

# The Notre Dame Scholastic

·DISCE·QVASI·SEMPER·VICTVRVS· ·VIVE·QVASI·CRAS·MORITVRVS·  
F. X. A.

VOL. XLII.

NOTRE DAME, INDIANA, NOVEMBER 28, 1908.

No. 11

## A Life's Breadth.

THOMAS A. LAHEY, '11.

NEATH a dim shadowed garden wall all alone,  
Stands a beautiful rose with its petals full blown,  
And the glint of the sun in the gold of the morn  
Lights its heart like the gleam of a ruby new-born,  
And the hours glide on, and the sun drapes the sheen  
Of its soft-tinted mantle about the fair queen,  
And the rose lifts its head in pride.

From the deep of the woods gloomy shadow-forms  
creep,

On the breast of the blue tiny star candles peep,  
And the breath of a sigh seems to linger alone  
Like the dreams of some beautiful things we have  
known,

And, the pale yellow flame of the moon flickers low,  
And the winds in the wold croon a murmur of woe,  
For the rose-queen has drooped and died.

## The Fourth Eclogue.

HARRY A. LEDWIDGE, '09.



IN his Fourth Eclogue Virgil seems to celebrate the birth of a son of Pollio, the friend to whom in all probability he owed the recovery of his estate, confiscated both to reward the fortunate soldiers of Octavian and to punish the neighboring cities of Cremona and Mantua for sympathizing with Antony.

Before its composition Italy had been afflicted with great calamities, such as the war and division of lands mentioned above and a famine in corn caused by a blockhead that shut off the supply from Sicily and Egypt. On this account there was great public and private rejoicing over the treaty

of Brundisium, which, in 40 B. C., restored peace.

Antony had used Asinius Pollio as one of the ambassadors in making the treaty. Shortly after its ratification Pollio returned to Rome and entered on his consulship. About the same time a son was born to him, who is generally supposed to be the subject of this Eclogue.

In this connection it is well to remember that all the more civilized of the Gentile nations of antiquity were in vague expectation of the dawn of an era of peace and happiness, and were anticipating the advent of a great king or hero whose example and great deeds would purge out the old leaven and restore the pristine innocence of the golden age of which the modern Virgil sings:

"Summers of the snakeless meadow,  
Unlaborious earth and oarless sea."

As to the source of its inspiration there are four theories: first, that it was original; second, that it was inspired by the Sibylline books; third, that it was copied from Theocritus; fourth, that it was inspired by reading the Septuagint, particularly Isaiah.

In regard to the first theory, it is sufficient to say that it is generally admitted that Virgil lacked that finest attribute of genius, the power of creating and originating new characters and ideas. In the art of delicate assimilation he is without a peer, but in power of producing an original plot or a strong character he is sadly wanting. His *Æneid* is a copy of the *Odyssey* and *Iliad* combined; its hero, "the pious *Æneas*," is a stick, whose tears flow on all occasions, a man who leaves Creusa at the sack of Troy without a qualm, and deserts Dido, though by so doing he betrays her trust and breaks his word.

As to the second theory, the Sibylline books, as ancient writers tell us, contained distinct references to the birth of a hero who would restore the golden age. It is well known that these books were of recent date, as the older ones had been burned in the destruction of the Capitol several years previous. It will be seen that it is by no means impossible that the Divine promise of a Redeemer to the Jews may have crept into this assemblage. Anything partaking of the marvelous was readily cherished, and as nothing could be more wonderful than the redemption of a society sunk, according to its best men, in an abyss of idolatry and crime, it is possible that some garbled account of a patriotic Jew, whose nation was known to be daily expecting the advent of a Messiah, might have passed into the stream of current rumor, and at last, though in a greatly changed form took rank as a prophecy of one of the Sibyls.

With regard to the third hypothesis, the following facts present themselves. Virgil was a great imitator of Theocritus, so much so that some of his poems are little more than bald translations, although none of them lack the peculiar Virgilian smoothness and aptness of phrase. He even imports Sicilian scenery where we would expect to find Isalian. He begins his poems by invocation not of the "ruris Camenæ" as Horace does, but of "Sicelides Musæ." There is accordingly a third probability that he merely borrowed as usual from some poem of his acknowledged master.

In the Twenty-Fourth Idyl of Theocritus we find a rough parallel to the Fourth Eclogue. Both the Pollio and the Little Hercules sing of a marvelous infant. In the latter Terisias, the seer, relates how the mothers in the days to come, while spinning in the twilight of evenfall, shall sing the praises of Alcmena, and hail her as the glory of womanhood. Her child shall be the greatest of heroes, the conqueror of men and beasts, and shall bring peace to a world torn with internal dissensions, sin and crime, and when the wolf that "finds the child in its lair will not harm it." With this it is worth while to compare the "nec magnos metuent armenta leonas."

Lastly, Virgil, as may be seen from his own work, was a man of wide and curious

erudition. What is more likely than that in the course of browsing through many libraries a man who followed the Alexandrian tradition on poetry should run across a copy of the Old Testament and be struck by the prophecies concerning a Redeemer? And as poets go very far a-field at times for their subjects it is at least probable that he determined to turn the tradition to the glorification of a man to whom he was bound by ties of substantial obligation and gratitude and to whom such a tribute would be doubly gratifying since through his efforts peace had been restored to a land distracted and sick to death of civil turmoil.

As evidence of the resemblance of Virgil's story to the prophecy of Isaias we may compare the lines of the Eclogue:

"At tibi puer, prima, nullo munuscula cultu  
Errentis hederas passim cum baccare tellus  
Mixtaque ridenti colocasia fundet acantho"—

with this passage of the Prophet: "The land that was desolate and impassable shall be glad, and the wilderness shall rejoice and shall flourish like the lily, and "nec magnos metuent armenta leones" with "The wolf shall dwell with the lamb and the leopard shall lie down with the kid; the calf, the lion and the sheep shall abide together," etc.

On the whole, however, though there is evidence for each of the last three theories I do not think there is enough to give any one of them the advantage. That Virgil may have drawn from any one of these sources is probable; but it is equally probable that he drew from all three sources. It bears evidence of the Sibylline influence, for in line four the famous Cumæan Sibyl is expressly mentioned.

"Ultima cumali venitiam carminis ætas."

It is impossible to overlook the great resemblance to the Twenty-Fourth Idyl of Theocritus in view of the fact that Virgil had often borrowed from his works. But it is also true that in a general manner it departs widely from Theocritus. In it we find all the majesty of prophecy, and the tone of certainty characteristic of Isaias. There is no wonder that from the days of Constantine to the end of the middle age it was generally believed that the poet was a voice crying from the wilderness of heathendom, that he was a prophet of the long-expected Redeemer. If we with our wider knowledge and more critical spirit are more skeptical, less inclined to go to a conclusion upon insufficient warrant, we can nevertheless admit the possibility, even the probability, of the scriptural source.

## Greek in the College Curriculum.

JOHN B. McMAHON, '09.

Innovation is always regarded by some with a certain amount of suspicion. This is especially true in regard to proposed changes in the college curriculum. There has been so much change to so little good during the last decade that it is quite natural to look askance at any further mutilation of the traditional course of study. This very probably accounts for the censure which was lately visited upon certain prominent educators who in public utterance favored the substitution of a modern language for Greek in the college curriculum.

At first thought it appears inconceivable that any man cognizant of the purpose of education could argue against the retention of Greek in its present place of importance in the course of studies. For no one who has ever struggled with the intricacies of Greek syntax or puzzled himself over some fine shade of thought in one of the classical authors can deny its eminent adaptability to discipline the mind. It is one of the most difficult of studies, one well calculated, if earnestly and successfully pursued, to train the mind. In addition to this its mastery opens up for the scholar one of the most artistic of literatures, one that is replete with beautiful thought for the poet, great lessons for the aspiring statesman and splendid examples and models for the orator. In the face of all this, how can one reasonably contend against the pursuit of Greek as a study in our modern institutions of learning? Obviously not on grounds derogatory either to Greek literature or the advantages attendant upon a thorough mastery of the tongue.

The objection to the further retention of Greek in its present place, arises from the very difficulty which makes its earnest study so good a means of mental discipline. For owing to this, very few of the many who undertake the study ever master it sufficiently to possess the key to the valuable Hellenic literature. It can not escape the observing teacher that the ordinary college course in Greek is much exaggerated in importance, and leads only to the ability

to laboriously and inaccurately translate a few lines of easy Greek prose. This surely is not mastery. Such ability does not constitute a key to the literature, and in his search for thought or lessons, the Greek student in our colleges will in later life, if not now, search for them in the English translations. It must be admitted that a better understanding of English may come from even the limited Greek vocabulary which a year's study of Greek provides; for these words are in many instances the roots of many English words, especially technical terms. But if this were accepted as proper grounds for the retention of Greek in its present place it would be a valid argument for the devotion of some time to a study of Sanscrit, Gaelic and Low German, since these too have been factors in the development of present-day English.

Under ordinary conditions only a certain amount of time can be devoted to college life by the American boy. The question is Which studies will it be most profitable for him to pursue within his term? We are told that the same time that is now given to difficult Greek language, resulting in such a low degree of proficiency, would, if devoted to a less difficult modern language, give a greater degree of proficiency in a practical and useful tongue.

In this light the seemingly heterodox views of these modern educators appear more tenable. And while every university should provide courses in Greek—and all of them do—it appears unwise to emphasize, as has been done by many, the importance of Greek as an educational factor. A fair knowledge of a practical language, it would seem, even if accompanied by a little less discipline, is much to be preferred to a smattering of the more difficult Greek, and would result in a much better equipment for the battle of life.

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 Hidden Currents.

Mute thoughts that blossom  
 In the garden of a soul  
 With grace and beauty  
 The dark hours of life control:  
 Nor fade nor wither  
 In the passing of a day,  
 But guide forever  
 In a silent, hidden way.

O. A. S.

## Monsieur De Witt's Little Plot.

THEODORE G. MAYER.

"Special delivery letter for you, sir."

I wheeled about in my office-chair and took the envelope from the call-boy who had brought it. He hesitated somewhat in the doorway and looked at me.

"Here you are, my lad, here is something for you," I said, tossing him a dime. With a "Thank you, sir," he went his way.

I looked at the letter. It was not a strange one. I had often received that sort of a letter, but the handwriting seemed familiar to me. I proceeded to open it, and read as follows:

"Dear Sir:—Please call at the following address this evening between seven and eight. Do not send one of your agents, but call in person. M. De Witt.

Flat E., 217 Lake St."

I carelessly put the letter back into the envelope, and thought over the last sentence, "Do not send one of your agents, but call in person." What object could the writer have in preferring me to one of my expert men? This sort of invitation naturally aroused some distrust, and at first I resolved to ignore it, or wait till I got something more definite. But the interest of a summons of this kind made me curious, and I made up my mind to answer it "in person."

The matter was on my mind the whole day, and I was unable to distract myself from it. Late in the afternoon I closed my office and walked slowly down the thronged street to a neighboring restaurant. I tried every available method to recreate myself as a preparation for the evening's venture, but with no success. Recollections of similar situations, some of them of sad consequence, crowded into my mind in quick succession. Despite my determination, my professional spirit taunted me with timidity, and this confirmed me in my resolve to take whatever risk might be awaiting me.

About 7:15 I stopped a cab and gave the driver the address. From the busy streets we went into the quiet ones, and from the quiet ones into desolate ones. After a ride of some twenty minutes the driver brought his horse to a stop, and getting down from his seat opened the door.

"Is this the place, Mister?" I asked the man.

"Sure and it is, sor.. This is 217 Lake Street," he replied.

"Well, you just wait here for a space and you can take me back."

"Just as ye say, sor," he answered, taking a blanket and throwing it over the horse.

I walked up the stairway and pushed the button. Almost instantaneously the door opened and a servant greeted me. Somewhat surprised at the promptness with which my call was answered I inquired,

"Is Monsieur De Witt here?"

"Monsieur De Witt? certainly. Would you like to see him?"

"Yes, if you will kindly show me to him."

I followed the servant up three flights of stairs and through a long dark hallway. At last he halted before a door.

"This is his room, sir," and straightway left me. A sort of uneasy feeling attacked me, at this rather unusual manner of ceremony. But I repressed it quickly and rapped at the door, which was promptly opened by a gentleman whom I took and found to be M. De Witt. He was a short man and somewhat heavy set. He had black hair and wore a small, pointed goatee and moustache of the same color. He did not, however, have the dark eyes characteristic of a Frenchman, but in their stead girlish, blue ones. He was a very pleasant-looking man and greeted me warmly by shaking my hand. Again, as in the case of his handwriting, his face seemed very familiar to me. But I could not recall where I had seen him.

"Ah, Monsieur, I did not zink you were coming," he said with a pronouncedly French accent.

"You see I was somewhat delayed by the slowness of the cab."

"You are ze President of ze Globe Detective Company, are you not?"

"Yes sir, I am."

"You will excuse me a few minutes while I get a paper, will you not, Monsieur?"

"Certainly," I replied with as much politeness in the word as he expressed in his."

He left the room somewhat slowly and I was alone. The moment I had entered the room I had been somewhat dazed at the

elegance with which it was furnished. A large chandelier hung from the centre of the ceiling, the lights of which were surrounded by red globes and gave forth a dull, ruddy light. A huge mahogany table was directly under this chandelier with a pack of cards arranged upon it. The man had apparently been playing solitaire before my arrival. The walls were covered with a rich red-colored paper and the floor was cushioned with a thick plush carpet of the same color. Directly opposite me on one of the walls was a large oil painting of Mephistopholes who regarded me with a fiendish grin. In one corner, a stuffed owl perched over a small cabinet and stared blankly up at the picture. About two feet below the ceiling was a shelf-like border, encircling the entire room. Upon this border was a countless number of miniature busts of noted men. My observations were here interrupted by the re-entrance of M. De Witt.

"Monsieur, I could not find ze paper I wanted, but I zink we can get along without it."

"May I enquire the cause for all this?" I said, somewhat impatient to learn the object of my mission.

"I was just coming to zat, Monsieur. You zee, Monsieur, I expect a man on zis evening's train. Now I want you to watch for him and follow him, and then return directly and let me know—"

"Yes, but how will I know the man when I—"

"Wait a minute, Monsieur, I was just about to explain," he said, somewhat irritated at my interruption. "As I could not find ze paper giving a picture of him, I will have to give you a description. I can not describe his face to you for certain reasons, but he is tall, and generally wears a black plug hat and a long grey coat."

"Yes, sir, but there may be more than one man wearing that sort of dress in a train load of passengers," I answered somewhat surprised at his brief description.

"Ha! ha! ha! Never fear, you will find him. Now be off, as ze train arrives in a half-hour."

"But, Monsieur, you did not as yet tell me at what station I am to look for him."

"Zat is right, I forgot all about zat. He comes in at ze great Northern Station. Now

you follow out my instructions and I will pay you well."

"And is this all the details I am to have?" I asked.

"Zat is sufficient for the present. You will have no difficulty and no danger," he assured me.

"Monsieur, I would like to ask what your object was in sending for me and not having one of my agents do the work?" I said annoyed at the simplicity of the case.

"Because, my man, because you are ze only man in zis city whom I could use. You will find out ze reason a little later," he replied smiling broadly. "But now you had better be going as you have not much time."

I had put on my hat and started toward the door when he called me:

"Stay, won't you have a glass of wine?"

"You are very kind, Monsieur, but I really don't care for any," I said, being somewhat suspicious.

"Oh, very well, if you won't have any," he answered, "but perhaps you will take some another time."

I returned to my cab and found my driver economizing the delay in a good sound nap. I shook him vigorously.

"Drive me to the great Northern and be quick," I ordered.

"Sure, and I will sor," he said drowsily. After riding several minutes in that lonely district, we again came into the busy section of the town. For a moment I was almost dazed, when we turned down the main avenue, by the glare of the countless lights. I felt again that I was in a section where there was some life, when I heard the clatter of hoofs as they clicked on the hard stone pavement, the clanging of street-cars, the hoarse tooting of automobile horns, and above all the loud cries of the newsboy,

"Evening poiper, sir. Extra evening poiper. All about the great murder."

The last two words which I caught distinctly meant something to me—"great murder." Was this M. De Witt connected with it? Could it be that he had a hand in it and was trying to mislead me, or, by far worse, to entrap me? I was bethinking myself of how I might foil his schemes, when we drew up at the great Northern.

I paid the driver, and proceeded toward the gigantic iron gate, through which I knew

all the passengers must come. I took up a position where I could see every person as they came through. After a few minutes the train glided up before the depot and stopped, panting, directly in front of the gate. The very first man that got off wore a black plug and a long grey coat. My heart leaped within me. "There's my man," I thought, and watched him closely. The place being poorly lighted, I could not discern his face with any satisfaction, but nevertheless, I felt certain that he was the man. He seemed a little excited, I thought, and passing hurriedly through the depot he entered a carriage. I returned quickly to the cab in which I had come and instructed the driver to follow the carriage which was just moving away in front of us. He gathered up his reins, and we were off.

At length I was suddenly interrupted in the meditation into which I had fallen by the abrupt stop of my carriage. I left the vehicle, and saw the other cab we followed directly opposite me on the other side of the street, and to my amazement it had stopped in front of the very house where I had received my orders.

The situation was so sudden that I rather hesitated, but when I saw the man enter the house, I felt to see that my artillery was ready to hand, and then followed after him. I was prepared for almost any development. I questioned the servant where the man had gone, and he told me that he had taken him up to M. De Witt's room.

"Show me up to his room," I said somewhat excitedly. I felt a little nervous as I followed the servant. I again made sure of the revolvers.

As I entered the room I saw the two men shaking hands and laughing loudly. The little Frenchman was nowhere to be seen, but in his place was the same small man, only he had lost black hair, moustache and goatee. And! I recognized him! It was Jack Walton. I also recognized the man I had followed, Joe Merrill. They were my college chums. They looked at me and laughed, but the disillusion was so sudden that I could neither laugh nor talk. Grasping me by the hand, Jack said:

"A lot of work but a good joke; eh, Fred?" All I could say was:

"Well I'll be hanged."

## Varsity Verse.

### GET CURED.

There are many wily swindlers  
In this world of ruthless graft,  
There are men who'd steal from children  
Or who'd forge a money draft.  
There are some who'd rob a poor-box,  
But the worst of all the pack  
Is the man of patent remedies,  
The good-for-nothing quack.

He will cure consumption for you  
By applying "Oil of Hope;"  
He will make hair grow on bald spots  
Giving you internal dope.  
He will cure your warts and bunions  
And relieve rheumatic pain  
With the same pink pills, and eye-wash  
He will give to cure a sprain.

If you've got the chills and fever  
He'll put cold cream on your nose  
If you have appendicitis  
He'll put sulphur on your toes,  
He'll sell tooth-paste for a headache  
And put plasters on your back  
If you've cut your face while shaving  
Or your stomach's out of whack.

Soothing Syrup, he will tell you,  
Will take boils and freckles off  
Cascarets are good for gall-stones,  
Talcum powder for a cough.  
And there's Mrs. Pink's Peruna  
That will cure the baby's ills,  
Then for helping your complexion  
He will give you Liver Pills.

And if none of these will help you  
Why, your health he'll re-install  
Just by Mrs. Winslow's Tablets:  
They'll cure anything at all.  
So, my friend, if you'd be happy,  
If your health you would gain back,  
If you'd save your life and money,  
Just avoid the 'cure-all' quack.

G. J. F

### IF JIMMY HAD HIS WAY.

Thanksgiving Day  
Would come to stay,  
If little Jimmy had his "rights."  
And cooks would bake  
Sufficient cake,  
And boys could feed their appetites  
On pumpkin pies  
Of monstrous size,  
If little Jimmy had his "rights."  
With turkey meat  
And lots to eat—  
If little Jimmy had his way,—  
With lots of boys  
And lots of noise,  
Why they'd be happy all the day,  
And ev'ryone  
Should share the fun,  
If little Jimmy had his say.

T. A. L.



## A Protest by Bigotry.

MICHAEL A. MATHEIS, '10.

President Roosevelt's letter on religion in politics has been the occasion of much editorial comment. In substance the letter is an answer to certain correspondents who during the campaign repeatedly demanded a statement from Mr. Taft of his religious belief, and in this answer, the President sets forth as the only basis of eligibility for public office the common one of American citizenship. Besides declaring that a man's religious belief is a private concern of his own conscience, the President points out that a demand for a religious statement from a candidate is meaningless unless it is made for the purpose of discrimination on account of creed. He adds: "Discrimination against the holder of one faith means retaliatory discrimination against men of other faiths." "Such controversy," says the President, "has been fatal to true liberty. A citizen has a right to know that a candidate is clean in character and qualified for office; but he is not entitled to know matters that lie between that man and his Maker."

Since its publication on Nov. 9, the President's letter has received the unanimous approbation of the press and of Americans at large, who see in it an expression of the American attitude on this subject. The President asserted that the days of bigotry are gone, and the general approval accorded his letter would seem to indicate that most people thought so too. But the President, the press and Americans in general have all been too hasty. That monstrosity of ignorance animated by traditional prejudice has turned up again. In an open letter to President Roosevelt the Evangelical Lutheran ministers of New York set forth that they agree with him that no discrimination should be made on account of the religious views of Jews Unitarians, Methodists or any other religionists—except Catholics. Of course they had to offer some reason for their exception and so they revived and offered the old worn-out calumny—last utilized as a slogan, but to no avail—by the American Protective Association—that a Catholic could not be a loyal citizen.

To go into a lengthy refutation of this foolish calumny is altogether unnecessary, because those acquainted with the facts know that a Catholic can be not only a loyal American citizen, but that if he is a good Catholic he will be only the more loyal as a citizen, as the citizenship of approximately 17,000,000 Catholics in this country to-day attests. To attempt to enlighten the bigot with these facts would be a foolhardy undertaking, for, as the *Boston Pilot* observes, "A bigot is a bigot and as such is impervious to reason."

The Presbyterian ministers of New York, after a stormy discussion, refused to go on record as endorsing the sentiments expressed by their Lutheran brethren. "A narrow escape, truly, from unconscious stultification," says an Omaha Paper. "We are not surprised that the President's letter smoked out a few bigots. The feelings voiced by the New York Lutherans is far from dead in this land, though few care to express it openly."

The fact that this sectarian opposition to everything Catholic is seldom paraded, shows that bigotry is branded now even by bigots. It is true, that the Lutherans of New York openly professed their bigotry, but the scorching they received on all sides at the hands of public opinion will serve as a memorable lesson to them and all such. They will probably be less forward in the future in obtruding upon a sensible public their antiquated nonsense. To insinuate upon the intelligence of a people with eyes, that a Catholic can not be an American, or that the Catholic faith, or any association therewith, renders a man unfit for office of public trust is a large undertaking even for patriotic Lutheran evangelists in convention assembled. Old-fashioned bigotry is not dead, but its back is badly broken, and another venture or two like the recent one will terminate it in so far as any practical consequence may be concerned.

THE substance of true politeness is simple Christian charity. Far better is it to put your knife into your mouth at table than to remark—unless from a regrettable necessity—that you saw some one else do so.—Ego.

Johnny Forget.

GEORGE J. FINNIGAN, '10.

(A Tragedy in Four Scenes.)

PLACE—Chicago. TIME—1908.

*Dramatis Personæ.*

MRS. SNOW.—A woman who keeps her word.

JOHNNY.—Proud of his Memory.

MR. MOLE.—Keeper of a department store.

THREE KIDS.—Johnny's playmates.

SCENE I.—Mrs. Snow's front yard. Mrs. Snow at door calling.

MRS. SNOW.

Johnny! Johnny! come here, I say.

JOHNNY—(coming around corner.)

Oh ma! I wish you'd let me play.

MRS. SNOW. I want you to go straight down to the store

To get me a dozen of things or more;  
So just get a paper and pencil, and set  
These things right down, so you won't  
forget.

JOHNNY. O say, ma, don't make me write  
them all down,

I never forget when I go to town.

MRS. SNOW. All right, as you please, but  
remember the stick

Will hurt if you dare forget. Be quick.  
Go down to that man who sells all kinds  
of stuff

And get me ten cents' worth of good black  
snuff,

And tell him I want a Vanilla bean  
Thrown in, and a box of polish to clean  
The stove, and a dozen of eggs fresh laid,  
Two loaves of bread, I want home-made,  
Some Mellon's Food, for the baby's sick,  
A pail of pure leaf lard, a brick  
Of farmer's butter, some Blue Jay salve  
To cure my corns, and you'd better have  
Him deliver a ton of coal, if he will,  
And a cord of wood, and bring the bill.

JOHNNY (boasting).

Why, ma, your order is very small

And I'll have it delivered in no time at all.

MRS. SNOW (threateningly.) Forget, and  
you know what will happen to you.

JOHNNY (going.)

I never forget—now, you'll see if I do.

SCENE II.—(Corner of Pike Street. Johnny  
meets some of his young friends.)

1ST KID. Hello Johnny Snow.

2D KID. Come on and play.

JOHNNY. I can't.

3D KID. Why not?

JOHNNY. I'm on my way  
To the store for my mother.

2D KID. Oh! Gee! I guess

I'm glad we don't have to run errands,  
kids.

THE OTHER KIDS (emphatically). Yes.

3D KID.

We're going out to play on Wilson's Height.

JOHNNY (tauntingly). Mr. Wilson won't let  
you?

KIDS. He said we might.

1ST KID.

And we're going to have a real battle, see!

JOHNNY (boldly). You kids can't fight. I  
can lick the whole three

KIDS (excitedly). All three at once?

JOHNNY (backing down). No, one at a time.

2D KID (defiantly). Come on and try it.

JOHNNY (thoroughly scared).

Not now, 'cause I'm

In too much of a rush (bravely) or I'd  
close your lids.

(over his shoulder as he goes off.)

And some other time I'll lick you, kids.

(The kids start for Johnny, but he gets  
away.)

JOHNNY (To himself).

I wish I had all the whole day free,

But I've got to hurry; now, let me see.

Ten cents' worth of Vanilla snuff

And she wants a good black bean, sure  
enough;



Some polish to box the stove a bit,  
And a brick of pure leaf lard, that's it.  
A dozen of eggs that have all been laid,  
A bottle of Mellon's food, home-made.  
Some Gay Blue Salve that will surely stick,  
Two loaves of bread, for the baby's sick,  
A pail of farmer's butter that's good,  
A cord of coal and a ton of wood.  
I never need to write things down,  
'Cause I never forget when I come to town.

SCENE III.

(*Mole's Department Store. Johnny standing within gazing wistfully at the toys.*)

JOHNNY. I wish I had an automobile  
That would run alone when you turn a wheel,  
Or a train of cars and a fire team,  
And an engine that works when you use real steam.

I don't have playthings or time to play,  
But just run errands for ma all day.  
There's one thing of which I'm glad, you bet,

And that thing is that I never forget.

MR. MOLE (*coming up to Johnny*).

Well, my boy, what can I get for you?  
Just hurry and tell me, I've much to do.

JOHNNY.

My mother just sent me, Mister Mole,  
To get ten cents' worth of farmer's coal,

MR. MOLE. What!

JOHNNY. Yes, and a cord of pure leaf snuff,  
'cause the baby's sick.

MR. MOLE (*excitedly*). What?

JOHNNY (*wondering what's the matter*).

Yes, sure enough,

And two bricks of bread that have just been laid,

And a ton of eggs—she wants home made;  
Some salve to make the stove look blue,  
And a loaf of Mellon's food, and for you  
To send her some butter beans that are good,

A box of Vanilla, a bottle of wood.

MR. MOLE (*starting toward Johnny*).

Get out of this store, or I'll boot you out,  
And the next time you come, know what you're about.

Don't stand there, but hike, and no more ado.

JOHNNY. Don't—

MR. MOLE (*seizes Johnny*).

Yes, get out, or I'll kick—(*puts him out.*)

JOHNNY (*on outside*). Boo! Hoo!

SCENE IV.—(*Mrs. Snow standing in door waiting for Johnny. Johnny comes running up empty handed.*)

MRS. SNOW.

Where are the things that I sent you for?

JOHNNY (*breathless from running*).

Why, Mr. Mole put me right out of the store.

MRS. SNOW. He did?

JOHNNY. Yes!

MRS. SNOW (*indignantly*). What for?

JOHNNY. Why, ma, I don't know.

When I gave him your order he told me to go

Or he'd kick me out.

MRS. SNOW (*Unable to believe her ears*).

Well for gracious sakes,

(*on second thought.*)

But, say, are you sure that you made no mistakes?

JOHNNY.

I never forget when I order your stuff.

I told him you wanted some farmer's snuff,

A cord of lard, 'cause the baby's sick,

A bucket of salve, some corns, and a brick

Of polished eggs—

MRS. SNOW (*angrily*).

What! What's that you say?

JOHNNY. Ma, don't look so cross, and I told him the pay

He should bring right up, and some coal, home-made,

And some pure Mellon's bread and a stove just laid,

MRS. SNOW (*wrathfully*). You did?

JOHNNY (*sees that something is wrong, but doesn't know what it is.*)

Yes, ma, and Vanilla that's good

A bottle of beans and a pail of wood.

(*Mrs. Snow takes up a stick and seizes Johnny by the collar.*)

JOHNNY (*beginning to shake*).

O ma, what's the matter?

MRS. SNOW (*Turning him over*).

You little clown

I'll teach you, the next time, to write things down.

(*Quick and strong action. Curtain descends, loud cracks being heard with which are mingled cries of "ma! ma!"*)

# Notre Dame Scholastic

Published every Saturday during Term Time at the  
University of Notre Dame.

Entered as second-class matter at the Post Office, Notre Dame, Ind.

Terms: \$1.50 per Annum. Postpaid.

Address: THE EDITOR NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC.  
Notre Dame, Indiana.

Notre Dame, Indiana, November 28, 1908,

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—Apropos of the interest in public speaking that is being evidenced in the college just at present, we wish to call attention to an editorial comment in a recent *Anent Oratory*. issue of *The Outlook* on the American Voice. The writer states that "The voice is the instrument of the spirit," and leads us to infer that in proportion to the training of the voice will the speaker find expression for his sentiments and reveal his personality. The correct modulation and gradation of the voice will secure "complete transference from mind to mind of thoughts, emotions and influence, the crude voice makes a monotony of Hamlet's soliloquy, while a trained voice brings out a world of meaning and thought." These remarks should suggest to him who has an eye on the Breen Medal that voice training is conducive to victory.

—"The oratorical effort of a lifetime, not a defense, not an apology, but a thundering, aggressive, exultant challenge," are the words used by a Chicago daily paper to describe the speech of Burke **Mr. Cockran's Speech.** Cockran delivered before the American Catholic Missionary Congress. For that speech Mr. Cockran deserves the gratitude and thanks of every

Catholic in the country. If he had not been awarded the Latare Medal long ago, he would certainly deserve it now, for that speech, uttered from the heart by a Catholic layman in behalf of his Church, certainly can not fail of effect. Mr. Cockran is a champion of whom we may well be proud. He has done something more than adduce a few facts of history that point to the glory of the Church. He has boldly taken up from the arena the gauntlet thrown down by the Lutheran ministers of Brooklyn. He has answered adequately the flagrant, though by no means novel, charge preferred by these same narrow ministerial beings against the Catholics of America. He demonstrated that the American Catholic could not only be a good citizen, but that he always had been one; that American democracy rests on the Magna Charta as ultimate foundation—the guarantee of rights wrested from a tyrant by a Catholic prelate. Would that we had many more men of the Cockran type; men who know the truth and right, and who possess the courage to fight for them fearlessly and uncompromisingly. The time is over-ripe for the Catholic student to delve into history, and then come forth with the facts. The facts are there in abundance, and need only a man of power and courage to make them speak.

—That the old-time custom of curfew is not entirely antiquated is evidenced by the adoption of it in a Catholic parish in Pennsylvania. The fact that late hours **Curfew.** have a tendency to demoralize youth and to bring even exemplary children under the baneful influences that are sure to be encountered on the streets at night, has led to the re-establishment of curfew in this parish. Curfew, while the mention of it may call up visions of knickerbockered, buckled-shoed Puritans, filled a need which in our day is sorely in want of attention. Where children are permitted to romp on the streets after dark until late hours there is certain, sooner or later, to be evidence of moral injury. Worse still, these unfortunates communicate the evil influence they have imbibed to the children raised in better families, with whom they associate. It is thus the evil has been propagated and the streets of our large cities thronged with criminals. Many

parents do not realize the danger to which they expose their children in permitting them to run at large all hours of the night. A loud curfew at a reasonable hour serves as reminder, and obedience rigorously enforced will prove most conducive to both moral and physical health. The example set by the pastor in Pennsylvania is worthy of imitation.

—At last a concerted effort is being made to arouse and cultivate public interest in the subject of tuberculosis. A National Association for the Study and Prevention of Tuberculosis has been formed whose object is to educate the public on this head. Thinking it best to begin at the bottom they are introducing into the public schools textbooks upon this disease with a view to its prevention in the coming generation. Open air classes have been provided for consumptive children where they receive the usual instruction in an environment suited to their needs and to the protection of healthy children from contagion. That this is no imaginary danger may be inferred from the fact that at least two per cent of the children in the larger city schools are infected. As the ventilation is often poor the frequent rebreathing of contaminated air inevitably spreads the contagion, and it takes an unshakable hold upon its victims. The prevalence of this plague shows how great is the need of just such a society to direct intelligently the campaign against this "white death."

—At the last meeting of Harvard University's trustees, Dr. Charles W. Eliot, the venerable president of that institution announced his retirement, to take effect in April, 1909.

Bishop Spalding. For forty years, Dr. Eliot has guided the destinies of Harvard, and now it is said he wishes to surrender control before it can be said of him that he has outlived his usefulness. During Dr. Eliot's administration, Harvard's attendance has increased from one thousand to five thousand and a corresponding improvement has been effected in her academic curricula. She has raised her head, till once more a front rank is accorded her among

educational institutions of America, and it is to Dr. Eliot that Harvard must turn to bestow the crown for services rendered. Well may Harvard feel pride in such a man.

Another name has recently gone on the retired list: the name of one quite as closely, though, perhaps, not so manifestly, allied with the educational development of our country, Bishop John Lancaster Spalding, of Peoria.

It is doubtful whether there be two men living whose influence in American educational progress has been more widely felt than Dr. Eliot and Bishop Spalding, yet their aims were vastly different. Both were altruists. But Dr. Eliot's ambition has been to build up Harvard; Bishop Spalding's to bring to the youth of America a sense of the grave responsibilities resting upon him and to help him bear that burden by the instrument of education. That the former has succeeded in his purpose, the new Harvard amply testifies. But Bishop Spalding's success can not be given full measure by the standards of man. Were we to take up the record of his life and discover each instance where a young man beset by temptation has heeded his words; were it in our power to number the exemplary Christian lives that were turned into the right course by his public lectures or his essays in defense of truth and right, then, perhaps, we should be able to venture a judgment as to the extent of his success. But it is God's task, not man's. Proudly indeed may Harvard revere the memory of her distinguished president, for it is a brilliant retrospection. But it is not her privilege to cherish the love of one who was in the service, not of the head alone, but of the heart as well, and that, not merely in the interest of a university, but of humanity.

#### Athletic Notes.

##### M. A. C. WINS CROSS COUNTRY.

Coach Maris held the first cross country run of the year last Saturday, runners being entered by Michigan "Aggies," De Pauw and Notre Dame. Tillison of the "Aggies" picked off the honors, covering the distance in the remarkably fast time of twenty-nine minutes and twelve seconds. The course was a little

over five miles in length, extending north from Cartier field in the shape of a rectangle. The finish was made in front of the bleachers on Cartier.

The Varsity runners showed up well, the work of Steers and Graham being especially noteworthy. Tillison took the lead at the start and maintained it to the finish, although he was hard pushed by Steers, who was less than fifty yards behind at the tape. All the men finished, but the fast pace set by the Lansing speed artist proved too much for them. Coach Maris expressed himself as well pleased with the showing of his men. De Pauw had two men entered, but the best they could do was to land fourth place. A silver cup was presented to the winner as a trophy, while the other participants were awarded medals.

The men crossed the tape as follows:—Tillison, M. A. C., first; Steers, N. D., second; Graham, N. D., third; Meyers, De Pauw, fourth; Sommerville, De Pauw, fifth; Ben Oriel, N. D., sixth; Scholl, N. D., seventh; Brady, N. D., eighth; Gunster, N. D., ninth; McCafferty, N. D., tenth.

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Corby and St. Joe Halls clashed on Cartier Field last Monday, and after the fiercest battle waged on the field this year, Coach Ryan's men nosed out a victory over the Corbyites by a score of 16-15. Both teams were keyed up to the highest pitch, and fought every inch of the way. The attack of both elevens showed a variety of plays which gave much opportunity for individual work of a high order. The team-work of both contestants revealed careful training, the work of the St. Joe backfield in the second half probably being the best exhibition that any hall team has put up this year.

When it comes to picking out the stars of the afternoon the honors must go to Mehlen, Schrader, and Fish of Corby, and to McGraw, Funk and Zink of St. Joe. Mehlen is by far the premier punter of the year among the inter-hallers, several of his kicks going over fifty yards. His work in returning punts and carrying the leather was also spectacular. Schrader and Fish were strong in the ground-gaining department, and showed up well on defense. McGraw did probably the best all-around work for St. Joe. He was in every play, punctured the opposing line for con-

sistent gains, and was the man on the spot when it came to downing the opposing runner. Funk hammered the Corby line for big gains, and his defensive work was also a strong asset to his team. "Little" Zink wielded the big stick in the tackling department, and brought his man down with an accuracy and force seldom seen in a hall contest. He also skirted the ends for substantial gains.

Corby started off like winners and scored soon after the opening of hostilities by blocking a kick and falling upon the ball behind the St. Joe goal. Corby failed to kick goal, but Schrader annexed four more points soon afterward by kicking a goal from placement from the thirty-yard line. The next tally came in the form of a safety, St. Joe being thrown behind their own goal after recovering a blocked kick.

St. Joe made their first touchdown by carrying the ball from the center of the field on a neatly executed forward pass, and line-bucks by Funk interspersed by end-runs by Zink and McGraw. Kane failed at goal. The half ended with the score 15-5, Schrader adding the finishing touches by a drop-kick from the thirty-five-yard line.

The talk handed out to the St. Joe squad by coaches Ryan and Duffy between the halves seemed to instill new spirit into the men, for Corby failed to tally in the second period. St. Joe boosted their score to ten points by blocking a punt on the forty-yard line, and forcing the ball down the field on a series of end-runs and line-bucks by Funk. Kane again failed at goal. McSweeney tied up the count by recovering Kane's punt on the twenty-yard line and dashing across the line. McGraw put St. Joe in the lead by kicking the only goal of the day.

Corby came back strong, however, on the kick-off, and two sensational end-runs by Mehlen brought the ball from the center of the field to the eight-yard line, but they could not shove it over the line. Three times Corby plunged at the opposing line, but the ball was still a yard away from the line when it went over to St. Joe on downs just as the whistle announced the end.

#### The Summary.

St. Joe		Corby
Burke	L. E.	Summers
Finnigan, Hagerty	L. T.	Doonan, J. White
O'Brien	L. G.	Morris
J. O'Brien	C.	Oelrich
McSweeney	R. G.	Ditton, Hebner
Rutkowski	R. T.	O'Brien
Quinn, Zink	R. E.	Devine
Donahoe, Kane	Q. B.	Mehlen
McGraw	L. H.	Foley, White
Zink, Funk	R. H.	Fish
Funk, Finnigan	F. B.	Schrader
Touchdowns—Fish, 2; McSweeney. Goal—McGraw.		
Goals from field—Schrader, Funk, 2. Safety—Corby.		
Referee—Dwyer. Umpire—Ruel. Head linesman—Mc-		
Donough. Time of halves—twenty minutes.		

NOTRE DAME, 6; MARQUETTE, 0.

The valiant Varsity squad deciphered the Marquette difficulty at Milwaukee on Thanksgiving, 6 to 0, and terminated the '08 season with the N. D. goal line uncrossed. When the team left for the battle on Wednesday the prospect was dubious, to say the least, and the event showed the Marquette men worthy of our very best effort, but from all accounts, the contest must have given evidence of a measure of N. D. superiority. The team was accorded an enthusiastic reception upon their arrival in Milwaukee. The handsome roll of gate-receipts vouch for the size and the interest of the crowd that witnessed the spectacle. Thus the final venture has turned out in every way the crowning success of a most successful season. The details of the trip and game will be furnished in next week's issue.

#### At Other Colleges.

Miss Janet Fenimore will represent Earlham College at the State Oratorical contest this year.

De Pauw University has a new library. In March, 1905, Andrew Carnegie promised \$50,000 for the erection of a library building provided an equal sum was raised for maintaining the same. The proposition was accepted, and on October 30 of this year, the building was dedicated. On the same day Francis J. McConnell was elected to the presidency of the University by the board of trustees.

"The Expiation," a drama in three acts, together with a farce, "The Office Seekers," were presented with great success at several performances by the Dramatic Association of St. Mary's Institute, Dayton, Ohio.

The McMaster University Monthly is carrying on two prize story competitions. One is limited to graduates of Arts and Theology since 1895, and the second to all others who have attended McMaster. Two prizes are offered, ten and five dollars for the best and second best story, respectively. Another contest is for undergraduates, with three prizes: 1st, ten dollars; 2d, five; 3d, three.

Harvard has opened a new graduate school of business administration. Chicago University has also added a new department, the Consular School.

At the University of Michigan a movement is on foot to buy the Majestic Theatre, the best playhouse at Ann Arbor, and use it solely for the production of university dramas. A university theatre is greatly needed because much inconvenience has been experienced in the past in making arrangements with outside theatres for the production of university plays.

Indiana University students get credit in the course of journalism for their work on The Daily Student. The aim of the system is to induce students to do practical newspaper work while in school. Editors get two hours credit and reporters get one.

Columbia University has a "Committee on Employment for Students," that concerns itself with procuring work for students. It was started in 1895 and has been a success ever since. During the year 1907-1908 the committee secured 323 positions for students who applied for aid, and the amount earned through its efforts was over twenty-eight thousand dollars.

The School of Agriculture at Purdue will hold its seventh annual Farmers' Short Course, January 11-16, 1909. The aim of the course is to give corn-growers, stockmen, dairymen and horticulturists instruction in their respective occupations. The course consists of lectures and demonstrations, and is given in connection with the State Corn and Fruit Show. That the work is popular and of great practical value is borne out by the fact that more than 3500 people have taken the course during the past three years.

On last Monday the students at the University of Chicago held a large celebration in honor of the "western champions," and presented a watch to "Walter Steffen, the greatest captain" Chicago football has ever known.

A novel football excursion is planned by

Missouri State University students. It is to be by boat, up the Missouri river to Kansas City, for the Thanksgiving Day game with Kansas University.

\* \*

President Elect, W. H. Taft, is the son-in-law of the Hon. J. W. Herron, President of the Board of Trustees, Miami University.

\* \*

Chicago University has chosen her debating teams that will meet Northwestern and Michigan on January 15.

\* \*

Six men of the Illinois eleven played their last game of football last Saturday. Captain Forest Clyde Van Hook is one of the "unhappy six."

\* \*

The Junior class at Indiana has decided to wear corduroys—not plain everyday plebeian corduroys, but real, genteel silver grays with red leather cuffs.

\* \*

Through the loyalty and generosity of the "old boys," St. Mary's College, California, has a new, modern, well-equipped gymnasium.

\* \*

Senator La Follette lectured at Northwestern on Hamlet recently.

\* \*

A course in Esperanto has been added to the curriculum of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, as has also been done at Northwestern, Chicago and Wisconsin.

\* \*

Coach Nicol of Purdue has signed a five-year contract with the Athletic Association of the University. He has been at Purdue for three successful years as baseball coach and general director of athletics.

\* \*

That not all professors are absolutely and unquestionably opposed to hazing is evidenced by the words of Professor Kleinsmid, of De Pauw. "Many boys come from our high schools into college feeling their importance very much. The very best remedy for this self esteem would be to catch such boys when they come out in their best bib and tuck and duck them in the creek."

## Personals.

—Harry P. Barry (LL. B. 1901) is located at Beaumont, Texas, with the law firm of Duff & Duff.

—Michael P. Hannin (C. E., 1893) is now engaged in general contract work for street paving in the vicinity of Toledo, Ohio.

—Noble B. Dillday, student 1605-6, visited the University this week. Noble is now pursuing a medical course at the Chicago College of Dental Surgery.

—John and Peter Kuntz (students from 1893-7) are in the lumber business with offices in Dayton, Ohio. They are recognized as prominent young business men.

—Jobson Paradis, Professor of Art at the University for several years, is now at Montreal, Canada, where he is following his chosen profession of instructor in art.

—George Krug, commercial 1906, and his brother Albert (Litt. B., '02) are in the baking business with their father at Dayton, Ohio. Their bakery is the largest in Southern Ohio.

—William Carroll (student 1906-8) is in his father's office in the National Cash Register Works in Dayton. His many friends will be pleased to learn that his health has greatly improved.

—Matthew A. Campbell (M. E., '06) is now located in Pittsburg with the National Tube Company as assistant metallurgist. He intends taking a special course in Chemistry at the Carnegie Technical Institute after Christmas.

—George Sprenger, Law, '08, is winning fame for himself as football coach at Spalding Institute in Peoria, Illinois. George is a worker, and his "constant and tireless efforts" are being amply rewarded by the success of his team.

—The Rev. John A. MacNamara (A. B., '07) returned to Milford, Mass., after nearly a week's stay at the University. Father MacNamara is one of our most enthusiastic alumni and is constantly on the lookout for the interests of Notre Dame.

—John F. Brogan (LL. B., '08), captain of the 1908 champions of the West, is now taking post-graduate work in Law at Columbia University, New York. He states that he is



rough-housing just across the corridor from Ambrose O'Connell, Ph. B., 1907.

—John C. Shea (student 1862-5) is one of the leading lawyers among the younger members at the bar in Dayton, Ohio. He is also in great demand as a lecturer. Mr. Shea is the controlling spirit in the Notre Dame Club of Dayton and never misses an opportunity to testify his devotion to Alma Mater.

### The Junior Prom.

The annual social event of the pre-holiday season was held in Melville Hall, South Bend, on Thanksgiving Eve. It was a most creditable affair, and redounds in no small measure to the honor of the Class of '10. There were about forty couples on the floor despite the exodus of students, who left to spend Thanksgiving at home or in Milwaukee with the Varsity. The music, arranged and directed by Professor Petersen, was excellent, decorations were good, and the youthfulness of the dancers and danseuses—for underclassmen were not excluded from the Prom this year as they were last—gave a dash of informality that helped to make the evening more enjoyable.

The hall was carefully decorated; many dozens of college pennants lined the walls and were suspended from the ceiling in double rows. Large Notre Dame pennants were hung at both ends of the ball-room. Light green garlands were festooned and draped from the ceiling, half hiding the lights, which were concealed in pink tulip shades, the four corner chandeliers being garlanded with ivy. Along the walls were festoons of pale pink, and the side lights were also shaded. Dozens of gay and handsome pillows heaped the mission seats about the walls. Refreshments were served in the reception room.

The members of the Prom committee to whom in a great measure the success of the affair is to be attributed, were: Lee Moriarty, chairman, Michael L. Stoakes, Leo J. Cleary, Bert Daniels, William Schmitt, and Ralph Maurer.

The chaperons for the evening were Professor and Mrs. William F. Benitz, Mr. and Mrs. Joseph T. Lantry and Mr. and Mrs. Edward H. Schwab of Mishawaka.

### Local Items.

—Monday evening Brownson Hall will hold a reception in honor of the President and faculty of the University.

—Thanksgiving Day passed off very quietly. Solemn High Mass was sung at 8:30 by Father Crumley, Vice-President of the University, with Fathers Carrico and O'Connor as deacon and subdeacon, respectively. The regular Thanksgiving turkey function was held at noon, and the lid was on pretty tight for night permissions.

P. S. Where was Sorin Hall at breakfast time?

—Watch for the time, the place and the man! Daniel Sully will be here with his company in "The Matchmakers" on December Ninth. Old students can conjure up happy recollections of this clever comedian, who appeared in Washington Hall three years ago in "Our Pastor." His artistic portrayal of the genial old parish priest in that production will linger long in the minds of all who had the good fortune to see him at that time.

—The Corby-St. Joe game last Sunday brought out more spirit and a better grade of snappy rooting than any game of the year. Feeling was intense throughout both halves with the odds in favor of St. Joe. It is to the physical demonstration of this feeling on the part of Brownson that Corby attributes its defeat. Brownson maintains, however, that, although its sympathy lay with St. Joe, still it did no *feeling* whatever, and used only moral suasion to throw victory to the winning team.

—Last Saturday several hundred delegates from the national convention of the Y. M. C. A., which held its annual session in the new Y. M. C. A. building of South Bend, visited the University. The senior class did not show them round the place in cap and gown, but they had a good time anyhow. The rubber-neck wagons were all out of glycerine, so, we had to give them the best time we could on foot. There was plenty to see, and when the shades of even were drawn everybody went home tired and happy.

—The St. Joseph Literary Society held its weekly meeting Wednesday night. Chester McGrath started things with a mandolin solo. This was followed by a debate: "Resolved, That the national government should own and operate the Telegraph in conjunction with the Post Office system," Thos. Cleary and A. Streff upholding the affirmative side of the argument in opposition to Ed. Quinn and Wm. Plummer. The judges decided in favor of the negative. The

program was unfilled because many of those to whom numbers had been assigned were off on infirmity leave, so the open time was devoted to a general discussion of the debated question.

—Penna boys, attention! You will, for the ensuing year, please honor, cherish and obey the following gentlemen upon whom will devolve in their respective capacities the sacred obligations of authority in the Penna State Club. Aliens are not bound to the "cherish and obey" clause, but they must hold due respect and reverence for the incumbents at any and all times just the same, for "what would the great arch of democracy be, if the Keystone State were not there to hold it together, or rather to hold it apart?" as President Kennedy said in his inaugural address. Here is the togatorial line-up: John Kennedy, president; Wm. Heyl, vice-president; John Bannon, secretary; Michael Stoakes, treasurer.

—Father Cavanaugh returned the latter part of the week from Washington, D. C., where he delivered the dedicatory sermon at the blessing of the Stafford memorial pulpit. Father Cavanaugh's sermon received most hearty commendation from the daily press of Washington. The *Washington Herald* says: "Last night's occasion was made memorable because of the religious rites attending the ceremony, by the distinguished gathering of prelates and priests in the sanctuary, and especially through the address of Rev. John Cavanaugh, C. S. C., President of the University of Notre Dame, whose powerful and stately oration left nothing unsaid that could be uttered in praise of Doctor Stafford, pastor, orator and man!"

—The preliminaries in the Varsity Oratorical Contest were held on Tuesday and Wednesday. Contrary to the custom of previous years, when an open try-out was held and four men were picked for the finals in Washington Hall, this year four separate try-outs were held, and the winners of first and second places in each competed in the semi-finals yesterday afternoon. Results of the class contests were as follows:

Tuesday, November 24, 1908.

#### Junior Contest.

George Finnegan, first; subject—Saul of Tarsus.

Peter Hebert, second; subject—The Diffusion of an International Idea.

#### Sophomore Contest.

Frank Wenniger, 1st; subject—Child Labor.

Charles Miltner, second; subject—The Ethical in Economics.

Stewart Graham, third; subject—Ideals and Opportunities.

Bernard Mulloy, fourth; subject—

William O'Shea, fifth; subject—The Spirit of Internationalism.

Wednesday, November 25, 1908.

#### Senior Contest.

Ignatius McNamee on "Child Labor," and Richard Collentine on "Peace: A World's Ideal," tied for first place.

Johh McMahon, third; subject—Celtic Gratitude.

The results of the Freshman contest, held on Wednesday afternoon were not entirely satisfactory and the winners were debarred from competition in the semi-finals. The contest will be held again some time late in the second semester. The Varsity semi-finals were held yesterday afternoon but a report of them will not appear until our next issue.

—It is wonderful how youngsters imitate the customs and fashions of their elders. Now, here comes the Freshmen with a nice little class election, all done up in a neatly tied package. They're a bit backward to admit it, but a real election was held last week. They won't tell just when it happened for fear somebody will "guy" them, but they have an organization just the same. Officers had to be chosen before the holidays, at least, so that the lucky ones could nonchalantly remark to the folks when they go home at Christmas time: "Yes! I'm a rather prominent 'guy' at the U. I'm valedictorian of the Freshman class, you know." Word of the honor will get home ahead of "Wallie" Duncan, and when he strides into the 5 and 10 Cent Store of the home berg, Mabel Smith at the jewelry counter will nudge Clara Foley of the tinware department, and say: "Why if there ain't the president of the thirteen class at Notre Dame!" *Tableaux*. Some other girl will make a similar remark about Billy Donahue, when he hits the depot of the home town on December nineteenth, only she will say "vice-president" instead of "president." There isn't so much difference between the two—only the word *vice*—but you know "vice is a monster" and makes a powerful difference between the two offices. McGarry will be pointed out, and so will Ray Skelley, particularly Skelley, because he has the class funds to show to the natives, and krinklers always look interesting to most everybody. There were some other sinecures given out, a prophet-ship, a salutarian-ship, etc., enough to give everybody a taste of power in one degree or another, but the SCHOLASTIC has not the privilege of recording the names of the recipients; interested parties, however, will be given the names and biographical data of any or all the officers, if they call at the SCHOLASTIC office on the q. t.

Moral:—Some people have greatness thrust upon them, others acquire it, but the Freshman class passes it around.