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A Song of Leaves.

THOMAS E. BURKE, '07.

ON a bough of oak there hung
Sister leaves of green and gold,
One the springtime's tender young,
One, the autumn's child grown old.
Which was fairer none could say,
One must leave and one must stay.

Fairer grew the child of spring
Sweet birds sang beneath its shade,
But a robin's passing wing
Touched the gold and it was laid
Low upon the meadows green,
Where the snows had recent been.

Now another year is fled
And the green leaf has grown gold;
While the golden leaf is dead
Cofined in a tomb of mold,
Other leaves of purest green
Flourish where the gold had been.

St. Anselm and the English Kings.

JOHN M. RYAN, '06.



O understand the controversy that distressed England at the close of the eleventh and the beginning of the twelfth century it is necessary to have a definite idea of the subject of investiture.

According to the ancient practice the election of bishops depended upon the united votes of the clergy and the people, including the consent of the provincials. After the conversion of the barbarian nations, sovereigns claimed, not altogether unjustly, a controlling voice in these elections. The piety and goodness of the wealthy had enriched the monasteries and churches with immense

tracts of land. The condition of society during the Middle Ages, when feudalism—a natural and ordinary stage in the civilization of the Northern warriors was in full sway, and when might was more often right—demanded that these lands be governed by men favorable to the king. Under the feudal system bishops and abbots were subject either personally or by substitution to the obligations of temporal lords or barons. As large landowners they were required to do homage to their lord and to render him service. Now it not unfrequently happened that the churchmen when united were more powerful than the rulers; hence it was only natural and just that these men ruling the land should be friendly to the lord. It was to insure themselves in this matter that caused the rulers to interfere in the freedom of elections, and to require the oath of fealty from bishops or abbots elect before they could enter upon their duties.

Although not sanctioned by the Church this practice would have been endured had it ended there. But soon the desire of wealth and the ambition of courtiers caused the rulers to abuse their privileges and entirely ignore the formality of elections. The rich sees and benefices were bestowed either upon court favorites, or, as in England, kept vacant that the revenues might fill the coffers of the king. Favoritism, simony, black-mail, and every other vice or irregularity, had now full play. No effort was spared by the Church to do away with this evil which was more injurious to her life than either persecution or heresy. But she had to oppose not only the kings, to whom the practice was a source of revenue, but also the bishops, who were indebted to the system for their wealth and influence. These men, unworthy of the name, frustrated every

effort of the Popes and persecuted those who attempted to enforce papal decrees. It was an endeavor to put an end to this auctioneering of ecclesiastical offices and contempt for papal authority that caused the quarrel between St. Anselm and the English kings.

Born at Aosta in 1033 of a very rich patrician family, Anselm at the age of twenty-seven became a monk at Bec. In early life he had lost his mother, a pious, high-minded woman, Eadmer tells us, and soon after he left home. His father opposed his entering a monastery, and Anselm became a wandering scholar, enjoying the world. Attracted by the fame of Lanfranc he came to Bec, and there, conquering his love for worldly things, he received the habit. As a disciple of Lanfranc he soon excelled his master. In 1063 upon Lanfranc's removal to the court of William of Normandy, Anselm became prior of the monastery, and in 1078, upon the death of Herluin, abbot. In this position famous for his charity and holiness, loved by all who knew him, Anselm spent the next fifteen years. In 1093, forced to become Archbishop of Canterbury under William Rufus, Anselm began his glorious struggle for the freedom of the Church.

William Rufus, the second son of "the Conqueror," having sworn to Archbishop Lanfranc that he would rule justly and mercifully, became King of England upon his father's death in 1087. He also swore to defend the peace and liberty of the Church against all encroachments. While Lanfranc lived the king kept his promises, for in this illustrious prelate he had a counsellor whom he respected and whose good opinion he was careful to preserve. Hardly had Lanfranc died, however, than all restraint was removed. The Church and people alike groaned under his terrible exactions. The rights enjoyed by "the Conqueror" in church matters became abuses in the hands of the son. Not only were the freedom of elections, the right to excommunicate a royal officer, or to appeal to Rome, denied, but even the right to acknowledge the Pope at all. Following the suggestions of Flambard, a courtier bishop and chancellor of England, William Rufus refused to make appointments for vacant sees or abbeys. Instead, whenever an ecclesiastic died the royal officers took prompt possession of the fief. They

plundered the clergy and monks, monasteries and churches; they extorted all the money they could from the tenants. Then the king auctioned the benefice to the highest bidder to fame. The successful purchaser was never sure but that after the required amount had been paid some one else might overbid him and receive possession. This fear of losing their money made the collectors much worse than they would naturally have been. Through this odious practice sees were left vacant, or if an appointment was made, it was to a mercenary courtier like Flambard who would obey the king in all things. Canterbury was not the only victim of this system; no church escaped the royal rapacity, and William is said to have sworn soon to have all the crosiers in England. This was the condition of the see and the king under whom Anselm became archbishop.

In 1093 while St. Anselm was in England upon business for his monastery he was called to the bedside of William. The king, stricken with a sudden illness that to all appearances would be fatal, was anxious to appease the wrath of God. At Anselm's request he righted by means of an edict many of his wrongs. As this was a favorable moment, the assembled bishops and nobles asked and obtained the appointment of a successor for Lanfranc. It was Anselm, Abbot of Bec, but the holy monk absolutely refused. In vain the bishops and barons on their knees represented to him the deplorable condition of the Church, and asserted that he alone could reform it. In vain William pleaded his salvation depended upon the appointment of an Archbishop of Canterbury. To all prayers and entreaties Anselm turned a deaf ear. At last the barons losing patience seized the unwilling abbot and forced him to the king's side where, while the *Te Deum* was sung, they pried open his hand to receive the crosier. Still Anselm protested saying:

"I am an abbot of a foreign monastery. I owe obedience to my archbishop, submission to my prince, and help and counsel to my monks; I can not break these ties."

In tears he compared himself as an old sheep to William, the young bull, and demanded why they linked them together as William was not to die. But all remonstrances were in vain. The Archbishop or

Rouen commanded him to accept. Robert of Normandy and the monks at Bec gave their consent. True to Anselm's prophecy William recovered. Ashamed of his weakness he revoked the edict and all the pardons granted during his illness.

For over six months Anselm, who foresaw the struggle he would have to wage, put off the consecration. It was only when William, under pressure from the barons and the people, promised to acknowledge Pope Urban and return the Canterbury estates that the consecration took place. Immediately trouble began. The promises of the king were no sooner made than broken. He encouraged every hostility against Anselm, and on the very day of the consecration had him arrested so that the royal officers could plunder and pillage Canterbury. For months the zealous primate subsisted upon the alms of a friendly abbot while he saw his brethren persecuted, his tenants robbed. Finally he was given to understand that he should make the king a present for his promotion. With difficulty Anselm raised five hundred pounds, which the king scornfully refused as unworthy the royal acceptance.

"Do not, my lord, reject my offer," answered the primate, "though the first, it will not be the last present of your archbishop. Use me as a freeman and I will devote myself with all that I have to your service, but if you treat me as a slave you will have neither me nor mine."

The king in a rage dismissed him, saying he wanted neither him nor his. Then Anselm gave the money to the poor. Shortly after this, as William was starting for Normandy, Anselm asked to be received into favor; but when told he must pay five hundred pounds down and five hundred more within a specified time the primate refused as he had no money nor would he extort it from his down-trodden tenants. Upon the king's return Anselm seeing he alone could not cope with the tyrant announced his intention of going to Rome for his pallium. This infuriated William who denied Urban's authority and accused Anselm of treason. In vain the archbishop recalled the king's promises before the consecration. The king would acknowledge nothing. Then Anselm appealed to the decision of the bishops and barons assembled in council. The meeting

took place at Rockingham, and here William induced the bishops to renounce Anselm's authority. The barons, however, remained faithful to their father, saying: "As Christians we must obey our archbishop." William disconcerted postponed the decision while he sent secretly to acknowledge Urban's authority and obtain a pallium.

The legate whom the Pope sent at first seemed to favor the king, but when Urban was publicly acknowledged he refused to do anything against Anselm. The king seeing he could not get Anselm to receive the pallium from him allowed the legate to place it upon the altar from which place Anselm took and assumed it. A peace was now arranged between the primate and the king. For two years more Anselm endured every kind of insult and outrage. William tried all possible means to shake the archbishop's constancy or extort money from him, but all in vain. At last after three times being refused Anselm obtained permission to go to Rome; but to do so would mean the confiscation of the Canterbury property. This did not daunt the archbishop. He gave the king his blessing and immediately set out. After a final insult at Dover, where his baggage was searched for money, Anselm was allowed to cross the channel.

All along his route Anselm was honored and venerated. Instead of allowing him to resign, Pope Urban commanded him to cease all such thoughts. The council that was then assembled against the Greeks wished to excommunicate William immediately, but through Anselm's prayers they spared the tyrant for a time. Instead of improving by this respite William grew worse, and had almost destroyed every vestige of right when he was found dead pierced by an arrow in the forest.

Henry, William's younger brother, immediately seized the throne. As he had need of the Church to hold his realm he at once recalled Anselm. On the very day of his arrival Anselm announced the papal decrees concerning investiture. But Henry, a wise politician, temporized and made sure of his throne before he quarrelled with the archbishop. He obtained a delay to consult the Holy See. When Robert, the rightful heir to England, invaded that country Henry

swore not to hinder Anselm from carrying out the papal decrees, but hardly had Robert, largely through Anselm's influence, been bought off than Henry, like the late king, forgot his oath. He ordered Anselm to be reinvested and to this received a prompt refusal. Anselm, moreover, refused to consecrate crown-appointed ecclesiastics though another exile awaited him. Embassy after embassy went to Rome but always with the same result. The papal letters condemned Henry, but the venal bishops swore the Pope granted verbal permissions for the king. Anselm himself was at last induced to go, although he knew it was merely a trick to get him out of the kingdom.

When Anselm, after another triumphal trip, arrived at Rome, Pascal II., who had succeeded Urban, confirmed his actions and excommunicated all Henry's advisers, giving the king a little longer time. The archbishop started back, but at Lyons received word not to return unless he would obey the king. For over a year the undaunted prelate remained patiently at Lyons while Henry enjoyed the church revenues. At last through fear of excommunication Henry consented to meet Anselm, and as a result peace was arranged. A year later after another embassy had returned from Rome, Anselm returned to England. Henry renounced investiture with ring and crosier, while Anselm in obedience to Rome agreed to consecrate the crown-appointed ecclesiastics if worthy; and further, he allowed the bishop or abbot elect to do homage for their temporal fief before consecration.

Thus, Anselm, the weak 'old sheep,' as he had called himself, was victorious. He had survived one bull and tamed the other. Fourteen years he had endured persecution, intrigue, spoliation, falsehood and exile. Deserted by his fellow ecclesiastics, barely supported by papal councilors, without a single prince coming to his defence, he had defied and defeated all the force of William and Henry. Worn out by his troubles and labors Anselm died during Holy Week, 1109, at the age of seventy-six years. "He has been justly regarded as the flower of medieval goodness;" and whom the Almighty seems to have sent as a herald before the martyr of the twelfth century, his fifth successor in the See of Canterbury, Thomas à Becket.

Enjoy Life.

(Horace, Odes II., II.)

WHAT plans the warlike Cantabri prepare,
Or Scythians, O Quintus, cease to care;
An ocean lies between. To cares a truce
For life, Hirpinus, asks but little for its use

Light youth and comeliness ere long draw back,
And gentle sleep and sportive love alack,
Gray hairs and sapless age drive far away;
In vernal blossoms beauty does not stay

For aye the same. Nor does the blushing Queen
Fair Luna shine with ever-changeless mien.
Why therefore does your little mind revolve
Those plans eternity alone can solve?

While time permits, untroubled we'll recline
Neath lofty beech or else beside this pine;
Our hoary locks let roses' scent perfume,
Let Nard anoint, while we our wines consume.

The god of wine puts gnawing cares to rout.
What boy with haste my order carries out
To cool these cups, Falernia's fiery brand,
Within the streamlet flowing near at hand?

Who shall sequestered Lyde tempt from home,
A playful girl? Go quick and bid her come.
Her ivory lyre she must not leave behind,
Let simple Spartan knot her tresses bind.

W. J.D.

The Musical Spirit.

VARNUM A. PARRISH, '07.

Mrs. Worster had invited the Women's Relief Corps to come over on Wednesday evening and attend a sewing bee for the purpose of increasing their funds. Mrs. Jones stopped in during the afternoon a little before supper-time to talk over the event of the coming evening. At last fearing that Mrs. Worster would not ask her to stay for supper she volunteered to assist, if there was any help needed, in getting ready for the evening, since she herself had no supper to get for Milton who was serving on the Grand Jury and would not be home until Thursday. Mrs. Worster resignedly accepted her proffered aid.

About a quarter past seven the ladies began to arrive. That hour would be rather early for most people, but these old cronies usually got around as soon as their evening dishes were cleaned. Mrs. Nibbs, as usual, was the first one on hand. She always came to such little social gatherings earliest—and left latest. She would keep up

one continuous stream of conversation from the time she got one foot inside the door until she was far out the front gate on her way home. In addition she had a remarkable memory, and when any question of dates or happenings arose among the other ladies of the circle, it was usually referred to her for settlement. When she did not know she feigned to be conversant with the subject. Her decision on a matter was never doubted nor questioned, for if she had forgotten a date or occurrence you could be assured that nobody else remembered it. So she was perfectly safe in pretending to know, whether she did or not.

Then came Mrs. Clemens, Mrs. Sweet, and Mrs. Haney, who were next-door neighbors, and usually attended in a body such affairs as this. When any one of these ladies did not happen to be in the company of the other two, the absent one always afforded the subject of discourse for the others. At last all of the Corps had arrived; in round numbers a dozen or more. They sat in a circle which extended clear around the sitting room. All were busy with their sewing and incidentally with their talking.

"Do you know," said Mrs. Brown, "that I don't know what we women are going to do if the hired girls get much more stuck up and independent than they are now." (Hired help happened to be their topic.) "In some homes now you can hardly tell the mistress from the hired girl."

"I don't see how they can get any worse," said Mrs. Clemens.

"Yes," replied Mrs. Moxley, "you're right. It is simply terrible." Here Mrs. Jones put in:

"Mrs. Stevens has a quarrel with her girl nearly every day. The other morning, the girl wouldn't take a mouse out of the trap. She says to Mrs. Stevens, 'My hands are just as good as yours.' So at last Mrs. Stevens had to take the mouse out herself."

"Yes, but if you knew Mrs. Stevens a little better you wouldn't wonder that she doesn't get along with her girl. Maybe if you'd lived next door to her as long as I have you'd know more about her. Why, I saw her get mad at the washing machine one day, and push it off the back porch, simply because it hadn't washed one of the sheets clean enough to suit her. Now you wouldn't expect a woman that can't get along with

things that haven't any life to be able to live peaceably with a hired girl, would you?"

Just then a gust of air blew in through the window which had been left open on account of the sultry warm weather, and out went the light.

"Dear me," said Mrs. Worster as she rose and went to the match case, "there isn't a match in this box."

"That's just the way with hired girls, they never see to anything unless you tell them," said Mrs. Moxley.

Just then, while Mrs. Worster was still looking for a match, the old square piano in the front room began to play.

"Who's that?" gasped the hostess, as she looked into the parlor to see what was there. "Why that piano has been locked up ever since Nellie went away to school. I don't see how you ladies got it open."

Nobody answered. Mrs. Worster stepped back from the door and stood still. She could see nothing in the room. All was quiet for a moment, not even a whisper was heard among the women. Suddenly the old instrument thrilled as though it were thumbed by a roguish child. And then again all was silent as death.

"Susan, bring down a lamp, match, or something, quick!" shouted Mrs. Worster up the stairs to the girl who had gone to bed. All above were fast asleep, and no reply was given to the mistress' urgent demand. The quietness was broken by another roulade from the piano. This ceased only for a moment to be followed up by an arpeggio full of discords.

"Are you coming down with a lamp, Susan," the trembling hostess again called up the stairs.

"What'll we do," said Mrs. Clemens, in a frantic whisper. "I never heard anything like this before in my life."

"I am going to get out of here right away," declared Mrs. Brown.

"What! You don't mean to say you'll go and leave me alone," cried Mrs. Worster in dismay. "Wait till I see if I can't find a match some place."

She had no more than turned about when she heard the old piano in the haunted parlor run a chromatic scale; but it was poorly played, and notes were skipped here and there.

At that moment the kitchen door opened.

"Where are the lights, Kate," called Mr. Worster, who was just coming in from a late drive in the country.

"Come in here quick with your lantern, Edgar! Quick!" cried Mrs. Worster.

Mr. Worster was a very cool headed, deliberate sort of fellow. He seldom, if ever, became excited. Such things as spirits never bothered him. He had no faith in them. When actions or sounds were mysterious and unaccountable he deliberated instead of marvelling and usually solved that which seemed to most men inexplicable.

As soon as he entered the room courage and strength returned to the ladies from the mere presence of a man, so that they were again able to speak. They began to tell him about the queer occurrence; but as the piano started in again with its pranks, Mr. Worster stood wondering for a few minutes.

"It acts like a pianola, doesn't it?" said he.

"This is nothing to joke about. You'd better find out what the trouble is," replied his wife.

"Now I've read about spiritualist meetings," said Mrs. Clemens, "but when they have a séance there's always some one who acts as a medium and goes off in a trance. I don't see any of us in a trance."

"O I never had any faith in those people. There's always some trickery about them sittings, and most of the dunces ain't sharp enough to see it," said Mr. Worster.

The piano resounded again.

"Get that key to the old thing, Kate, and I'll open it and see if I can't find out what's causing this peculiar music," said he.

After fussing around some time in her excitement Mrs. Worster found the key. The piano had just played again and all were sitting breathless. Mr. Worster turned the key, raised the lid, and the strange spirits that were thought to have caused the mysterious music were dispelled by the squeak of a mouse and the shrieks of a dozen frightened women scrambling upon the chairs.

Resurrection.

From out the regions where the dead abide
Beneath the paschal skies,
Its winding sheet of snow now laid aside
A lily fair doth rise,

T. E. B.

My -Cigarette.

(With apologies to T. Moore and the Indiana anti-cigarette law.)

OF in the stilly night
Ere my cigarette has charmed me,
Sad memory brings the light
Of the law that has thus harmed me:
My cigarette,
An amulet,
The words of law are spoken;
My cigarette,
Can I forget
The law must not be broken?
Thus in the stilly night
Ere this fragrant weed has charmed me
Sad memory brings the light
Of the law that has thus harmed me.
When I remember all
How linked we are together
Your magic word will fall
And say "We shall not sever:
My cigarette,
I love you yet.
I feel like one forsaken.
A gay coquette
Could ne'er beget
The love that you have taken.
Thus in the stilly night
Ere my cigarette has charmed me.
Sad memory brings the light
Of the law that has thus harmed me.

A. S. H.

Palestrina.

WALTER J. O'DONNELL, '06.

The world is ever ready to praise the deeds of heroes, and never does it allow the lustre of their names to grow dim. But in the field of fine arts, especially music, we find the lesser luminaries highly honored, while Palestrina, the prince of musicians, is seldom mentioned.

The exact date of Pierluigi da Palestrina's birth is a matter of much discussion as is also the question of his origin. We may, however, conclude with many musical historians that he was born at Palestrina, the Praeneste of the Romans, in 1524. His father bore the family name of Santé and his mother that of Gismondi, whereby we are led to believe that Palestrina was of a gentle family.

His youth was passed in Rome where he pursued his studies in a college of music with Animuccia and, probably, Giovanni Maria

Nannini. Beyond that nothing more is known of his early years; and, indeed, we do not hear of him again until 1551, when Pope Julius III. conferred on him the office of Magister Capellae at the Vatican. Music in general was at this time fast degenerating, but more especially church music. The Gregorian Chant was divested of its majesty and grandeur, and was hardly recognizable in its new garb. It was overladen with mere embellishments, and at last became a jumble of sound, expressive of sensuousness instead of piety and devotion.

Homophonous music was well-nigh abolished and in its stead we find meagre polyphonic strains with strenuously labored contrapuntal effects, replete with harmonies but totally void of music thought. The movement towards the suppression of such music and towards the restoration of the Ambrosian, Apostolic, and Gregorian chants received its first impetus in the Netherlands. Not only did the composers in the Lowlands strive to re-establish homophony in its proper place, but they also devoted much of their time to polyphony. To them we owe the origin and beginnings of counterpoint; to Palestrina alone are we indebted for its perfection. Palestrina entered the movement heart and soul, together with Orlando Lasso, a young Netherlander, whose influence is distinctly traceable in most of Palestrina's work.

In 1555 Palestrina was enrolled by Julius III. among the singers of the Sistine Chapel. The legality of this new appointment was brought into question on the ground that Palestrina was married. Julius III. died within a few weeks and was succeeded by Marcellus II. who reigned but twenty-three days. On his death Paul IV. was selected to govern the Church, and in less than a year he dismissed Palestrina together with the other married singers, allowing them a meagre pension of six scudi per month.

In October of this same year Palestrina was appointed Maestro di Capella at the Lateran. Five years later he resigned this position for a similar one at Santa Maria Maggiore. From then until his death Palestrina begins to acquire the attention of the musician, especially the student of church music, for an event occurred in 1562 which had to do with church music, and

on Palestrina alone rested the terrible responsibility of saving the art.

It is an absurdity for anyone to deny that church music needed the pruning knife, nay, a complete revision. From the thirteenth century composers aimed at cultivating forms of technical ingenuity at the expense of simple beauty; forms which some one has well said "were worthy only of association with a clever conundrum." These inventions were generally in the form of a cross; and when too complicated for the skilled musicians to discover how they should be sung, the "authors hinted at the secret by means of a motto as obscure as the music itself."

The authors of this period would have accomplished a laudable work had they known where to stop, but their passion for sensuous beauty led them out of bounds, and hence we must censure them. To counteract the evils of the time composers took as the *canti fermi* for the Masses and motets, the antiphons and hymns occurring in the sacred liturgy. Thus we have the Masses, "Lucis Creator Optime," "Aeterna Christi Munera," "Repletus Os Meum," "Hodie Christus Natus Est," "Ecce Sacerdos Magnus," and many others. The words special to these *canti fermi* were replaced by the actual words of the Mass, and this increased devotion and furthered meditation among the people by making them familiar with the melodies. For example, if a Mass on Christmas had as its theme the *canto fermo* "Hodie Christus Natus Est," it would make the people realize more fully the significance of the feast. We can not refrain from extolling the composers for this; though unfortunately they did not stop here.

About this time the minnesingers and the troubadours began to produce a multitude of beautiful compositions, many of which are still extant under the misleading caption of "national airs." These beautiful secular melodies were made to do service as the groundwork of church music. The songs could be heard every day in the public places, sung in the vernacular; and on Sunday in the church, the Latin text being abbreviated or lengthened according as the music demanded. Thus we might hear Mass or Benediction sung to the melody of a "Drinking Song," "Harvest Song," etc. The authors

(Continued on page 480.)

Liberty.

SPiRiT of Freedom, thee my voice implores.
In every clime thy cheering breath has spread
New love for glory, life and health. For thee
Unnumbered hosts of heroes fought and bled.

All valiant nations boast their glorious brave
Whose selfish deeds are attributes of thee,
Whose voice re-echoes through the vaults of Time
To bid us treasure thee, fair Liberty!

H. M. K.

His Heart Was in the Right Place.

ROBERT L. BRACKEN, '07.

Now two hundred miles is a long way to ask a girl to come in order to attend a dance with you; yet an Easter Ball is an Easter Ball, and Easter, the same as Christmas or any other out-of-the-ordinary day, comes but once each year. And then, everyone would be there and everyone would be at their best; and it was impossible for Reed to be at his best unless—well, unless the right girl was there. Still it was hardly possible that she could come, for two hundred miles is indeed a long way. Yet to prove that his heart was in the right place he wrote a long and wordy epistle, dwelling on the “properness” and the reasons why she should come; how her presence was an absolute necessity for the success of the affair, at least as far as he was concerned. Then he added a postscript that she must come, for he had decided since starting to write that without her he could not go—simply would not go.

Whether he was engaged to the girl or not, I do not know, but the letter surely sounded that way. So it ended that the dance would be a failure without her, for John was an “absolute necessity,” even though the girl might not be. The letter was sent, and he sat down to wait for developments. No particular reason why he should have sat down to wait; but when the annual Easter Ball is only a few weeks off everyone sits down to wait, and not work.

Then it occurred to him for the hundredth time that the two hundred miles that separated them was truly a great distance, and was sure that it was impossible; she

simply could not come and he was sorry he had written that letter.

Still he had proven what he intended to do: his heart was in the right place; so no harm was done even though she did not come. And if he did not hear from the girl before Tuesday morning, he would save a little time by writing to Cousin Grace in Chicago and tell her to come. For the first time in his life it seemed to him that cousins were some good after all. As he did not hear Monday nor even on Tuesday, he wrote to the cousin and briefly stated his wants; simply, she was to come to the dance, and see that nothing kept her from putting in her appearance. But on Tuesday afternoon he received a letter from “the girl.” She did not know; in fact, her mamma could not see that it would be right and “proper;” she was sorry, but unless he could prove to mamma that it would be all right and “they” would all think so, and not say: “Did you hear about — going away off there to go to a dance, and with that young John Reed. And—and—” she was afraid she could not come. Now Reed had tried several times before to persuade mamma that things were right, when she did not think so, and he had always met with the same success.

“Perhaps you are right, John, but I can not allow Ethel to go this time,” was a most effectual reply.

He at once sat down and composed a most brilliant explanation to Mrs. Davidson and explained how it was right; how girls were coming from all over the country; and closed with the following master-stroke: “Hoping that for the first time you will see that I am right and that you, my dear Mrs. Davidson, are wrong.” He felt secure in believing that she would refuse as she had always done; and that same afternoon when he received a “delighted” from Cousin Grace, he congratulated himself on being a diplomat, killing the proverbial two birds with one stone, and proving that his heart was in the right place. Now that he had secured a girl for the dance, he sat down again to wait.

In just three days he received another letter from the girl. Her mother had for once been mistaken and would allow her to come. She could hardly believe it, but

it was true and she would be there. She knew she would enjoy every minute of the time. "When should she come? On what day, and what train? And he would surely be there to meet her?" And any number of questions that she had the right to ask—or at least it seemed that way.

If Reed considered himself a diplomat before, he was obliged to change his mind now. He found himself with two girls on his hands; and that would never do. To Ethel, Cousin Grace was one of those girls "who are not very pretty but awfully nice;" and to Cousin Grace, Ethel was one of the girls whose acquaintanceship she could quietly disclaim with a "Yes, she is a nice girl. I guess I do not know her very well." One thing was definite and certain, and that was that he could not take both of them. To him Cousin Grace was a fine girl; but so was Ethel, and in case of an election being necessary, he would certainly choose the girl; still there was yet time to fix things, so he sent a telegram to the cousin:

"Sprained my ankle. Can not dance. Do not come. Am sorry.

JOHN."

Once again he was waiting, for he felt sure that would keep Cousin Grace out of the road. Then he wrote the girl and told her how "tickled to death" he was, and very likely several more interesting states that he was in and was not. But the letter had hardly been mailed when he received a telegram from the cousin:

"Am sorry. But have arranged to come and will visit you anyway.

GRACE."

Then the telegrams flew and they ran something like this, starting with Reed's:

"Come a week later. Another dance. Smaller one.

REED."

"Can not come then. Am going to New York. Must come now.

GRACE."

"Come next month. Great doings. Boat races.

REED."

"Will have company all month. Am coming Easter Sunday.

GRACE."

"For Lord's sake stay at home. Will explain later.

REED."

That was only last week; and I suppose he still has to explain.

Summer.

I 'LL wait forsooth and not in vain,
Since fastest friends we've been of old,
And well I know you'll come again
And drive away the dreary cold.

Yet while I think I clearly see
That after all my hope is vain,
For far too short thy stay will be
Ere comes unwelcome cold again.

Farewell, then, to complaint and care
Of summer's warmth or wintry weather,
For I'll believe that all is fair,
Though fair and foul should come together.

J. E. McG.

An Evening Vision.

P. J. G.

The evening was dull and cheerless for jocund May. Coming out of the house I strolled leisurely to a near-by grove of stately cedars, in the midst of which was an old rustic bench, a favorite spot of mine.

Musing, I gazed steadily at the sky for a few minutes and watched the leaden clouds come up from the south, and spreading, labor along ponderously like so many ships of old laden with plunder and spoils.

Presently these clouds began to assume numerous fantastic shapes. Hideous faces grinned horribly at me as they went by. Massive heads crowned with streaming locks passed solemnly on, and graceful forms of maidens, fair and lovely, clad in flowing robes of white, sailed demurely on their way.

A huge bear walking on his hinder legs lumbered on, followed by a long-maned, sinewy lion and his mate drawing a chariot, at which a fiery, snorting buffalo madly plunged.

At last came a cloud fairer than the others, around whose frayed edges the dying sun cast a bright halo. A few dark spots quickly moved into their places, and immediately I saw a most beautiful maiden in glorified drapery borne serenely along. One glimpse of that divinely modelled face, one glimpse of that supremely graceful form, and the procession was ended. The face was slowly turned away as if in renunciation of the world, and the form melted into a ragged cloud.

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—At one of the recent art exhibits in Dresden a beautiful painting of the Infant Jesus in His foster-father's workshop held the attention of thousands and commanded the admiration of the most competent critics. Among the innumerable throng of admirers that stood before the celebrated picture there happened to be a simple, rustic carpenter whose meagre knowledge was confined to his chisel and square. After this candid artisan, who, perhaps, had never before seen a work of art, had given the masterpiece a cursory glance, he very frankly exclaimed: "Pshaw! I don't see how any man can saw without making some shavings." Self-evident as this observation was it had never dawned upon the mind of the talented painter or his host of critics.

This incident serves as a good illustration of the still current proverb that every master can learn from his pupil; be his disciple ever so ignorant the latter's knowledge of peculiar circumstances may at times become an indispensable condition of some special undertaking. Masters even more than pupils are prone to forget this adage; ready to assert a monopoly of wisdom, and quick to dogmatize over subordinates as though their own dictum were a self-sufficient and indisputable *ipse dixit*. Such persons, who having ears hear not, are trumpeting Gratianos shouting to all the world: "I

am Sir Oracle, and when I ope my lips let no dog bark." While they forget that the truly wise grant others an occasion to speak, they frequently silence their interlocutor before he can broach a suggestion, and not seldom they frustrate all mutual understanding by some cold egotistic reply. To harm-provoking characters of this stamp may be suggested the advice of Polonius:

Give every man thine ear, but few thy voice:

Take each man's censure but reserve thy judgment.

—Probably the greatest and most important assistance ever rendered to higher education is that which was bestowed by Mr. Carnegie when he endowed a fund of \$10,000,000 to provide annuities for college professors who are unable to continue in active service. This extraordinary gift in the cause of education shall fill a long-felt want, and furthermore shall lend dignity to that profession from which so little remuneration is received. The result of this magnificent benefaction will, in all likelihood, be that more learned scholars, who have hitherto stood aloof from this vocation on account of the small compensation, shall be incited to choose that grand work of teaching; and those already engaged in that labor who may be despairing of their future shall be buoyed up by the hope of an annuity. Thus the universities shall be enabled to acquire the services of proficient instructors, who incidentally shall more fitly prepare their students to fill positions on a faculty when they themselves shall have deservedly won the right to participate in the annuities.

Not all colleges, however, are included in the benefit of the fund. Those that are supported by the State or in which there is a strict observance of some one creed, are excluded. But this grievance shall be trivial when compared with the vast amount of good to be derived from the fund. The never-ending generosity of Mr. Carnegie is most gratifying and commendable; and in years to come he must of necessity be included among the world's greatest philanthropists.

—The program for the Sixty-first Annual Commencement has just been announced. The baccalaureate sermon will be delivered on Sunday, June 11, by Reverend Daniel E.

Hudson, C. S. C. Father Hudson has long been intimately connected with the University and is at present the editor of the *Ave Maria*. He is an eloquent and able preacher, and just the type of man to appeal most successfully to the students. Hon. Marcus A. Kavanagh, the distinguished jurist of Chicago, has been invited to give the oration of the day. Judge Kavanagh has won an enviable reputation as a public speaker, and all at Notre Dame may rest assured that they will be favored with a masterful effort.

The subject proposed for the bachelor orations is "The Spirit of the Laws." William D. Jamieson, who takes for his theme "The Moral Law Based on Liberty," is a candidate for the degree of Litt. B., has been prominent in the oratorical line in past years and has deservedly merited the present distinction.

Henry M. Kemper has elected to treat "The Christian Law Based on Charity." Mr. Kemper will be graduated in the literary course, and since taking up his work here has played a prominent part in University circles. John R. Voigt will speak of "The American Law Based on Equality;" and he, like his *confrères*, has been a leader in student activities, while pursuing a special course in biology. The valedictory this year falls to the lot of Bernard S. Fahy. Mr. Fahy has distinguished himself during his college career as a careful and diligent student; and he is not unworthy of the honor bestowed upon him by the Faculty.

—For a supposedly dead language Latin is certainly causing a furore among live nations. More and more insistent comes the cry for a common pronunciation. Germany, has long fostered the reform. In France the Bishop of Verdun has made the old Roman pronunciation compulsory in his diocesan seminaries; and there are many prelates ready to take the same step. Nor is France the only nation to take kindly to this "new-old" reform. America and England, who have long admitted the authenticity of the old Roman pronunciation, are now teaching it almost universally. Why, then, should the Church continue to cling to the 'new' Roman or 'continental' pronunciation in her liturgy and chants?

The New York Review.

This week we are in receipt of a notice relative to the publication of a new Catholic periodical. Its purpose is a worthy one, and its success seems assured, backed as it is by the Archdiocese of New York and the energetic men at its head.

THE NEW YORK REVIEW

A JOURNAL OF THE ANCIENT FAITH AND MODERN THOUGHT.

Arrangements have been made to issue, in the beginning of June next, the first number of a periodical to be called *The New York Review*.

The new publication has the approval of His Grace Archbishop Farley of New York. It will be issued every two months and will be edited by Professors of the Diocesan Seminary at Yonkers.

THE PURPOSE OF THE REVIEW

is mainly *apologetic*, with special reference to present-day religious and scientific conditions. It is intended to be, as its sub-title indicates, "A Journal of the Ancient Faith and Modern Thought." In character and method it will be positive and constructive.

THE OBJECTS IN VIEW

in founding it are:

(1) To treat in a scholarly fashion, yet in a manner intelligible to the ordinary cultured mind, topics of interest bearing on Theology, Scripture, Philosophy, and the cognate Sciences.

(2) To draw attention to the needs of the present intellectual situation in matters of religious belief.

(3) To secure the united efforts of the most eminent Catholic scholars, lay and clerical, throughout the world, for the discussion and solution of problems and difficulties connected with Religion.

(4) To treat, by means of shorter *Studies*, minor topics in Scripture, Archaeology, etc.

(5) To keep the readers informed on most recent developments of religious questions by careful reviews or summaries of important books and publications.

THE PRESENT NEED

of such a publication in English will doubtless be readily granted by all thoughtful and well-informed persons. The strides made in scientific and historical research during the past half century have forced upon us the consideration of new problems, and have rendered necessary the restatement of many Theological positions.

The new issues thus raised can not without ever-increasing harm continue to be ignored by Catholics, as has too generally been the case in the past. They are currently discussed in reviews and newspapers by writers of every shade of religious opinion, and only too often the solution proposed is irreconcilable with any sane interpretation of historic Christianity.

It is true that many Catholic scholars, especially in Europe, are doing excellent work along the lines above indicated. But as their productions are, for the most part, scattered through various reviews, many of which are not available for the average English-speaking public, there will be a manifest advantage in bringing together in one special periodical the combined results of their scientific labors.

The Annual Subscription is *Three Dollars*. Checks should be made payable to John F. Brady, Managing Editor, to whom all business communications should be addressed.

JAMES F. DRISCOLL, D. D., *Editor*.

FRANCIS P. DUFFY, *Associate Editor*.

JOHN F. BRADY, M. D., *Managing Editor*.

New York Alumni Dinner.

The following account, clipped from the *Brooklyn Daily Standard Union*, May 1, recalls to mind many old friends whom we must confess we had almost forgotten; and in addition it is another splendid testimonial of the love and loyalty to their *Alma Mater* which has so often before been displayed by the New York State Club of Notre Dame.

Many Brooklynites attended the annual dinner of the Notre Dame Club, given Saturday evening at the Empire Hotel, Manhattan.

The Rev. Father Luke J. Evers, originator of the plan for holding an early morning Mass in his church on Duane street, New York, for the benefit of the printers, newspaper men and others whose duties keep them out late Saturday nights, presided. He spoke of the general progress and prosperity of the organization. Frank P. Dwyer, of the Grand Trunk Railroad, and the Rev. William A. Olmstead, brigadier general of the United States Army, retired, also made addresses.

As is the custom, officers were elected at the dinner, the following being unanimously chosen:

Rev. Luke J. Evers, President; Frank P. Dwyer, 1st Vice-President; Rev. Wm. Olmstead, 2d Vice-President; Rev. John B. McGrath, 3d Vice-President; Thomas Murray, Treasurer; Charles A. Gorman, Financial Secretary; Peter P. McElligott, Recording Secretary; William K. Gardiner, Historian.

The Executive Committee was also elected and consists of: Frank Eyanson, Joseph B. Naughton, Ernest Hammer, Timothy Crimmons, Thomas B. Reilly.

Among the diners were Thomas Murphy, William A. Shea, Thomas F. Dwyer, Francis B. Cornell, John D. McGee, Frank Eyanson, William K. Gardiner, John D. Quinn, Reverend William A. Olmstead, Frank P. Dwyer, Thomas E. Reilly, Peter P. McElligott, Reverend John McGrath, Timothy Crimmons, Joseph P. Naughton, Edward Hammer, Thomas Murray, Joseph F. Garrigan, Philip J. Doherty, Ernest Hammer, Charles Gorman, Patrick MacDonough, William O'Connell, Anthony Burgher and Francis X. Carmody.

(Continued from page 475.)

of such Masses had not the slightest conception that they were doing wrong. They were captivated by the beauty of these melodies, and sacrificed the meaning and significance of the Latin words, obtaining as a result sensuous music, accompanied oftentimes with heretical declarations, owing to the arrangement of the text.

It was when this abuse was at its height that Pope Paul IV. called together the Council of Trent. The Fathers assembled and resolved to exterminate from the church service all music save the Gregorian Chant; but the Emperor Ferdinand and a few Roman cardinals stayed the stern *fiat*. The final decision was made to rest on Palestrina. He was commissioned to do his utmost to prove to the world that the sublime forms of musical art were in harmony with the solemn ritual of the Church. From his motto, *Illumina, Domine, oculos meos*, we see with what a holy, pious enthusiasm Palestrina undertook his work. Truly, the harmonies he composed must have been rapt from the heavenly choirs.

Instead of one Mass he wrote three, lest perhaps if one were rejected, the others might be accepted. The third proved the sublimest; and so great was the admiration it excited that it caused the Pope to exclaim on hearing it: "It is John who gives us here in this earthly Jerusalem a foretaste of that new song which the holy Apostle John realized in the heavenly Jerusalem in his prophetic trance." This Mass is to this day the *chef d'œuvre* of all musical art. It is known as "Missa in Honorem Papae Marcelli." Palestrina has well earned the glory of having built an eternal foundation for the labors of his successors. He has saved and made secure to us the noble art of polyphony. He is the master contrapuntist. His predecessors begot mere skeletons; Palestrina breathed into these skeletons the spirit of life, made them live, and proved that music, like speech, was able to express thoughts, to sing the praises of the Creator.

What we admire most in Palestrina's work is its shades of contrast and color. His compositions are not dramatic, but teem with melody, inspired harmony, and a majesty untainted by the least breath of passion. His melodies are set off from

all others by their grace, beauty and power of expression. His art is extremely Roman and is pervaded with the "spirit of restfulness, of celestial calm, of supernatural revelation and supernal beauty." His music gives us a perfect knowledge of the inner life of the author, a consummate religious, although a layman. His music breathes of God, of his own pure soul; and what made Palestrina *princeps musicae* was this very "fervor of piety which flooded his soul with light and warmth." "This fervor of piety" was infused into his soul by St. Philip Neri. "It is certain," Capécilatré says, "that if the sacred flame of divine love with which St. Philip enkindled the heart of Palestrina had not found in it an inborn sense of the beautiful in voice and sound, it would have done nothing for sacred music." Many have said that St. Philip placed on Palestrina's brow the crown of immortality.

Not long ago the world censured our Holy Father when he laid on the shoulders of the hierarchy the stern command given centuries before to the clergy by the Council of Trent, that they should abolish from their churches those sensuous and frivolous melodies. This same world now lauds Pious X. for enabling us to see the beauty and hear the soul-inspiring strains of Palestrina. Pius X. is our Palestrina, our restorer of musical art.

The remaining years of Palestrina's life were years of trouble and anxiety. Death snatched from him his wife and children and plotting intriguers sought to ruin him. Palestrina, however, remained undaunted; his calm, peaceful soul was never ruffled. All was harmony to him; and no matter what befell him, he always bowed his head in humble submission to the will of God. We are not surprised to learn that his was a holy death, none other could he have suffered. In 1594 he was taken ill, and after lingering a week calmly expired on the virginal bosom of his spiritual father, St. Philip Neri.

Roman musical societies must have grown dull when Palestrina's candle flickered out. The present-day world is cultivating its taste for the pure music of the son of St. Philip. The withered laurel wreath is removed from his brow and a fresh, verdant crown adorns his noble head. Bach is placed in the background, and Palestrina, *princeps musicae*, lives and breathes amongst us.

Athletic Notes.

South Bend shut us out in the last game of the series on Tuesday by the score of 6 to 0. The game lasted but six innings, due to the bad weather.

Ferris pitched for the Greens and held the Varsity to three scattered hits, while Waldorf was touched for ten. McNerny made a good three-bagger in the sixth, but cut second in trying to make it a "homer." South Bend opened the season on Thursday, April 27, at Evansville, and we now enter the scheduled college games.

South Bend	R	H	P	A	E
Foy, l. f.	1	2	0	0	0
Anderson, c. f.	0	0	3	3	0
Letcher, r. f.	0	1	0	0	0
Tieman, 1 b.	0	0	6	0	0
Sager, 3b.	1	1	0	0	1
Groeschow, ss.	1	2	0	0	0
Searles, c.	2	1	7	1	0
Williams, p.	0	1	0	0	0
Ferris, p.	1	2	2	3	1
Totals	6	10	18	7	2
Notre Dame	R	H	P	A	E
Welch, c. f.	0	0	1	0	0
McNerny, 2b.	0	1	3	3	0
Stopper, 1b.	0	1	6	2	1
O'Neill, 3b.	0	1	0	2	0
Perce, l. f.	0	0	0	0	0
Shea, ss.	0	0	3	0	0
Monahan, r. f.	0	0	1	0	0
Cook, c.	0	0	4	0	0
Waldorf, p.	0	0	4	0	0
Totals	0	3	18	11	1

Three base hit—McNerny. Two base hits—Williams, Searles. Bases on balls—Off Waldorf, 2; off Ferris, 1. Struck out—By Ferris, 6; by Waldorf, 2. Double play—Anderson to Tieman. Passed balls—Cook. Umpire, O'Connor.

*
* *

OHIO STATE, 6; NOTRE DAME, 1.

We lost to Ohio State last Saturday by the score of 6 to 1 in the poorest excuse for a baseball game played here in years.

Without taking away the credit that is due to the winning team, Ohio won, not because they were so good, but because we were so ragged. We saved our errors and waited until the bases were filled, or when there was a man on third or second, then missed everything we could and presented Ohio with the scores—simply handed over runs and did all we could to help them win.

Burns pitched a good game, and no man

has ever had the pleasure of getting such a letting down as did he; he allowed Ohio but two hits up to the fourth inning, and then it was up to him to win his own game or just stand there and toss them curves so that our fielders could miss them when hit.

Tagert, the first man up, got to first on an error by Stopper. Hagenback struck out; Ortman went out from short to first; then Allen came up for his second hit, and Tagert scored from second.

Then in the sixth, Tagert came up first again, drew a base on balls, went to second on the out. Ortman flied out to third; Allen came next and reached first on an error by O'Neill, Tagert scoring on the error. Allen came in next on a wild throw by Monahan, and the inning ended 3 to 1 in favor of Ohio. Our run came in the fifth event. Cook scored from third on a high fly to center field. But the seventh was the sensational feature. Felger came first, and Monahan put him on first by dropping a fly. Smith came next and got a hit. Patterson followed; Talbot flied out to center and Tagert came next with a bingle, scoring two runs. And before the dust cleared away another run came in, and the score was 6 to 1.

McNerny's game was about the only good thing we had to boast of; his playing at second was a comfort to the bleachers, and his example might well be followed by the rest of the men. He not only played an errorless game, but made two of our six hits. Shea also played a good clean game at short and played his position well.

Now we can play better ball than we put up Saturday, and there is no reason in the world why we can not brace up and play the kind of ball we are capable of playing, and the kind that will command respect from everyone.

Ohio State	R	H	P	A	E
Smith, 3 b.	1	2	3	3	0
Patterson, 2 b.	1	1	2	2	1
Talbot, l. f.	0	0	1	0	0
West, r. f.	1	0	0	0	0
Tagert, r. f.	1	1	1	0	0
Hagenback, c. f.	0	0	3	0	0
Ortman, c.	0	0	10	0	1
Allen, ss.	1	2	2	2	2
Elwright, l. b.	0	1	5	1	1
Felger, p.	1	0	0	2	1
Totals	6	7	27	10	6

Notre Dame	R	H	P	A	E
Welch, c. f.	0	0	1	0	0
McNerny, 2 b.	0	2	2	3	0
Stopper, 1 b.	0	1	11	0	2
O'Neill, 3 b.	0	1	4	3	2
Shea, ss.	0	1	1	2	0
Waldorf, l. f.	0	1	1	0	1
Monahan, r. f.	0	0	1	0	2
Cook, c.	1	0	5	1	0
Burns, p.	0	0	0	3	0
McCarthy, c.	0	0	1	0	0
Totals	1	6	27	12	6

Three-base hit—Waldorf. Passed balls—Cook, McCarthy. Bases on balls—Off Burns, 2; Off Felger, 1. Struck out—By Burns, 5; by Felger, 8. Umpire, Steiner. Perce batted for McCarthy in the ninth.

* *

NOTRE DAME LOSES TO BELOIT.

The following account of the game last Tuesday is quoted from the Milwaukee *Sentinel*, and according to the writer our team put up a good fight.

BELOIT, Wis., May 2.—Beloit won out in the game to-day with Notre Dame by a score of 2 to 0.

It was a pitcher's battle, particularly so far as Morey was concerned. He struck out twelve men and gave them only two hits. O'Gorman did well for the Indiana boys, and held Beloit to four hits.

Beloit got her runs without much honor. Bases on balls and on errors gave the score in the first and seventh. A wild pitch let Morey cross the plate. It was a good game, however.

Three times Morey prevented a score being made when there was a man on third. The score:

Beloit	AB	H	P	A	E
Mills, 2 b.	2	0	3	1	1
Johnson, c.	3	0	12	3	0
Morey, p.	3	1	1	3	0
Church, 1 b.	4	1	4	1	1
Perring, 3 b.	4	1	0	0	0
More'se, c. f.	3	0	0	0	0
Ranson, l. f.	4	1	0	0	0
Manley, r. f.	4	0	2	0	0
Burke, ss.	4	0	5	1	0

Totals	31	4	27	9	2
Notre Dame	R	H	P	A	E
McNerny, 2 b.	2	0	1	2	3
Welch, c. f.	4	0	0	0	0
Stopper, 1 b.	4	0	12	0	1
O'Neill, 3 b.	4	1	3	0	0
Perce, r. f.	2	1	1	0	0
Gannon, l. f.	2	0	0	0	0
Shea, ss.	3	0	3	2	1
Sheehan, c.	3	0	4	3	0
O'Gorman, p.	3	0	0	5	0
*Waldorf,	0	0	0	0	0
Totals	27	2	24	12	5

* Batted for Welch in ninth.

Beloit—1 0 0 0 0 0 1 0. *=2
Notre Dame—0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0=0

Runs—Johnson, Morey. Bases stolen—Mills, Johnson, Ranson, McNerny, Gannon, 3. Two base hit—Perring. Bases on balls—Off O'Gorman, 6; off Morey, 2. Hit by pitched ball—Gannon, Perce. Struck out—By Morey, 12; by O'Gorman, 6. Wild pitch—O'Gorman.

Track Notes.

Captain Draper has had the track men out doors for the last three weeks and is working them hard in preparation for the meet with Michigan "Aggies" on May 6.

Keefe and O'Shea are running the half and quarter in good time, while Paupa and Powers are working hard in the distance runs.

Scales is doing the high and low hurdles, and is making good time in both of them.

Beacom is doing the heavy work, and can be relied upon to capture points in the coming meet. Kasper, Lally and Donovan are running the hundred, and two-twenty, and are all developing into good men, this being their first year at track work.

O'Connell is "coming fast" in the quarter and is making Keefe hurry to beat him. This is O'Connell's first year, but he and O'Shea, another first-year man, are certainly the finds of the season.

Draper as usual is doing three men's work. Besides running the high and low hurdles, he is running the hundred, putting the shot and throwing the discus, and can be counted on to win points in each event. Coupled with all his work he is also training the men, and judging from their work in the Wabash meet and the form they are showing at present, he is doing it exceptionally well. A man who can take care of his events and also find time to handle the others is truly an athlete, and he is undoubtedly that.

Bracken is running the low hurdles and working hard in the broad jump and pole vault.

Entries for May 6.

- 100-yard dash—Draper, Kasper, Donovan.
- 220-yard dash—Donovan and Lally.
- 440-yard dash—Keefe, O'Connell, and Donovan.
- 880-yard run—Keefe and O'Shea.
- 220-yard low hurdles—Draper, Bracken and Scales.

- 120-yard high hurdles—Draper and Scales.
- 1-mile run—Paupa and Powers.
- 2-mile run—Powers and Paupa.
- Pole vault—Bracken and Kasper.
- High jump—Kasper and Scales.
- Broad jump—Bracken and Draper.
- Shot put—Draper and Beacom.
- Discus throw—Draper and Beacom.
- Hammer throw—Beacom, Draper, Paupa.

Personals.

—Mr. John Lynch of Corby Hall entertained his sister, Miss Rose Lynch of Monmouth, Ill., last week.

—The Reverend A. Broens, Sturgeon Bay, Wis., recently paid a short visit to his friends at the University.

—We are pleased to state that Mr. Lorenzo Hubbard, commercial graduate '01, is now engaged in a promising business venture in Kean's Cañon, Arizona.

—The thanks of the Law School are tendered to Hon. Dudley M. Shively (Law '94), County Clerk Geo. H. Alward and Mr. W. N. Bergen, his assistant, for copies of the Acts of the General Assembly of Indiana for 1905.

—We are in receipt of a notice of the recent marriage of Joseph Vincent Sullivan, of Chicago. Mr. Sullivan is well remembered here as an earnest and conscientious student. The Faculty join with his friends in wishing him happiness and success.

—Visitors' Registry for the week—Mrs. N. A. Angel, Coldwater, Mich.; Mrs. G. A. Werling, Elkhart, Ind.; Mr. L. O'Brien, Williamsburg, Va.; Miss Mollie Buchanan, Niles, Mich.; Miss Anna O'Brien, Oswego, N. Y.; Miss Sustebella Johnson, Jackson, Mich.; Mrs. M. Collins, Miss Eva Whelan, Niles, Mich.; Mr. Ed Kroeling, Austin, Texas; Mrs. E. A. Cause, Elkhart, Ind.; Miss Elizabeth Powers, Angola, Ind.; Mrs. Julia C. Howe, Chicago, Ill.; Miss Sara E. Burries, Aurora, Ill.; Mr. J. W. Studebaker, South Bend, Ind.; Mrs. Earle France, New York; Miss Bertha Schumacher, Pittsburg, Pa.; Mr. Allan J. Heiser, South Bend, Ind.; Mr. William H. Davie, South Port, Ind.; Mrs. Walter Comstock, Chicago, Ill.; W. E. Ketcham, Joseph Poulin, South Bend, Ind.; Otto Ketcham, Three Rivers, Mich.

Local Items.

—Found.—A gold ring. Apply at Room 31, Sorin Hall.

—A sticker—If the White House saw Sorin Hall, what would it do?

—"It is well to look at the bright side of things," remarked the third-flat philosopher as he gazed down on the unpainted tin roof of the newly-completed Sorin Hall porch; but the pitcher of water from his next-door neighbor, which greeted him at that moment, gave summary testimony as to the fallacy of such a statement.

—News has got abroad of the existence of a secret organization in Sorin known as the Twilight Stars. They have planted a colony on one of the islands of St. Mary's Lake, and the Honorable Herr K—has been crowned King of St. Mary's Isles. At one of their last meetings, which are always held at dusk on the islands, the King of the Isles knighted several of his subjects. Herr V—was dubbed Lord High King of the Boot Jacks; Hip Pi S—, Lord High King of the Bun Eaters; and Barn Yard, Lord High Tender of the Bath. The object of this society is to found a home for destitute millionaires. No contributions have so far been received, but it is expected that Carnegie's attention will ultimately be secured.

—Beware! the mole hunters are at work! You can never tell the moment they will pounce on you. According to information gained from some of those who have been tackled there is a ten-dollar reward when the victim is found. As far as can be learned seven Sorinites have come through the mill. All of them have fought to the last ditch, but resistance is out of the question with those two burly mole hunters,—Sir Paddy the Fat, and Jamie the Lesser. The first man examined, Thomas A. Knocker, put up a strenuous battle, but was so exhausted at the finish that he was as docile as a lamb. Then came in quick succession La Lee, Drap Per, Die Bold and Your Rich. Some of these men were badly crippled in the scuffle, but the search proved in vain. The coveted object must be found. Look out for the 'Fat' and the 'Lesser'; it may be your turn next.

—The Philopatrian Society is undoubtedly the liveliest organization in the University at present. Each year the members stage two plays written especially for them by Mr. John Lane O'Connor; and the skill which they manifest in the many and difficult impersonations has been attested to by the rounds of applause they received on the different occasions when they delighted

their audiences. So well pleased has their manager been with their performances that he has taken the company on the road. Not long ago the banquet scene was brilliantly and sumptuously enacted at the Oliver. No ghost of Banquo, however, appeared; and though he had, he must of necessity have been forced to be happy in the pleasing company. All serious endings were avoided; and in the last act all were reconciled—to fate—when it was announced that the time had come for the tired, cheerful and satisfied actors to depart from the day of pleasure and to enter a night of rest.

—The feats of another month—academic and extra-mural—have formed an additional page of history. The last deed the annalist recorded on Sunday past is as unforgettable for Carroll Hall as it is displeasing to St. Joseph's. No one who had seen the dwarfish team concealed in baseball uniforms would have dreamt that the ominous lots should be cast three to four in their favor, notwithstanding the designs of two (otherwise harmless) umpires. The twirling of Heyl, Carroll's pitcher, not only baffled the much-vaunted skill of his rivals, but also established his enviable fame. No less noteworthy was Schmitt's scientific playing at third, and the equally laudable efforts of Franklin Peterman. To avoid an individual reference to the victorious nine, suffice it to add that Williams, whose name will long be associated at Notre Dame with his masterly impersonation of Bob Burton, clearly demonstrated that the Philopatians are both commendable players on the stage and invincible champions on the field.

—The students of Sorin Hall are rejoicing in the complete assurance that in case of fire the means of exit provided for them are thoroughly safe and sound. Early the other morning some students beheld an inspector gazing up at the southwest fire escape. His expert eye readily travelled over the entire structure looking for a possible flaw. Not satisfied, however, by means of a rope with a hook on one end, which he cast up and grappled the lowest rung, he made his way hand over hand until he found himself grasping the cold metal of which the ladder is made. Carefully and cautiously he went over every inch of the structure until at last he stood upon the topmost platform. Here he remained testing the stability of his resting-place. Then after another scrutiny of the way by which he had come and the ground below he disappeared within the building. Doubtless the gentleman has already submitted to the prefect his report of the proceeding and received commendation for the admirable manner in which he conducted the operation.