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No. 1.

Memory.

THE hand that smoothed my hair back from my brow
Is death-still now;
The voice that called me to each brimful day
Has died away;
Yet still when I am sad, I feel the press
Of that caress,
And, echoing in my heart's deserted hall,
I hear that call.

O. P.

The Catholicism of Chesterton.*

BY TIMOTHY P. GALVIN, '16.

IN 1905 Gilbert Keith Chesterton wrote a book called "Heretics." In it he attacked the philosophical and religious beliefs of a number of his most popular contemporaries. The book proved a triumph; its criticisms were pointed; its indictment was damning. But one thing was lacking: Chesterton had shown the fallacies in the philosophies of others, but he had not given his own philosophy. The weakness was pointed out; critics demanded that Chesterton should be a builder as well as a burner, that in addition to telling the world what not to believe he should tell the world what to believe. Chesterton accepted the challenge; the result was his most famous work, "Orthodoxy," published in 1908.

Wilfrid Ward did not exaggerate when he pronounced "Orthodoxy" a "book giving us as a permanent legacy more of original and practically helpful suggestions than perhaps anything which has appeared in our own day on Chateaubriand's theme 'The Genius of Christianity'" The book presented the religious beliefs of a man who stands out unique among the men of his time. Chesterton is at once brilliant and fearless. His ability no one can doubt; his independence is apparent in his every word. He flies in the teeth of popular

opinion with the most reckless abandon; he seems to enjoy a fight. His own confession of the beliefs of his early life is most startling,—"I was a pagan at the age of twelve, and a complete agnostic by the age of sixteen; . . . I read all the scientific and sceptical literature of my time. . . . I never read a line of Christian apologetics." What such a man would have to say after he had groped his way through all the mazes of modern thought back to old-fashioned Christianity, naturally excited widespread interest. "Orthodoxy" has exerted a profound influence on modern thought.

Chesterton was not, at the time when he wrote "Orthodoxy," and very probably is not now, a Catholic. Yet it has long been realized that his creed tends strongly in the direction of Catholicism. To show how essentially Catholic is the position Chesterton upholds is the purpose of this essay. The high regard in which Chesterton is held throughout the English-speaking world and the important position which his "Orthodoxy" occupies among recent contributions to religious thought constitute amply sufficient justifications for this effort.

From beginning to end Chesterton's philosophy is thoroughly Christian. He is "concerned only to discuss the actual fact that the central Christian theology (sufficiently summarized in the Apostle's Creed) is the best root of energy and sound ethics." But Chesterton is not satisfied with the platitudinous statements of Christianity that characterize the work of most Protestant writers. He boldly takes a stand on all important disputed questions. He takes the stand which reason dictates, and the result is a book that might have been written by a Catholic theologian.

First of all Chesterton recognizes the value of tradition as an authoritative source of doctrine. He not only admits that the Catholic view of tradition is right; he is an enthusiastic defender of that view. Belief in tradition is

* Prize Essay for the Meehan Gold Medal.

to him essentially democratic. It was only the few and the exceptional men who could write books; what the ordinary common people thought and said and did was naturally transmitted by word of mouth in story and in legend. If we recognize the value of democratic opinion we cannot disregard tradition. Therefore the democrats who oppose tradition are altogether inconsistent. Is not this a new and a cogent manner of presenting the argument for belief in tradition?

"The man who begins to think without the proper first principles goes mad," declares Chesterton; "he begins to think at the wrong end." And not only are proper first principles necessary in his estimation, but religious authority is also necessary. He points out the perils to which freethinking is bound to lead; he does not fail to see the maelstrom into which one is certain to be drawn when he sets sail upon a sea of doubt. He gives a splendid basis for an argument establishing the necessity of the Papacy; but he fails to follow this argument to its logical conclusion, and it may be just here that he falls short of being Catholic. Indeed he hints that this is his difficulty when he says, "Once I saw suddenly the meaning of the shape of the cross; some day I may suddenly see the meaning of the shape of the mitre." But whatever may be Mr. Chesterton's unrevealed attitude toward the Catholic faith in the Pope as a guide in matters of religion, he does not fail to see that some guide is necessary.

Nor does Chesterton fail to grasp the importance of the fact that certain fundamental principles of philosophy are unchangeable. His contempt for the fickle philosophers, who have never found a lasting basis to which they could anchor their beliefs, is well expressed. "An imbecile habit has arisen in modern controversy of saying that such and such a creed can be held in one age but cannot be held in another. Some dogma, we are told, was credible in the twelfth century, but is not credible in the twentieth. You might as well say that a certain philosophy can be believed on Mondays, but cannot be believed on Tuesdays." That there are certain absolute, unchanging standards is an assumption of every true theory of progress, for there can be no improvement unless there be a standard by which to measure that improvement. If "What is right in one age is wrong in another," how can we say that we are either better or worse than our forefathers? At

heart all men know that there are absolute criterions of right and wrong; to deny this fact is futile folly.

On basic principles we see that Chesterton is essentially Catholic. He affirms his faith in a personal God, the Creator of the Universe. He accepts tradition as a source of doctrine; he declares the necessity of first principles in reasoning and of an authoritative guide in religion; he scorns the idea that fundamental philosophical principles change from time to time. His fundamentals are not more Catholic than are his beliefs on particular problems. He tells how after accepting Christian principles, he "could hear bolt after bolt all over the machinery" (of his system of thought) "falling into its place with a kind of click of relief. Having got one part right, all the other parts were repeating the same rectitude, as clock after clock strikes noon." He considers that he has found the key to all his former difficulties and he rejoices in the fact that this key fits so many locks. Let us watch him as he opens lock after lock and thus allows the Light of Christianity to pierce the darknesses of modern paganism.

Chesterton is a firm believer in the Catholic type of family. He refuses to join in the modern revolt against monogamy. Indeed this is one of the movements at which he hurls the most bitter invective. The sacredness of marriage and parenthood and home-building strikes him so forcibly that he is militantly Catholic in his opposition to those who would attack the home and the wedlock. He has written a book ("What's Wrong with the World") in which he holds up as his ideal "the happy family, the holy family of history." In this book he asserts his belief in "that mystical view of marriage . . . the great European tradition which has made marriage a Sacrament." Nor does he profess to see, as do many Protestants, any inconsistency in the Catholic emphasis both of the family and of celibacy. The reasoning of the Church on this matter he accepts and makes his own. Home and woman are alike sacred; marriage is a Sacrament, and hence monogamy must be upheld.

In discussing evolution Chesterton lays down the limits which all Catholics recognize. Evolution may be accepted as a means of accounting for certain phenomena, but it must not account for too much. God may have created man's body by a system of evolution,—this much

and no more will he grant to the evolutionist. The creation of man's soul by God directly and the recognition of God as the ultimate cause of all things, even of evolution,—these are the points upon which he insists in his consideration of the evolutionary teaching. They are likewise the points upon which all Catholic teachers insist.

The comparison of Christian and of materialistic philosophy makes evident to Chesterton the narrowness of the latter. "If the cosmos of the materialist," he says, "is the real cosmos, it is not much of a cosmos. The thing has shrunk." The limitations and shortcomings of materialism as compared with the freedom and the beauties of Christianity are the more evident to him because of the materialistic tendencies of his youth.

Chesterton plants himself with his back against the rock of Christianity and he refuses to yield a single inch to modern innovators in the field of morality. "What on the earth is the current morality," he asks, "except in its literal sense—the morality that is always running away?" He hurls the thunderbolt of truth against those who claim that Catholic principles have outlived their usefulness; that Catholicism was tried in the Middle Ages and found wanting, and that, therefore, we must secure new principles and new ideals. "Mankind," he protests, "has not passed through the Middle Ages. Rather mankind has retreated from the Middle Ages in reaction and rout. The Christian ideal has not been tried and found wanting. It has been found difficult; and left untried."

Nowhere is Chesterton more brilliant than in those pages in which he tells how in his own life the critics of Christianity defeated their own ends by their own contradictions. The thing which first made Chesterton suspicious of the opponents of Christianity and thus started the movement that finally resulted in his removing himself from the mire of paganism, was the fact that Christianity was attacked for contradictory reasons. He was unable to reconcile the accusation that Christianity was over-optimistic with the accusation that Christianity was over-pessimistic. Nor could he understand how the same men could say that the Church was too meek because she fostered monasteries and with the next breath that the Church was too violent because she inspired Crusades. He proceeds thus throughout the

whole category of pagan inconsistencies, leaving the anti-Christian forces in a state of ridiculous confusion.

Hence we see that Chesterton not only accepts Catholic principles but he applies those principles also just as a Catholic would apply them. Wilfrid Ward (if I may quote such an able critic again) has characterized "Orthodoxy" as "an attempt in the English literature of the hour at . . . bringing to bear all available guns against a perverse philosophy of life, which is being preached in the name of progress." The simile is a good one, but the fact should not be lost sight of that Chesterton has gone gunning with Catholic ammunition. The fact that he is not himself a Catholic should not prevent anyone from giving him due credit for shooting down a goodly number of the enemies of Catholicism. Indeed if any reproach is due on account of Chesterton's work, it is due not to the great Englishman himself but to the Catholic leaders who have left so much for him to do. Chesterton has said many things that some Catholic should have said before him; he has applied Catholic principles where their application is so obvious that no Catholic should have overlooked it: Chesterton, the Protestant, has erected defenses for the Catholic Church which Catholics themselves have neglected. Catholics should give him full credit and thanks for what he has done, and they should not fail to learn the lesson he is teaching,—the value of preaching and applying Catholic principles in these times of heresy and paganism. Catholics have done much to check the wave of unbelief, but a score of Catholics who will fight like Chesterton can do much more than has been done.

The very fact that Chesterton is a Protestant makes his work a source of great satisfaction to the Catholic reader. Catholic philosophy is founded upon the most enduring principles and the most logical reasoning; hence the student of this philosophy often wonders why non-Catholic thinkers do not accept a large part of scholastic teaching even though they are unwilling to accept the Catholic religion. To find that such an able man as Chesterton has done this very thing is naturally gratifying to the Catholic mind, not because any Catholic worth the name needs the word of any Protestant to convince him of the soundness of his own philosophy, but because Chesterton's conversion to Catholic principles bears out the

claim that the scholastic system is in itself, and apart from the Catholic religion, sound.

It is somewhat difficult to understand how a man of Chesterton's ability and frankness can come so close to being a Catholic and yet not become one. It should be remembered, however, that he was once a pagan and that the gap between paganism and Catholicism is no small one. The Catholic religion is the most uncompromising of all religions. Its followers give up more for it than do those who profess other creeds. Of course the Catholic faith gives more in return for the sacrifices of its adherents than other religions give, but this is very seldom evident to the non-Catholic. Hence we need not be surprised if the process of Chesterton's conversion is somewhat tedious. We can be sure that the process is going on and that it is almost certain to be completed.

Nothing could better show with what enthusiasm Chesterton already regards the Catholic Church and nothing could be a more fitting close for this essay than that splendid passage in which he figuratively describes the course of the Church through the ages of her existence. "The Church in its early days," he writes, "went fierce and fast with any war-horse. . . . She swerved to left and right, so exactly as to avoid enormous obstacles. She left on one hand the huge bulk of Arianism, buttressed by all the worldly powers to make Christianity too worldly. The next instant she was swerving to avoid an orientalism, which would make it too unworldly. The orthodox Church never took the tame course or accepted the conventions; the orthodox Church was never respectable. It would have been easier to have accepted the earthly power of the Arians. It would have been easy, in the Calvinistic seventeenth century, to fall into the bottomless pit of predestination. . . . It is always easy to be a modernist; as it is easy to be a snob. To have fallen into any of those open traps of error and exaggeration which fashion after fashion and sect after sect set along the historic path of Christendom—that would indeed have been simple. . . . To have fallen into any one of the fads from Gnosticism to Christian Science would indeed have been obvious and tame. But to have avoided them all has been one whirling adventure; and in my vision the heavenly chariot flies thundering through the ages, the dull heresies sprawling and prostrate, the wild truth reeling but erect."

Varsity Verse.

IF YOO'RE A HOOSIER, THERE'S NO
PLACE LIKE HOME.

A Hoosier went d stant Spain,
To Cairo on the Nile;
A month or two did he remain
On Britain' m sty Is'e.
He clambered up Mount Etna's side
In Sicily by the sea;
He gazed upon the waters wide,
Then murmured, 'Home for me!'

CHORUS.

"I care not or London, or for Paris so gay,
Nor long for the bright lights of New York's 'white
way.'

I have seen all of Venice, of Cork, and Berlin,
I'm through with this travel, it's making me thin.
Give me Indiana, 'tis there I was born,
Until I get back, I'll be sad and forlorn,
From my old Hoosier State, no more will I roam,
'Cause if you're a Hoosier, there's no place like home."

When he reached his native land,
The Hoosier did rejoice:
"Of all the spots on earth so grand,
Indiana is my choice.
I love its towns, however small,
I love its cities, too;
My heart has room for one and all,
I'm Hoosier through and through."

CHORUS.

John Lemmer.

BASHFUL BALLADS.

A bride and groom were seated in their newly-furnished
flat;
As at their first real home-cooked meal this happy
couple sat,
And on that bridal table in bright splendor there was
laid
A batch of leaden biscuits which dear wifey just had
made:
She said, "My dear, do have one;" but the bridegroom
shook his head:
He said, "Sweet wren, I'd like to, but I ain't that fond
of lead."
At this the dame got spiffy and a tear came in her eye
And as she viewed her biscuits there, this here she
did reply:

CHORUS.

"You used to like my cooking once, before I wedded
you;

But now you say it's awful, and that makes me feel so
blue:

You say my biscuits taste like soap, that all my meals
are raw;

So since you've crabbed my cooking, I'm a-goin' home
to Maw."

These words she said moved hubby dear, and so to
keep his bride,

He said he'd eat her biscuits if in doing it he died.

And so he et them bullets which his wife had gone
and made,

And twenty minutes after in his grave the guy was laid,

And now his wifey's sad and lone and wishes she was
dead

For saying to her hubby dear them harsh words she
had said. B. Anderson.

THE CLOCK.

For a year and a day

Does the clock on the wall

Beat away, beat away,

For a year and a day.

And it seems e'er to say:

"Let us go from it all

For a year and a day,"

Does the clock on the wall.

P. B.

MARY O!

I ken nae joy sae soothin'-sweet

As ae sma hour wi' Mary, O!

Her bonnie een, her glances fleet,

Her c arms sae ligh and airy O!

I guide my pleugh frae morn till eve,

Na care if storm-clouds glower O;

Nae cloud nor storm can make me grieve

When thinking of my flower O.

Across the brae when day is gone,

Amang the bonnie heather O,

We stray as free as woodland fawn

My luve and I thegither O.

O sweet the words she spake to me,—

My heart skipped like a fairy, O!

"Nae ither bonnie lad but thee

Shall own the heart of Mary O!"

P.

Betty Will Stay.

BY EDWARD HOYTE.

Betty stood impatiently at the window of her cottage awaiting the arrival of Mr. Tong, the warden of the poorhouse. The terrible day had come at last; she had dreaded it as a criminal dreads the hour of execution. But now that it had arrived she was impatient to be through with the bitter hour of parting. The little sitting room where Betty had worked at her sewing when her man John was a strong laborer in the mills, was neat and tidy. Her few possessions were packed in a trim paper bundle and tied with a white cotton band; and Betty was dressed in her only and best gown ready for the ride to the house on the hill.

Betty had been without any source of income since her man John had died. She had mortgaged the little cottage, and now her small sum was gone and the cottage must pass into other hands.

She stood impatiently at the window toying nervously with the string that hung from the green window-shade. "The house on the hill is big and warm," she thought, "and I will be well cared for; but this cottage was mine. I cared for it every day; I kept this garden bright with flowers and tempted the birds to nest here and the bees to draw the honey from these blossoms. I wonder at all," she mused, "will the next good woman that lives here keep the garden trim and neat?"

She raised her head at the sound of a trap rolling down the road. They are coming, she thought, and she must go. She picked up her little bundle, opened the door and stood waiting.

"How dull and monotonous the garden looks to-day," she thought. "There is no glow in the hollyhocks and the bachelor-buttons seem drooped and dry. And are the bees afraid to break my heart by humming about my blossoms on the day I'm going? There are only two or three about, and they used to be here in large companies. The little white road, too, that seemed so blindingly bright, is dull and gray."

The trap was rounding the curve at Kenney's corner.

"Where are the neighbors?" she said to

herself. "Aren't they going to say good-bye? Mrs. Connor was in last night but wouldn't say good-bye. She said I wasn't going away at all but simply moving higher up on the hill and that she'd be over regular when I got settled; and of course she will; for didn't I grow up with Maggie Quinn and wasn't I at her wedding to Phil Connor, and didn't I dance and dance until my feet ached?"

Mrs. Connor had heard the trap coming too, and she was at the window, but behind the curtain; for she wouldn't make Betty feel the pain of parting, and she was resolved to visit Betty that very evening in the house on the hill.

Big Tim Dennison was working in the garden in front of his home, and when the trap hurried by he went into the house; for he didn't want to be out when it returned, bringing a good neighbor to the poorhouse.

The trap drew up at Betty's cottage. There was a girl in the seat, too. Betty saw her and recognized her at once. Sure it was Peg Daly; could any other girl in the village leap so lightly from the seat, and fairly fly up the white gravel walk?

"You're not going away, Betty," she cried, kissing the old woman and untying the strings of Betty's bonnet with such speed that it quite upset the neatly combed gray hair. "Father wouldn't hear of it at all; and he's fixed it up, and this cottage will be yours always and Mrs. Meaney is going to live here with you."

Betty's joy made her dumb, and she stared at Peg with an expression of incredulity that Mr. Tong relieved when he said:

"Peg is right, you're going to stay; it's all fixed up." He tipped his hat and went out to the trap again. Peg remained with Betty.

"How pretty the garden looks," said Betty. "See the glow on that big hollyhock, and them bachelors over there, Peg, they're noddin' at ye, aren't they?"

The trap rolled along the white road stopping every little while long enough for Tong to bring the news to a neighbor: "Betty is going to stay."

Tim Denison came out to work in his garden again, and Mrs. Connor put her head in the door of Betty's cottage to say: "Of course you're not going, didn't I say that last evening?"

Remembrance.

BY SPEER STRAHAN.

That night the tides came tremulous
Beneath the August moon,
And across the waves there came from Lord's
The lilt of a dancing tune.

Yet even when by candlelight
I sought my chamber's gloom,
Those silly notes kept in my head
Nor gave thoughts of you room.

Late at the window watch I kept,
I, with deep skies alone,
But neither those night skies nor stars
Would give me back mine own.

Then sudden turning I chose a book
That we had read an hour,
And close between its yellow leaves
Found me the purple flower

That you had put the e that blest day,
When spring winds wildly sweet,
Had blown to bud the April sky
Above our city street.

In that blue flower I saw your eyes
And heard your voice apart,
And oh, I felt love's trembling tides
Move strong within my heart.

A Catholic University.*

About eighty miles southeast of Chicago, in the State of Indiana, the traveller is greeted by a golden dome, silhouetted against the sky and crowned with a beautiful statue of the Virgin Immaculate. This dome and statue are the crowning glory of the great American University of Notre Dame. This school is justly regarded as the type of Catholic institutions of higher education in the United States. Its situation is a charming one. Located in the midst of pretty little lakes and leafy woods, Notre Dame, under the abundant foliage of its graceful elms and gigantic maples, comprises some score of edifices, devoted some to lodging, others to instruction, others still to the administration, to play or to prayer.

Notre Dame dates back to 1842 and owes its foundation to a French Religious of the

Congregation of Holy Cross, Rev. Father Edward Sorin. The first college building that he constructed out of his poverty is reverently preserved, and as a consequence, one is permitted to appreciate better by contrast with the present magnificent pile, the benedictions and future promises that this foundation contained. The tiny seed, sowed seventy-four years ago, has grown and flowers to-day in the garden of Notre Dame.

Picture to yourself on the bank of a little lake of tranquil waters, an immense central pavilion, cruciform and crowned with a cupola two hundred feet in height, whose main corridor is decorated with frescoes and which contains an historical museum, an art gallery, a library of sixty thousand volumes, the offices of the Administration, and dining-rooms for the whole personnel. Imagine nearby a gothic chapel, completely decorated with Italian frescoes, and measuring 275 by 120 feet. The tower of the chapel contains a six-ton bell and chimes of thirty-two bells.

Imagine, at a little distance and opposite the chapel, an edifice called Washington Hall, comprising the halls of the faculty of Music and an Auditorium capable of seating 1200 persons. A little farther on rises Science Hall, consecrated to physics, geology, mineralogy, zoology and botany; beyond, Chemistry Hall, the home of the chemists and pharmacists; next Engineering Hall with its Mechanical Shops, its forge, foundry, laboratory, and electrical apparatus; the Meteorological Observatory; the six great dormitory buildings, the infirmary, the gymnasium, not to mention the kitchens, canteen, stores, printing offices, baker shops, etc.

Represent to yourself this beautiful group of university buildings, and add to it in close proximity the other houses of the Congregation of Holy Cross, the Provincial house, the Novitiate, the Seminary or Juniorate, the Mission House, the Juniorate for the Brothers and still others and you have an idea of the vast extent of Notre Dame. All these buildings are of white brick, and in the June sun, framed as they are in verdure, surrounded by lawns, bushes and flowers, trees and beautiful walks, they offer to the astonished visitor the most enchanting of pictures.

Turn now from the buildings and landscape of Notre Dame to the life that animates her. Follow the comings and goings of the more than

eleven hundred students and the sixty professors, admire the amiable courtesy of the whole community, the deference of the student to the priest, the paternal cordiality of the priest to the student, see the study-halls, silent yet teeming with intellectual life, the Campus so full of animation, admire the intelligent discipline, the *esprit de corps* of this truly American organization where everything tends towards the economizing of every moment and towards doing only that which will be of some use.

Say to yourself that these young men are all working for some diploma, in letters, in the sciences, in philosophy, in law, in engineering, even in journalism, and in many other specialties unknown among us.

Realize, finally, that the old students, the Alumni, profess a real devotion to their Alma Mater, that they are there received as around a paternal hearth, and that often their attachment is translated into fine subscriptions which singularly promote the equipment of Museums, the beautifying of buildings and the procuring of expensive apparatus.

You have now an idea, sufficiently exact, though somewhat superficial, of how the University of Notre Dame appears to the eyes of the visitor.

When leaving this beautiful home of Catholic education, after having compared it at every point with the limitations of our own Laval University, we are consoled, and that in a practical manner, in telling our hosts what Laval contains, the many masterpieces of art, the treasures that are there in abundance, the collections, geological, mineralogical and zoological, the hundreds of thousands of volumes of its library, and the inestimable riches of its archives; we are consoled in thinking, without emphasizing it too strongly, of the remarkable results that it accomplishes with such modest resources.

*Translation of an article by Monsieur l'Abbé Germain, assistant editor of *L'Action Catholique*, of Quebec, Canada, which appeared in the *Semaine Religieuse* of Quebec for July 6, 1916.

*A learned Jew of Chicago, Mr. Max Pam, founded three years ago a chair of Journalism at Notre Dame, having realized that Catholic education was most efficient for remedying the evils of American society.

CANDOR prevails more surely than cunning. The one is a virtue of the strong; the other, a vice of the weak.—*Spalding*.

Bag and Baggage.

BY JOSEPH WEISS.

"Wake up, Jack," said Louie Swink, as they sat on a park bench. "What are you thinking about? We have hibernated long enough. Why! you don't appear natural unless your throat is reverberating with snores. We have reached the crisis of our financial disease. We must have money or else drink water. What plan have you to offer? Speak quick, lest I arouse you with a blow on your nose."

"Louie darling," sarcastically answered the apparently sleeping Jack, "don't talk so loud. You will put your vocal cords out of tune, and they will not harmonize with my mouth organ. I have been thinking hard for the last ten minutes and I have decided on a plan that will make the charitable organizations send us requests for donations; it is not digging gold from a hillside at an angle that would endanger the equilibrium of a mountain goat; it is simply this—there are human beings in every city that decorate their homes with dishes and table ware that are superfluous. Why! I knew a woman who had a gold dish made for her false teeth. Now! my plan is apparent. I will enter the home of one of these goldsmith customers and remove the valuable metal. You remain outside and whistle according to our code. You act as watchman while I go inside to find the gold tooth-pick holders and similar objects. Do you comprehend?"

"Yes. Do we begin immediately?"

"The sooner the better. We will look over the domiciles around these squirrel, bird, and tennis grounds. Perhaps we may see a door open with a "Welcome" on the mat."

"Have you a sack?" asked Louie.

"Yes."

They walked along in silence examining the houses, as a housewife at the market purchasing fish. At a palatial residence both men stopped, and Jack, with a gesture of a tragedian, remarked:

"Louie here is our place of business. I will enter and fill up my sack with the trinkets. You are too clumsy with your hands and feet. The noise your movements produce would wake a victim of the sleeping sickness."

Jack entered the house through a bathroom

window. He felt along the walls carefully, and soon found himself in the dining-room. He stopped a moment to listen. The cuckoo clock announced the hour of three. When the noise died away, he began exploring by the light of his flash light. Knives, forks, cups and trays fell one by one, into the bag. Having completed the despoliation of the dining-room, he searched the bedrooms. All he left in these places was a collar button and a button hook. Next he turned his attention to the pantry. He placed his bag on the floor and searched the shelves but there he was unsuccessful. All he could find was a silver-plated nut-cracker. He lifted the bag to his shoulder and awaited the signal of safety from his outside sentinel. The whistle sounded and Jack rejoined his partner.

"Good haul?" interrogated Louie.

"Yes," was the answer.

Well! don't get surly about it. Let me see what you have in the bag."

Jack handed over the burden and hummed a popular song. When he was in the middle of the chorus, he felt something strike his eye. He saw many curious lights and stars, but he enjoyed the funny things that appeared. Park benches played baseball with a button hook. A cuckoo clock ate a collar button. The air became darker and darker until he could see no more.

When he awoke, one eye seemed to be lying under a mattress. He rolled over and saw out of his other optic a bag beside him. He turned his flash light on it and read the words, "Pillsbury's Best Flour." He turned the strange sack over, and to his surprise, there rolled out, a potatoe masher, a rolling pin, a flour sifter, and many other kitchen machines unknown to man.

He stood up saying to the kitchen utensils, "Ah! I see the connection now. I left my sack down in the pantry. In the dark I picked up this sack," and he walked away to buy a steak to cover his swollen orb.

Fireworks.

Fade now these gaudy showers of light
That smote on heaven's dark bars,
Mocking the silent deeps of night
Where tremble rows of stars.

R. B.

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—The consecration, on last Thursday of the Right Reverend Philip R. McDevitt, raised to the Episcopate a scholar whose labors have enriched the Catholic Bishop McDevitt. school system in the United States. As superintendent of schools in the archdiocese of Philadelphia, Monsignor McDevitt brought the parochial school system in that city to such perfection of organization as to make it a model and guide for other dioceses. Under his direction too, and largely as the result of his persevering labors, there have been built two central high schools in Philadelphia, one for boys and one for girls, that have been the models of similar institutions throughout the United States. Catholics throughout the country share with the people of Philadelphia a feeling of grateful pleasure at this new dignity conferred on Monsignor McDevitt, and pray for the continued success of his noble work. His many friends at the University of Notre Dame offer him warm congratulation.

—In a brilliant address delivered at the public mass meeting of the Supreme Convention of the Knights of Columbus at Davenport, Iowa, August 2nd, the Honorable Joseph Scott of Los Angeles, California, made this interesting suggestion:

Don't you think all of us need to take stock and recast our lives into broader and deeper channels? We must learn that irrespective of where we were born, or what blood courses through our veins, whether we came from the Pilgrim Fathers, or sprang from the descendants of the Spanish pioneers of the Southwest, when we meet each other now we must look into each other's faces, and grip each other's hands, and salute each other simply as fellow-Americans. When the Anglo-Saxon has put his notion of his superiority over other racial stocks, then there will be a truce on the hyphenated American.

As has been well said by a distinguished scholar and teacher, Father Cavanaugh, the President of

Notre Dame University: "The hyphen is not a badge of separation, but a bond of union, linking the Irish and Germans, and other immigrants from Europe with indissoluble bonds to America."

It would be well for us to remember what the obligation of allegiance means. On my part, I would like to see every boy and girl, when they reach legal majority, be required to raise their hands and take the obligation of allegiance before they are admitted to full citizenship.

—Graduation has taken from Notre Dame this year a number of the SCHOLASTIC Board of Editors. The vacancies are to be filled by undergraduates who can write accurately and interestingly. It is to be expected that, naturally, such men will be found among the higher classmen, but a place on the SCHOLASTIC Staff is open to any man who can demonstrate his ability to do creditable work in verse or prose. Every student ought to take pride in making the University weekly a literary paper of high order. It offers an opportunity to the young writer for practical work that will prepare him for something better when he has graduated. The quality of the work handed into the professors of the English classes will largely determine who will constitute the new editors this year.

—Any student who has leaped from his seat in the gymnasium at the crack of the gun, and has felt his blood and nerves tingle for a brief four seconds or more while They're Off. the Notre Dame sprinters raced to a successful finish, knows the importance of the start. The intellectual contestant who has achieved well-merited success will assure one also of the value of beginning the college year well and strongly. These first days and weeks of class when elements and principles are explained upon an understanding of which will depend the easy and regular acquirement of further knowledge, ought to be grappled with hoops of steel. The good times of the summer that gave a needed relaxation and rest to the student of last year, should not be allowed to intrude now and draw him into pleasant dream-wanderings when there is real work to be done. These days of beginning are pregnant with the success that makes the close of the year a time of congratulation, and vacation a well-earned reward instead of a new idle hour. On your marks!



Archbishop Spalding.

The death of the Most Reverend John Lancaster Spalding, D. D., Titular Archbishop of Scitopolis, on August 25, removed one of the great lights of the American hierarchy. From his ordination in 1863 until 1905, when he was stricken with paralysis, the great archbishop labored untiringly with voice and pen in the interests of the Catholic Church in America. An inspiring orator, he lent the power of his eloquence to bring home to men's bosoms the beauty and glory of Catholic ideals. Students who attended the University before the Archbishop's illness of 1905 will remember him as the first speaker to address the students each year in the course of public lectures. He was a frequent visitor at Notre Dame in those days and his words always struck fire in the hearts and minds of his hearers. A deep student himself with the most exalted ideals, an American whose passionate love of country was second only to his love of God, his visits here always stirred fresh ambition in growing minds and gave the students a new sense of pride in Catholic principles and true American ideals. His writings have enriched our American Catholic literature, and have made a multitude of readers his debtors. Every student of Notre Dame owes him, as a friend and well-wisher of the University, the gratitude of earnest prayer. In a future issue of the SCHOLASTIC there will appear an appreciation of Archbishop Spalding and his writings by a member of the Senior class.

Obituaries.

REV. JOHN O'KEEFE, C. S. C.

The Rev. John O'Keefe, C. S. C., a former prefect of discipline at the University, died at Notre Dame on Thursday, September 7. Father O'Keefe had been the pastor of Saint Mary's Church, Austin, Texas, for the last sixteen years, but resigned from active work a year ago on account of illness. May he rest in peace!

JUDGE HOWARD.

During the summer vacation death called four distinguished Laetare Medalists to their reward. The Honorable Timothy Howard, dean of the Law department of the University died on July 9. In the death of Judge Howard there passed away the oldest living student of Notre Dame, and one to whom she has always pointed with singular pride. As addicted to virtue as a bird to song, Judge Howard's life was an inspiring lesson to his fellowmen. He has left behind him a long list of distinguished services rendered to his State as a lawyer and a judge. The University of Notre Dame, in recognition of his noble work as a Catholic lawyer and judge conferred upon him the Laetare Medal in 1898. The faculty and students of the University will be generously mindful of him in their prayers.



DOCTOR MURPHY.

The whole country, through the press, seemed to give expression to a feeling of great loss at the death of Doctor John B. Murphy. A genius in the medical profession, Dr. Murphy was indefatigable in his labors to relieve the sufferings of humanity. In the midst of a busy practical life, he found time for a deal of study and research, and gave to the members of his profession the results of his vast knowledge and experience in a number of brochures. His generous charity toward the poor, to whom he ministered daily, marked the truly Christian character of the man; and our Holy Father on two occasions honored him: he made him a Knight of Saint Gregory, and later a commander in the same order with the privilege of the Star. The University of Notre Dame in recognition of his distinguished services to humanity conferred upon him in 1902 the Laetare Medal. May he rest in peace!

RICHARD C. KERENS.

Richard C. Kerens of St. Louis who died on September 4 was the Laetare Medalist of 1904. This distinguished Catholic layman was a prominent citizen in his own city and a national figure in Republican politics. He was appointed by President Taft as Ambassador to Austria-Hungary in 1907 and remained in the diplomatic service until Mr. Wilson's inauguration in 1913. His charity extended to various Catholic religious and educational undertakings. He was one of the founders of the Catholic Church Extension Society. Two churches which he built, one in Gassaway, West Virginia, in memory of his father, and one in Eureka Springs, Arkansas, in memory of his mother, attest the generous Catholic spirit of Mr. Kerens. He shall have a full share in the prayers of the University.

DOCTOR CHARLES HERBERMANN.

On August 24 Dr. Charles G. Herbermann died at his home in New York City. He was the recipient of the Laetare Medal in 1912. A distinguished scholar and litterateur, his life was spent in unceasing labor as a teacher of Latin language and literature, as an author, and as editor of numerous historical and classical works. His labors as editor-in-chief of the

Catholic Encyclopedia will stand as lasting proof of his vast learning and his ardent Catholic faith. He was twice honored by the Holy See. In 1910 he was made a Knight of Saint Gregory by Pius X. and two years later received the medal "Pro Ecclesia et Pontifice" from the Holy Father. He will be remembered in the prayers of the students of Notre Dame.

MR. JAMES J. MONIGHAN.

Mr. James J. Monighan died on July 8 at his home in Oil City, Penn. Mr. Monighan is the father of Frank, our genial master of ceremonies. We assure his bereaved family of the sympathy and prayers of the Faculty and Students of the University.

MR. JOHN WARING.

Students of the University will be sorry to learn of the death of Mr. John Waring of Rochester, N. Y., who was drowned during the summer. John was a member of the Engineering classes and a popular student at Notre Dame. He will be remembered in the prayers of his fellow-students at the University.

Personals.

—The Right Rev. Edward J. McLaughlin (A. B., '75; A. M., '95) recently named by Pope Benedict XV. Protonotary Apostolic ad Instar Participantium, will be invested with the purple in his parish church, Clinton, Iowa, Sunday, October 15. Bishop Davis of Davenport will pontificate and Bishop Carroll of Helena will preach.

—Paul R. Byrne (Ph. B., '13) is now reference assistant in the library of the Ohio State University at Columbus. Paul visited Notre Dame last week.

—Carmo del Dixon (Student '12) paid his Alma Mater a visit last Sunday. Carmo is connected with the R. T. Radcliffe Co., artistic decorators, of Toledo, Ohio.

—Antonio Aldrete and Senorita Asuncion de la Pena y Llaça were united in holy matrimony in the church of St. Brigida, Mexico City, August 25th. We extend congratulations and good wishes.

—Major Joseph E. Cusack (B. S., '89) has been temporarily relieved from services on the

Mexican border and is now in charge of the recruiting station in Toledo, Ohio. His address is 416 Adams Street.

—Mike Carmody, '15 has been about the Campus shaking hands with former cronies. He has not come to stay, but merely to bring a younger brother here to uphold the family name in these parts.

—Clarence "Doc" Williamson, for the last two years an able assistant to Coaches Harper and Rockne has left to complete his medical studies at Ohio State University. He has been succeeded at the local gymnasium by T. Jefferson Hoban.

—We announce with pleasure the marriage of Miss Marion Mehlem of Chicago to Mr. Keene Fitzpatrick (old student). The ceremony took place in the city of Chicago September 2nd. Mr. and Mrs. Fitzpatrick will be at home after October 1st at 1314 Albion Ave.

—Mr. Arthur James Hayes, teacher of English at the University, had a series of short stories in the Sunday Magazine of the Chicago *Record-Herald* during the summer. Art's stories had all the old thrills that made his SCHOLASTIC work so popular in his college days. The stories are all well illustrated, too, with pen drawings.

—Again the library is indebted to the Honorable William J. Onahan for valuable additions. These include letters from Father James Dillon, C. S. C., written from army headquarters during the war, and a valuable letter by General Thomas Francis Meagher; also some rare plates of curious interest. We thank Doctor Onahan for this fresh evidence of his unfailing interest and sympathy.

—We observe with pride and pleasure that the Rev. Michael Lee Moriarty (Litt. B., '10) has been appointed Vice-President of the new Catholic High School for boys established by the Right Rev. Bishop Farrelly of Cleveland. Lee will not only be able to teach the young idea how to shoot, but will be especially competent to teach the young idea how to jump and run. He was a famous track man in his day.

—The *Nevada News-Letter*, of August 5, contains a full-page portrait of M. A. Diskin (LL. B., '07) District Attorney of Esmeralda County, Nevada. They call him "Jack" out there evidently, but there is no other change in our Michael Angelo. We read: "In 1911 Diskin was united in wedlock to a young school-teacher in Goldfield, Miss Florence Dinnigan.

To the couple one child—a daughter—has been born."

—Hugh A. O'Donnell (Litt. B., '94) is the editor of the *New Orleans American*, a newspaper founded in the great southern city a little more than a year ago. Hugh is known to the outer world as the founder and distributor of the "O'Donnelloque," or perhaps as advertising manager for the *Philadelphia Press*, the *Chicago Herald*, or the *Minneapolis Journal*. To some of us Hugh is known just as a representative alumnus and devoted friend of Notre Dame. We wish him good luck.

—The marriage is announced of Mr. William Edward Cotter (LL. B., '13) and Miss Evarista Brady, St. Mary's. The ceremony took place at the home of the bride in Pittsburgh, Pa., on Wednesday, June 7th. President Cavanaugh officiated and the Reverend John Talbot Smith of New York was among the guests, many of whom were from out of town.

The bride is a member of a family famous in the annals of St. Mary's and the groom is one of Notre Dame's best-known and best-loved alumni.

—We have special pleasure in announcing the ordination on September 9th of the Rev. John F. O'Hara, C. S. C. (Ph. B., '11). The sacrament of Holy Orders was conferred by the Right Rev. Joseph Chartrand, D. D., Coadjutor Bishop of Indianapolis, in the Cathedral of that city. Father O'Hara's first Solemn Mass was celebrated Sunday, September 10th, in the same Cathedral. The new priest is not only an alumnus of the University, but was for some years a popular and efficient member of the faculty. *Ad multos annos!*

—Dan Cupid as a harbinger of happiness was busy about the University during the summer months. On June 30, Prof. Robert Lee Green and Miss Josephine Vennett of South Bend were united in marriage by the Rev. John Cavanaugh; the marriage of Prof. Vincent Louis O'Connor and Miss Nellie Barton of Tralee, Ireland, occurred July 22, the Rev. John C. McGinn performing the ceremony, and Mr. Edward Mann and Miss Anna Monahan of Galway, Ireland, were united in marriage on September 4, by Rev. Joseph Maguire.

—Francis C. Ott of Los Angeles, two years ago a member of the 1917 class, with quarters in Sorin Hall, has just entered St. Patrick's

Seminary at Menlo Park, California. The past year he spent in recovering from a siege of typhoid fever. The Menlo Park Seminary was established and fostered by the late Archbishop Riordan, who was one of Notre Dame's first graduates.

The State Convention of the Hibernians.

The Ancient Order of Hibernians met in state convention in South Bend, August 29, 30 and 31. The attendance was large and the proceedings serious and enthusiastic. It would have made a son of the Green Isle proud to note the stalwart sons and the fair daughters of the Old Land that attended this meeting of the Ancient Order and the Ladies Auxiliary.

A feature especially gratifying to the University was the visit of the convention on Wednesday. The President of the University entertained the delegates with a cordial speech of welcome, and at its close the convention voted spontaneously to contribute a Hibernian library to the collection of books soon to be stored in the beautiful new library near Old College. This gracious offer was promptly accepted by the President and the details of it are to be worked out by state officials.

Afterwards the ladies were entertained in the college parlor with tea and the gentlemen enjoyed a smoke in the President's office.

Washington Hall Movies.

Notre Dame's home industry moving picture season has started off with a rush. Already three shows have been clicked off the calendar by Father Maguire and his assistant Dick Tyner.

Denman Thompson's "Shore Acres" was the first offering to the more or less homesick "preps" and the few college men who were here on the night of the 13th. The excitement occasioned by the double-barreled conflagration on that day did not prevent the audience from enjoying the program, which began with one of Ring Lardner's English-slaughtering baseball yarns cinematized. In this picture by the way, and in the second part which followed Saturday night, we recognized our old alumnus Cy Williams among the honest-to-goodness Chicago Cubs who supplied the 'color' for the picture.

Saturday evening a splendid version of "Rip Van Winkle" was projected, with Joseph Jefferson in the name part.

Coming close on the heels of last Wednesday afternoon's fire, "The Last Days of Pompeii" proved a delectable offering, particularly the scene showing the eruption of the voracious volcano. This film is on eight reels and is a massive production.

Twice-a-week movies are to hold the screen in Washington Hall until the opening of the concert and lecture course.

Book Review.

A LIFE OF WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE. By Sidney Lee. The Macmillan Company.

It is indeed strange that we know so little about the personal history of William Shakespeare, certainly our greatest writer in English, and possibly in all literature. Yet this lack is not so great as it was formerly, because a painstaking student and thorough scholar has spent his lifetime in gathering up the elusive threads of which Shakespeare's life consists. To this student and scholar, this lover of things literary—Sidney Lee—we owe the authoritative work, "A Life of William Shakespeare."

The book first appeared in 1898, and at once received its merited place among the great contributions to our biographical literature. Not satisfied, however, with the result of his labors, the author continued his researches, and was richly rewarded by the discovery of much valuable material; this he published in the latter part of 1915 in a second edition of his work. Lee discovered in Stratford-on-Avon, for example, several wills made by Shakespeare's friends, by means of which he was able to correct many errors regarding the early life of the great author. No one was more willing to place a moderate valuation upon his work than was he himself. Thus he modestly says in his preface: "I cannot promise my readers any startling revelations. But my researches have enabled me to remove some ambiguities which puzzled my predecessors, and to throw light on one or two topics that have hitherto obscured the course of Shakespeare's career." Other critics, however, have seen the merit of the work which its unassuming creator thought ordinary; with one accord they have placed it far above other Shakespearean biographies, pronouncing it the noblest of them all.

"A Life of William Shakespeare," as might well be expected from its thorough and authoritative nature, begins with a treatment of Shakespeare's parentage and birth, taking up in detail the distribution of his surname, his ancestry, his unfortunate marriage when only eighteen, his migration to London, and his first employments about the theatres there. At this point the author turns back for a moment, and considers the development of the pre-Elizabethan drama, taking up in a brief and masterly handling, the work of Udall, Sackville, Norton, Sir Philip Sidney, John Lyly, Greene, and Christopher Marlowe. From the achievements of these men, his predecessors in things literary, from Holinshed's "Chronicles," and French and Italian translations, Shakespeare drew copiously

for the material of his plots. He brought to bear upon the diverse elements thus collected the constructive ability of his own mind, giving to the world a new and refined product for its amusement and edification.

In treating these years of growing power and popularity, Lee's "Life of William Shakespeare" becomes exceedingly explicit, and with care and insight develops the meagre details into a copious history. It discusses Shakespeare's progress as an author both of plays and of sonnets, and shows him to us steadily approaching the heights of popular favor and literary ability. It turns then to the practical affairs of his life, when we see him as a man rather than as an author; we learn of his several abodes in London, his debts, his hankering after a coat of arms, and his purchase of a well-appointed house in his native town of Stratford. The "Life" has now reached the period when Shakespeare flourished in his mature genius, when London was never weary of applauding his "Julius Caesar," his "Hamlet," his "Macbeth," and his "King Lear." In rapid succession he offered to the world "Othello," "Antony and Cleopatra," "Coriolanus," "Pericles," and "Timon of Athens." Then followed the later plays, which exhibit a return to the romance type of Shakespeare's earlier compositions, and include among others "The Winter's Tale," "The Tempest," and "The Two Noble Kinsmen." Leaving London, the "Life" takes us back to Stratford, where Shakespeare returned to spend the few years left to him. There he lived in comparative obscurity for the rest of his life, still maintaining a partial interest in his London theatres.

Lee does not give up his subject at this point, but pushes on to a discussion of Shakespeare's survivors and descendants, his autographs, memorials, and portraits, the editions of his works and their editors, and finally to the question of his general worth and reputation. The author then gives a resume of his research work, discusses the Bacon-Shakespeare controversy, the patronage of the Earl of Southampton, the problem as to the identity of Mr. W. H., the "Will Sonnets," noted chiefly for their puns, and finally discusses the vogue of the Elizabethan sonnet, together with its forerunners in Italy and France.

Such is the comprehensive nature of Sidney Lee's "A Life of William Shakespeare." It embraces the whole field of Shakespearean biography, takes up the sources of research work, and treats mooted questions in the life of the great author. It well merits high praise for delving into a problem fraught with obscurities, and even higher praise for its masterly presentation of material so carefully and painfully gathered from so many diverse and scattered sources.

Local News.

—The Right Rev. Peter J. Hurth, C. S. C. will sing Pontifical Mass to-morrow and preach.

—Non-prize puzzle: when is a phosphorous fire out?

—The cross country squad reported for duty on Thursday morning in the gymnasium.

—Cheer up! Only thirty-five weeks of school until June.

—The Natatorium is being improved by the placing of a new roof upon it.

—During the summer, Frank Goodall and John Reynolds entered Holy Cross Seminary to continue their studies.

—Judged by the number of notices of textbooks wanted the student body is really a student body.

—Friends will be gratified to know that Kerndt Healy, '15, has entered the Novitiate at Notre Dame.

—The first meeting of the University band has been scheduled for 10:00 o'clock to-morrow morning in Washington Hall. The leader invites candidates to bring instruments.

—For the first time in many years the beautiful chimes in the Sacred Heart Church are being corrected. The work is being done by one of the few experts in the country.

—Notre Dame's fine new Library is being pushed to completion in excellent shape. Father Foik hopes to be able to start moving into the new building during the Christmas holidays.

—News comes from Valparaiso, Indiana, to the effect that Timothy P. Galvin, the valedictorian of the Class of 1916, is already making good with a vengeance in the practice of law.

—St. Joseph lake, which seemed a year ago to be disappearing, is rapidly rising and will in a short time be its old self again. This lake with its surroundings is one of the prettiest spots at Notre Dame.

—Father Leonard Carrico is now engaged in revising his "Book of Lines." A number of modern poems will be included in the new edition. The work will be off the University Press early in the fall.

—The building of the new library is progressing rapidly, the roof being almost completed. It will be the finest building at Notre Dame when finished and will add greatly to the appearance of the campus.

—The Law School of the University is growing rapidly. Several new classes in procedure are offered to the students this year, and the law men, both old and new, are already swinging into the heavy grind for the year.

—The Hon. Charles Evans Hughes, Republican candidate for President of the United States, spoke on the issues of the campaign

to a large crowd in South Bend last evening. Several students from Notre Dame attended the meeting.

—Father Oswald thoroughly enjoyed his six-weeks' outing during the summer. He was located on the Gulf at Waveland, Mississippi. His party succeeded in capturing two sharks, three saw-fish and one large gar in addition to hundreds of edible fish. He brought back photos to substantiate his fish stories.

—The 1916 DOME Board sincerely regrets that, owing to a mistake on the part of the printer, the pictures of "Jake" Kline, Charles Corcoran, and Michael Carmody were omitted from the baseball section of the DOME. The cuts for the pictures were made but in the rush of final composition they were overlooked.

—Students desiring a pleasant and quiet home in Paris may communicate with the President of the University. The atmosphere is sympathetic and spiritual as well as refined. French conversation may be enjoyed if desired during meals. Lessons in preparation for the Sorbonne examinations are available, and the total cost of board, lodging, light and heat is seven francs (\$1.40) a day.

—The Notre Dame Glee Club was one of the most successful organizations that the University could boast of last year. Under the masterful direction of Mr. Ward Perrot the choristers developed with great success and entertained numerous audiences with concerts of the first order. There will be a meeting of the Glee Club on next Sunday morning and every student who has musical ability or a fair voice will have an opportunity of conferring with the director and finding a place in this society. Students who have ability with stringed instruments can be of big assistance to the Club also. Let us make the Glee Club a big thing this year again. Give your voice and good will; the rest will be ably cared for.

It is planned this year to carry the University orchestra on several of the Glee Club trips. The orchestra will be called together for its initial rehearsal sometime next week at which time the director hopes to meet every man who has had experience in either string, wood, or brass instruments. Through frequent rehearsals the student orchestra should become this year one of the leading institutions of the campus.

—A large number of changes in the adminis-

trative department of the University is noted by the returning upper-classmen this fall. Even Brother Leopold is not in his old accustomed place. Brother Marelius is now serving "lemonade and fours" to the boys. Father Joseph Burke has been appointed assistant director of studies and has charge of the preparatory students in his new work. Succeeding Father Burke, in the prefect of discipline's office is Father Finnegan. Succeeding Father Finnegan as rector of Corby Hall is Father Patrick Haggerty. Father Thomas Burke is now registrar in the students' office. His brother, Father Eugene Burke, will succeed him as editor-in-chief of the SCHOLASTIC. Father Lavin having been transferred to Washington, Father McManus is now rector of Sorin Hall. Father Bernard Ill is the new prefect on the fourth floor of Walsh Hall, while Father Wenninger has been appointed prefect of the second floor of Sorin and Father James McElhone has been appointed prefect of the third floor of Corby. New prefects in Carroll study-hall are: Father Lahey, who is also a new instructor in the College of Journalism; Father L. Heiser who is a new instructor in biology; Vincent Mooney, '16, who is directing the "preps" in military science; and Hugh O'Donnell, '16, who is taking a special post-graduate course.

Chemistry Hall.

Fire broke out in Chemistry Hall on Wednesday, September 13, and before the fire companies could bring it under control had quite destroyed the roof and the third story of the building. The fire was caused by phosphorus. The water which had poured into the building while the fire companies were fighting the blaze, carried the phosphorus to many parts of the building, and this drying after a week ignited again, and in a few minutes Chemistry Hall was ablaze.

A strong wind was blowing and carried the sparks dangerously near the other buildings of the University. At one time fire threatened the play hall of the Minim department, but prompt action by the fire company removed this danger. The blaze in Chemistry Hall resisted the efforts of the fire companies until it had eaten up almost everything that was flammable in the building. A number of explosions of chemicals, occurring in quick succession, struck fear into the crowds that were watching the flames.

Plans had already been completed for the remodelling of the hall after the first fire and the contractors were about to begin work when the new conflagration practically destroyed the whole building.

The Chemistry classes will continue to be taught however. Science Hall will be used for class work and part of the shops will serve as a temporary laboratory.

Football.

With the opening of the school year in September, the eyes of all students are turned toward Cartier Field where the candidates for football honors are working out. The older men prompted by experience have already picked the team but with less certainty than heretofore, as the positions made vacant in June through graduation are numerous. The old line which represented a miniature stone wall at West Point and Nebraska has at last been shattered. Fitzgerald, last year's captain and "All Western Guard," is with us again but as the coach of the Freshman team and not in the capacity of a player. "Crusher" Keefe, all Indiana guard for two years has left us, as have also, Hugh O'Donnell, center, King and Stephan, tackles, and Elward, end. These men formed the bulwark of Notre Dame's defense in the past two years and their loss will be keenly felt. But the enthusiasm and ability which the candidates have thus far displayed, and the large number in the squad indicates plainly that Notre Dame is this year to have a football team which will easily take rank with the winning teams of the past.

Thirty men responded to the call for early season practice. This being the largest squad in the history of the school to report on the first day. Such a showing was especially encouraging to Coaches Harper and Rockne, who with their usual vigor, have begun molding a strong team to represent the University on the gridiron this season.

Maddigan, "Gus" Jones, and Dixon are working hard for the center position with the probability that Frank Rydzewski may be shifted from tackle if the competition for that position becomes too keen. Bachman, former full-back, will be shifted to his old position at guard in order to strengthen the line. Franz, a substitute of last year, has shown up well at guard and has an excellent opportunity of

making the team. Ronchetti, although new at the game, has already shown wonderful possibility and may succeed in replacing some of the older men. "Gillie" Ward, Andrews, and Ward Miller are promising guards. The latter is also being given a chance at full-back. DeGree was going well prior to the injury which he sustained a few days ago. This year, for the first time, he was getting long distance punts away under fire. Good work in this respect would certainly make him a valuable man to the team. McInerny, Philbin and Coughlin, are striving hard for the tackle positions as are also Wittieried, and Holmes. "Ducky" has fully recovered from last year's accident and is expected to give a good account of himself. One end position will be held down by Baujan while Whipple, Tom King, Morales, Yeager, Meagher, and Davis are the men most likely to fill the other jobs.

Phelan has returned but owing to an injury received this summer will be out of the game a month. During his absence Dorias is running the team. O'Neil and Grant are the other quarter-backs. The latter because of his speed has wonderful possibility. John Miller will in all probability be given the fullback position with Slackford, Ward Miller and Andres as substitutes. Cofall will direct the team from left half, with Fitzpatrick, O'Hara, and Walter Miller fighting for the substitute position. Malone and Bergman are showing about equal ability at right half, while McDermot's work at the same position has been a pleasant surprise. With such men as these to represent us, Notre Dame should emerge from its heavy schedule without meeting defeat. The schedule:

Sept. 30.....	Cast at Notre Dame
Oct. 7.....	Western Reserve at Cleveland
Oct. 14.....	Haskell Indians at Notre Dame
Oct. 28.....	Wabash at Notre Dame
Nov. 4.....	Army at West Point
Nov. 11.....	Univ. of So. Dakota at Sioux Falls
Nov. 18.....	M. A. C. at Lansing
Nov. 25.....	Alma at Notre Dame
Nov. 30.....	Nebraska at Lincoln

The football work this year for interhall games must depend upon the students who are not members of the freshman team. An early start of the practice of hall teams will harden the new warriors and assure a series of well-played interhall games. The fact that the freshman team is debarred from interhall contests will promise more evenly matched elevens.