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The Difference.

IGNATIUS E. McNAMEE, '09.

THE star that gives its ray of light
Each evening to our ken,
Has labored hard to send that mite
Of golden light to men.

It lingers long, ne'er seems to fade
And each night comes again
To gladden every hill and glade,
Each dell and mossy glen.

The rushing comet cuts the night
And bursting through the dark,
Leaves in its wake, all dazzling bright,
Upon the sky its mark.

It quickly came and quickly went
Back to the depths of space;
Its work complete, its moment spent,
And memory lost its place.

Thus men are born, some great, some small,
Who spend their lives in peace;
Whose toilsome works we ne'er recall,
Until Death gives surcease.

Their deeds loom up quite mountain high,
When life's full task is done,
Though in the building, passers-by
Knew not they had begun.

But some men's names are writ in sand;
The print is deep when made,
Though surging time with smoothing hand
Soon makes th' engraving fade.

Like comets these men dash to fame,
Whose course is quickly run;
They live and die, but e'en their name
Scarce knows the deeds they've done.

The Jeffersonian System.*

FRANCIS X. CULL, '08.



HE presidential election of 1800 is ever remembered as the most complete political revolution in the history of our republic. Party lines were wiped out almost entirely; the Federalist party, as a force in national politics, was completely annihilated; and democracy, typified and championed in the person of Thomas Jefferson, triumphed supreme.

Prosperous and successful as the Federalistic regime had been, sound as its administrative policy was admitted to be, there was withal an element of weakness in its guiding principles which could not withstand the merciless assaults of its enemies, the Jeffersonian Democrats. Government by leaders had grown intolerable to a people just awakening to a realization of their rights as free citizens of a free republic. The idea of Federalism and the idea of Monocracy were so hopelessly entangled in their minds as to leave little sympathy, for either Monocracy must go down, and democracy must triumph. And so it was that on the ruins of the Federalist stronghold, Thomas Jefferson reared the structure of that political system which was to dominate the nation for many years to come.

But party policies are not always subject to the vicissitudes of partisan politics: in the main they are the expression of popular traditions, deep rooted in the hearts of the people, and are not to be eradicated or

* Thesis submitted for the degree of Bachelor of Philosophy.

overthrown by a temporary political storm, or passing wave of reform. Hence it is we often see the policies of one administration being carried out by a succeeding, and perhaps hostile one, with all the fidelity and exactitude of the original supporters.

So it was with the Jeffersonian administration. In the new political structure there was much of the timber of the old. The admirable system, built up by Hamilton and his party, could hardly be improved upon by any that the theorizing mind of Jefferson could suggest.

Jefferson's election to the presidency might be said to mark a turning-point in his political convictions. The supreme responsibility of that great trust forced him to lay aside many of his lofty speculations on the "natural rights of man," his fine theories of states' rights, and stand forth firmly as the champion of national unity and central government. But the advent of Jefferson to the presidential power meant more than a mere change of administration; it meant the advent of a new democracy, the cessation of the regal levees of Washington and Adams, the elimination of everything that suggested royalty from the national household; in a word, it meant the eternal death of aristocracy's last hope in America.

When on March 4, 1801, Thomas Jefferson, as the newly-elected president, walked up the Capitol steps to take the oath of office, there was nothing of the pomp and splendor usually attending so great an event. A discharge of artillery was the single demonstration made to the nation's newly-chosen chieftain. Careful abstinence from all unnecessary display characterized his inaugural ceremony, as indeed it did his entire administration. He read his inaugural address seated, in a low tone of voice, with no attempt at oratory or enthusiasm.

His idea of government, as set forth in this address, was broadly democratic, and for the most part consistent with his previously enunciated principles. "Equal and exact justice to all men of whatever state or persuasion, religious or political; peace, commerce, and honest friendship with all nations; entangling alliances with none; the support of the state governments in all their rights as the most competent administrations of our domestic concerns, and the

surest bulwark against anti-republican tendencies; the preservation of the general government in its whole constitutional vigor, as the sheet-anchor of our peace at home and safety abroad,... economy in the public expense, that labor may be lightly burdened; the honest payment of our debts and the sacred preservation of public faith; encouragement of agriculture and of commerce as its handmaid; the diffusing of information; and the arraignment of all abuses before the bar of public opinion; freedom of religion; freedom of the press; freedom of person under the protection of Habeas Corpus, and trial by jury impartially selected, these principles form the bright constellation which has gone before us and guided our steps through an age of revolution and reformation."

These were Jefferson's sacred principles of democracy. In this day they seem to us mere platitudes, scarcely sufficient in themselves to constitute a political platform; but it should be remembered that in Jefferson's time, the nation was going through its formative period, and these principles, while not entirely new and foreign, had not yet been crystallized into fixed governmental policies. There was nothing in the Federalistic scheme of government directly opposed to them, and yet it can not be said that they were endorsed in their entirety by that party.

It is claimed, not without reason, that Jefferson made few real, fundamental changes; that he merely carried to completion the plans of the Federalistic party, and won over the great body of the nation to the support of democracy. Throughout his administration, Jefferson was the actual leader of Congress and the dictator of his party, but he possessed that happy faculty of leadership which enabled him to guide and direct without ever assuming the tone of command; his party followed him with that blind, unquestioning allegiance which more often characterizes religious organizations than political parties.

The first real difficulty he met with in his administration was the question of patronage. As a consequence of his conduct in this difficulty, he has often been accused of having been the inventor of the 'spoils system,' a charge utterly without foundation in truth.

True, he did expel a large number of Federalists from office during his first term, but it has never been proved that he was unduly guided by partisan motives in making these removals. Even if he had done so, it might have been justified in view of the conduct of his predecessor in filling a large number of life-positions with Federalists after the announcement of the results of the election had been made. It is asserted on the authority of Levi Lincoln that Mr. Adams spent a large portion of his last hours in office signing commissions for Federalist favorites. Jefferson very justly did not feel called upon to honor such appointments, and very properly dismissed them without compunction. In a letter written March 4, 1801, he says: "I will expunge the effects of Mr. Adams' indecent conduct in crowding nominations after he knew they were not for himself.... Some removals must be made for misconduct.... Of the thousands of officers, therefore, in the United States, a very few individuals only, probably not twenty, will be removed; and then only for doing what they ought not to have done." This statement, while not conclusive, gives us an index to his general attitude on the matter of patronage. Developments show, however, that he did not adhere to such a lenient policy, for out of the numbers of persons in the civil service in March, 1801, not more than half remained in March, 1802. In these removals we notice some inconsistency with his former declarations, but it must be said that he was only following out the policy of Washington. In 1795, Washington had laid down the general principle that no one should be appointed to office whose political tenets were adverse to the measures of the government. To do otherwise, he thought, would be "political suicide."

The crowning achievement of Jefferson's first term, or of both terms, for that matter, was the Louisiana Purchase, that momentous transaction, almost unparalleled in history, by which 880,000 square miles of land were added to the United States without effort and almost without cost. The circumstances leading up to the purchase were only links in that rapid change of events which history records in the first quarter of the nineteenth century, when nations

were being reduced and boundaries obliterated by that world's despot, Napoleon Bonaparte. One of the emperor's fondest dreams was that of an empire in the Western Hemisphere. Fearing that the cession of Louisiana to France would mean the closing up of the Mississippi, Jefferson had sent Monroe to try to purchase West Florida with the Port of Mobile. But with the resistance of Toussaint L'Ouverture in Hayti, and the tumultuous conditions in Europe, Napoleon found it impossible either to carry out his plans, or to hold Louisiana with profit to himself. On the verge of great military operations he forgot his colonial schemes in the overwhelming necessity of raising funds. Desirous of turning all available assets into cash with all speed, Napoleon intimated to the envoys that he would sell all Louisiana. Monroe and Livingstone shrewdly gauged his eagerness, and held out for sixty million livres. It was stipulated in the contract that the United States was to pay sundry claims of its merchants against France to the amount of twenty millions more, and that certain privileges should be allowed to French and Spanish vessels in the port of Orleans for twelve years to come.

Here was unlooked-for good fortune, indeed. The President had not dreamed of any such grand bargain; but fortune seemed ever to smile on Jefferson, and this was only another evidence of its propitiousness. He warmly commended the envoys for their achievement, and heartily approved of the transaction.

Much censure was hurled against the administration for its action. Particularly was Jefferson singled out for abuse by the Federalists. It required no great ingenuity to discern that there were grave objections to the transaction. The Constitution gave no right to make purchases upon terms which substantially involved speedy admission of the purchased territory into the Union. It was directly contrary to the Constitution to grant peculiar privileges in the port of New Orleans to Spanish and French vessels. As a condition of the transfer of Louisiana from Spain to France, Napoleon had agreed not to sell. Spain was still in possession, and might she not be expected to resist occupation by the Americans? The Federalists denounced Jefferson as the co-partner

and abettor of the greatest highwayman of modern times.

Yet, strong as these objections were they were of little consequence when set against the acquisition so enormously valuable in so many different ways to the United States. Jefferson overrode the objections to law and theory, and met the practical objections with practical measures. General Wilkins was ordered to take possession of New Orleans, and preparations were made for the administration of the new territory. It would have been worse than useless for him to have tried to defend his action on logical grounds. "The less said about any constitutional difficulty the better, . . . it will be desirable for Congress to do whatever is necessary in silence," thus Jefferson wrote.

Without doubt, Jefferson knew that in consummating this momentous transaction he was acting in exact contravention of all his old principles of strict construction. What more could he say about the twisting and wrenching of the Constitution by the Federalist free constructionists? Here was an act done by the great doctrinaire president himself, utterly beyond the Constitution in substance, and contrary to it in detail. But for this the great President merits rather praise than censure. With rare statesmanship and patriotism, he had preferred sound sense to logic and political consistency. Frankly acknowledging the necessity of the situation, he submitted his case to the bar of public opinion for judgment, seeking vindication only for the wisdom of the act. "The Constitution," he said, "had made no provision for our holding foreign territory, still less for incorporating foreign nations into the Union. The executive . . . has done an act beyond the Constitution. The legislature . . . must ratify and pay for it, and throw themselves on the country for doing for them unauthorized what they know they would have done for themselves had they been in a position to do it."

(CONCLUSION IN NEXT ISSUE.)

Summer's Departure.

Autumn winds once more returning
Chant the summer's solemn knell;
Youthful hearts forever yearning
Throb a silent, sad farewell. W. F. M.

Riley's Atonement.

PAUL R. MARTIN, '10.

The last edition was well under way and several of us were gathered in the city editor's room enjoying a smoke before starting home. Pipes had been lighted and the big press downstairs had just begun to jar the building, when the fire alarm above the city editor's desk sounded with slow, measured strokes.

"Three, four, three," counted White, the night police reporter. "That means the stockyards district. It's too late for a story, but I guess I'll take my wheel and tear out in that direction. It may be well worth seeing." Picking up his hat and thrusting a note pad into his pocket he made his way down the stairs with the professional alacrity of the first-class newspaper man.

The city editor tilting back in his chair and puffing vigorously at his half-finished cigar grew reminiscent.

"I never hear that stockyard call but I think of Riley. Poor fellow, with all his faults he was a real man, and it seems a pity that he had to leave us as he did."

"Who was he?" inquired Quinn, who had come to the paper but a few weeks before.

"What! you never heard of Riley?" exclaimed the editor in a surprised tone. "Well, I don't doubt it, because it is ten years since he first came into the *Star* office. I have difficulty in remembering that I am the oldest man on the paper. Wells, you remember him, don't you? And Kelly, you were but a cub at the time."

Both men nodded assent, for the story was old to them. For a moment the city editor smoked in silence, and then seeming to remember that there were some who had not heard the tale he began his narration.

"I'll never forget the night that Riley drifted into the office. It was just after edition-time and we were sitting around just as we are to-night. We were in the old building then and the office was not so large as this. At that time I was on the local copy desk and was also handling street assignments. Fisher, who is now managing editor of the *Toledo Times*, was on the city desk.

"Well, as I said before, we were sitting around when the door opened and in walked Riley. From his general appearance we thought he was just a hobo, and in fact, that's about all he was. He singled Fisher out as if by intuition, and told him that he was a newspaper man out of work and wanted to be staked to a bed and breakfast. He had an easy, confident way, and his voice was rich and musical. He was one of those fellows you like at first sight, and it didn't take us long to go down into our pockets and bring forth our quarters for the relief fund. All of us knew it was really the price of a drink that Riley wanted, for we had worked at the newspaper game too long to believe that a man would make a touch for a bed on an August night when the park was full of comfortable benches. However, this didn't make any difference to us, for we could sympathize with a fellow-pencil pusher who was both broke and thirsty.

"Contrary to general custom, Riley seemed to be really grateful for what we did for him, and he hesitated a moment as though he would like to talk.

"'Won't you join the gang?' said Fisher, throwing a package of Durham and some papers toward our visitor. 'We are just talking things over and in a minute we are going over to the Elm for a night-cap. If you haven't anything on, you might be sociable.'

"Riley didn't hesitate a minute, but rolled a cigarette and sat down by a reporter's desk.

"'This looks mighty good to me,' he said, as if by way of introduction, at the same time running his fingers over the keyboard of a typewriter. I once used a machine like this on the Los Angeles *Herald*, and then I had one on the Washington *Times*. It's a dandy machine all right.'

"'So you have worked from Los Angeles to Washington,' said Gilmour, the telegraph editor.

"'Yes,' answered Riley with a half laugh, that I fancied carried with it the note of sadness. 'I am a tramp-journalist all right, who has done everything on the editorial end from cubbing to managing editor, not to mention having taken a fly into the departments.'

"This species was not new to us, for they are to be found floating around every now and then, as you all know. But for some reason Riley was different, and despite his open confession that he was unreliable, Fisher offered him a job on the city staff which he accepted.

"The next afternoon he turned up for work. He was shaved, had bought a new shirt and collar and had his clothes pressed. Above all things he was sober. Fisher put him on the city hall run and he made good from the start. Wherever he went he gained friends, and within two weeks one would never have believed that he was the same man who had dropped into the office to make a touch. He and I soon became 'pals,' and it was not long until we had taken lodgings together. He cut out the booze to some extent, and one night he told me that during the afternoon he had been out on an assignment to Sacred Heart Church. There he had met Father John, one of the Franciscans in charge of the parish, and for the first time in five years he had gone to confession.

"'That good priest has made me see myself as I am,' he told me, 'and I have taken a firm resolution to settle down and lead a different life.'

"'How did you ever happen to start tramping?' I asked him.

"'It was the first time that I had ever inquired into his past life, and my question evidently gave him a good deal of mental pain; but he seemed glad that he had a confidant, and he told me the story of his career.

"He had been carefully raised, and upon his graduation from a university, had gone to Chicago where he entered the newspaper business. He had drunk more or less during his college course, but shortly after his arrival in Chicago, he met a girl who influenced him to reform. They were married after a time and were very happy, until one day Riley met some of his old college friends, and, forgetting his good resolution, became badly intoxicated. In this condition he went home, very sullen and quarrelsome. His wife remonstrated with him, and in a fit of angry passion he struck her a heavy blow on the face. The little woman, unused to such treatment, left Riley at once, and Riley,

with the drink still on him, went to Denver. It was a long time before he straightened up, and then he thought of a reconciliation with his wife. He returned to Chicago, but she was not at the address where he expected to find her. For days and weeks he wandered about looking for her; but his search was in vain. He returned to the West, working here and there, never holding one job very long because he was sure to go on a protracted spree and lose it.

"The thought of my poor wronged wife is a constant torture to me," he said. "I feel that my life is a curse and that I can never expiate the sin I have committed against her. I try to hide my real feelings from the world, but every moment of my life is one of suffering."

"In our office, Riley was a prime favorite, and soon he was on night police, the most coveted run on the paper at that time. His stories all bore the human interest touch, and he was recognized as being the best writer on the sheet.

"One night late in January the fire alarm sounded, just as it did to-night, from the stockyards district. Riley was at the police station and went out on the patrol wagon. As soon as he arrived at the fire he saw that it was going to be big, so he telephoned the office for help. Fisher detailed me on the job, and soon I was with Riley, finding out about the insurance and accidents while he worked the lead.

"It was a long row of three-story tenements that was burning, and the firemen and police were having their hands full rescuing women and children. Riley and I had no difficulty in getting the facts we wanted and were taking a breathing spell down by one end of the building that had not yet caught on fire.

"While we were standing there, talking about the fine scoop we had on the evening papers, a window above us was thrown up and a woman screamed. Involuntarily we sprang back and looked up, just as the flames burst from the window. By the light, we could plainly see the woman standing there wringing her hands and screaming. The firemen were all down at the other end of the building, and Riley, clutching me by the arm, dragged me toward a ladder truck that stood on the curb.

"Grab hold there," he said, indicating a long ladder. "I must rescue that woman."

"We can never get through the flames alive," I replied. "We had better run down to the other end and get the firemen to come with the life net."

"No time for that, you fool," cried Riley, who by this time had succeeded in getting the heavy ladder to the ground. "If you are afraid I'll do it alone. I tell you I have to rescue that woman if it costs me my life."

"I seized one end of the ladder, and as rapidly as possible we ran back under the window. The entire side of the building was now a burning mass, but we planted the ladder against the window ledge, and before I could say a word, Riley was up it like a cat and into the flames. After what seemed an age, he reappeared at the window bearing the woman in his arms. She was closely wrapped in a blanket and her head was muffled in Riley's coat.

"Out on the ladder he crawled with his burden and started down. When he had almost reached the ground he missed his footing and fell, alighting just in front of me. I rushed to his side and put my arm under his head. It was then I discovered that he was horribly burned and that his hair was gone.

"I made him as comfortable as possible and turned my attention to the woman, who had, of course, fallen with Riley. My newspaper instinct was aroused, and I saw the possibility of a good story, even though I felt like a criminal in leaving the injured man for a moment. The woman was apparently unhurt, and when I turned in her direction she had arisen from the ground and had come close to Riley. Leaning over the prostrate man she looked into his face and then gave a horrified gasp. I was on the verge of asking her name when she dropped to her knees beside Riley and tried to put her arms around his neck.

"Jim," she said, "don't you know me?"

"Riley opened his eyes slowly and smiled.

"Nellie," he whispered, "do you forgive me?"

"Forgive you Jim? With all my heart."

"Then I am at peace with God," he said in that queer hollow voice that betokens death. "I knew you and I saved you."

"His head dropped back, he trembled convulsively, and I knew that Riley's atonement had been consummated."

Freshman Verse.

LONGING.

Dear to my heart are the days of the past,
 Dearer than joys of the hour:
 Days of my childhood!—they faded too fast,
 Faded like spring's early flower.

Scenes long forgotten, fond days of delight,
 Flattering dreams bring before me—
 Days when the world seemed so pure and so bright,
 Days when a mother watched o'er me.

Ah! if I only could kiss them once more,
 Lips that now silence are keeping,
 Had I but fathomed the love they once bore,
 Hearts that in peace now are sleeping.

JOHN J. ECKERT.

LOSS IN VICTORY.

The fight was o'er, the battle won,
 The slain were strewn all round
 Among the dead the captain's son
 Lay pinioned to the ground.

A call for one to lead the host
 Was met without delay,
 The victory is ours to boast—
 The loss we'll ne'er repay.

WILLIAM I. ZINK.

THE CONQUEROR'S RETURN.

The sun was setting in the west,
 Within a sea of gold
 All nature seemed to be at rest,
 The evening shades were cold.

As from afar a warrior came,
 Backed by a countless host,
 A man of might and glorious name,
 "Cæsar, the Roman's boast.

ALBERT A. HILKERT.

CHEERFULNESS.

O sweet contagion, thou art like a ray
 Of sunshine thrown across the way
 Of those who travel day by day
 O'er thorny paths.

And oft when sorrow sink, within the heart
 To tear and rend its chords apart,
 How like a healing balm thou art,
 O cheerfulness.

CORNELIUS J. DONOVAN.

AUTUMN WINDS.

Wind in the late September bough
 Rocking the empty nest,
 Ne'er hast thou sung so sweet as now,
 Soft melody of rest.

A. H. WRAPE.

The Expiation.

JOHN B. McMAHON, '09.

It was a cold winter's afternoon. I had just returned from court, when my clerk handed me a slip on which was written:

"I desire to see you at once on a matter of great importance.—James Coyle."

Dr. Coyle was one of the most respected physicians in the city of Buffalo. He was a man of considerable property, whose unflinching devotion to his professional duties had earned for him the respect of his fraternity and endeared him to a large and fast-growing clientele. Several times in the past I had been called upon to draw his legal papers, and at his request I had invested large amounts of his money in various securities. This day there were several matters that demanded my attention, but I laid them aside to answer his call.

When I arrived at his office he greeted me very seriously. His face was drawn and marked with deep lines that I had never noticed before. These, together with the absence of his usually jovial and humorous manner, I attributed then to loss of sleep and overwork in his profession. He requested me to step into an office in the rear of the apartment. Seating me at his desk, he requested me to itemize to the best of my ability, all of his property and its value. I was somewhat unprepared for this, but after some time I succeeded in classifying the greater bulk of it. When I had finished, he took the pen and added to the paper—"These properties and all others of which I am or may become possessed, I will bequeath and devise to John Northrop of Clare Valley, New York, his heirs and assigns forever."

"Will this document hold in case of contest?" he asked, as he signed his name. I gave it as my opinion that it would, if properly attested. He called a servant, who at the doctor's request, signed the testament as a witness, and left the room.

"Mr. Ward," he said, "I have implicit confidence in you. I place this in your hands to be properly executed in case of my death. In doing so, it may be some satisfaction for you to know that you will aid me in partially righting a great wrong."

I thanked him for his confidence, and expressed the hope that it might be long before I would be called upon to perform so sad a duty. My face evidently gave some indication of the curiosity I felt, for he smiled sadly, and remarked that if I had time to listen he would tell me something in connection with his life that would explain his action in sending for me to-day. It was late in the afternoon, almost dusk. He pulled two chairs in front of the grate, handed me a cigar and began the story.

"When I first commenced to practise, I located in a small village a few miles distant from here. It is called Clare Valley, because it is located down between magnificent hills and was populated with Irish emigrants from Clare Co., Ireland. Although not large in itself, it was the centre of a large farming district and promised a very good living for a young physician. I practised for something like three years with considerable success. My duties brought me into close contact with every one in the community and gave me a great insight into the character of this greatly misunderstood people. I may say in passing, that there is no finer type of an unselfish and whole-souled people than that shown by these men of Clare. There is no malice in them. They are God-fearing and lovable. Their only damning vice is drink. It is their custom to come to town every Thursday to exchange their produce for whatever they may need and to derive what pleasure they can from association with their fellow-countrymen. On one of these market days, I was sitting in my office, when, looking out of the window, I noticed that almost the entire community was gathered out on the commons. I hastened downstairs and arrived in time to hear a great, finely built Celt whom I knew as Jim Boyle, roar out that he could whip any dirty 'Yank' that ever stepped. Hardly were the words out of his mouth, when out from the crowd walked Ed Northrop, a wiry New-England Yankee, who had recently settled in the district. He threw off his coat, and without an exchange of words the two struck at each other. It seemed like a half hour that they battled. Both were bruised and the blood streamed all over their clothes—and yet

neither would give up. I was young, but the respect the people always had shown me, made me presumptuous enough to think I could stop the fight. I pushed my way into the crowd, and was about to interfere when one of the admirers of Boyle seized me, and by sheer strength held me, while another great brute tweaked my nose and remarked that boys shouldn't mix up in their elders' business. The crowd roared, and when the fight had ended with Boyle's victory, I was forgotten.

I escaped from the crowd and went to my office. I was naturally of a very fiery temper, rather proud, and the jeering of that mob of brutes, as I considered them, hurt me. I had never hated a man in all my life as I did that man who had tweaked my nose. The more I thought of it, the more I was tempted to take revenge. If there had only been something at the time to occupy my mind, I might now be a happy man. As it is I live in the consciousness that I am a murderer, a hypocrite, a living lie. I put a revolver into my pocket, went down to a saloon and drank. Never before had I used liquor. It magnified the injury. I went down the street with but one thought in my mind—to kill the man who had offended me. It was a vain search, and I returned to my office, was about to go upstairs, when across the street I saw my enemy. Without a thought I raised the gun and fired. I did not wait to see the result, but rushed up the stairway, hid the gun, and sat there for what seemed hours in fearful mental agony. I heard the shouts out in the street. I listened to them as they cried "lynch him," and in my guilt expected every moment that the doors would be battered down and I would be taken out to pay the penalty. Long into the night I sat there silent, the blood in my veins cold, the sweat of guilt on my brow, and finally, to quiet myself, I swallowed an opiate that was on my desk and fell to sleep. When I awoke I went to the door and found the newspaper. I glanced at the headlines—and my God! I had missed my mark and instead of my offender, I had killed Tim Boyle.

Only one man could be suspected of holding a grudge against Boyle and that was the man whom he had whipped earlier in the day. Some one remembered that

Northrop had boasted in a saloon that he would "get Boyle yet," and the thoroughly enraged friends of Boyle had sought and found Northrop. Without trial, and despite his protests of innocence, they had hanged him out in the commons. I went out on the street—it was very early, and no one was up. I saw hanging from a limb the human form that I knew had once been Northrop. And the guilt that was in me told me that I was a double murderer. I need not tell you more. It would take long to tell you how, criminal that I was, I attended the funeral of Boyle, and hypocrite that I was, I allowed the disgrace to remain on Northrop's name for his son to bear. I remained for a month longer in the village, but every confiding patient filled me with remorse by his look; everything in the town stirred my guilty conscience and told me I was a murderer. I left after a short announcement that I thought I could do better in a larger city. It is now twenty years since that awful tragedy. For me it has been twenty years of expiation. In every operation, in every case I have had, it has been my only thought—to give a life for those I had taken. It may be, God grant it, that in my humble way I have been His instrument in saving a life. During all these years I have followed closely the career of Northrop's son and of Boyle's little family. Struggling with the shame he was forced to bear, the boy has remained in the community, and is now respected and successful. For the people have no lasting malice, as I told you, in their make-up.

Boyle's family I have helped from time to time in their struggles by an arrangement I made with their pastor. To-morrow morning I leave, probably never to return, in an effort to make amends for this great crime, the consequences of which have taken all the happiness out of my life and now make me fear death—make me fear to meet those two souls whom I plunged into eternity, and who will point the accusing finger at me before the judgment seat of God."

He sat there at the grate, his face sad, strong, but not that of a murderer, I thought. I rose to go; it was impossible to comfort a man like him. I walked over and took his hand in an endeavor with what

words I could to give expression to the great sympathy I felt. But he only shook his head, smiled sadly and bade me good night. I went home, and for days the thought of this man's crime haunted my mind. I had not dared to ask him what he intended to do, but I feared that there might be some tragic sequel, that his deep remorse might craze him to the desperation of killing himself. Finally, about three weeks after he had told the story of his crime, there appeared in the *Buffalo Times* an account of the doctor's expiation.

"The death of Dr. James Coyle of this city while attending the family of Mrs. Timothy Boyle of Clare Valley adds another name to the list of unselfish doctors who have sacrificed their lives in the interest of humanity. Three weeks ago the oldest son of Mrs. Boyle was taken ill with black diphtheria. It was impossible to obtain a nurse or proper medical attendance owing to the contagious nature of the disease.

"Dr. Coyle on hearing of the sad plight of the family, offered his services and has been in constant attendance upon the young man. He successfully performed one of the most delicate operations known to science, and yesterday the young man was pronounced out of danger and the quarantine raised. This is one of the few instances on record of a complete recovery from this disease. Dr. Coyle, from daily contact with the sick man, contracted the disease himself and died this morning, after an illness of only one day. His body was placed in a sealed casket and buried by the health officials. The deceased was one of the best-known physicians of Buffalo, and had practised with great success for twenty years. He was unmarried and leaves no near relatives."

Senior Sayings.

The trouble with the Anglican *Catholic* Church members is that they want to travel in Pullman compartments and are willing to pay only Homeseekers' rates.

Most people are shocked by the immoral drama, but they take good care not to get shocked by proxy.

Good thoughts, words, deeds form the ladder by which you may rise to fame.

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Notre Dame, Indiana, October 17, 1908,

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—In 1852 Mgr. Bedini landed in the United States as papal nuncio, and in his progress throughout the country

The suffered all the insults and abuse which a prejudiced people could heap upon him.

Open threats of assassination were made, and the public officials took no measures for protection. His coming into New England so incensed "our sterling New England stock" that they burned down Catholic churches and outraged the Catholic population of several communities.

History repeats itself, and indicates that the English bigot did not derive his hatred of Catholicity, as was claimed in 1852, from intense love of America. To-day the Papal Legate, Cardinal Vannutelli, visits England to open the Eucharistic Conference, and is hooted and jeered upon the streets of London. The persecution and manifestation of prejudice in New England solidified the Catholic laity behind a united clergy and contributed greatly to the extension of Catholic doctrine by awakening interest. The reaction which always follows in the wake of such demonstration made many converts, and as a result, the New England

bigot has to-day given place to the New England gentleman who has taken his place in every walk of life. Thus if history may be taken as any guide to the future, the recent manifestation of bigotry in the great capital of the English kingdom will have the effect of driving many into the fold.

—The American Bar Association can not be too highly commended for its act in directing attention to our Judiciary. In this department of our gov-

The American ernment there has been for Bar Association. some time a crying need of remedial measures evidenced by the delays and unnecessary litigation which are often apparent to those even who are not expert observers. The association is deserving of much praise for the report submitted by its committee. In this document the evil is indicated and its cause carefully pointed out—the injudicious granting of appeals. The committee gives further proof of its efficiency by its intention of immediately referring the abuse to Congress. This will help to initiate reform in the proper sphere—the United States Courts. Let us hope that the committee whom Congress will appoint to handle the problem will act as promptly as did the one appointed by the American Bar Association.

—What ails our much-vaunted public school system? Why do our common schools fail to attain the ends for which they were established? To

The many firm believers in the Public Schools. infallibility of our national institutions, these questions, may appear impious, but the facts are concrete. We are "up against it" on the public school question. From far and near comes the cry, give us a school system which will not only thoroughly train the child in the essential elements of knowledge, but so mold the varied and cosmopolitan offspring of our population that they will develop into active, patriotic and morally responsible citizens with the welfare of their country at heart. How, it is asked, is this to be done? By the unanimous opinion of thinkers, it can only

be done by giving to our youth not only mental but moral training. An education which develops the mind and ignores the heart can not fail to rear a godless, conscienceless, irresponsible class of men, fit for anarchy, socialism, individualism or any of the flagrant isms that are now flourishing.

The Catholic Church by her system of parochial schools is avoiding this great mistake. She is solving the problems of our country, as educators and moralists say it must be solved. In doing so, however, she is not only doing her share to support the state schools, but bearing voluntarily the enormous burden of her own schools. The injustice of the situation is obvious to every true disciple of justice and right. The time must come in the immediate future, when the country will realize that the training of the heart and the mind go hand in hand. Those who have at heart the perpetuation of our nation as a world-power realize that they must have behind all else an enduring moral code. With the youth of our country trained to ideals of morality, of civic virtue and an all-abiding belief in God, there will be no doubt that our government shall live on untouched by the evils which have befallen so many of the nations that have been great to worldly seeming.

Death of Father Rogers.

It is with deep regret that we chronicle the death of Rev. James Rogers, C. S. C., which took place at Mercy Hospital, Janesville, Wis., Oct. 7, 1908. The deceased was born in Ireland on August 15, 1855, and emigrated with his parents to America. He resided in Brooklyn, N. Y., until he began his studies in Holy Cross Seminary. While in the Seminary Father Rogers was for a time editor-in-chief of the SCHOLASTIC. After the completion of his studies, he was ordained on June 16, 1880, and taught for a time in the University. He was later appointed to the presidency of St. Joseph's College in Cincinnati, Ohio, and continued in this office for a long term of years. He was then transferred to Watertown, Wisconsin, where he assumed the pastorate of St. Bernard's Church. In this capacity he served until his death. R. I. P.

Founder's Day.

Founder's Day, always important in our calendar of feast-days, was observed this year with even greater ceremony than on former occasions. The spirit of Father Sorin pervaded all. Whoever contemplated the monuments of his life-work, visible on all sides, were irresistibly drawn in spirit to the days of his heroic self-sacrifice.

Mass was celebrated at eight o'clock after which an informal but very enjoyable program was rendered in Washington Hall. Following are the numbers as they appeared:

Violin Solo—Playful Rockets.....Prof. Ingersoll
Encore.....Cradle Song
Address—Father Sorin.....Mr. J. B. Kanaley
Third Act—Merchant of Venice.....Prof. Spiess
Violin Duet—Schleiski Lieder

Prof. Ingersoll and John Szulezewski
Vocal Solo. Pride of the Prairie.....Hyland Heck
Quarrel Scene between Brutus and Cassius—Prof. Spiess
Violin Solo—Souvenir du Lubeck—John F. Szulezewski
Encore.....Kniawiak by Wicniawski

Father Sorin.

Gratitude is one of the noblest expressions of the human heart. In it is crystallized the finer and more ennobling sentiments that render the hard actualities of life more endurable, and soften man's intercourse with man. It is this sense of gratitude that has led the people of every time to cherish the memory of those whose labors have contributed to the world's progress. The observance of our national holidays, the birthdays of Washington and Lincoln, the tribute to our martyred dead on Memorial Day, the jubilation of July Fourth, is but a manifestation of this sentiment.

But to-day we pause to reflect on the deeds, not of a martial hero whose name is inseparably linked with the annals of war; not of a statesman whose counsels have swayed the destinies of nations, but on the achievements of a man whose life was the embodiment of all that stands for Christian virtue and true manhood. At the mention of Father Sorin's name the thoughts that surge uppermost in our minds are those of priestly piety, of unswerving devotion to Christian ideals, and of a self-sacrifice as uncomplaining as it was superbly heroic.

The story of Father Sorin is an epitome of the early sufferings and privations of our saintly pioneers. But in the records

of those early days no figure looms forth more majestic in its simplicity, more colossal in its proportions, or more inspiring in its lessons of piety than that of the sturdy-hearted son of France, the fruits of whose labors we now enjoy. A recital of the hardships he endured, not for the plaudits of men but for the glory of God, would be superfluous, for they stand as a constant inspiration to everyone whose youthful hours have been spent within the hallowed shadows of the Golden Dome.

We who to-day enjoy the advantages of this great University, can have but faint conception of the perils and labors and sacrifices that made it possible. How inadequately do we appreciate the pathos in that plaintive letter of Father Sorin's to his Superior when he said: "I am tempted to complain that our Lord sends me no other suffering than to see my dear children suffer around me, usually without the power of assistance." What a wealth of human sympathy and brotherhood is revealed by those simple words of the dauntless pioneer. And when we remember that where to-day we gaze upon the stately edifices that surround us, there in the time of Sorin stood the virgin forest, not yet leveled by the hand of man; when we recall that where to-day we hear the joyous voices of happy youth wafted across lawn and campus, there Father Sorin shuddered at the menacing cry of the wild beast and the threatening shout of the savage Indian; then it is that we may well say "he built better than he knew."

Father Sorin was a man of lofty ideals, of firm resolve, and of Christian brotherhood. He endured every hardship for but one purpose—the greater honor of God. How fitting that such a man should have been the founder of a University whose every pillar is laid in a foundation of noble sacrifice and heroic denial of self. The lessons of Father Sorin's life have not been lost, they have been an undying inspiration to those noble priests and brothers who have labored unceasingly that Notre Dame might take first rank as the teacher of Catholic truth. The ideals of Father Sorin have always been, and are to-day, the ideals of Notre Dame. Those eternal principles of right thinking and Christian living, which Father Sorin cherished so fondly, are her surest

guarantee for the future, and prosper and flourish as she seems destined, each Founder's Day will see us owing a deeper debt of gratitude to him whose life was spent for the betterment of men.

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Founder's Day was rendered all the more a notable occasion by the presence of the Most Reverend Archbishop Kelly, of Sydney, Australia. The Archbishop dined with the Faculty in the senior refectory, and when the meal was over, entertained the students with a very pleasant informal talk, in which he expressed himself as highly pleased with the progress of the Church in America and imparted some useful advice to the students. Dr. Kelly is touring America for the purpose of securing impressions as to American educational methods. It is our hope that the impressions he will take away from Notre Dame will be as favorable as those which his genial personality has left with us.

FOUNDER'S DAY FIELD SPORTS.

In accordance with a long-established tradition, St. Edward's Hall celebrated Founder's Day with field sports of every kind. The Minims entered into their games with an enthusiasm that promises fair for the future. The bicycle races and the consolation races were close, and the little lads almost went wild with excitement. After supper appropriate prizes were given out to the winners, consisting of pins, athletic goods, and, what was held the best of all, "set ups." The following is the list of events and winners:

40-yard dash, 1st team—1st, M. O'Shea; 2d, J. Denver. 2d team—1st, W. Nelson; 2d, W. Ferrell. 3d team—1st, M. Coad; 2d, Dec. 4th team—1st, N. Reed; 2d, McCormick.

Sack race, 1st team—1st, Bryson; 2d, P. Nelson. 2d team—1st, F. Walsh; 2d, L. Reed. 3d team—1st, F. Sickler; 2d, R. Morse. 4th team—1st, W. Cagney; 2d, J. Shannon.

Three-legged race, 1st team—Maxwell and Quinn. 2d team—Cantwell and Denver. 3d team—J. Carey and L. Weldon.

40-yard hurdle, 1st team—1st, O'Connell; 2d, C. Van Moore. 2d team—1st, Fritch; 2d, Freyermuth. 3d team—1st, Zundel; 2d, Keefe. 4th team—1st, Arrington; 2d, Courcier.

Consolation Race, 1st team—1st, L. Cox; 2d, Myers. 2d team—1st, Elchelsdoerper; 2d, Van Clive. 3d team—1st, White; 2d, Bollin.

Bicycle race, 1st team—1st, Schwalbe; 2d, Glenn. 2d team—1st, Rokop; 2d, Nelson. 3d team—1st, Shenkoff; 2d, Bowles.

Athletic Notes.

NOTRE DAME, 64; FRANKLIN, 0.

Place's steam roller was under full pressure on Cartier Field Saturday afternoon with the result that Franklin was crushed 64-0. The weakness of the Downstaters was evident from the fact that they failed to make first down once during the fray. The Varsity played with a speed and snap that was irresistible, the terrific onslaughts of the backfield simply overwhelming the Frankinites, who never entered into the danger zone.

Captain Miller was not in the line-up as Coach Place did not wish to take any chances on his injured leg with the Michigan game but a week off. Big Sullivan made his debut at centre on the regulars, and showed up well.

The Varsity showed improvement in every department. The backs were strong on interference and general team work, and the line put a *quietus* on any movement directed against them.

Although the Varsity failed to get under headway until after ten minutes had slipped by, there was nothing to it after they got started; every move was a touchdown from then on. The first score came on a twenty-five-yard end-run by Hamilton after the ball had been fumbled and punted up and down the field for ten minutes. Ryan had an easy chance for goal, and made good.

It was a procession for the rest of the half. Clinin kicked off, the ball going over the goal line, and Franklin kicked out from the twenty-five-yard line to Hamilton who returned it twenty-five yards. Clinin then meandered around left-end thirty-five yards for a tally. Ryan again lifted the oval between the sticks.

Ryan was "the man behind" in the third touchdown. After exchanging punts with Bryan he broke away for a sixty-five-yard run around right-end for a tally, and followed it up with a pretty goal.

It took just a minute and a half to boost the tally to 23. Clinin kicked to the Franklin fifteen-yard line, Bryan returning the ball five. Franklin then punted to the forty-five-yard line where Hamilton caught the ball, and by phenomenal dodging and

effective interference pulled off a thrilling dash to the posts. Ryan kept his record unsullied by lifting the ball over the bar.

A forward pass, neatly manipulated by Hamilton and Wood, was responsible for the next score. Hamilton hurled it from the forty-yard line, and Wood scooted for the line after a perfect catch. Ryan kicked an easy goal.

The forward pass was also a strong factor in the final score of the round. Clinin kicked to Franklin's twenty-five-yard line where Burdick recovered on a fumble. Clinin annexed ten yards around right end, and then Franklin intercepted the pass; but Ryan recovered and took it over for the last touchdown of the half. Ryan again negotiated a goal.

The call of time was all that prevented the Varsity from again scoring. Two forward passes by Wood and Burdick brought the ball from the center of the field to the fifteen-yard line, where the whistle put a stop to the proceedings, with the tally sheet showing 36-0.

The second half saw many changes in the line-up, but Place's men refused to be stopped. It was practically a repetition of the first round with end-runs and forward passes coming in rapid succession. The game ended with the ball on Franklin's twenty-five-yard line. The line-up and summary:

NOTRE DAME (64)		FRANKLIN (0)
Burdick, Kennedy, Schmitt	L. E.	Sellick, Branigan
Duffy, Edwards	L. T.	Babcock
Kelly, Lynch	L. G.	Esterline
Sullivan	C.	More, Sellick
Dolan, Freeze	R. G.	Boyer
Dimmick, Mertes	R. T.	Overstreet
Collins, Matthews,		
Mertes, Murphy	R. E.	Burton, Beam
Hamilton, Matthews	Q. B.	Bryan
Ryan, Dionne, McDonald	L. H.	Brown
Clinin, Ruel, Roth	R. H.	Carlock, Nichols
Vaughan, Dwyer, Clement	F. B.	Constable

Touchdowns—Hamilton, 2; McDonald, 3; Clinin, 1; Ryan, 2; Wood, 1; Matthews, 1; Freeze, 1. Goals—Ryan, 6; McDonald, 3. Referee, Kane, Georgetown; Umpire, Jones, Indiana; Head-linesman, Paine, Notre Dame. Time of halves, 20 minutes.

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Hamilton, Ryan, and McDonald furnished the feature-stunts of the afternoon by their long runs and spectacular dodging. Each one of the trio registered touchdowns after

dashing sixty-five yards through the entire Franklin team, and had several thirty and forty yard jaunts credited to them in addition. Clinin was also to the fore when it came to ground gaining.

* *

Ryan had everything in the punting and goal-kicking departments. He did all the toe work in the first half, and had a perfect record, registering six goals, a couple of them from hard angles. McDonald missed two out of five in the last half.

* *

Ruel made his first appearance at half with the regulars, and his spectacular tackling and end-runs scored a big hit with the rooters. Breaking up forward passes seems to be his long suit, as he nipped two with Notre Dame recovering the ball.

* *

Wood and Burdick did great work on the ends. They got down well under the punts, and their tackles were sure and hard. They can both go some when it comes to breaking interference.

* *

Vaughan, Dwyer, and Clement put up a strong game at full, although their work was mostly in the line of interference, as but few line plays were attempted.

* *

Dimmick, Dolan, and Edwards took care of anything that came their way on the line, while Kelly's work was also of the Varsity variety.

* *

The scrubs handed the regulars a cub-like jolt Tuesday when they picked off the honors 2-0. Lantry's men fought the regulars every inch of the way, and the twenty-yard line was the nearest the Varsity came to scoring. It was the longest scrimmage of the year—sixty-five minutes of actual play with but five minutes out for rest. The regulars evened matters the next day by recording twice in ten minutes of play.

* *

The big surprise of the week came Wednesday when three changes were made in the

Varsity line-up, two of them being at guard. Paine went in at left guard in place of Lynch, and Kelly replaced Dolan at the other side of Miller. Dwyer was shifted from full-back to left-half in place of Clinin who was called to Chicago early in the week on account of his brother's illness. All three men have been coming along fast the past few days, and will probably be in at the kick-off against Michigan to-day.

* *

The scrimmage Wednesday was the last before the Michigan game which is being waged at Ann Arbor to-day, and Coach Place put on the finishing touches in two fast signal practices Thursday. The probable line-up at the start to-day will be: L. E., Burdick; L. T., Edwards; L. G., Paine; C., Miller; R. G., Kelly; R. T., Dimmick; R. E., Wood; Q. B., Hamilton; L. H., Dwyer; R. H., Ruel; F. B., Vaughan.

* *

Returns from the game are being read at the Corby-St. Joe game on Cartier this afternoon. Let us hope that "dope" doesn't again prove fickle.

J. B. K.

Senior Law Election.

Senior Law held their first meeting Tuesday evening. Practically the only business before the august body of jurists was the election of class officers. John McKee was elected president on the first ballot and the class may rest satisfied that they did well in the choice. John is a good baseball artist, having played in the Varsity garden for two seasons, a triple brass bound, A good fellow and a bum lawyer. But the law "doesn't count for nothing nohow," to use Coffee's expression, so what's the use? John Schindler of South Bend was chosen to fill McKee's place whenever he is off on a vacation; Ed Arvey was made secretary and Fay Wood holds the money—let's be explicit and say he holds all the available funds, *available* being a rather ambiguous term. Here's to Senior Law! They're as good as anything we've got on the place, and while that isn't saying a great deal to their credit, still it's the little things that count.

Two New Instructors.



MR. F. H. INGERSOLL.

Notre Dame's faculty of music has been further strengthened by the enlistment of Mr. Frederick H. Ingersoll, instructor of violin. Mr. Ingersoll comes immediately from South Bend where he has been engaged in the teaching of music for some time. He was graduated from the Musical Conservatory of Oberlin College in 1892. He further perfected himself in his art by three years study under Andreas Mores in Berlin, and a year with Professor Marteau in Geneva. In addition to this he has had wide practical experience in professional concert work throughout the United States. We have in him one of the most accomplished musicians in the States, and the splendid showing made by his South Bend pupils gives evidence that his teaching is effective. Those students who enjoy his direction may be confident of success in so far as the instructor can contribute.

Another addition to the teaching staff of the University is George M. Spiess, A. B., a gentleman of extensive training in the field of public speaking and until recently professor of elocution at St. Thomas' College, Villanova, Pa. The course in elocution as conducted by Prof. Spiess embraces not only the art of practical elocution, as is taught in most institutions, but what is perhaps more essential to an accurate comprehension of the subject, the science of

elocution. Prof. Spiess seeks to inculcate into the minds of the students the correct notion of natural speaking. Besides the regular courses of the curriculum, the students of elocution at Notre Dame may have the advantage of special class work of which the following is an outline:

1. The Purpose of Elocution.
2. "The Natural System" inaugurated by Prof. Spiess.
3. Comparative Study of Rush and Delsarte.
4. Science of Elocution.

(a) Science of Vocalization. (b) Science of Modes, Tones, Force, Stress, Pitch, Voice, Movement, Articulation, Quantity, Emphasis, Inflection, Pauses, Climax, etc. (c) Science of Gesture, Corporal Movement, Passions.



MR. GEORGE M. SPIESS.

5. Art of Elocution.

(a) Application of Principles. (b) Grace, Fingers, Arms, Joints, Head, Eyes, Facial Expression, etc. (c) Reading, Recitation, Declamation, Oratory, Acting.

6. Vocal Culture.

(a) Breathing. (b) Use of Diaphragm and other Thoracic Muscles. (c) Use of Pharynx Palate, Teeth, Lips in Articulation.

University Bulletin.

FOUND:—Sum of money between Brother Leopold's store and the tailor shop. Inquire at the students' office.

During the series of lectures by Mr. Seumas MacManus, the Collegiate English classes will be taught only on Tuesdays—at the usual hours.

The Bi-Monthly Examinations for all students in all classes will be held on Monday and Tuesday, the 2d and 3d of November.

Local Items.

—"Most potent, grave and worthy seniors,
My very noble and approved good masters,
Ye did look well, forsooth ye did look well!"

—The Brownson football team played its first game at Valparaiso last Saturday and defeated the High School of that place by a score of 9-0.

—"The Corsican Brothers" has been selected as the play for President's Day, and Professor Spies has already assigned the parts. Much of the dialogue will be rewritten by Mr. W. A. Maguire, but the arrangement of the play will not be molested. It is a rather notable circumstance that several freshmen have shown enough talent to make the show.

—Mrs. Anna Tucker, commander of the Notre Dame Women's Relief Corps, accompanied by a number of the ladies of the W. R. C. of South Bend, visited Notre Dame last Tuesday. They were met at the entrance to the Main Building by Brother Leander commander, and a detail of officers from the N. D. Post, who acted as guard of honor during the tour of inspection.

—The lads of St. Edward's Hall had special reason to celebrate Founder's Day for the twofold reason that it is the patronal feast of their house and that they were the special friends of Father Sorin; so "St. Edward's princes," as the Founder chose to call the little rascals, prepared a magnificent illumination for the statue of their patron saint in the church, and in the afternoon held a track meet in his honor. Many of the older students and some visitors from Chicago lined the field while the games were in progress and thoroughly enjoyed the exhibition put up by Notre Dame's future Varsity stars.

—St. Edward's Hall prides itself on a new society hall. Up to the present time the Minims had no place they might congregate

for meetings of any kind save in the reading-room or the game room. These places were not very satisfactory, so Brother Cajetan after much effort induced the administration to build an extension to the gymnasium. The new building is forty by forty feet, built of brick and plastered with adamant. It will be heated by steam like the rest of the hall and lighted by electricity; it stands to the north of the locker room, from which it is separated by an arched corridor. The structure is not yet complete, but it is hoped to have it furnished and ready for occupancy by the first of next month.

—The enrollment has already passed nine hundred and still the trunks come rumbling in. Because of the congestion in Brownson study hall, an annex has been opened up. The old penmanship room has been bereft of its desk, the walls have been newly painted, and to-day the floor is flooded with mops and soapy water in preparation for the invasion of Brownson's surplus and the collegiate day-students; no other need apply. Anent the opening of the new study-hall there is a desk panic, so all ye who have desks in your rooms prepare for the worst afore the Prefect of Discipline swoops down upon you, and, as Milton so aptly puts it, "takes that which not enriches him and makes you poor indeed."

—The halyards on the campus standard broke several days ago, leaving the flag and one end of the cable suspended at the tip of the pole. The Rector of Sorin, a Civil-War Veteran at heart, offered three sunset-to-sunrise permissions to any man in his hall who'd bring down the flag and with it the frayed end of the halyard that was keeping it company. Permissions are so awfully rare in Sorin these days that the whole hall turned out to a man to offer its services. But it is one thing to turn out and quite another to shin up, as any Sorinite will testify—especially when the leave of absence is hoisted on a hundred-and-fifty-foot flagstaff. Only one fellow wanted the subsidy badly enough to try for it, and even he began to think he didn't want it so badly after all, when he found himself vibrating wildly before he had gone up more than half way, so he came down. But to avoid an embarrassing situation the fellow avowed that he had contracted too cheaply; if, however, the Rector of Sorin would come through with five checks instead of three and no questions asked he would assay a higher climb. But such prodigality couldn't be entertained for a minute; consequently, the scheme fell through, and the flag still floats at the mast-head working twenty-four-hour shifts instead of twelve. Moral: If you want what you want when you want it, send for Mickey.