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A Song for the Christmas Season.

BY JAMES H. McDONALD, '19.

PUER IESU, deep the night!
In starry darkness, Holy Light!
Behold December's low-hung skies
Reflect the starlight in Thine eyes.
Holy, holy, holy Eyes!

Puer Iesu, Domine,

Would that David saw this day.

Hearken, hear the soft wind sigh,

Angel's wings are flashing by.

Puer Iesu, Domine.

Puer Iesu, Iesu mī.

List, the night birds sing to Thee.

Swaddling snowdrifts clothe the ground

While the Cherubs tread close round

Holy, nay, thrice Holy Ground.

Iesu, Puer Iesu, mī.

Puer Rex, O Iesu mī.

What will Caesar say of Thee.

How the night winds yet will groan

When Thou keep'st the watch alone,

Ere the day reveal Thy Throne!

Holy, holy Trinity!

Puer Iesu, Little King,—

Mary Mother worshiping,

Round about the great world sins

Closed to virtue are the inns,

Puer Iesu, hail the King!

Puer Iesu, the dawning day

Lifts its purple arms to pray,

Ermine-shouldered fir trees stand,

Trembling reverent and grand,—

Happy, happy, happy land.

Iesu, Rex altissime!

The Natural Right to Life and Its Relation to the Haiselden Case.

BY ARTHUR B. HUNTER, PH. B., '16.

RIGHT is defined as the moral power by which one is preferred to all others in the use of a thing because of some relation that this thing bears to him. Thus I am preferred to all others in the use of my typewriter because of the relation of property to owner that this typewriter bears to me. If you hinder my exercise of the right that is mine you obstruct justice because you have disregarded your duty to respect my right. Right and duty are the two termini of the relationship springing from law. Duty is the obligation of acting within right reason. Right reason demands that rights be respected. Every right, therefore, creates a relationship between one person and another and a good, never between two persons only. Right is also defined as an inviolable moral claim to a personal good. This moral claim is inviolable in the sense that it cannot be violated without injustice being done. Both definitions treat right as a moral power in distinction from mere physical force. Possession may be nine-tenths of the law, but mere physical possession does not prove moral right. My right to the proper use of my typewriter is not dependent for its existence upon my physical power to keep the machine against all comers.

From this concept of right it follows that every right has three principal properties,—namely, inviolability, limitation, and coercion. In no intelligible sense can I be said to have a right to move about within my own premises if every other person can legally and morally prevent me from doing so. Inviolability is the fundamental property of every right. On the other hand it is also obvious that one right can

* Prize essay for the Dockweiler Medal in Philosophy.

limit the exercise of another. The counter-claim of all others must be recognized in the exercise of any right. Limitation, therefore, is one of the principal properties of right. Coaction means the right to use such violence as is necessary to defend one's right. The necessity for violence cannot arise, however, save in the case of external rights. Thus a father cannot compel the love and respect of his children, although he has a right to their love and respect, but that same father may use violence in the defense of his home or his life. Coaction is not the essence of right but merely one of the properties thereof. Force is only a consequent of right. Moreover, even when there is not the might to defend the right, either in the possessor of the right or in the state, the right still remains a right and will be defended, if by no other, by nature herself since "every right will in the end be vindicated by Nature's Chief Legislator." The right to defend remains even though we be powerless to defend and use our right. Might appertains to the physical world. Right appertains to the moral world.

In respect of ground, rights are divided into two classes, positive and natural. Positive rights may be divine or human, according as they are based on the revealed laws of God or on the positive enactments of man. Natural rights are rights conferred by and grounded on the natural law. Since many of the positive precepts of God and man are declaratory of the natural law it is evident that rights based upon them have a double foundation and are, therefore, both natural and positive. In fact Pottier, in his work "*De Jure et Justitia*" (p. 8) observes: "a. S. Thoma jus gentium (one of the subdivisions of positive human right) referri sub uno respectu ad jus positivum, sub alio respectu referri as jus naturale." Again (pp. 9-11) he devotes a whole heading to an answer of the objection "*Quomodo omne jus derivatur a jure naturae?*" In this reference he declares and proves: "*Omne jus positivum humanum a jure naturae aliquo modo saltem negative derivatur. Haec est doctrina S. Thomae.*" That there are positive rights conferred upon man by the acts of the law-making body in the state is a proposition that admits of no doubt, but many ethicists deny that any rights are natural and insist that all rights are conferred by the State. These philosophers have never made it clear how the state could confer upon

itself the right for its own existence, yet they all assert the supreme right of the state to govern. Their denial of the existence of natural rights necessarily involves the denial of natural law, since all rights are the results of law. Hence a word must first be said in defense of natural law.

This natural law, of which we now speak, must not be confused with the so-called "natural Law" or "law of nature" of Rousseau and the French writers who imitated him in their philosophy. Rousseau considered it natural for man to live outside of society in perfect individual freedom. When society did come it came through a social contract. Man after the change still retained all of his individual liberty because in contracting to give it up he agreed to give it to everybody else in the proposed state and therefore to nobody. Such a glaring and inexplicable fallacy was soon pointed out, and the very fact that Rousseau used the term "natural law" has ever since for many thinkers discredited all natural law. Such confusion should never have been allowed to exist. The true and immutable natural law is evidenced by the fact that everything in this world is guided and directed to its end by certain natural inclinations. For example, the lily of the field is moved by an inner inclination or appetite to take in light and moisture and to grow; the rabbit in the pen is moved by instinct to seek for food and to preserve the species. Everything that lives has certain inherent natural appetites, the sum total of all of which constitutes the foundation for the natural law.

In Brownson's articles on "Church and State" we find an especially fine introduction to the idea of the natural law. He says in part: "What is natural must be in or from nature. Nature is taken in two senses; as the physical laws constitutive of the physical universe, and as the moral law under which all creatures endowed with reason and free-will are placed by the Creator, and which is cognizable by natural reason or the reason common to all men. In the first sense, these rights are not inherent in our nature as men, or in nature; for they are not physical. Physical rights are a contradiction in terms. They can be inherent in our nature only in the second sense, and in our moral nature only, and consequently are held under the law which founds and sustains moral nature, or the moral order as distinct from the

physical order." God places in man's inner nature certain natural appetites and tendencies which must be satisfied, else man cannot attain the end for which he exists. Without food, clothing, and shelter; without education, training, and worship; without faith, hope, and love; without any of the means of satisfying its physical, mental, moral and spiritual needs the race would die out. Without these the verdant earth that now offers man the opportunity to live a right and reasonable life as becomes his nature as man would become a desolate cinder like the moon.

Being part of the natural constitution of things, however, these movings of man's moral nature are permanent and do proceed, proximately from the inner make-up of God's creatures, ultimately from God Himself. The law, therefore, to which they give rise is rightly termed natural law. The natural law, being the participation of the creature in the Eternal Law of the Creator, exists in some form in the humblest of creatures. On this point Rev. Michael Cronin has well said: "It (the natural law) is present in plants, in animals, in man . . . The natural laws of plants and animals, though resulting from the Eternal law, are rather of the nature of an irresistible force than of a law. But in man the natural law is law in the true sense of the word. It is a dictate of our human reason as the Eternal law is a dictate of God's reason. For, even though the natural law does not proceed from or originate with Reason, yet our own Reason promulgates it to us, and, unlike both plants and animals, we guide ourselves by it to our final end."

If this be the true concept of natural law then it can easily be shown that some rights are natural. Ethicians agree that every true law gives rise to consequent rights which partake of the character of that law. Thus positive law confers positive rights. Natural law is a reality, as shown above; therefore, natural law confers natural rights. These natural rights are not determined *a priori* but by an empirical investigation of man's appetites and needs and the laws to which these needs give rise. Having thus determined nature's standard we deduce from it the table of our natural duties and rights.

Jurists and others sometimes object that there are no rights save only those which are created by the state. The judge on the bench, to be sure, is obliged to follow the laws of the state

in giving his decision, but the legislator, in framing those laws, is bound to consult the maxims of the natural law. Moreover, when human statutes fail and the common law offers him no adequate aid, even the judge is thrown back on the dictates of the natural law for the bases of his decision. To many loyal citizens and legists it appears to be treason to say that some rights do not arise from the state. Yet these same state-worshippers when placed on the defensive are bound to admit that which they at first denied. John Austin criticises Blackstone for saying that a human law conflicting with the law of God has no validity and yet in the next breath John Austin, founder of a school of jurisprudence though he be, says that "such a law *ought* not to be imposed." To the normal mind the only reason why such a law ought not to be imposed is the fact that it is in conflict with the law of God. Well has Rickaby pointed out (Ethics, p. 149): "No power in Heaven above nor on earth beneath can dispense with any portion of the Natural Law. For the matter of the negative precepts of the law is something bad in itself and repugnant to human nature, and accordingly forbidden by God: while the matter of the positive precepts is something good and necessary to man, commended by God. If God were to take off His command, or prohibition, the intrinsic exigency, or intolerableness of the thing to man would still remain, being as inseparable from humanity as certain mathematical properties from a triangle." More concretely, perhaps, I may learn of the natural law from experience than from reason. Has there ever been a time since I first enjoyed the use of reason when I did not believe that man must live honestly, harm nobody, and give everybody his due? Did I need reasoning to prove these evident precepts of my very nature to myself? I did not, and, as far as I can remember or recollect, I have always been in possession of these evident rules of conduct which Blackstone calls the primary axioms of the natural law. Passing from myself to others, I find few persons that do not accept these axioms. Even these few have at some time accepted them as self-evident. Since a man would seem insane if he were to deny a first principle of one of the physical sciences, such as, for example, that the whole is greater than any of its parts, it seems only fair to conclude that a man must first dethrone his reason before he can sincerely

deny a self-evident moral principle.

But the state worshipper still insists that Hobbes was right when he wrote: "The standard of men living in society is the law of the state. . . . Before the names of just and unjust can have place there must be some coercive power to compel men equally to the performance of their covenants by the terror of some punishment greater than the benefit they expect to receive by the breach of their covenant." Moreover, according to Hobbes, whom Austin follows, the Natural condition of men is that of "war of every man against every other man. Men have no pleasures, but, on the contrary, a great deal of grief, in keeping company where there is no power able to overawe them all." Apparently the fact that men do not get along well together without a well-ordered government ought to be an added argument to show that man was born to live in society, but Hobbes looks upon the state merely as a necessary evil that acts as the repository for all the physical and moral power of its citizens. Correctly has Hobbes named his state *Leviathan*, a monster of the deep that is not to be defied. Despite all of its bold assertions, however, this gloomy view of human rights and the state must give way before the saner and truer view of Aristotle and Aquinas.

Aristotle held that "the virtue of the good man is necessarily the same as the virtue of the citizen of the perfect state. Clearly, then, in the same manner, and by the same means, through which a man becomes truly good he will frame a state (which will be truly good) whether aristocratical, or under kingly rule, and the same habits will be found to make a good man and a good statesman and king." Aristotle holds that man is a social animal and that his social life begins in the family. Hence the family is a sacred institution which the state is bound to protect. The end of the state is the just administration of the law in such a manner as to lift its citizens to a higher plane of moral conduct. In giving his reasons for condemning the respective corruptions of the three ultimate forms of government he concludes as follows: "For tyranny is a kind of monarchy which has in view the interest of the monarch only; oligarchy has in view the interest of the wealthy; democracy, of the needy; none of them the common good of all." Aquinas likewise held that man is naturally

ordained to live in society. Authority in the state must have the public good in view; otherwise the state becomes unjust, anti-social and tyrannical. Whether the rule of the state is contrary to the common good or to the divine law it ceases to bind in conscience. Hence the aim of the state is both economical and moral. Aquinas, moreover, "lays down the general principle that it is not the form of government, but the fidelity with which the government adheres to the purpose for which it is instituted that decides the happiness and prosperity of the subjects."

As to the origin of government, men have held various theories. Hobbes and Rousseau, as pointed out above, placed the origin in a social compact or contract. Brownson, in his excellent work "The Origin of Government" discusses seven principal theories that have received more or less general acceptance during the history of man. In all of these theories, however, the characteristic mark of each is its treatment of the question of sovereignty. Sovereignty is the distinctive mark of every true government. Hence this power of the state must arise in the ultimate source of all power, i. e., in God. The method by which, and the manner in which, this power is derived are the points of difference in the various theories. Brownson builds up a strong argument to show that sovereignty is derived from God through the natural law. "Rulers hold from God through the people or nation, and the people or nation hold from God through the natural law. Supposing a political people or nation, the sovereignty vests in the community, not supernaturally, or by an external supernatural appointment, but by the natural law, or law by which God governs the whole moral creation." Rickaby has summarized the whole argument for this proposition in the following seven consequent propositions:

- (a) Civil society is essential to human nature.
- (b) Civil power is necessary to civil society.
- (c) Civil power is naught without civil obedience.
- (d) Civil obedience is necessary to human nature.
- (e) God commands whatever is necessary to human nature.
- (f) God commands obedience to the civil power.
- (g) God commissions the civil power to rule.

Not only is the idea of the power, the rights, and the duties of the state well founded in authority and reason but likewise we find that

the concept of the natural law and natural rights has a similar firm basis. Even the pagan Cicero looked upon some laws as arising elsewhere than in the state. In his treatise "De Legibus" he writes to this meaning: "This law did not begin to exist when it was written, but when it was born, and it was born at the same time with the divine intellect. Wherefore, the true law, the primary law, the law which can fully command and forbid, is the ever true mind of the supreme being, Jupiter. . . . If the true law is the divine intellect, when introduced in man it dwells in the mind of the wise." In the introduction to his Commentaries, Blackstone dwells at great length on the law of nature. One excerpt from his work will be sufficient to show the tenor of his thought: "This law of nature, being coeval with mankind and dictated by God himself is of course superior in obligation to any other. It is binding all over the globe, in all countries and at all times; no other human laws are of any validity, if contrary to this, and such of them as are valid derive all their force, and all their authority mediately, or immediately, from this original." Finally, in his treatise "The Law of Nature," Prof. Taylor, of the University of Michigan, gives a brief review of the history of the doctrine:

"What with very mild defenders and vigorous enemies the venerable doctrine is almost out of court. And really when one reminds himself that for nearly twenty-two centuries this doctrine had practically universal acceptance, that it was the creed of Plato, Aristotle, Cicero, Marcus Aurelius, Gaius, Augustine, Aquinas, Grotius, Hooker, Locke, and Kant, its present forlorn state is certainly somewhat noteworthy. The simple fact is that there is a most astonishing acquiescence in the denunciation of the doctrine here considered. Is this acquiescence warranted? Is natural law a myth, an exploded fallacy? The conviction of the writer is that consent to this proposition has been somewhat too hasty; that, in fact, even if we choose to discard the name, still all that is essential in the doctrine remains and must remain." Natural law and natural rights are not myths; they are the sound realities upon which all valid man-made laws are based

Thus this idea of natural rights is not a wierd product of the workings of a disordered brain. It is the sane conception long held by the leaders in English and American life. In fact

our country has more than once officially gone on record in the assertion of the belief in the existence of rights that do not arise from the power of the state. In the Declaration of Independence we find this remarkable statement: "We hold these truths to be self-evident, that all men are created equal, that they are endowed by their Creator with certain unalienable rights, that among these are Life, Liberty, and the Pursuit of Happiness." If the conviction here expressed had not been present in the minds of the American people, this country would still be a part of the colonial empire of Great Britain. So thoroughly, however, were the leaders of America convinced that their rights were not limited to those prescribed by the Board of Trade that they were willing to risk their all in leading a revolution for the vindication of rights violated. Later these same men, in drafting the Federal Constitution, that document which Gladstone said "is the greatest work ever struck off any one time by the mind and purpose of man," did "ordain and establish this Constitution" not only "to form a more perfect Union," but also "to establish justice, insure domestic tranquillity, provide for the common defense, promote the general welfare, and secure the blessings of liberty" for themselves and their posterity. Explicit as this statement of the true purposes and aims of the Constitution had been made in the preamble, the people of the new American states demanded a still more explicit statement of their rights as men. This Bill of Rights was embodied in the first ten amendments. Amendments nine and ten are especially expressive of the recognition and reservation of rights not given out by the Constitution:

"Art. IX.—The enumeration in the Constitution of certain rights, shall not be construed to deny or disparage others held by the people.

Art. X.—The powers not delegated to the United States by the Constitution, nor prohibited by it to the States, are reserved to the States respectively or to the people."

In other words, both of these great American documents, representing the mind and thought of the men who brought them into being, recognize the existence, the strength, and the inviolability of rights not conferred by the state but arising from the depths of human nature.

(To be Continued.)

Varsity Verse.

WHAT'S THE USE.

When Psyche from Olympus' height
Threw down the boon of knowledge,
She little dreamed that mortal might
Would e'er devise a college.

She little knew the simple rules
Of learning would be twisted,
To dub nine-tenths of mortals fools,
And leave the others misted.

'Twas logic first that mortals drew
From Psyche ere she rested;
Then Plato forged through what he knew
And after that he guessed it.

And through his muddle others go
By forty thousand byways,
And leave for us to choose or know
The most convenient highways.

I must admit my thoughts were few
In all the field of knowledge;
But there were certain things I knew,
And then I went to college.

And now I know I cannot know;
At least I cannot prove it;
For nothing is so strongly so,
Philosophy can't move it.

A. L. McDonough.

THE QUESTION.

What matters it, if on the way
I meet a lady fair?
Should I tell her beauty all the day,
Or make believe I care?
If she is not fair to me
What care I, how fair she be?

Should I bold be, if her cheek,
Is mighty like a rose?
Will my supplication meek
Thaw a heart that's froze?
If she will not look on me
What care I, how fair she be?

Shall I, if her speech be clever
Mope, complain, and sigh?
Might I not her wit dis sever,
If I would but try?
If she will not notice me,
What care I, how fair she be?

F. S. Farrington.

WHO'S TO BLAME.

Did you ever sit and ponder,
Or even walk and wonder
'Bout the things we mortals eat
'Most every day.

Each salad and its dressing
Is sure to prove distressing,
Yet an onion keeps the doctor
Far away.

And the N. D. Sunday dinners
Make for Monday morning sinners,
For the students can't be blamed
For what they say.

Richard Daly.

APOLOGY.

Ah! that moment!
You were unwary,
Enticing—very,
I could but harry
You;
Heart so merry,
Lips of cherry,
Eyes of fairy
Blue!

I couldn't help it.
My piqued little miss
Your fault, 'twas this:
You were remiss
A bit;
The impromptu bliss
Of a Christmas kiss
Is not amiss
A whit.

Mine is not all the blame.
That sprig in your hair,
You put it there
For naught but a dare—
Else why?
A challenge *sans* care,
Such a mocking air
That now it's not fair
To cry.

Really, I'm not over-sorry.
And this you may know:
For I can't forego,
E'en though more woe
Ensue,
To beg to bestow
The thanks I owe
That mistletoe
And you.

F. J. Vurpillat.

All but the Brave.

BY DELMAR EDMONDSON, '18.

CONTINUED FROM THE CHRISTMAS ISSUE.

Maggie and Mr. Ducey did not reappear until the strains of music lured them from their interesting *tete-à-tete* on the fire-escape. They had not been on the floor long when their dancing, unusually light and easy, began to attract attention. Mr. Ducey's graceful carriage was observed by the girls with delightful tumults in their breasts, and by the men with doubled fists and gritted teeth. One gentleman, who twisted his mouth when talking as though attempting to kiss his left ear, wanted to know "how that sissy got in here, anyhow? He an' Maggie are gettin' thicker than gum drops."

"What's his name?" asked another.

"Aw—let's see—the same as one of them Greek poets—"

"Oh," answered the second, who had some slight claim to classical learning, "you mean Xenophon, don't cha?"

"Zen—yeah, I guess that's it. His name oughtta be that if it ain't. He looks like his ancestors mighta played tiddledewinks with Caesar."

"Yep, he's the kind of a guy that gives up his seat on the street car an' says: 'I regret that I have only one seat to offer for the women of my country.' That's the kind Maggie likes. I hope she's satisfied."

That Maggie was satisfied seemed evident. The look of contentment on her face was indeed beautiful to see. Mr. Ducey's willingness to submit to her guidance was a soothing balm to her soul. With the companionship of a man such as this, who responded to every inclination of her body, to the slightest pressure of her hand on his back, Maggie felt that she could go through life as smoothly as their feet glided over the waxed floor. Because Maggie's will was the stronger of the two, it was she who guided their zigzag course amidst the other swirling couples. Some of Maggie's partners had complained aforetime that the only fault they could urge against her otherwise impeccable dancing was that tendency to usurp the masculine prerogative of leading. But Mr. Ducey seemed to yield most readily to her superior nature, to direct his airy steps whither she listed as a matter of course.

"Now," said Maggie to herself, flushing

softly the while, "this is the kind of a man I'm going to marry."

If he succumbed to her thus easily on the dance floor, could he not be expected to pay deference to her opinions on all the more serious affairs of life, once they were man and wife? She, and not he, would have the privilege of choosing the names for their children to come. And rest assured she would call them after great men or flowers, soft, pretty names for which the most ingenious tongue could find no nicknames. Let's see, Rose, Violet, Fern, were nice for girls; Glenn, Forrest, Dale, for boys—anything that savored of the cool depths of the woodland places. Maggie shuddered at the thought of her progeny laboring through life under the burden of such disagreeable appellations as "Mickey" or "Larry." But just then she became suddenly aware of the mental brazenness to which her musings had led her, and in the confusion incident to the discovery she landed on Mr. Ducey's foot right up to the shoestring.

"Oh, I beg your pardon," she cried contritely.

"Not at all, not at all," replied Mr. Ducey gallantly. "I wouldn't have noticed it if you hadn't said something about it."

Did all parts of our bodies share equally the power of speech, five bruised toes would then have raised themselves up painfully and shouted "Liar!" But whatever the cost to him in suffering, it was with a pleasant thrill that Maggie contrasted his fluent manner of accepting her apology with Larry's grumpy silence on a similar occasion. Their dance ended, Maggie was claimed for the next several numbers by various youths in turn. One of these was so indiscreet as to suggest that Mr. Ducey was a "simp," and was soundly berated for the comment. When the time came for Larry's next dance he was not to be found. Mr. Ducey, never far away, promptly offered himself as a humble substitute. The alacrity with which Maggie accepted said little for the pleasure to be found in Larry's company, and boded ill for the progress of his suit. When twelve o'clock came and Mr. Condon, the proprietor of the hall, stationed himself near the door to bid all and sundry "Come again" as they passed out, Larry was still missing. Someone volunteered to report that when last seen he was staggering down the alley, shaking his head mournfully and muttering: "An' he called me: 'Dugan ole shap!'"

Maggie threw back her head and sniffed on receiving this information and made a remark that sounded like: "That's him fer yuh!" Then she slipped her arm through Mr. Ducey's and they forthwith sallied homeward together.

Slowly they wandered down the street, she yawning wearily at intervals, he stepping very warily on one of his feet. It had not entirely recovered from the shock of having Maggie's no inconsiderable weight descend upon it with so much enthusiasm. The large harvest moon and the star-besprinkled sky had a sentimental effect on Maggie. She sighed frequently and walked nearer to Mr. Ducey than the width of the sidewalk made necessary and comfort made advisable. Noting that she glanced skyward frequently, Mr. Ducey took his cue and observed that the moon was particularly beautiful that night.

"Yes, it is," replied his companion, emitting a sigh like a gentle spring zephyr, capable of lightly turning a young man's fancy to thoughts of love.

"Are you fond of poetry, Miss—may I call you—"

"Yes, you may—Homer."

"Thank you, Maggie."

Having taken this step from the formality of mere acquaintanceship they gave vent to concerted sighs of satisfaction, two breasts that heaved as one. So far, so good.

After a pause Maggie spoke: "Didn't you ask me a question, Homer? What was it?"

"Did I? I've forgotten what it was now."

"You asked me if I liked poetry."

"Yes, that was it."

"Uh-huh, I do."

"Oh, do yuh?"

Another silence. Then, "Do you?" Maggie wanted to know.

"Do I what?"

"Like poetry?"

"Oh, I love it," cried Homer enthusiastically. "I'm so fond of Shakespeare's love ballads. Don't you think they're nice?"

"Just grand," Maggie answered vaguely. Her acquaintance with the Bard of Avon was not exactly what might be called intimate.

"I like that line from 'Woodman, spare that tree,'—he wrote that, didn't he? I'm not sure whether it was him or Longfellow."

Maggie took a chance and said: "It was Shakespeare."

"I think there's more truth than poetry in

that line: 'Love makes the world go round.'"

Some similar influence must have been making his head go round, because he continued recklessly:

"Do you believe in love at first sight, Maggie?"

"Oh yes. Do you?" cried Maggie eagerly.

"That depends."

"On what?" she asked, crestfallen.

"On the girl."

Whether it was so intended or not, Maggie took this remark for a rebuke, and maintained a silence of two blocks' duration. Then she ventured the sage observation:

"It's getting later all the time."

"Yes, it is," Homer answered solemnly, glancing at his wrist watch. "I s'pose we'd better hurry."

He took her arm and they increased their speed slightly for about ten steps, then dropped back into their former ambling walk. Before they parted Mr. Ducey had obtained permission to call the next evening, and Maggie had made a new resolution. It no longer was that she intended to marry a man like that; she was going to marry *that* man. And she having made up her mind, Mr. Ducey's case was hopeless. He was fated to marry her whether he cared to assume such relationship or not. Maggie had a quaint habit of getting what she wanted. As she sat before her mirror taking down her hair and picturing to herself the forthcoming joys of wedded bliss, Mr. Ducey, all unconscious that his future had been mapped out for him, was hurrying home to nurse his injured foot.

But even had Homer known of her unvoiced arrangements he probably would have found them not altogether disagreeable. In truth, he seemed to be rushing headlong toward a matrimonial climax. Although Maggie rarely saw him in the daytime, almost every evening their rocking chairs traveled side by side over the nap of the parlor carpet. When the weather permitted they went walking; when finances permitted they went down town to the theatre. On odd nights they held hands in some picture show.

The more Maggie saw of Mr. Ducey the more pleased she became with his personality and deportment. He was as familiar with dissipation as a Zulu is with trousers. To him tobacco in all its various forms was an object of horror. Several times Maggie had heard him,

under the lash of excitement or peevishness, goaded to the extreme of ejaculating: "Pshaw" with surprising fervor. But as a rule smut and profanity were as foreign to his conversation as they are to a hymn-book. Did he and Maggie visit a place where liquors were obtainable he invariably ordered grape juice. That, he assured her earnestly, was his favorite beverage; he never took anything stronger. He was, indeed, quite the model that almost every woman thinks her husband is for about a week after marriage.

Only when there was no help for it did Homer permit himself to stay out later than eleven. On the evenings when they remained at home, promptly, at ten-forty-five he would put his hands on his knees and say:

"Well—"

Maggie found this a most encouraging sign. Albeit his habit of early leave-taking shortened their delightful hours of companionship during the courting period, it assured her that she would enjoy his company more constantly after the officiating minister had made the final pronouncements. Undoubtedly Mr. Ducey was highly domesticated. He would belong to that class of rare uxorious males who find such works of art as "Sir Galahad" and "The Ruins of the Roman Forum" done in sepia, more inviting than the flaring advertisements on the walls of the corner cigar store. Maggie fondly pictured to herself long winter evenings before the fire with her husband doing the "Readings from Homer" act for her. As a preparation for those happy times she began to delve into the realm of poetry, but found that most of the lines of "Hamlet" could not have conveyed less sense to her mind had Shakespeare written them in Sanskrit. However, the only thing lacking now was sufficient nerve on Homer's part. Maggie was determined that if the worst came to the worst she would hold her fist under his nose and dare him to say "No."

As for Mr. Ducey, he hardly knew what to think. If the fact that Maggie was always in his thoughts and that he wanted to be with her whenever it was possible stood for anything, he felt that he must be in love.

It is noticeable that men generally are fond of the names borne by the persons they like. A youth enamored of an Elizabeth will have a weakness for all Elizabeths. Presumably that is the reason Mr. Ducey blushed and started

whenever the lady next door summoned her daughter Margaret across the neighboring back yards to come home and wipe the dishes, calling her by the undignified abbreviation of her real name. When Homer chanced to meet little Maggie on the street he would give her a kindly pat on the head and slip a coin into her willing hand. Hence the little miss was kept in constant wonderment as to what had come over Mr. Ducey, and in frequent pains from too much candy.

Then, too, the girls at Miss Harrison's Select Academy noticed a change in their physical directress. Very often she would leave her class poised on its toes, arms in the air, while she indulged in a lengthy day dream, and if one of them should happen to become unbalanced and step forward involuntarily, she would get a severe scolding and be accused of becoming effeminate. News of this state of affairs reached the ears of Miss Harrison, and that lady, with the assurance common to spinsters who have known and observed love only in its relational form, felt she was well enough acquainted with its symptoms to blame Maggie's strange behaviour on the little bare god.

Larry Dugan and Maggie's other friends whose intentions had at one time been serious, stepped aside for Mr. Ducey as they would not have done for a suitor of a more manly cast. But realizing that Homer embodied all the qualities that the young lady found most attractive in the masculine sex, they felt it useless to quarrel with her choice.

(Conclusion next week.)

Absence.

The mellow sounds of evening bells
Divert my thoughts from here
To the fields that you, O Love, and I
Remember and revere.

To the fields where love as clover grew,
And spread its fragrance rare;
Where the melodies of our glad hearts
Were mingled on the air;

Where you now tread the paths alone
As the red of evening fades,
While the Angelus chimes reverberate
Upon the lingering shades.

Those are the fields to which my thoughts
Return, once they are free,
As homing-pigeons, seeking you,
Wherever I may be.

Edward H. Lindemann.

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—Another Christmas is past and we are again at work. A few months and the school year of '17 will be history. Some will then be ready to take up post graduate work; others will assume places in a practical world;—all of us will be situated differently than we are now. We must not forget that the future depends greatly on the present. We must form the habit of work if we hope to glean the harvest of the laborer. Efficient work is very much a matter of habit, and the habit should be cultivated now. Vacation joys may have infected us with restlessness, with longings for pleasure, with vain and empty yearnings. If so, let us get rid of the vacation spirit promptly, and replace it with the spirit of work. With it will come real pleasure and satisfaction. If you wish to make the best of the months that remain, get into the race promptly. Keep your eye on the goal and remember the other fellow. Don't give him a start, put your elbow ahead, hold the pace and beat him to the tape.

—The Varsity debating season affords our students a splendid opportunity to cultivate the ability to speak in public. All the conditions apt to elicit forensic power are present, an important and dignified question, an alert and intelligent audience and opponents that

will provoke your best effort. The ambitious young orator could ask no more. National prohibition has suddenly become a great American issue. The favorable vote of the House of Representatives two years ago, the fact that twenty-three states have voted "dry" and that others are almost sure to go dry this winter, the recent decision of the Supreme Court on the Webb-Kenyon law, have made prohibition an issue for or against which every good citizen should take a stand. The only way to arrive at convictions that are worth something is to study both sides of the question with the single purpose of getting at the truth. One does not know either side of a real issue of this kind unless he knows both sides. Practice in the search for truth in controversy is a main advantage to be derived from college debating. The great debater is as unwearied and as eager to discover as he is powerful to present truth. Instance Webster and Lincoln. Notre Dame has an enviable record in intercollegiate debate. Do you know another school that has a better record? Out of thirty-three intercollegiate debates we have won thirty. Is it not worth while to do what you can to sustain our record? For personal achievement, for civic efficiency, for college loyalty, come out for the debating teams, and make the others fight for their places.

Book Review.

THE SONGS OF CREELABEG. Poems by Rev. P. J. Carroll, C. S. C. Devin-Adair Co. New York. \$1.25.

For a long time the lovers of Father Carroll's verses have looked forward to the publication of his poetry in book form. This promise has now at length borne its fruit in a green and gold volume, bearing the imprint of the Devin-Adair Company. Father Carroll, besides being an alumnus of Notre Dame, was for a number of years professor of English in the University, and editor of the Notre Dame SCHOLASTIC. For the past four years, however, he has been pastor of St. Joseph's Church in South Bend. It is easy to predict that this volume will find wide favor, and that, perhaps, before long one or two of the pieces will find their way into anthologies of Irish verse.

The saints of the old law, patriarchs, kings, prophets, under the deep impression of emotion, passed without effort from common speech to hymn, and mounted gradually to the most beautiful accents of lyric poetry. Now to the present reviewer, it has always seemed that no other nation of modern times has felt the haunting presence of Divinity that hung about the poets of the chosen people so keenly as the Irish.

Certainly there are Greek elements in the Irish mind, and in Irish song, but there is present also an almost Hebraic quality of simplicity and beauty. The whole race of the Gael is, as it were, attuned to song. As a people, almost alone among modern nations, they have preserved an appreciation for the more delicate and elusive forms of poetic beauty. There is in the Irish poet something Greek, something intensely spiritual, but there is also in him a pure flame of white Celtic fire that makes his poetry a distinct contribution to the literature of the language.

However, it is not often that a priest, even an Irish priest, makes his appearance as a poet. Yet the world in which the priest lives is eminently poetic. He would bring souls to realize that their God and his God is the Beauty ever changing and ever new, that Christ with whose blood he daily prays to be inebriated, is, after all, perfect Beauty Incarnate. I am not contending that every priest is or should be poet or rhymist, but nevertheless it is true that when the one moving about in this wondrous atmosphere is of an idealistic nature not infrequently the poet is produced.

It is of this nature that Father Carroll seems to be. Although he may sing chiefly of Irish scenes and memories, still one feels that the intensity of his poetry, as of his life, must gain hidden strength and quick grace from his priestly nature. The following piece is materially poetic, something I think that such a gifted poet as Katharine Tynan would love.

IN HER EXILE.

Out of my bondage, in the dying day,
Heart-worn, I seek the joyless tenement;
The air is heavy grown with sickening scent
Of underworlds. Nowhere a leaf-strewn way,
Sun-touched and sweet with song, where children
play.

Squalor I see; the blessed twilight rent
With strange, deep oaths and cries of discontent;
Then over all, a sky of matted gray.
But when you come with healing wingéd Sleep,
You waft me over seas where summer bloom
Is on the hedges. Ah, the happy thrush
Pipes to the morn, and all the young broods keep
Down with the shamrocks nestling in the gloom!
I kiss the dewy earth, my heart ahus.

The poems in the collection fall into three groups, the Irish poems, those dealing with ordinary life, and the pieces of a religious character. No doubt the poems which have for theme the longing of the exile for his home country are the best in the book. It is more than ten centuries since the Irish saint sang

"If death come quick upon me it will be
Because of the great love I bear the Gael,"

yet even in our own time the same fires of patriotism burn in every singer of the Irish race. "Going Home," "The Farewell," "Mother Erin," "Shanagolden," all contain real feeling and happy phrasing. "The Farewell" concerns a return to Ireland. Kathleen is saying good-bye to her young brother whom she promises to send for in the spring. Are not the following lines full of vivid impressionism?

and soon your hands will catch
The soft warm rain adripping from the latch!
You'll mock the cuckoo from the alder calling
At the edge of night when the early dew is falling!

Much of the best of verse of the present day is written about persons and not about things. In spite of Wordsworth there is no personality in nature. Poets are coming to realize that at the best nature is inanimate, that a world of men and women is infinitely more interesting than even the natural changes or wonders of the universe. Let the quotation of this one beautiful study suffice.

THE OLD LOVE.

'Twas cloudy and chill the mornin' I married my John,
In gray Knockanare;
But the sun was deep down in my heart when the
priest made us one,
With pledges and blessin' and prayer.
I promised I'd love an' obey;
An' John, that he'd love and be true.
O we loved, we were true, an' the gray
Of an old love, like an old wine, is rarer than new.

The feet o' the rain were adance at the cross o' the road,
As I went by his side;
An' the heart in me danced out of joy, like the rain,
till there glowed
The blush that my heart couldn't hide.
For I promised I'd love an' obey,
An' John, that he'd love and be true.
O we loved, we were true, an' the gray
Of an old love, like an old wine, is richer than new!

The sun was bright gold on the mornin'
I buried my John
In gray Knockanare:
But the rain was deep down in my heart, for I knew
he was gone
When the priest said the blessin' an' prayer,
Then I promised my John where he lay,
That for all the long years I'd be true.
O I love, O I'm true; for the gray
Of an old love, like an old wine is stronger than new.

Such are the "Songs of Creelabeg." Since the fair days of Cuchulain and Deirdre, song has been as precious a heritage of the Irish as oppression and bloodshed have been in modern history. Yet the present book is a brave one, for it is the book of a poet who is also a priest. One does not speak of permanent rank in poetry, but we are not afraid to prophesy that these poems will deservedly have a wide popular appeal. There is in them deep sympathy, poetic thought, the lyric note. They are the work of a busy practical man of affairs, a Notre Dame alumnus, a priest with a large parish. Yet they breathe the atmosphere of true song. The volume should be treasured by Notre Dame men, not alone because its author is a Notre Dame man, but because there are in this collection, lyrics, quick with poetic feeling and poignant emotion, which cannot be quoted and which must be read to be appreciated. We of the University, surely, should not be the last to recognize those singers who have come from among ourselves.

S. S.

Under Cover.

The University Dramatic Club presented its annual Christmas Play, Roi Cooper Megrue's "Under Cover," on the evening of Dec. 15th. During the waits between cast the audience was likely to forget what the show was about, but as a whole the production was thoroughly enjoyable, being well cast and excellently staged.

In criticising a college entertainment it is difficult to ascertain the proper point of view. Allowance must be made for the fact that acting with the players is a diversion and not a profession; that they are more accustomed to the pit than to the proscenium, to reading programs than to reading lines. We shall, however, speak of the points, high and low, in the production as our dim lights revealed them to us, and leave it to the reader to remember that "Under Cover" was a non-professional effort and to judge for himself wherein we are too lenient and where too severe.

"Under Cover" was undoubtedly the best dramatic production that has been given here within the last three years. The dialogue of the opening scene was repeated in a rather juvenile manner, and the second and fourth acts dragged in places; the third act was practically flawless. Here, especially, on the part of Messrs. Riley and McCauley, was real acting, "the simon-pure" article, to filch a favorite phrase of one of our professors. During the third act one could easily imagine oneself in the Court Theatre—or should we say in a bedroom of a fashionable home on Long Island? But no; not even the realism of Belasco himself ever succeeds in eradicating entirely the histrionic atmosphere; half the fascination of a play lies in the fact that we accept it as such; the attraction of grease-paint and footlights forms a great part of the pleasure derived from attending the theatre. Life presents little that is interesting; much that is commonplace and sordid; in witnessing a play, therefore, why try to stultify our reasons to the extent of accepting what we see as lacking nothing in verisimilitude? "Truth is stranger than fiction," says the Wiseacre. "Bah!" returns Experience.

The art of Riley and McCauley enabled them to "get away" with even the love scenes, overlooking a few guffaws that disturbed the sentimental passages. These were to be expected; we have with us always representatives of the

class that is constantly seeking to advertise its vulgarity. The work of these two players was noteworthy in its restraint. Both passed safely by opportunities to be melodramatic. Mr. Riley has the stage presence of Drew himself. That he is versatile is evidenced by the fact that he handled with equal success the present role of Stephen Denby and that of Sir Reginald Belsize last spring in "The Marriage of Kitty." Mr. McCauley is simple and convincing and rises easily to moments of real emotional strength. At first he displayed somewhat annoying springiness in the neck and knees, but this was quickly overcome.

Harry Burt as Daniel Taylor was quite at home, making the blatant deputy a real character, pompous, hard-headed, ready to accept praise and money not due him. His brusqueness was so lacking in exaggeration, his interpretation of the part so natural, that we thought of him throughout the play as Burt and not as Taylor. When he promised at the close of the first act: "She's going to get that necklace to-night, but she doesn't know it," we could scarcely restrain ourselves from shouting, "Atee ole pepper, Harry!"

Thomas Beacom made a very satisfactory feminine, and was very effective in the role of Mrs. Harrington. But because of his tendency to make the part a trifle too saccharine a great deal of the dry humor contained in his lines was lost. Had he added the spice of caustic worldly-wisdom to Mrs. Harrington's make-up the word "Damn" would not have seemed so much out of place in her mouth.

Messrs. Lightfoot and O'Hara assumed the roles played in the original company by Lola Fisher and Phoebe Foster. Fortunately a great deal of the comedy of the piece was in the hands of Lightfoot, who may always be trusted to do his lines effectively. O'Hara seemed to be suffering from a bad cold, and from the ostentatious manner in which he clung to his handkerchief we feel certain someone must have stuck it into his hand and told him to play with it nervously.

Hiltgartner and Evans lent to their characters just the amount of listlessness required, whether intentionally or not we are unable to say. The former was especially fitted for his role by virtue of the something that has been trembling on his lips ever since he came to Notre Dame, and we know not how long before that. Evans was quite the gay *bon vivant* and seemed to enjoy his part

as Michael Harrington, despite the discouraging amount of pseudo-liquid he had to imbibe. That some of his puns were lost upon the auditors was not his fault. Thomas Kelly and John Cassidy were rather drab-looking attendants. In proof of the claim that Kelly is an actor, we witnessed the manner in which the hand that carried the revolver trembled as he went upstairs in search of he knew not what terrors. Perhaps the fear that unsteady stairs might collapse made the terror less assumed than it should have been. Quite the best part of Walter O'Keefe's short performance was the way in which he sat oblivious while a revolver was shot off near his ear. His slangy exit caught the audience almost as much as the lighting of the first cigarette in the second act.

The first rising of the curtain disclosed Messrs. Thomas Truder and Robert McGuire as the purveyor's assistants. The latter, as Harry Gibbs, his cheeks rubricated to match the color scheme of Sarah Peabody's (Walter O'Keefe's) hat and hose, seemed somewhat encumbered by the appendages to his arms. We expected to see him counting the buttons on his officious looking coat at any moment, but that diverting occupation did not occur to him. However, the two assistants did capably enough the little they had to do, after they had struggled through the opening conversation. The fact that two-thirds of the audience arrived noisily after the play had started did not help them.

In giving credit where credit is due, we must attribute the greater part of the success of "Under Cover" to Professor Lenihan. His highly efficient stage-management, and his directorship prior to the actual production lent to the entertainment its professional air. That future dramatics at Notre Dame are to be in his hands is a fact that bids us expect much on future occasions. D. E.

Obituaries.

MR. WILLIAM L. ROACH.

The death of William L. Roach, of Muscatine, Iowa, deprives that community of a citizen of stalwart patriotism. Mr. Roach passed away full of honors and virtues, and is widely mourned, especially by the large and honored family to whom he was so devoted. The Roach boys have all been educated at Notre Dame, the last one here, being "Bob" Roach, president

of the 1915 class during its graduating year. To the family we extend the assurance of sympathy and the promise of prayers. R. I. P.

MRS. S. H. CHUTE.

Louis P. Chute (A. B., '90) and Fred B. Chute (Litt. B., '92) have the sympathy of the University in the loss of their mother, whose beautiful and holy life came to an end at her home in Minneapolis on January 5. Earnest prayers will be offered for the repose of her soul. R. I. P.

The following tribute to "Jack" Waring, who until his death at Rochester, N. Y., last summer, was a member of the Class of 1917, was written by Royal H. Bosshard, president of the class, and read at the senior banquet in South Bend Sunday evening, December 17th. "Jack" was a student in the college of civil engineering. He was drowned while canoeing near Rochester.

TO JACK WARING.

To-night we have gathered together
To enjoy a Christmas repast;
To strengthen the bond that unites us --
As college days draw near the last.
We pause in the midst of our pleasure
And look back o'er the year that has passed—
Like a flash comes the scene of the tragedy
Of "Jack" Waring, so true to the last.

Jack was a comrade, a true classmate;
His friends he could count by the score:
So good, so true-hearted and happy,
It's hard to believe he's no more.
Fate is oft cruel in her actions;
The reasons for some we can't see—
But we bow to the all-wise Creator
And say that His will is to be.

In the hopeful years stretching before us
Jack's life will inspire us all.
His image in mind often pictured
Will save us many a fall.
We'll think of his unblemished virtue,
We'll see the same cheering smile.
And we'll realize then as we ponder
That his life was truly worth while.

ALBERT JOSEPH KEMP.

Death visited the University on the last day of the holiday vacation when Albert Joseph Kemp, a member of the freshman class in the college of electrical engineering, passed away at St. Joseph's Hospital in South Bend. Students returning from their homes were saddened at the death of Albert, who had been a resident of Corby Hall since September. He was 21

years old and had been a sufferer from lung trouble for several years. He was the son of Mr. and Mrs. F. J. Kemp, of Leroy, N. Y., to whom the entire University extends condolence and assurance of prayerful intercession. On Thursday last the students attended the requiem Mass celebrated by Father Cavanaugh for the deceased.

The class of 1920 presented to THE SCHOLASTIC the following resolution:

WHEREAS: It has pleased Almighty God in His infinite wisdom and power to remove from this life our well-beloved and esteemed classmate, ALBERT JOSEPH KEMP, in testimony of our sincerest sympathy for the bereaved family, be it

RESOLVED: That we, his classmates, tender our deepest sympathy in this, its hour of sorrow, and be it further

RESOLVED: That a copy of these resolutions be tendered to his family, and also, that they be printed in the Notre Dame SCHOLASTIC.

THE CLASS OF 1920.

Harry E. Denny, president.

J. Barry Holton, vice-president.

Ralph J. Stine, treasurer.

John Ambrose, secretary.

Announcements.

The Notre Dame Poetry Society will again resume its bi-weekly meetings, interrupted by the holiday vacation. The first meeting of the new year will occur in the University parlor next Sunday evening, January 14, at 7:30 P. M. Any college man is eligible for the organization.

Father Bolger, director of debating, announces that the question for the Varsity debates this season will be as follows: "Resolved: That the federal constitution should be amended to prohibit in the United States the manufacture, sale, and importation of intoxicating liquor for beverage purposes." An extensive bibliography has been prepared in the library for the use of the debaters. A meeting of all students who desire to try out for the teams will be held in the Sorin Law Room at 7:30 on Monday evening, January 15th.

Mr. Frank W. Holslag, of Notre Dame, will deliver a lecture before the Rotary Club in Springfield, Ohio, on Monday, January 15, and possibly another at Buffalo, N. Y., on the 16th. On February 3rd he is booked to speak before the Central Y. M. C. A., Chicago, and on the 4th he will again appear before the West Side Association.

Personals.

—George L. Coyne (Old Student) proudly reports the arrival of a little daughter at his home on Nov. the 18th, 1916. The newcomer has been named Eleanor Kathryn.

—Mr. Jackson Glenn ("Chief") Berryhill, lately a Brownson Haller, and Miss Etta Mae Weaver of Sapulpa, Okla., were married Dec. 15th, 1916. They will reside at 510 East Second St., Claremore, Okla.

—Christmas greetings from the venerable William Hake of Grand Rapids, Mich., remind us that he is still vigorous, though he has passed the age of fourscore. Mr. Hake sent all four of his boys to Notre Dame for their education.

—An equally felicitous note has been received from "Billy" Ryan (LL. B., '11). The message reads, "To announce the arrival of W. R. Ryan III., November 24th, 1916. Weight, eight pounds. We are getting him ready for Notre Dame."

—F. Michael Carmody (M. E., '15) visited the University just before the vacation, accompanying his brother Ted to their home in Louisiana. Late this month Mike expects to go to South America in the interests of the Standard Oil Company.

—A letter from Ignacio Quintanilla (Min. E., '15) gives an interesting account of his work as chief engineer of mines in a large party prospecting for copper in the mountainous region situated in the northwest of Cuba. Ignacio gives splendid proof of his devotion to the old school. His address is Mina, San Roman, Los Acostas, Prov. Pinar del Rio, Cuba.

Local News.

—Father Thomas Burke, assistant-secretary of the University, reports that twenty-five new students have registered since Christmas.

—By mistake the poem "Chris'mas in de Woods", by F. Jennings Vurpillat, appeared in the Christmas number of THE SCHOLASTIC over the name of George D. Haller.

—The senior four-year men gathered at the Nicholson Inn the Sunday evening before the holidays for an informal banquet. The seniors have received samples of their class ring and

class pin. Both are made after the design adopted by last year's graduates.

—Mr. Howard Parker has assumed the position of director of the Glee Club, following the resignation of Mr. Hugh O'Donnell. Mr. Ward Perrott, last year's organizer and director, will continue to aid the club in its concert work. It is planned to extend the membership of the club in the near future.

—The first-year men of the University gathered in the Main Building recently and chose their officers for the year. Harry Denny of Bridgeport, Conn., was elected president. He is president of the Freshman journalists. Denny's assistants will be Holton Barry, Austin, Tex., vice-president; John Ambrose, Portland, Ore., secretary; Ralph Stein, Astoria, Ore. treasurer; James Hoskins, Calumet, Mich., sergeant-at-arms.

—The Glee Club terminated its pre-Christmas season with a banquet at the Oliver on Monday evening Dec. 20th. Father Cavanaugh, honorary president of the club, and the heads of the University and the Indiana Club of South Bend were among the invited guests. The club officials have been urged to stage another concert in South Bend after the holidays. Although the attendance at the concert of December 6 was up to expectations, a number of people in town were kept away by other engagements and they have assured the management that a second concert would draw even a larger house than the first.

—Harry Burt, President of the Texas Club, J. Campbell, "Colonel" of the Kentucky Club, E. F. McEniry, President of the Iowa Club, Joe McKenna, President of the Metropolitans, Frank Clohessy, President of the New York State Club, Stuart Carroll, President of the Kansas City Club, and J. E. Cassidy, President of the LaSalle County Club, have issued an invitation to all city, county or state organizations at the University to participate in the first interstate banquet to be held at the Oliver Hotel, some time in February. Father Cavanaugh has indorsed the plan, and a meeting will be held January 26th to complete the arrangements.

—Not a few were surprised on returning after the holidays to learn that Vincent Mooney had entered the St. Joseph Novitiate as a postulant, preparatory to receiving the habit of the Congre-

gation of Holy Cross on February 2nd next. Vincent graduated in law last June. He was Grand Knight of the Notre Dame Council of the Knights of Columbus and Colonel of the cadet regiment at Notre Dame, after two years in the captaincy of the crack Co. C., which twice in those two years carried off the honors in the annual competitive drill. On entering his chosen vocation "Vince" takes with him the heartiest congratulations from a host of admirers and friends at the University.

—A number of the "old boys" of recent years called at Notre Dame during the holidays. Albert V. King (Ph. B., '14), a member of the famous 1913 eleven, smiled in on us for a couple of hours. Godfrey M. Roberts, last year a student in the journalism department, was a visitor from Pierre, South Dakota, where he is publishing a newspaper. Hugh Carroll (LL. B., '16) came up from Indianapolis, where he is engaged in legal work. William Bradbury, another of last year's law graduates, was here after New Year's. He passed the Illinois bar examination and is in his father's law office at Robinson, Ill. Hollis ("Hoot") King (LL. B., '16) called on his friends that remained here during the vacation. He is doing very well in Chicago.

Football Schedule.

The 1917 football schedule has been announced and there should be rejoicing aplenty and praises for Coach Harper, for it is the best schedule in years. The five big games of the season should give to Notre Dame the widest recognition on the gridiron. Nebraska, Michigan Aggies and the Army have been retained, while Wisconsin and Washington and Jefferson have been added.

The most significant feature of the announcement is the game with Wisconsin. For many years Notre Dame has been unable to arrange a game with any team of Western Conferences and the fact that Wisconsin has recognized our standing and clean sportsmanship is highly gratifying. Washington and Jefferson, always one of the strongest teams in the East, will be played at Washington the Saturday before Thanksgiving. Whether won or lost, this game will mean much to Notre Dame. One of the regrettable objections to all Gold and Blue schedules in the past has been the absence of a

big home game, but this year the Michigan Aggies comes to Cartier Field on November 17. Truly, it is a schedule to be proud of.

Oct.	6	Kalamazoo College at Notre Dame
"	13	Wisconsin at Madison
"	20	Nebraska at Lincoln
"	27	South Dakota at Notre Dame
Nov.	3	Army at West Point
"	10	Morningside at Sioux City, Iowa
"	17	M. A. C. at Notre Dame
"	24	W. and J. at Washington, Pa.

Old Students' Hall—Subscriptions to January 13, 1917.

The following subscriptions for Old Students' Hall were received by Warren A. Cartier, Ludington, Michigan, treasurer of the building committee:

Samuel T. Murdock, '86.	\$2000.00
Thomas B. Fitzpatrick, P. T. O'Sullivan, '68; Rev. E. J. McLaughlin, '75; M. F. Healy, '82; John C. Shea, '98; Clement C. Mitchell, '02; Byron V. Kanaley, '04; Daniel P. Murphy, '95; John P. Lauth, '68.	\$1000.00
Robert Sweeny, '03; C. A. Paquette, '90; Rev. John Dinnen, '65; Warren A. Cartier, '87; Stephen B. Fleming, '90; Thomas Hoban, '99; Angus D. McDonald, '00; William A. McInerney, '01; Joseph M. Byrne, '79; Cassius McDonald, '04; William P. Breen, '77; Student from Far West; Rev. I. E. McNamee, '09; C. C. Craig, '85; Frank E. Hering, '98; Peter P. McElligott, '02; James J. Conway, '85; George Cooke, '90.	\$500.00
Frank N. Maas, '77.	\$300.00
Fred E. Murphy, '93; John M. Flannigan, '94; John H. Neeson, '03; Joseph B. Naughton, '97; Peter Kuntz, '98; John H. Fendrich, '84; John Eggeman, '00; A. A. McDonnell, '00; Eugene A. Delaney, '99; R. A. O'Hara, '89.	\$250.00
W. G. Uffendell, '01; John O'Shea, '11; James F. Kennedy, '94; Louis C. M. Reed, '98; Francis O'Shaughnessy, '00; Joseph J. Sullivan, '02; G. A. Farabaugh, '04; Robert Anderson, '83; Joseph Lantry, '07; Rev. F. J. VanAntwerp, '14; John Dowd, '99; Rt. Rev. Thos. F. Hickey, '03; Christopher C. Fitzgerald, '94; F. A. Kaul, '97; William Hoynes, '77; Edwin J. Lynch, '10; T. D. Mott, '95; F. Henry Wurzer, '98; Paul R. Martin, '13; Timothy V. Ansberry, '93; John M. Quinlan, '04; Daniel Madden, '06; Fred J. Kasper, '04; J. S. Corby, '98; Thomas Steiner, '99; John F. Cushing, '06.	\$200.00
Rev. Michael Shea, '04; Ambrose O'Connell, '07; William Byrne, '95; James L. Tong, '94; W. A. Draper, '06.	\$150.00
Maximilian St. George, '08.	\$120.00
Oliver J. Tong, '73; Hermann C. R. Piper, '11; Edmund O'Connor, '93; J. L. Lamprey, '03; Walter Joyce, '07; George N. Johnson, '95; William H. Boland, '88; William J. Granfield, '13; M. O. Burns, '86; Rev. Michael Ryan, '95; William P. Higgins, '03; James Frederick Coll, '89; George J. Hanhauser, '01; James P. Fogarty, '00; Rev. John B. McGrath, '80; John F. Fennessey, '99; Cyril J. Curran, '12; Ernest E. L. Hammer, '04; Alfred J. Pendleton, '97; Edwin Wile, '74; Francis C. Schwab, '02; Rupert F. Mills, '14; William H. McCarty, '99; Edward J. Glynn, '11; Frank P. Crowley, '09; Thomas B. Curry, '14; James A. Curry, '14; Harry V. Crumley, '03; Harry S. Cahill, '08; Walter V. Heekin, '05; William McKenzie, '88; Rev. Bernard P. Murray, '93; Mark M. Foote, '73; Patrick J. Houlihan, '92; E. J. Maurus, '93; Thomas J. Swantz, '04; H. G. Hogan, '04; Harold P. Fisher, '06; John B. Kanaley, '09; James E. Hines, '09; John B. McMahon, '09; Rev. John M. Byrne, '00; J. H. Gormley, '03; Thomas O'Neill, '13; Robert E. Proctor, '04; John F. O'Connell, '13; Frank C. Walker, '09; Rev. Gilbert Jennings, '08; George O'Brien, '90; Vitus Jones, '02; W. A. Duffy, '08; Rev. J. H. Guending, '14; Fred C. McQueen, '00; Charles J. Stubbs, '88; Rupert Donovan, '08; Rev. Francis H. Gavisk, '14; Rt. Rev. Frank O'Brien, '95; Frank L. McOsker, '72; Charles E. Ruffing, '85;	\$100.00

James F. Foley, '13; Rt. Rev. T. C. O'Reilly, '09; Thomas J. Welch, '05; William E. Cotter, '13; John C. Tully, '11; John F. O'Connor, '72; T. P. O'Sullivan, '02; G. M. Kerndt, '82; Dr. Frank J. Powers, '94; Rev. John Talbot Smith, '07; Daniel C. Dillon, '04; Thomas C. Butler, '08; Edward M. Kennedy, '08; John J. Kennedy, '09; Peter M. Ragan, '92; James D. Barry, '97; Fred L. Steers, '11; Walter Clements, '14; Edward J. Carlton, '16; Leonard M. Carroll, '16; Luke L. Kelly, '16; Frank E. Swift, '16; C. P. Mottz, '16; Samuel Ward Perrott, '16; Edward C. Ryan, '16; James Francis Odem, '16; Emmett P. Mulholland, '16; Thomas A. Hayes, '16; Frank J. Hiss, '16; Joseph J. McCaffery, '16; Walter P. McCourt, '16; M. J. McEniry, '81; Thomas J. Shaughnessy, '15; James F. O'Brien, '13; Michael L. Fansler, '04; A. C. Fortin, '01; Daniel J. O'Connor, '05; M. H. Miller, '10; William D. Jamieson, '05; Grover F. Miller, '16; Thomas A. McLaughlin, '16; Edwin H. Sommerer, '16; Joseph O'Sullivan, '16; Jacob E. Eckel, '16; Vincent Mooney, '16; John T. Shea, '06; Edward M. Schaack, '93; Anton C. Stephan, '04; Dr. F. B. McCarty, '07; Harry F. McDonagh, '10; Charles W. Lahey, '13; Adam J. Kasper, '95; George W. Kasper, '95; Robert A. Kasper, '07; Charles Girsch, '94; Gerald A. Fitzgibbon, '07; John B. Fruechtel, '04; Hugh J. Daly, '12; Edward K. Delana, '13; Harry Curtis, '08; Charles Cullinan, '07; Daniel Cullinan, '07; Dr. W. P. Grady, '99; Edgar Crilly, '90; George S. Crilly, '88; James V. Cunningham, '07; M. H. Miller, '10; Frank X. Cull, '08; Jesse E. Vera, '10; Walter Duncan, '12; James W. O'Hara, '13; Joseph Collins, '11; Dr. H. G. McCarty, '12; James Dubbs, '06; Raymond E. Skelly, '11; William R. Ryan, '11; William A. McKearney, '08; Maurice J. Breen, '09; Raymond C. Langan, '93.

\$75.00

John W. Costello, '12.

\$50.00

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