she successful theoretically, but also practically; she is not merely deeply poetic, but in addition thoroughly scientific. She is at the same time antique and up-to-date. And the upshot of the question is—although Munsterberg does not mention it—that the ancient and holy institution of the Church and the family must, as of old, lead the new generation into the knowledge of life, and protect it with the ideals of heaven.

Newman Lectures on London.

October and Newman's Travelogues are generally welcomed contemporaneously at Notre Dame, and the first of Mr. Newman's annual series of illustrated travel talks, given in Wash-

ington Hall Wednesday evening, brought out the largest audience seen thus far this season. Mr. Newman's lectures are always interesting, his views well selected and his motion pictures clear and realistic. London was the first of the present series, and Mr. Newman's treatment of the world's greatest metropolis left little to be desired. The crowded streets and congested squares, the quaint and historic structures, the dignitaries, troops and policemen, all were depicted and described entertainingly. Much of historic interest centres in London, the home for centuries of kings, poets, statesmen and soldiers. The various buildings of worldwide fame, such as Westminster Abbey, the parliament houses and the palaces of the king, were described in detail. The foggy streets, the murky Thames and the crowded, squalid east side were particularly interesting. Still better calculated to appeal to the sporting proclivities of Americans, than the international tennis games, were the motion pictures of an English turf classic, a four-mile steeple chase. The suffragettes were shown, sometimes in peaceful attitudes, but more generally inciting to riot—at all times interesting in the extreme. Mr. Newman's first lecture measured up to the standard of former years, and that is a sufficient meed of praise. He has succeeded in investing "deah ol' Lunnon" with new charms for those who would some day tread foreign shores.

Founder's Day Exercises.

The annual commemoration of Founder's Day was marked by appropriate exercises in Washington hall Saturday evening. The students and faculty assembled to pay fitting honor to the memory of Father Sorin, the heroic founder of Notre Dame. After an opening selection by the orchestra, Professor James F. Hines spoke briefly upon the occasion and purposes of the gathering, paying a beautiful and eloquent tribute to the courage, perseverance and indefatigable zeal of the priest pioneer, who founded Notre Dame. Walter L. Clements A. B., '14, read an Ode to Father Sorin from the pen of Father C. L. O'Donnell. This eulogy of Father Sorin, if printed in the SCHOLASTIC, will make a valuable addition to any collection of poems, for it has the double merit of a great idea skilfully and happily executed. A piano solo by Professor Carl Sauter was enthusiastically encored, as was likewise an ex-

cellently rendered vocal solo by Grattan T. Walls. John F. Hines, Litt. B. '14, recited "Sail On" with the indisputable talent that has made him several times a medal winner. The program was concluded with the singing of "Columbia, the Gem of the Ocean" by the audience and a final selection by the orchestra.

Personals.

—Henry C. May, a former student and instructor in gymnastics at the University, is at present located with Marshall-Field and Company in Chicago.

—"Ed" Roach (Ph. B. '13) was another young "grad" on the campus last week. As sociable as ever, "Ed" is on his way to Tampa, Florida, to engage in real estate work.

—Albert Gushurst (Litt. B. '09) of Lead, South Dakota, visited his brothers, Fred and Ed of Corby, recently. "Al" says he never saw a better half-back than brother Fred!

—Clyde Broussard (M. E. '13) of Beaumont, Texas, is touring the Canal Zone. Clyde tells of interesting scenes on the Canal, and says he witnessed the bursting of the Gamboa Dyke.

—W. Ray Cartier (M. E. '13), writing from his home in Ludington, Michigan, extends his best regards to all the "old boys." Ray is planning for an early opening in the automobile business.

—John Wilson (E. E. '11) of New York City, recently resigned from the engineering department of the New York Central Railroad to accept a position with the Brooklyn Edison Company.

—Frank Stanford (Litt. B. '13) of Independence, Kansas, is taking post-graduate work at Columbia University. Frank is living in New York City with Cyril Curran (A. B. '12) who is also studying at Columbia.

—Francis Durbin (LL. B. '13) was recently elected President of the Young Men's Democratic Club of Lima, Ohio. Frank is a practising attorney in the latter city and bids fair to fulfil all promise shown at the University.

—Mr. William B. Kelly, former instructor in shopwork at the University, and now in the employ of the Savage Tire Company of San Diego, California, is in charge of the laying out of a motor track at the latter city. The speedway will be, when completed, the largest

in the United States, having a length of three miles and being built for speed conditions of one hundred and fifty miles an hour.

—"Bill" Hicks, of the 1913 Law class, called on friends at the University during the week. "Bill's" visit, while brief, was long enough for him to assure us that Spring Valley, Illinois, will not want for legal advice and service henceforth.

—Louis Kiley (Ph. B. '13) is in the administration department of the Eastman Kodak Company at Rochester, New York. "Lou's" success as business manager of the 1913 Dome should augur well for his work with the Eastman Company.

—Mr. H. P. Brannick of Minooka, Illinois, (student 87-'91), was a visitor at the University last Sunday. He was accompanied by his wife, formerly Miss Katherine Kaffer, a student at St. Mary's in the nineties. Mr. Brannick is a prominent merchant in his home town.

—The marriage of Miss Cecilia Burkhard of St. Joseph, Michigan, to Chester McGrath (LL. B. '12) took place last Thursday morning in Sacred Heart Church, Notre Dame. Father Schumacher celebrated the nuptial mass and blessed the wedding, and Gene Kane was best man. Mr. and Mrs. McGrath will make their home in Sioux City, Iowa, where Chester is engaged in a prosperous wholesale business.

Calendar.

Sunday, October 19.—Twenty-third after Pentecost.
 Mass of Exposition.
 Sermon by Father O'Donnell.
 Vespers at 2 p. m.
 Meeting of the Brownson Literary Society
 7:30 p. m.
 Meeting of the Saint Joseph Literary Society
 7:30 p. m.
 Wednesday, 22—Newman Travelogue on Paris 8 p. m.
 Thursday, 23—Sorin vs. St. Joe in football.
 Saturday, 25—Alma vs. Notre Dame here.
 The Chicago Male Quartet, Washington Hall,
 7:30 p. m.

Local News.

—FOUND—Some money. Loser may obtain same from Brother Alphonsus.

—The third team of Walsh Hall Chicks is being hatched out under the leadership of Allerton Dee.

—Fenesy's Sorin Hall "Goops" are practising

daily and will soon be in shape to undertake a heavy schedule.

—The "rec" day was appreciated by all the students as it was the first scheduled stop since the beginning of school.

—Indoor baseball—Walsh, 12; Brownson, 8; Walsh gets the ball. Delinquent list—Walsh, 45; Brownson, 41. Who wins?

—Large crowds are turning out for the daily practices of the Varsity and hopes grow stronger in the minds of the rooters as the dates for the big games draw nearer.

—A "get-acquainted-meeting" will be held in Walsh Hall next Sunday evening. A lunch will be served, and Father McNamara promises that there will be numerous other good things on the program.

—The Walsh Hall Monacle Club was recently organized with the following officers: George Byrider, president; Joe Benziger, vice-president; Allen Fritzsche, secretary. Tom Glynn of Brownson is the only honorary member.

—The Junior Lawyers met on October 7th and elected the following officers for the present year: Thomas Hearn, president; Dennis Moran, vice-president; William Mooney, secretary; John Andrew, treasurer; Harold Madden, sergeant-at-arms.

—A committee has been appointed to take steps to inaugurate a campaign for the building fund. The matter will be looked after immediately, and it is hoped that a very substantial addition to the fund can be made during the present year.

—Captain Blackman led his team to victory last Thursday afternoon in the second game of the Carroll Hall series. The final score was 12 to 6. The game was one of the hardest fought contests seen on the field this year, and every man played with bulldog tenacity. Blackwell, Blackman, and Williams were the stellar lights.

—About eighty of the Carrollites took advantage of the "rec" day on Monday and enjoyed a trip to the St. Joe farm: Part of the crowd travelled on hay ladders, another division on bicycles and some few brave lads walked the entire distance. They were accompanied by Father Hagerty and Brother Aloysius, and the day proved a genuine romp that will long be remembered, especially by the walkers.

—The tennis enthusiasts have made their

presence known during the past week. In a recent match two Walsh Hall champions were defeated by two Sorin champions. It is to be hoped that this revival of interest in tennis will place this game in the position it deserves as one of the leading sports of the University. More and better courts are needed and a display of "pep" should accomplish much along this line.

—The freshmen are making their presence known in a scholastic as well as in an athletic way, and they declare that their football team is only a slight indication of the great things that can be expected from their class. At an enthusiastic meeting on October 6, the Freshman Lawyers elected the following officers: President, Paul J. Smith, Indianapolis, Indiana; vice-president, W. E. Bradbury, Robinson, Illinois; secretary, G. D. McDonald, LaGrange, Illinois; treasurer, C. W. Bachman, Chicago; sergeant-at-arms, J. J. Holzbauer, Plymouth, Indiana.

—Brother Alphonsus is displaying his usual zeal in advancing the interests of the Apostolate Library. Last Saturday evening he addressed the minims on the great advantages of reading Catholic literature and named as promoter in St. Edward's Hall Thomas Welsh who held the same position last year. James Redden has accepted the position of promoter for the library in St. Joseph's Hall and has already secured twenty-five members. Promoters will soon be appointed for the other halls, and every opportunity will be afforded the students who wish to read the best Catholic literature.

—For the dramatic offering on President's Day, Professor Koehler has selected the Shakespearian comedy, "As You Like It." The music, which was prepared for the original production of "As You Like It" and was edited by Schoirmer and Ditson, has been obtained from London and will be one of the interesting features of the production of the play at Notre Dame. The music includes choruses, quartets and solos and when added to the play, which is in itself one of the masterpieces of dramatic art, will make this one of the most elaborate productions ever attempted at the University. Professor Koehler is trying out the members of last year's Dramatic Club and elocution classes in the various rôles and the cast is already partly selected. The cast is large and will offer an opportunity for everyone possessing dramatic ability. The staging of this play

will undoubtedly be a great undertaking, but the memory of the dramatic successes of last year makes us certain that it will be another triumph for our dramatic director and actors.

—On Founder's day, Oct. 13th, solemn high mass was sung by Father Cavanaugh with Fathers Walsh and Irving assisting as deacon and subdeacon. Father Carrico preached the sermon, and vividly portrayed the many hardships encountered by the saintly Founder. In the afternoon the members of St. Edward's Hall held their annual games, and prizes were awarded to the successful contestants.

—The Senior Law Class was re-organized at a recent meeting and the following officers were elected: James Curry, president; Charles Dorais, vice-president; Timothy Downey, secretary; Fred Gushurst, treasurer; Wilbur Gray, sergeant-at-arms. The election for president and treasurer were hotly contested, the vote in each case being 18 to 17. The unsuccessful candidate for president was Daniel Sullivan, and for treasurer, Thomas Curry. Perfect harmony exists among the Senior Lawyers, and all indications point to a pleasurable and successful year.

—As no debate had been assigned for Sunday night the Brownson Literary and Debating Society was entertained by addresses from various members describing the manner in which they spent the past summer. A point of interest noted in the speeches was that more than ninety per cent of the students worked during the vacation. The favorite speakers of the evening were Don Mulholland and R. Duffy. In a brief talk to the members, Father Walsh encouraged them to make the short time given each week to debating count for something, and he promised his assistance in making this year's record the best in the history of the society.

"Resolved that the Initiative and Referendum should be Adopted in Indiana," will be debated next Sunday.

—A mass meeting was held in the big gym Wednesday evening to practice the yells for the South Dakota game. "Nig" Kane has been chosen as varsity cheer leader, with John McShane and Emmett Lenihan as his assistants. The crowd at the gym Wednesday evening was not so large as it should have been. We have great teams at Notre Dame and we should have some enthusiastic rooting. It is not enough to work up a little enthusiasm

once or twice a year. The students should be prepared to urge the men on with systematic rooting at every game. We have the cheer leaders and we have some good yells. If the men master the yells we have, we can probably secure some new ones. Let every man show some "pep" and make his presence on the sidelines known.

—For the sake of putting at rest the minds of several teachers as to what caused all the restlessness among the preparatory students last week, and especially among those from the state and City of New York we are quoting the following little poem:

THE ABSENTEE.

(JAMES J. MONTAGUE in the New York American.)

Me teacher he says, wit' a frown,
"Your 'rithmetic ain't right;
You're very stupid, Thomas Brown,
Stay after school tonight."
A lot I care for 'rithmetic
Or any teacher's knocks
When Home Run Baker swings de stick
An' Matty's in de box.

I take up my je-og-a-phry
To loin de States by name,
But everything wot I can see
Is that there whalin' game.
I see 'em run an' slide an' t'row,
I hear de willow clout,
An' all de spellin' wot I know
Is "O-U-T spells out."

Aldough de teacher's grouchy look
Shows how he's gettin' sore,
I read de woids wot's in de book
An' wonder wot's de score.
I don't pay no attention, 'cause
I simply can't, yer see.
I wish dat Baker's average was
As low as mine will be.*

My dad, he says, "You go to school
An' loin to be a man;"
But, chee, it certainly is crool
When you're a baseball fan.
How can a feller study when
He's tremblin' in his shoes
That Baker'll lam 'em out again
An' make de Giants lose?

My noives is pretty near wore out;
Dis school gits me fer fair;
I don't know what it's all about,
An', funder, I don't care.
It's wrong to make a kid git sick
With these here noivous shocks
When Home Run Baker swings de stick
An' Matty's in de box.

* See delinquent list.

—The first program of the Holy Cross Literary Society was given last Sunday evening.

Mr. McGregor opened the program with verse called "The False Alarm." A 'cello selection by Mr. H. Wiedner followed. The "Spinners in the Sun" formed the title of a pleasing recitation by Mr. Frank Luzney. A solo, "My Boy," was sung by Mr. W. Remmes, after which a paper dealing with the essentials of Parliamentary Law was read by Mr. George Straussner. A short but lively speech, dealing with the purpose of the society was given by Mr. Joseph Miner. Brief remarks about the importance of good solid reading as an aid to public speaking, by the Rev. Superior closed the program. The enthusiasm with which each member was given, speaks well of a bright year for the society.

—The annual election of officers for Notre Dame Council No. 1477 Knights of Columbus, was held Tuesday evening and the following officers were selected: Grand Knight, Earl S. Dickens (re-elected); Deputy Grand Knight, Lawrence J. Barrett; Chancellor, Professor James F. Hines; Recording Secretary, Jeremiah A. McCarthy; Financial Secretary, Joseph F. Smith; Treasurer, William J. Redden; Warden, William D. Case; Advocate, Professor Edward P. Cleary; Inside Guard, John Mangan; Outside Guard, Austin A. McNichols. In addition to the above-mentioned officers, the Grand Knight has appointed Mr. Charles B. Lawrence as organist and Rev. George J. McNamara, C. S. C., as chaplain. The Lecturer will be appointed within a few days and a program for the winter's work mapped out. The installation of the officers will take place early in November and will be directed by District Deputy Stanton of Elkhart.

Athletic Notes.

FRESHMEN DEFEAT CULVER.

The Varsity-Freshman game, scheduled for last Saturday, was cancelled in order to give the Freshmen an opportunity to play Culver. Capt. Cofall and his first year men ran up against a stiff proposition in the cadets and were unable to score more than one touchdown. The field, however, was heavy, neither side making any notably long gains. The final score of 6 to 0 does not adequately tell the story of the game, the six end not being heavy enough for the coming gold and blue wearers. And that reminds us—we're going to have some team next year.

SOUTH DAKOTA IS HERE.

Capt. Brown of South Dakota came down to see us yesterday and brought fifteen of the cleanest, hard-fighting-looking, manly visitors we have seen in many a year. We wouldn't miss the game to attend a twelve course banquet.

Just to show the Dakota lads how things are done at Notre Dame, a rally was given which proved the greatest demonstration of "pep" since the day we beat Michigan four years ago.

"Nig" Kane called his rooters together in the big gym Friday evening and went through the cheers with them. Then coach Harper talked to the boys, giving a summary of what we may expect today. South Dakota has played but one game this season. They lost to Minnesota 14 to 0, but both of Minnesota's touchdowns were made on fumbles, and besides Minnesota is one of the strongest teams in the West—the favorite for Conference championship. Both of the Badgers' touchdowns were scored during the first quarter. After that they did not get within drop-kicking range of South Dakota's goal posts. South Dakota tried three drops before the game was over. This is the dope on the visitors.

On the other hand, the gold and blue have a good chance to win. The outlook a week ago was gloomy indeed, for Capt. Rockne, Kelleher, Finnegan and Berger were on the sick-list with no promise of recovery. All these men are well today, and so are the other varsity boys who sustained minor bruises during the past week. Any man on the squad is in good enough shape to go on duty if he is needed. The Varsity will put forth its greatest strength. If South Dakota wins the bacon is justly theirs.

INTERHALL SCHEDULE.

Last Monday night the athletic managers of the various halls, Ward of Sorin, LaJoie of St. Joseph, Matthews of Walsh, Devlin of Brownson and Madden of Corby, met at 353 Sorin, and determined on the interhall football schedule. Ten games will be played, St. Joseph meeting Sorin in the initial contest next Thursday. The start is a little late this year, but this has enabled the aspirants to get into prime shape for the opening gun. The conflicts will continue every Thursday and Sunday until November 23rd, weather permitting. Postponed games will be played off as soon as possible after the scheduled date.

October 23—Sorin vs. St. Joe
 October 26—Brownson vs. Corby
 October 30—St. Joe vs. Walsh
 November 2—Brownson vs. Sorin
 November 6—Corby vs. Walsh
 November 9—Brownson vs. St. Joe
 November 13—Sorin vs. Corby
 November 16—Brownson vs. Walsh
 November 20—Corby vs. St. Joe
 November 23—Sorin vs. Walsh.

Safety Valve.

What has become of the new student who asked last week what "skive" meant?

COLLEGE DEFINITIONS.

Fire drill at N. D.—Entering a hall after 10 p. m.

Learning how to accept defeat gracefully in debate—Asking Fr. Farley for a permission.

A sure cure for homesickness—Three hundred demerits.

Dome—A convenient rime for home in student poetry.

Walsh Hall—The home of infant industry.

Demerits—Merits which have been d—d.

"It's too bad"—Payment given by Notre Dame laundry for the loss of three suits of underclothes.

Study—A compulsory form of mental recreation.

Pony—from "*pons*," a bridge; hence a means of passing.

Let's take the Niles road so we won't have to pass that cabbage patch.

New Student—Who rings that church bell every quarter of an hour during the night?

AT THE LAWYERS' MEETING.

"All those who think the lawyers are bashful and slow say aye."

"The nays have it."

Fr. Farley (to a group crossing the lawn).—"Hey! there's no path across there."

"O that's all right, Father. We don't need a path. We steer by the sun and the thick bark on the north side of the trees."

Circumstance—From the Latin "*stare*" to stand, and "*circum*" around. The Corby and Walsh prefects are circumstances at the Orpheum on Saturday night.

Prefects could save themselves a lot of trouble and students a heap of worry if they made the demerits "*ipso facto*."

Since Mr. Rock is out of today's game we may expect to hear "Are you ready Mr. Door?"

We have heard of no one this year going down to Father Sorin's monument to ask for a night permission. And yet he never says "No."

Frank—I bet you ten dollars, Skinny, that Notre Dame wallops South Dakota.

Skinny (who lives in South Dakota)—I'll bet you twenty N. D. don't gain twenty yards during the whole game.

[A pause during which the game is forgotten.]

Frank—Say, Skinny, lend me a nickel, will you?

Skinny—Honest, Frank, I haven't got a cent.

We understand from the report of the tailors' convention that the style of men's clothing is to be changed. Tight, skimpy clothes with no padding and little shape, trousers that can not become baggy at the knees for want of room, etc., will be the rage.

We always thought the tailors would get something to match that green hat with the rudder in the back.

When you are old and gray and full of sleep, the Hill St. car will be running off the track just as it did last Thursday.

We are endeavoring to reduce the high cost of living and have started with our own news stand. Hereafter, Sunday papers will be only nine cents.

Charity begins at school and goes as far as the prefect.

We can't understand how an Engineer can find time to lead cheers at a football game.

We are offering a prize for the best answer to the following puzzle:

Why was that board fence built on the east side of the big Gymnasium facing on the Carroll campus. It runs between the projection of the Gym that contains the hot air furnace, and meets the main wall about ten yards further on. There is absolutely nothing inside of this enclosed triangle. To get into it one must climb over the fence, as no door leads into it from the Gym. Look at it the next time you pass and send in an answer.

Then too our Joseph Smith writes in his latest novel, "The New Leader," "Impelled by these motives he began to gather up the pieces."

Transposing, we have the following equation: "He began to gather up the pieces impelled by these motives."

Factoring, and eliminating x we get:

"Impelled by these motives to gather up the pieces he began." —Q. E. D.

We count the word "yearlings" referring to Freshman f. b. team, just 13 times in journalistic daily dope for S. B. papers. We suggest the following variants:

One year old calves

Young stock

Small cattle

Prospective cows

Undeveloped bovines.

Our idea of 33° below zero in humor—"The Melting Pot" in the S. B. . . . T.