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The Last Leaf.

GEORGE J. FINNIGAN, '10.

TIS the last leaf of autumn
That swings now alone
In cold winds that mock it,
In breezes that moan.
Of the fate that must come
Ere the winter has fled,
For the leaf must descend
To the earth with the dead.

No beauty now decks it,
No graces adorn,
No friends now console it;
Alone and forlorn
It clings to the branch
Still awaiting to die,
While the sorrowful winds
Breathe a low, whispered sigh.

All life is fast fading
And death now enthralls;
The lone leaf is shattered,
It quivers and falls.
O life is uncertain,
Quick glides its short day;
As the last leaf of autumn
We too fade away.

The Works of Webster.

VARNUM A. PARISH, '08.



IN regard to style, an interesting change is to be noted between Webster's early works and those of his later years. The juvenile flourishes of his earlier speeches can best be illustrated by quoting from a Fourth-of-July address that he delivered in his junior year at college. It is full of flowery figures—grandiloquent to the

extreme: "Fair Science, too, holds her gentle empire among us, and almost innumerable altars are raised to her divinity, from Brunswick to Florida. Yale, Providence and Harvard now grace our land, and Dartmouth, towering majestic above the groves which encircle her, now inscribes her glory on the register of fame. Oxford and Cambridge, those Oriental stars of literature, shall now be lost, while the bright sun of American science displays his broad circumference uneclipsed radiance."

Comparing the style of this extract with that of a passage taken from a speech Webster delivered in Congress in his later years, one would scarcely recognize the two as belonging to the same author.

"I am not anxious to accelerate the approach of the period when the great mass of American labor shall not find its employment in the field; when the young men of the country shall be obliged to shut their eyes on external nature, upon the heavens and the earth, and immerse themselves in close and unwholesome workshops; when they shall be obliged to shut their ears to the bleating of their own flocks upon their own hills, and to the voice of the lark that cheers them at the plow."

We see that in after-life his works are smooth, simple, and clear. Force and clearness are the predominant qualities. These are particularly noticeable in his "Reply to Hayne." Webster's works never lack the element of dignity. Poetic passages may be found now and then. The twenty-eighth paragraph of the Bunker Hill speech is an instance of this kind. The sentence structure in the works of Webster is rather simple. Periodic sentences, however, are common.

Balanced sentences are also frequent. Webster was very careful in the selection of words, and he used them with a remarkable nicety. In the use of uncommon words he was very sparing. On the whole, his diction is clear, polished, and eloquent. His works are somewhat rhetorical, and his use of imagery and figures of speech is very effective. His famous "Reply to Hayne" begins with an exceptionally happy figure: "When the mariner has been tossed for many days in thick weather and on an unknown sea, he naturally avails himself of the first pause in the storm, the earliest glance of the sun, to take his latitude, and ascertain how far the elements have driven him from his true course. Let us imitate this prudence, and before we float further on the waves of this debate, refer to the point from which we departed, that we may at least be able to conjecture where we now are." And again, in the latter part of the same speech, he says: "I have not accustomed myself to hang over the precipice of disunion to see whether, with my short vision, I can fathom the depth of the abyss below." In the Bunker Hill speech he speaks of a great chord of sentiment and feeling running through two continents and vibrating over both. In his 7th of March speech, he compares this country, "washed by the two great oceans of the world," to the "shield of Achilles bounded by waves of living silver." We can best sum up the style of Mr. Webster's work by saying that it is smooth, simple, clear, and very effective.

In regard to Mr. Webster's forensic work, his success lay in his ability to grasp the vital issue and to separate the important from the non-essential. These faculties were particularly helpful in constitutional interpretation. Through his knowledge of human nature and the workings of the mind of a guilty man and his eloquence in expressing these processes he was able to move the bystanders and jurors to tears.

In his exordium to the Knapp murder case, the effective way in which he brought out the awfulness of the crime was remarkable. Vividly does he describe the doing of the deed. He pictures the murderer entering the house, walking noiselessly through its lonely hall, half lighted by the moon, reaching the door of the victim's chamber, turning the lock

with slow, continued pressure, beholding the old man on whose silvery locks the beams of the moon were resting, showing the murderer where to strike,—*"The fatal blow is given, and the victim passes without a struggle or a motion from the repose of sleep to the repose of death!"*—raising the aged arm, plying the dagger to the heart, replacing the arm over the wound, finally, exploring the pulse; ascertaining that it beats no longer, then making his exit as he entered. The murderer, no eye having seen him, no ear having heard him, thinks his secret is safe.

Webster continues by saying that such a secret can be safe nowhere; a thousand minds intently dwell on the scene, ready to kindle the slightest circumstance into the blaze of discovery. He says the guilty soul is false to itself, or rather, that it feels an irresistible impulse of conscience to be true to itself; that it labors under the guilty possession, and knows not what to do with it. *"The human heart was not made for such an inhabitant."* A man guilty of a crime of this kind, he says, feels the secret beating at his heart rising to his throat and demanding disclosure. He thinks the whole world sees it in his face, reads it in his eyes, and almost hears its workings in the very silence of his thought. Such a secret, he says, must be confessed. There is no refuge from confession but suicide, and suicide is confession. Thus does he describe the workings of the soul of a guilty man.

Regarding the eloquence of Webster, not only do the composition and construction of his speeches show that he thoroughly understood what eloquence was, but he has one passage in particular that brings out, in a splendid manner, what eloquence is and what it is not. This is in his discussion of the eloquence of Adams. *"Eloquence,"* he says, *"does not consist in speech. Words and phrases marshalled in every way can not compass it. It must exist in the man, in the subject, and in the occasion. Graces taught in schools and studied contrivances disgust men when their lives and the fate of their families hang on the decision of the hour."* He closes this paragraph by saying: *"Then patriotism is eloquent; then self-devotion is eloquent. The clear conceptions outrunning the deductions of logic, the high*

purpose, the firm resolve, the dauntless spirit speaking on the tongue, beaming from the eye, informing every feature, and urging the whole man onward, right onward, to his object,—this, this is eloquence, or, rather, it is something greater and higher than all eloquence,—it is action, noble, sublime, godlike action.

When the occasion demanded it, Webster could inveigh his opponent in the most telling terms. The most striking example, perhaps, of his invective is to be found in his "Reply to Hayne." It was not, however, entirely a desire to avenge personal grievances that moved him in that wonderful speech, but he had espoused the cause of the North, the preservation of the Constitution and the Union, and it was these motives that inspired him and brought forth that voluminous arraignment of the Senator from South Carolina.

It is for this speech that we are most indebted to Webster. His "Reply to Hayne" is not only the greatest of his works, but it is held to be the greatest speech in American literature. Before that time public opinion in the North, in regard to the Union, had assumed no definite form. No one seemed to be quite sure whether a state had a right to withdraw from the Union or not. A sort of feeling or conviction prevailed, however, that no state possessed such a right. But no one had yet expressed in clear, unmistakable terms the grounds for such conviction, until Webster, in his "Reply to Hayne," gave voice to the national consciousness. His speech so expressed the feeling of the North that their hearts thrilled with joy at having a defender who so thoroughly understood their attitude, espouse their cause. By that one speech he lent a moral power to the national government which made it both irresistible and indestructible. And those memorable words "Liberty and Union, one and inseparable, now and forever," still remain the watchword of American patriotism.

(The End.)

You can't judge the quality of a cigar by the beauty of the band that is on it.

DON'T judge a man by the fine clothes he wears; he may carry a "dunner" in his inside pocket.

Another Spring.

JOHN J. ECKERT, '11.

He laid down his palette and brushes and looked at the card which he had just received.

"M. Cordaire?" he murmured. "Some rich Frenchman, I suppose. I wonder how he heard of my new residence. I did my best to remain incognito, and even during the first week of my presence here some one has found me out."

He dropped the card on the table, returned to his painting, and was soon absorbed in his work. There was something very distinct and impressive in his features; they showed at once the educated man and the artist. He was young, one would believe almost too young, for the reputation that was his both in Europe and in his own country. Having travelled much he had rented a studio in a quiet and refined part of the city in order to devote himself wholly to his art.

Presently he was interrupted by the entrance of a servant announcing Mr. Leston. The intimate friend of the artist, however, did not believe much in formalities; he had followed the servant and entered the studio almost at the same time.

"Good morning, Frank. At work already? I thought you had not settled down yet." He shook Mr. Weydon's hand with the heartiness of an old friend. The latter after having welcomed him in the new home returned to his canvas.

"Pardon me, Leston, I want to add a touch or so here, while I have the idea."

Mr. Leston sat down at some distance and watched the artist with something like admiration and pride.

"She is not the ideal that stands before my mind. Charlotte!—I can not breathe your beautiful soul into these features. Ah! once upon a time it was different, when I knew your smile, your eyes, and your—heart." Mr. Weydon had spoken to himself it seemed. Then, as if awakening from a sad reverie he turned to his friend. Mr. Leston had taken the invitation card from the table and stared at the name

with an expression of awe and surprise.

"Is there anything strange about that card?" the artist asked. Leston looked up startled.

"My dear Frank," he exclaimed, "where did you get it? What does it mean? Great heavens! are you acquainted with M. Cordaire?"

Now it was Weydon who looked surprised.

"Why? What do you know about that man?" was the artist's eager question. "Cordaire is a stranger to me. He asked me to see him on business to-morrow."

Mr. Leston seemed to feel relieved at receiving this answer. He was silent for several minutes. Then looking at his friend he said in almost a whisper:

"Take care! that Frenchman who calls himself Cordaire is a scoundrel. I have heard his name when travelling in France—I heard it under awful circumstances."

"But how do you know that this gentleman is the identical Cordaire?"

"Why, you see—I am quite sure he followed that girl to the United States. But I may be mistaken, and—"

"What girl?" interrupted the artist growing interested in his friend's experience.

"Well, sit down and I shall tell you all I know about this M. Cordaire. You remember that on my trip through Europe I spent a considerable time in Paris. There I made the acquaintance of a noble family. I was a frequent guest at their house until that unlucky love affair of M. Cordaire. He too was an acquaintance of that family, and the first thing he did was to fall desperately in love with the beautiful daughter of his kind host. Naturally she ignored him, and her father even went so far as to forbid him further access to his house. But what will interest you more is that she was the model for the celebrated picture 'Spring,' the masterpiece of a great American artist." On Weydon's face were written wonder and expectation, but his friend did not seem to notice it. "Now a horrible thing happened. Some days after Cordaire had suffered the humiliation, the father of the young lady became the victim of a murderer's hand. Charlotte—I think that was the young lady's name—being thus left alone, soon afterwards went to America to live with some of her

relatives. The murderer could not be—but what is the matter, Frank, are you ill?"

He had told his story without paying much attention to his friend, and now that his eye fell upon him, he started. Weydon sat motionless, but all color had left his face. He stared at the floor, and an expression of terrible pain and horror was written on his countenance.

Suddenly he seized Leston's arm, and with trembling lips he cried:

"Is it true—tell me, is it true—what you were saying? That angel—ah! can it be possible! The other tried to free himself from the artist's grasp.

"What angel? Do you mean to say that you knew that unfortunate lady? Good God! are you, you, the artist that—that—"

"Yes, I know that angel, that ideal of mine. I know Charlotte; I am the artist of whom you were speaking. Yes, she was my 'Spring.' Alas, her own spring is now destroyed." He had dropped back in his chair, but all at once new energy seemed to come to him. "And did you say that she is in America?"

"It was the last thing I heard about her. Being left alone in Paris she preferred to leave and to live with a distant relative in the United States. And since Cordaire is here she can not be far either, for the villain surely followed her."

"But what reason have you to think that he is the murderer? Was there sufficient proof for that opinion?"

Leston smiled sadly.

"No, there was no proof at all, but he left Paris that memorable night and could not be found anywhere."

"That looks suspicious, indeed," Mr. Weydon remarked. "I shall visit M. Cordaire to-morrow, and woe to him if he be the guilty one."

Charlotte was sitting at the window of the library. Her hands held a book, but her thoughts were far away from its subject—in fair France, perhaps. A sad expression betrayed her feelings; she was lonesome. All at once, however, a faint smile played about her lips. "Yes, he was the only one that ever spoke kindly to me—and he meant it too;—he was the only soul that could feel what I feel—and he was an

American." Unconsciously she uttered these words.

Suddenly she roused herself, for footsteps were heard in the corridor. A servant appeared bringing her the card of a visitor. The name which she read seemed to stupefy her. After a little while she raised her eyes—Cordaire stood before her.

"Good morning, Charlotte. I am sure you forgive my unceremonious entering." He eyed her with the triumph of a wild animal sure of its victim. There was something so courteous, yet so disgusting in his manner—another Iscariot, one would think involuntarily.

Charlotte did not move, she sat staring at him as though she beheld a ghost. But as he advanced towards her, sudden life came into her lithe form. Stretching out her arms as if to prevent his approach, and turning her pale face away from him, she almost shrieked:

"Murderer! murderer! how dare you! Leave this sacred place—leave it! Defile it not by your infamous presence!" She tried to get to the door, but one quick step brought him to her side. His face was convulsed with rage; his eyes were blazing with hatred and passion. With diabolical wrath he hissed into her ear:

"You shall not leave this room until you promise—" He did not finish his threat—strong arms seized him and dashed him to the floor. Mr. Weydon and his friend having followed him had heard his voice in the library, and had entered unnoticed. To avoid all danger Cordaire was bound. He fixed his swollen eyes on Mr. Leston and seemed to recognize him. He was a coward in the presence of men.

Charlotte was still standing at the same spot. The unexpected help in the moment of supreme danger seemed to have taken away her faculty of speech. She had recognized Mr. Weydon at the first instance. As she looked upon his dear face, so often seen in her dreams, a strange joy and happiness filled her heart; she felt it, now she was safe.

He went over to her, took her trembling hand into his, and led her into an adjoining room.

"Do not fear, Charlotte, that man shall never again cross your way. But tell me,

do you still remember the artist who owes his fame to you?"

She looked up at him and pressed his hand tenderly.

"I never forgot you, Francis."

"And do you remember that blissful time when all was spring and sunshine? Tell me, does your father still think that I am too—" he stopped short, for all at once he remembered that she had no longer a father. He looked at her. She was silent, but her eyes filled with tears and her lips trembled.

"Francis, I am alone," she whispered. "Forget that time of happiness—my spring is gone."

He met her inquiring gaze, and she lowered it as he said tenderly:

"You shall not be alone any longer, Charlotte;—let us create—another spring!"

Varsity Verse.

THE MODERN CAFÉ.

I have worked out conundrums ten thousand a day,

I have solved Chinese puzzles galore,

But of all the enigmas I've met heretofore

There is none like the modern café,

When you enter they hand you a French bill-of-fare,

But of course it is all Greek to you,

Yet big Alphonse the waiter stands back of your chair

'Till you choose from the foreign menu.

When you've ordered a little of this and of that

From the long, unpronounceable names;

When you've tipped half the members that work on
the flat

As custom a duty proclaims,

Then the waiter brings food that you're sure to dislike—

Not to mention the confounded bill,—

So you grab up your hat, as they say, "take a hike,"

Long before you have eaten your fill.

For good butter they give oleomargarine,

For pure milk two-thirds water and chalk,

While the chicken they serve is so dreadfully lean

That you wonder it ever could walk;

So they serve up the pickles, the bread and the cheese,

And the public does nothing but smile,

For we love the long names and the waiter's *oui ouies*—

To be French don't you know is the style.

T. A. L.

Whither is Lynching Leading us?

MICHAEL A. MATHIS, '10.

Over a century and a half ago a West Jersey Quaker wrote: "This trade of importing slaves is dark gloominess hanging over the land; the consequences will be grievous to posterity." Twenty years later, when the fathers of the republic were signing the Declaration of Independence Thomas Jefferson, its draftsman, realizing the fallacious inconsistency of slavery with what the Declaration guaranteed, "that all men are created equal with an unalienable right to liberty," declared: "I tremble for my country when I remember that God is just." The republic had endured but eighty-five years when the negro problem, grown in perplexity with the years, led Lincoln to declare in portentous words: "This nation can not permanently endure half slave and half free; the Union will not be dissolved, but the House will cease to be divided."

The Civil War verified Lincoln's prophecy—the Union, thank God, has not been dissolved, and the House is no longer divided, but it is too frequently disturbed by race conflicts. The immediate cause of these conflicts and the violent racial animosities which they engender has always been a lynching. The lynchings which led up to the most recent racial war, the Springfield riot, were appallingly numerous. Within the 60 days prior to the outbreak 25 negroes had been lynched in different parts of the United States. There were 60 lynchings in the first 7 months of 1908, as contrasted with 66 in 1905, 68 in 1906, and 54 in 1907. The better element, the law-loving and law-abiding citizens both in Springfield and in the country at large, are righteously horrified at such violence and lawlessness.

Booker T. Washington says: "I fear that but few Americans realize to what extent the habit of lynching, or the taking of human life without due process of law, has taken hold of us, and to what extent it is hurting us, not only in the eyes of the world, but in our own moral and material growth. Lynching was instituted some years ago, with the idea of punishing and checking outrage upon women. Many good

people in the South, and also out of the South, have gotten the idea that lynching is resorted to for one crime only. I have the facts from an authoritative source. During the year 1900, 127 persons were lynched in the United States. Of this number 118 were executed in the South and 9 in the North and West. Of the total number lynched, 102 were negroes, 23 were whites and 2, Indians. Now, let everyone interested in the South, his country and the cause of humanity note this fact—that only 24 of the entire number were charged in any way with the crime of rape; that is, 24 out of 127 cases of lynching. Sixty-one of the remaining cases were for murder, 13 being for suspected murder, 6 for theft, etc. When we get to the point where four-fifths of the persons lynched in our country in one year are for some crime other than rape, we can no longer plead and explain that we lynch for one crime alone. The practice has grown, until we are now at the point where not only blacks are lynched in the South, but white men as well. Not only this, but within the last six years at least a half dozen colored women have been lynched. And there are a few cases where negroes have lynched members of their own race. What is to be the end of this?"

Some, however, maintain that there are two sides to this question, that lynching keeps down the negro. But does lynching stop or even lessen crime? As a matter of fact lynching only exasperates the negro to revenge, and it seems that he takes the full measure of revenge by committing the terrible crimes which he knows will be most offensive to the white man. The truth of this is borne out by the fact that the very day after the news of the Springfield lynchings reached the South, fifteen negroes were lynched for criminal assault.

Then again lynching, because it doesn't give the negro that due process of law guaranteed him by the Constitution, encourages the negroes to hide criminals of their race, which often results in the death of innocent blacks, as was the case in Springfield.

A great American once said: "We can not disregard the teachings of the civilized world for 1800 years, that the only way to punish crime is by law." The lyncher

should come under the law as well as the guilty black. But what has been the case? The lyncher has almost invariably gone scot-free, and it looks as though the Springfield mob that murdered innocent men are going to enjoy the same immunity.

The *Literary Digest* for Nov. 7, says: "More than one hundred indictments followed the outbreak in the Illinois capital, and there was a general belief that an indignant city was about to remove the stain of the incident by a rigid enforcement of the law against the criminals. Already, however, several cases have been tried, but no jury has brought in a verdict of guilty."

The *Interior*, a Presbyterian weekly published in Chicago, seems to have a suspicion that there will be no convictions. Says this paper: "Raymer, the man first tried, was again brought into court, this time on the inferior charge of destruction of property. Evidence was presented showing that Raymer was a member of the mob, and that he hurled bricks at the restaurant it destroyed. The jury remained out sixteen hours and returned a verdict of acquittal. As the evidence in this case was probably as convincing as any that can be adduced to substantiate the remaining indictments, it looks very much as though no convictions were to be had. It is for no one but the court and the jury to say whether or not the persons indicted are guilty; but there was rioting and murder done by a mob made up of individuals, some of whom must be now under indictment, and it will be to Springfield's everlasting discredit if they shall all escape scot-free. The outside world has turned to other topics and may not care; but there is something to be said of self-respect. What's wrong at Springfield?"

Heimweh.

JOHN J. ECKERT, '11.

A THOUGHT of home, of faces dear,
A longing for the days gone by—
You ask me, stranger: why that sigh?
You ask me: why that silent tear?

But ah! you could not understand,
Tho' I should tell you why I grieve:
For you are happy, I believe—
And I am—in a foreign land.

A Double Deal.

DENIS A. MORRISON, '10.

Joe Buckler was a very fat policeman; in fact, he was generally conceded to be the fattest within a radius of one hundred miles of Big Mound. Some people claimed that his shadow at noon was twice as broad as it was long, but the assertion was never verified, because Joe was a night policeman.

But all banter aside, it must be confessed that Joe was immense. It was his boast that though increasing avoirdupois came with advancing years, he remained the champion fat man sprinter of all, and he was always willing to demonstrate his supremacy. More than once the fleet legs of the law had overtaken fleeing trespassers, and when these were not adequate, Spot, the bull-dog, was always there to delay the offender till his master arrived on the scene.

One night as Joe was making the rounds of his beat, he espied two men who had been standing in front of a saloon, suddenly turn and dart into an alley. With the unerring instinct of his profession he was after them in less time than it takes to mention it. By the time he reached the alley, some fifty yards distant, his men had disappeared in the darkness. But Joe Buckler's reputation for bravery was well-founded on fact. Placing Spot on guard and taking a firmer hold on his heavy club, he stepped fearlessly into the alley with as much stealth as one could expect from his 320 pounds. Peering this way and that, halting to listen for suspicious noises, he ventured further and further into the dark lane. Going slowly, he covered all the ground carefully. He had reached the middle of the block when the sound of low-pitched voices was borne to him on the breeze. Ah! they were breaking into Timpe and Schroeder's dry goods store. And Joe chuckled to think how he had them in his grasp.

He stood stock still, listening and watching intently. He could distinguish nothing but the murmur of voices, but he was sure their purpose was to rob the store. There! The voices ceased and he could hear them picking their way over the ground. Now for action! he seized his revolver and opened

the gate to take his men in the act, but as he did so the sound of running feet was heard, and he turned to behold the would-be thieves speeding up the alley. Immediately he gave chase to the fugitives, and ordered the dog to do the same. The two men were good sprinters, however, and had turned the further corner before the man and dog had gotten a good start. But Spot was hot on the trail. Leaving his master far in the rear, he shot swiftly after the fleeing pair. Turning the corner he spied them half-way up the next block, and up the deserted street he tore after them, his determined little legs working like automatons. After a short chase he caught them. Then he commenced to put into play the tactics he had employed in the capture of other criminals. Jumping at one and then at the other with low, short leaps, he would lessen their speed by nipping their calves and tripping them.

"Blamed if I figgered on this, Bill," said one of the men to his companion. Spot had almost brought him down. His companion laughed.

"Why, that dog couldn't hurt a—d—the whelp, anyhow! I'll fix him."

Spot apparently objected to being disparaged, for he gave the man such a sharp bite on the leg that he went sprawling.

"No use shootin' him, Buck," said Bill, "it would git the Cop sore, an' we'd be jugged for a year. We want to get out of here in ten days, you know."

Bill acquiesced in this advice and pocketed his gun. The dog, meanwhile, kept a steady eye upon them. Soon Joe came up, puffing and blowing like a porpoise.

"Well, I guess you got us, Fatty," Bill said.

"You bet! Me and Spot never fails. Do we, Spot? Good dog," he replied, as he manacled the hands of the prisoners.

"Now, my hearties," he continued, "about face to the station-house. Watch 'em, Spot; they're bad ones and a fine capture."

In triumph, Big Mound's single night policeman marched his prisoners along the main street of the town, wishing that the people could see him. It was his first arrest for a month, and he felt jubilant over it. His men offered no resistance, and just forty-five minutes after he had first sighted them he emerged again from the station.

Next day Joe heard a most astounding piece of news. The Big Mound bank had been broken into the night before and fifteen thousand dollars in cash and negotiable securities taken by the thieves. How the deed had escaped Joe Buckler's notice was a mystery, and wise heads were shaken, while Joe could find no answer to the questions put to him. Suddenly he saw light.

"Well, by gum," he declared. "You know last night about two o'clock, I was busy capturin' two burglars there by Timpe and Schroeder's. Well, I'll bet my hat that the bank was robbed then, while I was landin' those chaps."

Joe didn't find out how close he came to the truth for some time. A few days after the sentence of his two captives was up, he got a letter. It was short, but to the point.

"You're all right, Buckler, but just a little too eager. Take your time and watch what's going on behind you and you'll have better luck.

Yours always,

Lugger Bill."

Subsequent events proved, however, that "Lugger Bill" could have listened with profit to the same advice. Competent detectives took up his trail on the clew which his letter gave them and the strength of Joe Buckler's excellent identification, and in a short time he had the pleasure of giving the testimony which resulted in Bill and Buck and their pal who had committed the robbery all getting the punishment they deserved.

Some of the Hamlets.

PAUL R. MARTIN, '10.

There has probably never been an actor of the serious drama who has not, at some time or other during his career, cherished the desire to play Hamlet. This desire has led to many efforts and a variety of results. The annals of the stage, English, Continental and American, contain the records of many such attempts, and it is interesting to note that but five or six actors who have assumed the rôle of the "Melancholy Dane" have ever achieved any degree of success. Judging by Elizabethan standards, Richard Burbage was fairly successful, but his

performance, if presented to-day, would fall far short of being what we consider artistic. Burbage was a friend of Shakespeare, and it is entirely probable that the tragedy was written for his special use. We have no way of knowing what interpretation he placed upon the part; but whatever it was it undoubtedly embodied the exact idea of the author. Had Burbage's method been handed down to posterity, actors of succeeding generations would have been saved lots of work and worry, and the critics would have lost the chance of flooding the market with speculative literature upon the subject of proper interpretation.

It remained for America during the past generation, to give to the world the ideal modern conception of Hamlet. Mr. Edwin Booth, who was taken from the stage by death at a time when he was in the very height of a magnificent career, achieved what no actor had done before him: he made his Hamlet a real man, a man imbued with big ideas. Actors previous to this time had seemed afraid to give a life-like interpretation to the rôle. Their Hamlets were mere puppets of the stage who stalked about and uttered lines without making them fit the character; in other words, they failed to give the human touch that would breathe life into their creations.

After the death of Edwin Booth, it was a long time before the stage had another Hamlet that could in any way be called satisfactory. Sir Henry Irving, who in many ways seemed to have reached the very summit of dramatic art, failed miserably in his interpretation of Hamlet. He played the part during his entire career on the stage, but it is said by those who knew him best that he played it because he loved it rather than because he believed that he was capable of playing it. Irving was a modest man who knew his limitations, and in many instances his presentation of Hamlet was prefaced by an apology and an acknowledgment of his unworthiness. At one time this sense of incapability so overcame him that he changed his bill and presented "Becket," although the theatre was filled with an audience expecting to see Hamlet.

On the continent, a number of attempts were made by various actors to present

Hamlet in their native tongues. Their efforts were necessarily handicapped by their translations, and they were further handicapped by their inability to grasp the ideals of the English dramatist. The elder Salvini, whom the world remembers as a consummate artist, played Hamlet with no small degree of success, and his son played it both in Italian and in English. Both of these actors were warmly received in England and America, and critics are of the universal opinion that they deserve to be ranked among the great Hamlets. The Hamlet of Mme. Sarah Bernhardt, although it excited a great deal of comment before its presentation, was a keen disappointment, and deserves no more than passing notice.

Three actors of the present day who have succeeded in perpetuating the Hamlet tradition are Johnston Forbes-Robertson, one of the foremost of the English players, and Robert Mantell and Edward A. Sothorn, both Americans. To the former belongs the honor of being the greatest Hamlet since the days of Booth, and the latter two have won well-deserved laurels by their intelligent and sympathetic interpretations. Mr. Forbes-Robertson makes his Hamlet ideally human, and by careful shading brings out all of the poetry that belongs to the rôle. The charm of his acting is in its naturalness, a wealth of minute detail being brought to bear in order to secure this attribute. Mr. Forbes-Robertson's Hamlet is highly intellectual and no sign of the madman is discernible. He is cool and calculating, a shrewd man plotting the revenge of an injury.

Hamlet as a lover is brought forth by Mr. Mantell. This seems almost like an innovation, although there is a suggestion of this side of the character presented by Mr. Forbes-Robertson. It is only natural that the young and poetic Hamlet, a dreamer as well as a philosopher, should have a sentimental side, although the author has not expressly declared such to be the case. In his interpretation, Mr. Mantell makes his Hamlet affectionate, and in the long scene in which he bids Ophelia to hie herself to a nunnery, he clasps her in his arms and kisses her upon the brow. This display of sentiment is no little surprise to an audience which has grown accustomed to seeing its Hamlets maintain an air of complete dignity.

Mr. Sothorn has not attempted any innovations, and the merit of his interpretation is in its simplicity. His acting is sincere, and he always has a firm grasp on his rôle. His work in this great tragedy is in no way wonderful, but it is careful, intelligent and well worth seeing.

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Notre Dame, Indiana, November 21, 1908,

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—The medical department of Cornell has made the announcement that its degree will not be conferred on any man who has not previously taken a degree in the **The Classical liberal arts Course.** Other universities are rapidly adopting the same plan, and many young men who hope to specialize early will soon find no school of importance in which they can do so. The classics are considered the best preparation for any course, and the man who has no knowledge of liberal subjects will be greatly handicapped in the future. The doctor, the lawyer and the engineer should be broadly educated if they hope to be successful, and without at least some knowledge of the classics they will find that their technical education has made them exceedingly lop-sided.

—In a cosmopolitan college such as Notre Dame the question of the national spirit is of vital importance. We are all citizens of this great republic, or **National Spirit in College Life.** we aspire to become such; we all speak English as a common language. But there is no law in this free country of ours which forbids the foreigner to make use of his mother-tongue in the circle of his native

friends. The existence, therefore, of clubs of different nationalities is highly to be praised and ought to be encouraged. Let alien students study and appreciate the literature of their own countries; it will be a great help to them in more than one way. Let us not be as narrow-minded as some of our friends across the water who try to suppress a language in order to destroy the feelings, the very soul, of a people. Despite efforts made in this direction there never was and never shall be a tyrant who can succeed in suppressing a language. The words which the child heard from the lips of its mother, the dear accents which it learned in the sanctuary of the family, will be holy to the man—he will not, can not, forget them. And we, citizens of this land of the future and students of Notre Dame, let us not forget that the foreigner loves his language as much as we love our own. It is a great virtue to be liberal-minded and tolerant in views concerning nationalities; but it is a sign of the uneducated to scoff at foreign accents and customs.

—The person who is compelled by the nature of his duties to remain much indoors is likely to find himself growing dormant and to discover that his **Physical Exercise.** stomach is becoming disordered and that his entire system is out of shape. This applies especially to the student who sits all day at his desk or in the class-room. But one remedy can be applied with any assurance of success, and that is exercise. Physicians of every age have been in favor of exercise, and this opinion has been expressed time and again in books, periodicals and public lectures. The student should make it a rule to give an hour or so each day to exercise that he may build up his body and make it a fit temple for his mind and soul. The man who prefers to sit in his room near a warm radiator, when he should be out for a brisk walk, or enjoying the privileges of the gymnasium, is the man who is always out of sorts. He complains of his food, blames the weather man for his ailments, comes late to breakfast and flunks in his examinations. If the student who wishes to excel in his scholastic work would only

get out and breathe deeply, walk briskly, play hand-ball and try out his speed on the running track, he would in the end find himself "a healthier, wealthier and wiser man."

—Amidst the rush and hurry of modern college life, there is always great danger of our becoming too narrow in our knowledge of men and things. We are apt, Catholic Art. in our eagerness to complete our course, to see nothing beyond what our own immediate needs demand—to be oblivious of all else except those things which are positively required for the attainment of our coveted end. Especially notable is this fact in regard to matters of art, and to what should be of most consideration to us, Catholic art. How few among us are acquainted with even the most widely known of the great masters who have given the highest artistic treatment to great Catholic subjects. Since the very dawn of Christianity there have been in our ranks many men, geniuses, indeed, who have expressed the music and poetry of their souls, in sculpture, painting and architecture. Every Catholic student should learn all that he can of these men and their great masterpieces, and cultivate a worthy appreciation of their art.

Athletic Notes.

NOTRE DAME, 8; WABASH, 4.

The toe of Hamilton established Notre Dame's claim to the state championship at Crawfordsville last Friday when it negotiated two goals from the field, bringing defeat to the Down-Staters by a score of 8-4. Two teams of almost equal defensive calibre were pitted against each other, and the timely kicks of the speedy quarter-back were needed to settle the argument. As was expected, the "Little Giants" fought every inch of the way, and their defense was by far the best that the Varsity has encountered this year. Their offense, however, was weak, and the twenty-yard line marked their nearest approach to our goal.

That the Varsity were not in their best form was evident from the kick-off. Although invincible on defense, their offense did not

exhibit that concentrated attack which was such a notable feature of the Indiana game, and this lack of team work was largely responsible for their inability to consistently advance the ball. The reversal in form was undoubtedly due to the crippled condition of the back-field, as McDonald and Ruel were still suffering from injuries received in the clash with Indiana, and consequently their work was not up to the usual standard. Capt. Miller and Dwyer were also disabled by injuries.

Hamilton kicked a goal in each half. The Varsity had two chances to score touchdowns in the second half, but an adverse fate blocked them in both instances. The first opportunity came when Matthews recovered a fumbled punt on the Wabash thirty-five-yard line. Collins made ten yards on a forward pass from McDonald, and terrific line plunges by Vaughan and a cross tackle play by Dimmick brought the ball to the eight-yard line for first down. In two onslaughts Vaughan placed the oval within six inches of the coveted line, and would undoubtedly have pushed it over on the next play had not a misunderstanding in signals resulted in Hamilton being thrown back before the play was started, the ball going over to Wabash.

The other opening came in the last minute of play. After catching a punt on the five-yard-line Hamilton wormed his way through the entire Wabash team by phenomenal dodging, only to fall on their fifty-yard line after gaining a clear field, and the thoughts of the rooters wandered back to "Friday, the 13th." Dolan was at his side, but could not pull him to his feet before he was pounced upon by the Wabash pursuers. It was the longest and prettiest run of the day.

Hargrave tallied the only points for Wabash in the second half on a drop kick from the thirty-five-yard line after Gipe had blocked Philbrook's punt.

Vaughan was easily the star performer for the Varsity. His irresistible line plunges were responsible for most of the Varsity's gains, and many times almost alone he rammed through the line for substantial advances. His defensive work was equally strong. Collins played his first big game at end, and distinguished himself by his

sensational tackling and all-around work. Dolan again starred, and smothered any attempt to gain through his territory. Kelly and Philbrook were strong on the other side of the line, while Sullivan's work at centre stood out prominently. His passing was almost perfect, and contributed largely to the success of the punting. Matthews played a good game at end, although a collision early in the second half, in which he was dazed, injured his playing during the remainder of the fray.

The Wabash game marked the last of the state series in which the Gold and Blue has triumphed over Indiana, Franklin, and the "Little Giants," thereby establishing a strong claim to the state championship. Purdue is battling with Indiana this afternoon at Lafayette, and in case of a victory over the "Sheldonites" will probably dispute the title to the state laurels, but the fact that they do not meet Wabash should give our claims priority. Only one game remains to be played, that with Marquette at Milwaukee next Thursday, and it promises to be one of the hardest of the year as Marquette played Illinois 6-6 and held Wisconsin 9-6. With our men back in condition we ought to hold our own, and Coach Place hopes to end the season with a victory.

THE GAME.

Notre Dame won the toss and chose to defend the west goal. Bowman kicked off for Wabash to Notre Dame's goal posts. Hamilton returned the ball five yards. Hamilton failed to gain from a fake punt formation. Notre Dame punted to centre of the field and Hargrave returned the ball ten yards. Colbert hit the line for two yards. Hargrave added two more. Hargrave punted to Ruel who returned five yards after fumbling. Hamilton failed from a fake punt formation and then punted forty yards. Hargrave was nailed in his tracks by Kelly.

Wabash netted twenty yards on forward pass, Hargrave to Payne. Colbert failed at right tackle. Gipe gained two yards. Gipe took time out. Wabash's ball on twenty-five-yard line. Hargrave failed at drop kick.

Philbrook on free punt from twenty-five-yard line booted the ball to the center of the field. Hargrave returned the oval ten yards. Colbert hit for five yards. Notre Dame secured the ball on an onside kick. Notre Dame failed to gain and punted to Wabash's thirty-five-yard line. Hargrave returning ten yards. Colbert failed, and Wabash lost the ball on a forward pass.

Notre Dame failed on forward pass, which struck the ground. Notre Dame punted thirty-five yards and Hargrave returned it thirty-five yards back to Notre

Dame's forty-yard line. Hargrave took time out.

Colbert hit center for two yards. Hargrave fozzled a punt, Notre Dame getting the ball on its thirty-five-yard line. Ruel hit right side of line for two yards. McDonald failed. Philbrook punted and Stiers fumbled, Collins getting the ball on Wabash's fifty-yard line. A forward pass failed, and Wabash took the ball on its own forty-yard line.

Hargrave caught from rear by Collins for loss of ten yards on attempted forward pass. Markle hit line for two yards. Hargrave punted thirty-five yards to center of field. Vaughan hit for eight yards. Vaughan added seven more, making first down. Ruel hit for four yards.

Vaughan added two through Wabash's left and failed to gain through right, Notre Dame lost on fake place kick. Stiers got the ball on onside kick. Wabash fumbled, but recovered the ball. Wabash was penalized fifteen yards for Bowman holding. Wabash ball on its own ten-yard line. Hargrave punted to center of field. Hamilton returned the ball two yards. Ruel failed at Wabash's left end and Notre Dame punted to Wabash's twenty-yard line. Dimmick recovered the ball when Hargrave fumbled. After two attempts at the line for five yards Notre Dame tried a place kick, Hamilton putting the ball between the posts. Score, Notre Dame 4; Wabash 0.

Bowman kicked off for Wabash to Notre Dame's fifteen yard line. Hamilton returned fifteen yards. After one futile try at the line Hamilton punted forty yards. Dolan held in the line and punt was called back, Notre Dame being penalized fifteen yards. Notre Dame punted to center of field. Wabash fumbled. Notre Dame's ball on its fifty-yard line.

Hamilton failed on end run and punted on the next play to Wabash's forty-yard line. Stiers fumbled and Hargrave fell on the ball. Bowman made five yards on a fake forward pass. Vaughan got the ball on a bad forward pass.

Vaughan made the first down on three plays at Hess. McDonald hit Wabash's left for four yards. Gipe broke through and tossed back Collins on delayed pass play for loss. Hargrave got the ball for Wabash on an onside kick.

The Wabash backs hit for seven yards, but Hargrave punted on the third down to Notre Dame's forty-yard line. Ruel went around Payne for ten yards. Notre Dame's ball in center of the field. Collins lost on delayed pass. Hamilton punted forty yards out of bounds. Time was called with Wabash's ball on its fifteen-yard line.

SECOND HALF.

Philbrook for Notre Dame kicked off to the fifteen-yard line. Stiers returned it twelve yards. Hargrave on fake punt formation failed. Markle went through center of fake form for eleven yards, Wabash making first down. Gipe made five yards on tackle round play.

Hargrave lost on an end run. Hargrave punted to Notre Dame's forty-yard line. Notre Dame unable to return ball. Fake punt formation failed, Gipe breaking up play. Hamilton punted to Wabash's thirty-five-yard line. Hargrave returning the ball five yards. Bowman ran fifteen yards on open formation, Dimmick tackling.

McDonald intercepts forward pass. Notre Dame's ball on forty-five-yard line. Vaughan hit for five yards.

Notre Dame punted thirty-five yards out of bounds. Hargrave punted over Hamilton's head to Notre Dame's ten-yard line. Hamilton punted from goal posts out of bounds.

Wabash's ball on thirty-yard line. Hargrave lost five on attempt around his left end. Vaughan intercepted forward pass and carried the ball to the center of the field. Notre Dame's forward pass hit the ground and Notre Dame was penalized fifteen yards. Philbrook punted to Wabash's forty-five-yard line. Hargrave fumbled. Matthews recovered the ball. Collins made ten yards on a forward pass from McDonald. Dimmick went fifteen yards on tackle around. Dolan and Vaughan helped push the ball to within two yards of Wabash's goal posts. Wabash braced, and by a heroic effort held Notre Dame for downs, taking the ball within six inches of its own line.

Wilson goes in for Barr, who sustained a badly sprained ankle. Wabash was penalized half of distance to goal line (two inches) for coaching from side-lines. Hargrave punted from behind goal line, Hamilton making fair catch on Wabash's thirty-five-yard line. Hamilton failed at place kick, but Notre Dame recovered the ball inside Wabash's ten-yard line.

After Vaughan had hit Hess for two yards and Hamilton had failed at Stiers. Hamilton dropped back for a place kick. The ball sailed between the bars. Score: Notre Dame, 8; Wabash, 0.

Bowman, for Wabash, kicked off to Notre Dame's ten-yard line and Hamilton returned the ball twenty yards. Philbrook punted to Wabash's forty-five-yard line, Dimmick tackling Hargrave in tracks. Hargrave punted a short one to Notre Dame's forty-five-yard line. Gipe broke up Notre Dame's forward pass. Gipe blocked a Notre Dame punt and Bowman fell on the ball. Wabash's ball on thirty-five-yard line. Hargrave made a beautiful drop kick from the thirty-five-yard line. Score: Notre Dame, 8; Wabash, 4.

Philbrook kicked off to Hess on the twenty-yard line. Hess returned it ten yards. Notre Dame was penalized five yards, but Wabash refused to accept the penalty. Wabash's ball on its thirty-yard line. Hargrave lost on an attempted forward pass play, no one being there to receive the ball. Hargrave punted forty yards. Vaughan netted fourteen yards. Notre Dame's forward pass hit the ground, and Notre Dame was penalized twenty yards to its own forty-yard line.

Philbrook punted to Wabash's thirty-five-yard line, Stiers returning the ball ten yards. Hargrave made five yards and then lost on delayed pass, Kelly breaking through. Hargrave punted to McDonald who returned ten yards to Notre Dame's forty-five-yard line.

Philbrook punted out of bounds. Wabash's ball in center of field. Dolan broke up open formation play for loss of ten yards to Wabash. Gipe failed to gain. Hargrave punted. Notre Dame's ball on its own thirty-five-yard line. Hamilton punted thirty yards. Stiers returned ten yards to center of the field. A half-back kick went out of bounds. Notre Dame's ball on its twenty-yard line.

Vaughan tore through Hess for five yards. McDonald failed through center. Hamilton punted to Stiers on Wabash's forty-five-yard line. Stiers returned the ball to center of the field. Hargrave punted to Hamilton on five-yard line, and he returned it to Wabash's fifty-yard line, falling after gaining a clear field around Payne. Capt. Hess took time out. Stiers intercepted a forward pass. Hargrave punted to Notre Dame's thirty-five yard line, when time was called.

Notre Dame (8).	Position	Wabash (4)
Collins	Right end	Payne
Dimmick	Right tackle	Gipe
Dolan	Right guard	Barr, Wilson
Sullivan	Center	Brown
Philbrook	Left guard	Bowman
Kelly	Left tackle	Hess
Matthews	Left end	Burns
Hamilton	Quarter	Hargrave
Ruel	Right half	Colbert
McDonald	Left half	Stiers
Vaughan	Full	Markle

Place kick—Hamilton, 2. Drop kick—Hargrave. Referee—Eckersall of Chicago. Umpire—Hadden of Michigan. Head linesman—Siler of Illinois. Time of halves—Thirty minutes.

* *

The Varsity closed the local schedule Wednesday by whaling the St. Viator team 46-0. The visitors made first down but twice, and never approached nearer than the thirty-yard line where Legris failed at an attempted drop kick. Captain Miller, Ruel, Hamilton and Dwyer were not in the game owing to injuries, and Coach Place sent twenty men in during the fray. Eckersall's men were in poor condition, time being taken out after nearly every play. McDonald and Schmitt were the best ground-gainers of the day, and each of them had several long runs to his credit. The team work of both teams was ragged, and it was perhaps the most uninteresting game of the year. J. B. K.

Recent Entertainments.

Victor's Band was with us again a week ago last Sunday and went away with a reputation even better than the one established on their former visit, last year. For over an hour and a half this band of accomplished performers treated us to a program made up of classical numbers, interspersed by a pleasing variety of national hymns and plantation melodies. The distinguishing feature of course was the able conducting of the leader. Under his baton the interpretation came forth flawless and as it were from one. The work of Miss Miller, the vocal soloist, was of such a kind as to compel two responses after her second selection. Her voice was soft and musical, capable of expressing a world of sympathy, as it did in the plantation song.

* *

The recitation of "Hiawatha" by Mr. Woolepp was one of the pleasing attractions of the week. His interpretation was very true to life, particularly in the description of Hiawatha's childhood and youth. The length of the poem rendered the task of sustaining the interest by no means an easy one. Despite these obstacles, however, and despite the noise of those who persisted in making an early departure, he fulfilled his part very creditably.

At Other Colleges.

The Department of Journalism of the University of Missouri is issuing a daily paper which prints city and foreign as well as college news, and is published by the students of that department.

* *

President James of the University of Illinois has issued an address to the students on the subject of hazing, in which he declared strongly against the practice, and requested the student body to co-operate with the authorities in putting an end to it. In part he said: "It is a rule of the board of trustees that students found guilty of hazing shall be dismissed from the university."

* *

One of the most noteworthy events in recent college history is the resignation of President Eliot of Harvard, to take effect May 19, 1909. He is seventy-four years of age, and is the veteran University President of the United States, having occupied the presidency of Harvard for nearly forty years. His authority on higher educational methods has probably been greater than that of any other living man.

* *

The editor of *The Savitar*, the Missouri State University Annual, announced that Mark Twain will write a sketch especially for that publication this year.

* *

Like so many other Catholic Institutions, St. Ignatius' College of Chicago is broadening out. This year it has added a new course known as the Lincoln College of Law. Marquette University has also added a college of engineering, to her curriculum.

* *

The Western Intercollegiate Basket-Ball Association held its Annual Conference, October 30, at Chicago. Two important changes were made in last year's rules. One change is to the effect that the player "dribbling" the ball should be allowed to throw for the basket as well as pass it. The second change is in regard to fouls. It was decided that a player should be

taken out of the game for five fouls, such as tripping, pushing and other rough play.

* *

Booker T. Washington, the great leader and educator of the negro, addressed the students of Oberlin University upon the problem of the uplifting of his race in America.

* *

The Indianapolis News takes this long shot at the State football championship question: "Butler, not considered a factor among the secondary colleges at the start of the present football season, now has a chance to win the state championship of the first division teams. To establish a claim to the title it would be necessary to defeat Rose on Thanksgiving Day in this city. Prior to this time, however, Notre Dame would have to defeat Indiana; it would be necessary for Wabash to trounce Notre Dame, and Indiana would have to eliminate Purdue from the race; that would make Wabash better than Notre Dame, Indiana or Purdue, and Rose has already beaten Wabash."

* *

The *Res Academicæ* has again reprinted a story from the SCHOLASTIC, "In the Storm."

* *

The Co-eds of Illinois are preparing a cook book to appear shortly after Thanksgiving.

* *

The registration of the University of Chicago this year is 4625, a gain of nearly 200 over last year. Illinois has an enrollment of 4690 against 4463 last year.

* *

On December 12, Dr. A. R. Hill will be inaugurated president of Missouri University. Professor R. C. McLaurin of Columbia University has been elected to the presidency of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology. Chancellor Andrews of Nebraska University has resigned his position, and William J. Bryan is being seriously considered as his successor.

* *

R. T. Crane, manufacturer, told the University Commercial Club of Chicago that he is "strongly of the opinion that it is a great

mistake for a young man who expects to enter upon a business career to spend his time and money in taking a course in college."

* *

Indiana has a regular rooters' organization, known as the "Howling Host." In Editorial comment the *Daily Student* comes out strong and to the point:—"The Howling Host has been a failure all season, for two reasons: no support and poor organization."

* *

The Missouri Valley Basket Ball Conference has been organized with Missouri, Kansas, Nebraska, Ames, Washington and Drake as members.

Personals.

—C. E. Franche (Minim '86 to '88) is now a permanent manufacturer of shellac varnish in Chicago. His address is 54, Orleans St.

—James V. Cunningham (LL. B., 1907) announces that he has opened offices for the general practice of law in the Title & Trust Building, Chicago.

—Francis J. Vurpillat (LL. B., 1891; Litt. B., 1892) has recently been elected Judge of the Circuit Court for Stark and Pulaski Counties. Mr. Vurpillat has the distinction of being the youngest circuit judge in the State of Indiana.

—On Nov. 18 occurred the marriage of Miss Effa Loretta Dunn to Gratton T. Stanford (Ph. B., 1904) at St. Thomas Aquinas' Church, Milwaukee. Mr. Stanford was popular in dramatics at Notre Dame and was also a member of the SCHOLASTIC-Board of editors.

—Francis J. Powers, M. D. (B. S., B. B., 1894; M. S. B., 1899), for several years a teacher in Biology at Notre Dame was with us a few days recently. After passing the competitive examinations Dr. Powers has been awarded a position of Internist at Mercy Hospital Chicago.

—Varnum A. Parish (Litt. B., 1908) and Max J. Jaraschek (LL. B., 1908) who have been touring the various countries of Europe for some months are at present in Germany enjoying the famous scenery along the Rhine. Varnum reports a good time, but

says he longs to return to Notre Dame.

—Angus D. McDonald (student 1896-1900) has been appointed auditor and secretary of the Pacific Electric and Los Angeles Inter-Urban Railway Companies. Mr. McDonald was one of our best all-around athletes, and Captain of both the baseball and football teams during one of his years at Notre Dame.

—Mr. Percy Lavin, student for some years in the Sixties, was at the University last week. He got his initiation in theatricals as a member of the St. Cecilia Society during his college days, and since that time has devoted himself to the work of the stage. At present he is dramatic instructor and has charge of the staging of plays for various managers.

—Mr. Anthony Brogan, (Litt. B. '01,) himself a most loyal and devoted alumnus, writes this of a well-known graduate: "On last Tuesday, Peter P. McElligott, Law '03, was elected to the Legislature of New York on the Democratic ticket. There is no Notre Dame man who knows what Peter has done for his college among the members of the Notre Dame Club who will not be delighted at this news. He is Secretary of the Club, and its most untiring worker. If he is one-half as loyal to his party as to his *Alma Mater* and her sons, he should some day land in the Senate of the United States."

Local Items.

—For articles lost or found see Brownson Bulletin Board.

—Bro. Alphonsus will be grateful to any person who finds and brings to him locker keys marked "2 H. Z." and "2 H. L. Z."

—Father Cavanaugh left on Tuesday last for Washington City where he delivered the sermon on the occasion of the dedication of the Memorial Pulpit of the late Dr. D. J. Stafford, pastor of St. Patrick's Church. Father Stafford's ability as a pulpit orator and the high quality of his Shakespearean interpretations have won for him the tribute of loving memory from thousands of American people. But none revered him more than we who heard his baccalaureate sermon at Notre Dame two years ago.

—FOUND:—A pair of gloves in press-room of printing-office. Owner can obtain same by applying to Brother Raphael and describing property.

—The class oratorical contest will begin Monday, Nov. 23; Senior contest, Monday 7:30 p. m.; Junior contest, Tuesday 4:30 p. m.; Sophomore contest, Tuesday 7:30 p. m.; Freshman contest, Wednesday 1:00 p. m. Winners of first and second places in these contests will meet in a semi-final contest, Friday 1:00 p. m.

—Archbishop Blenk of New Orleans, and a number of clergymen who were in attendance at the Congress this week in Chicago, visited Notre Dame on Thursday. The Archbishop addressed the collegiate department in the Senior dining-hall after dinner. He spoke at some length of his experiences in Porto Rico where he was sent as Bishop immediately after the American occupation and he paid a most excellent tribute to the "grads" of Notre Dame on the island, who rendered him yeoman service in maintaining peace among the natives during that critical period.

—Doctor Morrissey returned from the West on Thursday. He attended the recent Episcopal Jubilee Celebration of Archbishop Riordan in San Francisco, made his annual visitation at Columbia University in Portland, and returned home by way of St. Paul. In Chicago he spent two days at the Catholic Missionary Congress, which closed with a great mass meeting on Wednesday evening. Doctor Morrissey was scheduled to preach in St. Elizabeth's Church, Chicago, on Sunday evening in the interest of the Church Extension movement, but owing to delayed trains he was unable to fill the engagement.

—Owing to the nearness of the celebration to the next bi-monthly examinations, President's Day has been advanced on the calendar from the Tenth of December to the First. On that occasion the Varsity glee club will make its premier bow, and everybody is holding his breath to hear the noise. They say it's going to be loud at times, yet it will be artistic throughout. The Chesterfieldian code will be followed strictly in the matter of dress, hence at the matinee performance the warblers' high stiff and board fronts will be

left in the trunk to languish with the moth balls, and they will endeavor to harmonize their raiment with the formal air of the occasion. Opera glasses may be procured from the ushers, so don't fail to get the more subtle effects.

—Ye sturdy, chunky freshmen, arise! awake! Throw off your robes of sleep! Get the spirit of the 'thirteen class, and attend the meeting on Tuesday, Nov. 24, at 7.30 p. m., Sorin Hall. This means you, every freshman of a four-year course. The last meeting was called on the 18th and Brownson didn't show up. Little Zink was made chairman pro tem, and McGarry was made secretary by the same token. The election of officers was deferred till next week, so everybody get in on it.

(N. B. This add is a paid insertion, and in no way does it reflect the policy or sentiment of the SCHOLASTIC.—ED.)

—The engineers have organized. Good for them! Mike Stoakes will carry the transit, metaphysically speaking, of course; John Tully will do the work for him, when Mike is off on his vacation; Leo Cleary will carry the plum-bob, using the term *Plum* both literally and figuratively, for he will hold the money. Besides all this he is deputized to write the notes of the meetings. And Ed Bucher will be head axeman; that is to say, it will devolve upon him to carry the official mace for the society. Charles Baron de Lunden has been subsidized at tremendous expense to act as official photographer. The position, of course, is a sinecure and his duties are only nominal. The obvious intention of the members in employing him was to give the organization an aristocratic tone, and to this end it is stipulated in the contract that the Baron appear in full court dress at every meeting. We must needs deeply deprecate—but this is matter for an editorial rather than a news item, so look on the proper page, if you please.

—Next comes the Architects with a new society. H. W. Carr, President; Pat Walsh, Secretary; that is the net result of the election. Whether they didn't elect any other officer because Carmo Del wasn't there that night, or whether it was because he wouldn't take an office, we haven't been able to ascertain, but at any rate, Harry and Pat got the positions of trust. It is the object of the society to elevate (intellectually of course) its members—a noble purpose, indeed—and to this end the club will be addressed from time to time by the professional blue-print artists of South Bend and other architects of national reputation.