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Socialism.

—
GEORGE J. FINNIGAN.
—

IN ecstasy the sun pours forth its gold,
And sends each ray upon an errand blest;
Fresh beams within their bosoms graces hold,
Which carry with them peace and joy and rest.
Nor does it cease its noble work,
Day in, day out, it rains its gifts on all,
Where bright joy reigns, or sorrow's dark clouds lurk,
On good and bad its benedictions fall.

As suns, so we, kind words our golden rays,
Our deeds should burn with cheerfulness and love;
To cheer sad hearts and light to men God's ways,
Is our grand work assigned us from above.
'Tis better far to give than to retain;
It costs not much and manifold the gain.

Life and Poetry.

—
ALBERT E. BLIN, A. B.
—



WHEN man's experience of life grows wider and deeper, when age and reflection gift him with sharper insight and more piercing sagacity, he is impressed with a more vivid sense of his divine origin and destiny and of the emptiness of the material universe, unless he regards it as the vestibule to another world, as real, nay, more real, since it is the one everlasting reality. He also acquires a more pronounced inclination to withdraw instinctively from the visible world and to retire into the secret chambers of his heart to quench there, in the perennial fountain of life, its thirst for uprightness. By repeated contact with that purer and diviner sphere he is enabled to cast off his worldliness, to

rest, to refresh himself and to draw new energies to fight valiantly on. It is there, at the fountainhead of all vitality that the poet sees and feels great and noble truths; that the mystic, in unspoken, unwritten melody, communes with God alone. Gaze into the "holy of holies" of your soul and you become a "vates," a mystic or a poet, or both.

Long before Huxley had uttered his biological axiom: "*Omne vivum ex vivo*," Plato, the enlightened pagan, who, perhaps, soared nearest to the lofty regions of truth, had, although imperfectly, conceived an eternal *logo* living in the souls of men, an indelible touch of God's finger upon the human heart. "We are plants," he says, "not of earth but of heaven, and from the same source whence the first soul arose, a divine nature, raising aloft our head and root, directs our whole bodily frame." The great exponent of this doctrine of life is the poet and philosopher who has written it in the Grand Old Book. "*Qui Filium habet, habet vitam; qui non habet Filium, vitam non habet*," this is the foundation of Catholic mysticism as also the chief source of all true poetry. Mysticism and poetry, proceeding from the same cause, are two forms of one life, and are never so expressive as when they are united. Both originating in the one eternal principle may sometimes be diverging from each other, but they converge again and are focused in that same One Eternal Principle, without having lost the symbol of their kinship, the Alpha and Omega stamped upon them.

Diminution of life generates decay. This law is true in spiritual as well as in natural biology; in like manner, it is true in both sciences that life is the principle of growth.

The "deity in our bosom," as Shakespeare translates the "*Regnum Dei intra vos est*" of Holy Writ, is the nucleus of all knowledge. No real knowledge can be had without real life. Beautiful and dazzling as are crystals, when they reflect in multiple colors the rays of the sun they are mere results, not of growth but of accretion, and are surpassed in splendor by the lilies of the fields. Ideas must be assimilated and made our own or they will clog our whole being with that other life which, as Ruskin expresses it in his vigorous style, "instead of growing and blossoming under any wholesome dew, is crystallized over with it as with hoar frost, and becomes to the true life what an arborescence is to a tree, a candied agglomeration of thoughts and habits foreign to it, brittle, obstinate, and icy, which can neither bend nor grow, but must be crushed and broken to bits if it stand in our way." All we think and love and do is vital only when it spontaneously springs from within. Far from destroying anything, this inner life imparts to everything its own fecundity, purifying all the faculties of the soul and marking upon the very features of the countenance an expression of infinite depth. Without it, life, moral, social or intellectual, however nicely it may have been fashioned by a refined civilization, contains a seed of death. This is why the most important function of culture is to augment the interior life of man until it yields "very much fruit." A frequent touch with higher things, either through direct communion with the Divinity, or through reading those poets who have in the most humane manner manifested to the world their own philosophy of life, will permanently fulfil this function. And this, also, is a test of true poetry: that the more poets have been, consciously or unconsciously, partakers of the divine life, their works have been the more enduring and their power to educate the minds and the hearts of men the more efficient.

"When life is true to the poles of nature," Emerson said, "the streams of truth will roll through us in song." The soul is essentially musical. Like an æolian lyre, which renders, under the softest breeze, a celestial melody, it responds by a spiritual harmony whenever the spirit breathes forth, through thought or emotion, its song of

praise and love to the Creator. On this innate poetry of the soul, Joubert has written one of his best pages: "Naturally," he says, "the soul sings to itself whatever beauty there is, and when the style is a habit of the soul, there is a danger to be avoided: it is song; it is the excess of musical harmony in the style and the introduction, involuntary and almost continual, of rhythm and verse into prose; it is a true defect, although, in a perfect prose, every syllable, I believe, is counted and even weighed. But one must break that too explicit song, not through a wariness of details but through a general moderation and profound reserve of the soul, which, in the fear to sing, lessens the rhythm of the words, renders it almost insensible, in the same manner as it concentrates into itself, with discretion, the enthusiasm of its thought, and keeps it intimate, hidden, almost insensible, but the more irresistible and the more penetrating."

No more than life itself can poetry be defined: the throbbing of a heart longing for perfection, the life-warmth of luminous souls delighting in the clear apprehension of goodness, truth and beauty, the overflow of an energetic inward life and the sentiment of its high possibilities, it is primarily what Wordsworth calls it: "The breath and finer spirit of all knowledge," purified by the divine fire within. Poets are the children of harmony, of the universal harmony of refined souls. Their finger always leaves upon all it touches some phosphorescent glow out of which every other poet's heart may be enkindled with an increased love for beauty and perfection. From their souls, there flow rivers of living waters open to all who go to their works for an increase of life; what we do not understand when we read them, if we read them well, we shall understand in "the day of visitation."

Life is emotion and poetry its quickening through sympathy with the whole universe. Emotion is the measure of existence; things unfelt are not seen. To be alive one must realize life. Sensitiveness and consciousness are the main powers of essential life. It is by them that poets have been qualified to awaken us to the supreme reality of eternal truths, to kindle and thrill us with

an ideal of love and hate, of fear or courage, of shame or honor, and to lead us into the very life of things. Only that which issues from their hearts can bend the hearts of others to their own. In the philosophy of life as also in that of poetry, this is an important principle: to convince and move others. Faith, an unyielding faith, must be had in what one believes to be good and beautiful. Alone, thoughts filled with emotion can generate emotion. The most interesting, stimulating and refreshing pieces of literature are those where man has written his own thought in presence of himself and for himself without regard of what might be said of them. St. Augustine has thus conquered a place among the classics of the world. This is always true: immortal works are those that have originated from sympathetic feeling deeply rooted in a heart educated and disciplined but untouched and unpetrified by the spirit of system and artificiality. "It is warmth," Joubert says, "and almost human substance which gives to all things that quality which charms us." With him we want the man, the life, the soul; for they, and they only, can ennoble our manhood, mold our life and elevate our soul. Every man's thought, as thought, is interesting, for it is the revelation of a soul, a manifestation of life. Once more, what we look for is the thought containing a soul and the soul containing God.

Genuine emotion arises chiefly, if not entirely, from the consciousness of our own life. What lies deepest in our being, when in it the divine likeness has not been altogether atrophied, is a boundless and life-giving faith in what we admire and love and long for. Roused by the inmost aspirations of the soul and by the memory of the noble men who have courageously fought the fight of life, the fancy has created for itself an ideal existence shaped upon theirs. Because they have left to posterity, as an incentive to right action, the memory of the heroic deeds which they have performed and of the generous words which they have spoken, our vision of their goodness, together with an intelligence of better things and of capacities that lie in the depths of the soul, gladdens us with the sense of infinite possibilities. Still, the

downward propensity of nature and the "dim touch of earthly things" strongly tend to snatch the most robust will from the life it aspires to lead. The springs of action are slackened; it is then that we must go to the works of keen and delicate souls to absorb a little of their warmth, and with fresh delight feel perhaps in the very powerlessness of their speech emotions that shall forever remain unexpressed. The ideal existence they set forth is the poem of humanity. When emotion, awakened in its presence and by contact with it, is made glowing by its own intensity and assumes the musical garb given it by the heart of an artist, it becomes a clear and sonorous echo of the voice within, a mysterious medium to communicate with other men's souls, to increase their life and raise their standard in bringing home to them truths that have been neglected and possibly forgotten, but the remembrance of which is still capable to lift them and help them through the arduousness and materiality of daily life. Thus, the poets have come to be regarded as the revealers and the interpreters of man's natural yearning after excellence. Through them, every scene of beauty, every elevated thought, instils into his very life-blood more courage and more enthusiasm to dare the noblest and do the best.

Human life is the same at all epochs. In every man there is a heart that beats, a mind that thinks and a soul that loves. The part of poetry is to increase the beating of the heart, to improve the thought of the mind, and to purify the love of the soul; in other words, to create a great heart and great thoughts and a loving soul. The real, inspiring, world-wide sympathy which these inform and quicken makes all men and all things akin.

Homo sum-nil a me alienum puto is one of the watchwords of the philosophy of life as it has always been one of the secrets of poetical strength. Love is the rule and poetry of life. *Qui non diligit manet in morte*. Not only in the material universe do the laws of affinity and gravitation hold good; they are valid also in the spiritual world. Every soul attracts every other soul. This attraction is the bond meant by Carlyle: "Of a truth," he says, "men

are mystically united; a mystic bond of brotherhood makes all men one." To feel keenly whatever beauty or sadness there is in the physical or moral world, to see "the glory in the grass, the sunshine in the flower," to weep with the unknown brother who lives and suffers in a distant land, to anguish at the thought of misery and wretchedness unvisited and unconsoled: to do all this and to realize all the good there is on the earth, with the desire to augment it, is sympathy—a sympathy which is the more perfect as it is the more eager to suppress or at least to lessen all the evil that exists.

In that large, sensitive and intense sympathy does the force of the poet reside to bring forth lofty ideals and beget passionate emotion. He must inhabit other regions than the rest of mortals; not only so; he would still be powerless, were not "a faculty divine" to give the vision of his soul that distinctness and that precision of outline which impart to his passion a more definite and more complete form. The control of an internal power has been acknowledged by nearly all poets. Homer accepts it in his invocation to the Muse; Lucretius, in his prayer to Venus; Milton, in this devout supplication to the Spirit:

And chiefly Thou, O Spirit, that dost prefer
Before all temples the upright heart and pure,
Instruct me, for Thou know'st; Thou from the first
Wast present, and with mighty wings outspread,
Dove-like, sat'st brooding on the vast abyss,
And mad'st it pregnant; what in me is dark,
Illumine; what is low, raise and support,
That to the height of this great argument
I may assert eternal Providence;
And justify the ways of God to men.

Abiding in every "upright heart and pure," this Spirit, Author of life and of poetry, breathes forth into all things life and poetry, putting "gestures into clouds, joy into waves and voices into rocks." Through him man anew creates the world. As there are no two men alike in the world, there are as many worlds as there are men who feel: every soul is projected into the external universe to vivify and adorn it, or to cover it with a veil of gloom. The exuberance and warmth of any profoundly human life necessarily react upon the impressions of the senses; nay, it affects

the very apprehension of the most spiritual things: God is not an abstract conception of the mind, elaborated by means of metaphysical definitions; He is a living, real entity; to be known as such, He must be felt. Such a reaction of our life endows everything with our own personality. The world is a mirror to the intelligent and sensitive soul which perceives it. The sun's warmest kiss will leave a sad, melancholy nature cold and torpid; the gladsome warbling of birds will not be heeded, and the beam of joy in a child's eye will make the sadness more intense; to a happy temper, on the contrary, the darkest cloud has its silver lining, the most dissonant noise is an aggregate of pleasing sounds, and the silent tear of the stranger deepens its happiness and changes it into love and sympathy.

Nature, however, possesses a charm of its own; its harmony and sublimity are a perpetual source of wonder and admiration. Truly, "the light is sweet, and a pleasant thing it is to behold the sun." Hills and valleys, trees and flowers, birds and beasts, the little and the great, make the world a scene of marvellous beauty. Yet, the delight procured to any æsthetic temperament by the sensuous enjoyment of sights and sounds, of morning landscapes or of babbling fountains can not alone satisfy the soul's passion for beauty; one must search deeper. If nature is fair, the heart of man makes it still fairer by casting upon it the spell of its goodness and looking at it as at "a vision of the likeness of the glory of the Lord," as at an especial revelation of beneficent love on the part of a divine personality. The ancients had understood that

The earth is cram'd with heaven
And every common bush afire with God,

when, to explain natural phenomena, and certainly also to feel "less forlorn," they had invented their poetical myths. Now, nature has acquired a still more profound meaning: "If only thy heart were right," a mystic poet has said, "then, every created thing would be to thee a mirror of holy teaching. There is no creature so little and vile that it showeth not forth the goodness of God." Objects are made sunny by the brightness of the eye. How could it be otherwise? "Unto the pure all things are

pure," and for every living soul there runs through all things a flood of universal life which enables it to find

Tongues in trees, books in running brooks,
Sermons in stones and good in everything.

Any one who has in some sort realized the philosophy of Wordsworth's "Ode on Intimations of Immortality," can no longer fail to grasp why his sympathy with and love of nature have made him immortal. His secret has been told us in the concluding lines:

The clouds that gather round the setting sun
Do take a sober coloring from an eye
That hath kept watch o'er man's mortality;
Another race hath been, and other palms are won,
Thanks to the human heart by which we live,
Thanks to its tenderness, its joys and fears;
To me the meanest flower that blows can give
Thoughts that do often lie too deep for tears.

But even this poetry can not be the adequate expression of man's most secret longings for a more abundant life. Different from Keats who presents more to the eye than to the heart the grace and symmetry of nature, Wordsworth interprets it and enraptures the soul into loving communion with it; still, he fails to satiate the human heart: we crave for something greater than nature.

Infinitely above it in the scale of beings is man who stands in the midst of it, its lord and master: "What a piece of work is man! how noble in reason; how infinite in faculty! In form and moving, how express and admirable; in action how like an angel; in apprehension, how like a God: the beauty of the world, the paragon of animals!" And, for all this, how unfathomable the mysteriousness of his existence! It is only when he knows his grandeur that he can enjoy his nothingness. This king of creation, this *roseau pensant*, of whose greatness and littleness Pascal has so beautifully written, does not exist alone. Living in society with men whose aspirations and tendencies are like to his, a member of the great human family, although an insignificant quantity of it, he must bravely, not by abstracting himself from his fellows but by adjusting himself to them, play his part in the world and make it better and happier for what he is and for what he does. They who have best succeeded in this are the true heroes.

It is the duty of poets to transmit to posterity their heritage of courage and generosity, of disinterestedness and love. But it has frequently happened that the will of one man interfered with the will of another, that the collective conscience was at war with the individual conscience, desirous to obey the spiritual laws of inner preservation and growth. From this conflict between life and life—the life of the individual and the life of society—some of the best poetry has sprung. It is from it that "Antigone"—the purest creation of Sophocles' tenderness—was born to personify the fearless obedience to the eternal laws written deep in the heart rather than to those of a merciless tyrant. Diminution of individual rights has brought about a similar struggle.

The poignant pathos of the parting scene between Hector and Andromache is a classical illustration of this. How much suffering is implied in that masterly touch of art and feeling: the mother's smile through the spouse's tears, possible only when Hector had offered up to the gods her little Astyanax in whom all her maternal and conjugal love, as well as her love for country, were concentrated, and how much is meant in her sacrifice of domestic joys to the demands of patriotism! This clashing of two opposite forces is still more painful when the individual manifestations of life run counter to the received customs of society. The character and ideas of Alcestis in the "Misanthrope" may at first sight seem ludicrous; yet, they are so essentially true to life that, when one realizes them, one would be disposed to weep.

The great conflict, however, is that which arises from man's nature. He is the union of both soul and body; the more complete the union is, the more complete also is his humanity. There is, nevertheless, between both a native antagonism in which the law of the flesh is opposed to the law of the spirit; in which animal tendencies weaken spiritual desires. The triumph or the overthrow of one or the other side with its attendant virtues or vices; the struggle, conscious or unconscious, toward the perfection of true manhood; the battles, the victories and the defeats—these are the poem of humanity. We rejoice in the

rewarded faith and purity of Sir Galahad. We fraternize with Margaret in "Faust," when, repentant for her fault, she pleads for mercy. What touches us, what moves us to tears in "Macbeth," is, not that Duncan sleeps the cold sleep of the grave, but that Macbeth shall sleep no more; that in the battle of life a will has been destroyed and a great character ruined. From his weakness grows our strength; from his moral cowardice, we draw spiritual energy; but, above all, we sympathize with him, for he is a man like ourselves.

In this war between good and evil the faith that good must finally overcome evil, that truth must triumph over error, perfects man's joys and soothes his sorrows, sustains and encourages his good will through the present apparent disorder. The supreme aim toward which his whole being is tending is happiness. But the sad trials of mankind have repeatedly proved that happiness is not to be found in the gratification of the lower appetites nor in the realized dreams of ambition and pride. The weary cry that rose long ago from the corruption of a worn-out paganism,

Medio de fonte leporum

Surgit amari aliquid quod in ipsis floribus angat,
is but a universal utterance of the heart's yearnings for true felicity. A loving sympathy with man and the soul of man can no more satisfy it than a familiar intercourse with nature. Finite, though it be, it can be satisfied only by the Infinite, by communion with its Maker. Poets are great in so far as, in the shadow of heathenism or in the light of Christianity, they have been able to penetrate the secrets of God's presence in His creation and to let their works be touched by the breath of the Divinity. The religious mind is naturally poetic. Every man who can pray and does pray is alive and is a poet. Do we not find traces of this in the Sacred Books of the East? The Laws of Menu, for instance, have expressed in song many a doctrine rejected not even by Catholic mystic writers: "Equally perceiving," we read in one of them, "the supreme soul in all beings and all beings in the supreme soul, he (man) sacrifices his own spirit by fixing it on the spirit of God, and approaches the nature of that sole Divinity who shines by His

own effulgence." We know how in modern times the Poor Man of Assisi let forth from his soul strains of poetry unequalled even by the learned philosopher of Weimar. It is this hankering of the soul after the Divine that has led Carlyle and Emerson to a refined pantheism. But when guided by Catholic faith, it is a supreme aid to attain to the fulness of life in God Himself who is the meeting point of life and poetry.

Before Oscar Wilde wrote: "Every single human being should be the fulfilment of a prophecy, for every single human being should be the realization of some ideal, either in the mind of God or in the mind of man," Abbé Gratry, whom we might perhaps consider as the father of the philosophy of life, had spoken these beautiful words: "God who carries us, who is in us, who is our principle and our source, prepares, begins our acts and our thoughts. He lives beforehand in Himself, eternally, the life He wishes us to live in time. The idea which He has of us, His eternal will upon us, constitute our ideal history, the great possible poem of our life. Our loving Father does not cease to inspire us with this beautiful poem, in the profound desire of our soul, in our conscience, in the light of reason which enlightens every man in this world. There is there an unshaken, simple and infinite providential activity which contains and in itself operates eternally all the possible details of our acts and movements. Our life, developed in time and space, should be the image of that Infinite." Stirred up by the exclusive contemplation of nature, life and poetry tend to pantheism, as when stirred up by the exclusive contemplation of men, they tend to a soulless positivism; they are complete only when they enter into close contact with the one living Poet who is their cause and their end, and embraces in His eternal poem, nature, humanity and divinity: nature in creation, humanity in His Incarnate Word and Divinity in Himself—Three in One.

Alone in its majestic grandeur and above all human productions, stands His revelation of Himself to His creatures—His Word, written in the language of humanity. The noblest minds have at all times found in it nourishment and strength. The truest and

(Concluded on page 174.)

Varsity Verse.

IN AFTER YEARS.

IN after years will you still fondly hold
 The memory of the happy days of old?
 Will you live on, your heart still cherishing
 The primrose time, the time that poets sing,
 When you and I youth's rosy prospects told?
 You say that now those happy scenes unfold,
 As down the flowered summer fields we strolled,
 But will those mem'ries fresh unfaded spring
 In after years.
 Ne'er may the warmth of our old love grow cold,
 But rather when between us seas have rolled;
 When years have flown may you still fondly cling
 To our old past. Sweet may its echoes ring
 When silver threads are mingled with the gold
 In after years.

W. J. D.

AFTER HERRICK.

Gather ye large plums while ye may,
 Time brings only sorrow
 And the plums of yesterday
 Will be prunes to-morrow.

T. E. B.

THE MAIDEN IN GREEN.

There was a young maiden, Irene
 Who had a whole outfit of green.
 She was six feet two tall,
 And the gentlemen all
 Fell in love with Irene, the "long green."

T. E. B.

LIMERICKS.

A fellow named Wilkes in Wilkesbarre
 Decided that he would marry.
 A girl named Barry consented
 With his lot to be contented,
 And the account was headed Wilkes-Barry.

A lad named Ray in Munro
 Paid court to a girl named Flo.
 Her father in music was bred,
 To the engagement he simply said,
 "Re always is after do(ugh)."

J. B. K.

ROLL YOUR HOOP.

When you've made a fellow sore,
 Roll your hoop.
 Don't wait for something more,
 Roll your hoop.
 Though he was your old-time "pard,"
 Get right out of his backyard;
 Do not stop to leave your card,
 Roll your hoop.

Though you think you know a "few,"
 Roll your hoop.
 It's the safest thing to do,
 Roll your hoop.
 Do not loiter on or wait,
 Huff it straight out to the gate.
 It will oft decide your fate,
 Roll your hoop.

B. E.

Better than an Airship.

RAYMOND RATH.

After my friends Beacom and Bracken had left me I became, as it were, ethereal quite suddenly. It was perhaps a sort of step from the ridiculous to the sublime, a step from the hard, unpoetical gridiron-talk to a cloud whose mere toes and extremities contained more musal energy or poetry than a whole masonic temple full of earthly dabblers were possessed of, taken as a trust or corporation. But be it as you will, or as it may, or as it was, I became wonderful quite suddenly. I soared into space and trampled the atmosphere at my feet, and I despised and hurt heavy clouds. I built an ethereal Queen Anne cottage, sawing the rainbow into rafters and the broad daylight into suitable boards. I painted the cottage with Aurora and Vesper's ready-made pigments; and as lace curtains for the planet glass windows, I used the various laces spun from the nebular theory. Thus I found myself happily housed and living in the scintillating realms with unheard of rapidity of execution. From my porch I could look up and down the Milky Way, upon which avenue I was living. But how it all happened I know not. I sat on my veranda and watched the passing crowds. There were many faces that I knew or had heard of. Presently I saw Wordsworth and Coleridge sauntering along, but they looked only upon the distant earth below them and upon the road before them, taking care not to tread upon any flower. They were in earnest conversation. I caught but a word; it was Wordsworth that spoke, and he was in the act of stepping aside and pointing downward to his feet when he said:

A violet by a mossy stone
 Half hidden from the eye,
 Fair as a star, when only one
 Is shining in the sky.

And Coleridge looked down, and replied:

Flowers are lovely.

But he immediately made the best of it in his own wonted way, going on to say:

Flowers are lovely; love is flower-like;
 Friendship is a sheltering tree.

Presently Ariel climbed up on the porch

and said quite bluntly, in his airy, fanciful manner:

Pardon, master,
I will be correspondent to command
And do my spiriting gently.

And I said to him (delighted by his boldness):

Go, make thyself like a nymph o' the sea;
..... be subject
To no sight but thine and mine; invisible
To every eyeball else. And bring thy bard
To mine entertainment.

And as he scampered off I watched the surging crowds of artists again until I grew weary and dozed into slumber, and I seemed to see a growing light and brightness arise around me. The surroundings became as snow, and every atom of air dressed itself in the garment of sunshine. I myself was resting in mid-universe upon a cloud deprived of all weight and crudeness. Before me I beheld the immortal "Will" lounging majestically and holding Ariel in his palm. Ariel was garnering the golden threads of starry twinkles; for the Partias, he said, were going to create a mantle for their creator and his.

"Good-morrow," said I. The great bard nodded a wonderful nod, so wonderful that the entire solar system stopped and looked over its shoulder in astonishment, for it had disturbed gravitation throughout the universe. I was expecting to see some overbalancings and collisions of planets and tails of comets, etc., when he nodded; but I was put at ease very soon, for I saw Don Quixote galloping harum-scarum to the rescue of Jupiter and all those other corpulent corporation planets that had begun to reel from surplus doses of gravitation. Don sent Sancho around one end of the big circle and he reconnoitred the other, and soon there was again a molecular calm.

I was anxious to know something definite and definitive about poetry, but the great bard would not make a speech nor would he move his master fingers. But here Ariel became smart-like and officious, and scattered these words: "Poems are the stars and stripes standing for the States of Sympathy, and poets dwell in the upper and lower houses (or chambers) of the human heart." But he was not

rebuked by the bard for speaking thus, nor do I think that any American would have thrown him into the Potomac for speaking thus about their Congress and flag.

But now the great bard moved n.e. over to his side and lisped to me in soft, moonlight whispers, that the real poetry was only to be enjoyed when the mortal coil had been shuffled off. Then we would read the great epic which is but the development of *fiat*. And he opened my ears with a heavenly bodkin, and I at once heard, as it were, some one reading the great epic. The number of the canto was nineteen hundred and six, and the stanza I heard best was a description of Thanksgiving Day, and one foot of a verse was Distichado (my very name). And then I heard great Varsity yells and a smart poem on Champions, and then things turned taeturn again, but my eardrum kept on in echoes of delight for some time.

I asked the bard for more poetry or more music and he beckoned the constellation lyre. Out of the lyre there stepped, to my amazement and to the delight of all my sensory nerves, Ophelia, and she sang a mystic melody soft and silken. Then she disappeared again within the lyre, apparently being absorbed by the humming of the strings. But just as my eyebrows were beginning to worry and the wrinkles of my forehead began to regret that Ophelia's music had ceased, I heard other strains. They came from a bewitching trolley-car which was filled with the music of wonderful genii. I *heard* the car, for it was not visible. It was no crude construction of iron; no, it was a sweet and sounding immensity, made of the various tones and strains and remains of band music. The rails it ran on were made of smelted thunder and the wheels were of various bird-song construction. The wires overhead were spun from the best cornet cadences, and the windowpanes were cut out of the finest bugle blasts. The sweet-swelling car came and stopped in the midst of an intermezzo; but there always remained a gentle hum, even when it stood still. Behold, I heard Wagner, the weird and wonderful, breathe himself forth upon the rear platform (the platform was of baritone construction with

artistic gates of clarinet flourish wires painted black and fancifully striped with orchestra points).

Wagner spoke in sixty-fourths, and he said: "Art indeed is a scramble of the soul to imitate the great epic's contents; or it is consciousness walking about and leaving her footprints on pieces of stone or sheets of paper, or on canvas and many other things. And it seems to me poetry is concrete sympathy; but music is the poetry of concrete sympathy. Here Orpheus, the conductor, turned on the current of secret melodies with a lever which was a saxophone solo, and the car melted into "Home, Sweet Home," and died slowly away in the distance.

Gradually the white, airy surroundings became more rigid around me, and I found myself within the white hangings around my bed. The band had just ceased practising downstairs and St. Mary's trolley-cars were humming afar off. "Midsummer Night's Dream" was still in my head, but my "game ankle" was very uncomfortable.

Shadows.

THERE'S a cradle in the treetops as they reach across the lake,
 There's a shadow of that cradle in the wavelets' playful break,
 Where the water-trees at dawn, like an infant bud unborn,
 Lie sleeping in the shadows of the silvery mist of morn,
 Where the shadows of the evening creeping out the scented west
 Go slipping from each wavelet to the vale of endless rest.
 See the golden in the sky how it flakes into a red,
 And a crushed heart of bleeding, o'er the water softly shed;
 See the stain across the treetops, see the rushlight bed a pink;
 See it pale into a purple as the shades of evening sink.
 See the bosom of the clouds, make a rift of filmy shrouds,
 And a blood-red shaft of sorrow through the border swiftly sweep,
 Leap across the waters to the lake of sweet repose,
 To the lake of mingled waters, staining as it goes;
 Leap across the waters with a grace unsandelled, bold,
 Out across the waters sinking softly to a close.

J. L. C.

Southland.

LEO J. COONTZ, '07.

Unless one has been reared in the Southland he knows nothing of its gentility, nothing of its cordiality, nothing of its beauty. Emblazoned on the heart—the escutcheon of every son of Dixie land—is chivalry, honor and pride, and from that heart through every living vein runs the red blood of the South. There is but one call and every son is in the field, every sword unsheathed, even though it were only to settle of the winning of a cock fight.

'Tis around the fireplace that the strongest ties of love and friendship are corded and knotted, and 'tis there that we would have you when you wish that we were nearer.

'Tis when the autumnal splendor gives the bounty of the fields; 'tis when the swamps and dark woods give their turkeys and their possums; 'tis when the ravishing moon sets her tresses streaming to the wanton winds in the hill; 'tis when the lighted cabin and unbounded laughter tells of the merry minstrelsy.

'Tis when the sweet potatoes are simmering o'er the succulent possum and the smell is wafted with the wind on the outer air; 'tis when the baying of the hounds o'er the distant hills and vales and the glimpse of fleeting figures go passing swiftly by, and afar on the solitary ridge a flying bunch of fur, with a reddish bush trailing after, goes glimmering through the pines,

'Tis when the wild turkeys, and the possums, the sweet potatoes and the many pastries, are hoarded on the great dining-room table, with the great doors into the reception room thrown open, and the roaring fire from the great old-fashioned mansion chimney-place sending its generous warmth into every nook of the spacious archway, while the winds go hurtling, shrieking by; 'tis when all is ready for the siege of the hoary king,—'tis then with open hearts we welcome you most joyously to our doors.

'Tis then with the warmth that comes from the roaring fireplace, that we clasp the hand of the belated traveller and welcome him to refresh himself ere he departs again on his journey.

'Tis with the same warmth that we draw our friends beneath our humble roofs, and ask them to join in our happy routs and merry games till joy fills their souls.

NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC

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Notre Dame, Indiana, November 24, 1906.

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—The time for the annual Oratorical Contest is near. To every man intending to enter we send out a warning to get ready. Dec. 5 is not far away, and the preliminaries are less distant. Wednesday afternoon may determine your place. By this time speeches should be ready and delivery progress well under way.

—The first lecture of John W. Burgess as "Roosevelt professor" of American history and institutions at the University of Berlin was not only a disappointment but a singularly egregious blunder. After introducing himself to the Kaiser and students as an unofficial "ambassador of peace, friendship and civilization," he proceeded, in the oracular manner of a man saying the last word on a subject, to declare the Monroe Doctrine and our policy of high tariff as almost "obsolete." Such a statement made before a body of American students would merely call forth a more or less animated discussion, and might furnish a question for collegiate debate; but at Berlin it is sure to be taken as an

index to American opinion on these questions and thus to cause mutual misapprehension between Germany and this country. The obsolescence of the high tariff and the Monroe Doctrine is, to say the very least, debatable and warmly debated, but if it were not so the professor's assertion would still be "glaringly indiscreet" and untimely. It is generally understood that Secretary Root is planning to secure international recognition of the Monroe Doctrine at the next Hague Conference. It is also an open secret that one of the dearest ambitions of Emperor William is the establishment of a German colony in South America, and the Monroe Doctrine stands in his way. No wonder then that the Kaiser cheered the lecturer. Should Professor Burgess prove capable of making many such pronouncements, the international university lectures will be a hindrance instead of a help toward friendship between the nations.

Lecture and Concert Course.

It is safe to say that never before was such an elaborate and meritorious course of attractions arranged for the special lecture program as has been procured for the present scholastic year. We append a list of the features already promised:

Oct. 18, Thursday—Wunderle Trio	(Concert)
Nov. 10, Saturday—Ernest Gamble	(Concert)
Nov. 13, Tuesday—De Koven Quartette	(Concert)
Nov. 22, Thursday—Dr. W. S. Hall	(Lecture)
Nov. 24, Saturday—Hon. J. Adam Bede	(Lecture)
Dec. 4, Tuesday—Hon. Edward McDermott	(Lecture)
Dec. 13, Thursday—Opie Reed	(Lecture)
Jan. 12, Saturday—Hawthorne Musical Co.	(Concert)
Jan. 19, Saturday—Frank R. Roberson	(Lecture)
Jan. 30, Wednesday—Willis M. Moore	(Lecture)
Feb. 14, Thursday—R. H. Little	(Lecture)
March 1, Friday—Col. H. H. J. Ham	(Lecture)
March 20, Wednesday—Thomas E. Green	(Lecture)
April 22, Monday—Alton Packard	(Cartoons)
May 11, Saturday—Leland T. Powers (Impersonation)	
Date not fixed—Dr. Monaghan	(Six Lectures)
" " " Dr. Stafford	(Lecture)
" " " Dr. J. E. Harry	(Lecture)
" " " Suemas McManus	(Lecture)
" " " Hon. Leslie M. Shaw	(Lecture)

The Wunderle Trio, Mr. Ernest Gamble, and the De Koven Quartette have already appeared. Madame Wunderle is America's greatest harpist, and she never fails to

arouse enthusiasm. Mr. Ernest Gamble is one of the most delightful figures in concert work in our day. Gifted with a superb voice, a fine presence, and a charming manner, he has an instinct for selecting the right program for a college audience. The De Kovens, taken all in all, were a disappointment, though some numbers of the Quartette were excellent. The lecture by Dr. Winfield S. Hall of Northwestern University, was one long to be remembered by the students who heard it. Its value to young men can hardly be overestimated. So much for the attractions that have already appeared.

As the SCHOLASTIC goes to press, the Hon. J. Adam Bede is lecturing to the University on "Our Nation: Its Problems and Progress." Mr. Bede is known as "the Humorist of the House." Most of our readers will remember the day he attained national fame by a droll speech in the House of Representatives at Washington. His humor is derived from imagination rather than from memory. He tells no old stories, but his work has all the best qualities of the work of Mark Twain. He will be followed by the Hon. Edward J. McDermott of Louisville, Kentucky. Mr. McDermott is of the well-known law firm of McDermott & Ray, and he enjoys a national reputation for weighty and eloquent speech. After him, follows Mr. Opie Reed, author of "The Kentucky Colonel," "The Jucklins" and a dozen other delicious books of humorous fiction. The Hawthorne Musical Company comes on January 12. As yet they are unknown to us, but they come so highly recommended that no doubt is felt about their success. Mr. Frank Roberson is perhaps the most distinguished of that particular group of lecturers who give their hearers the results of life-long wandering in many countries. Mr. Willis Moore is the Chief of the Weather Bureau, and his lecture entitled "The Story of the Air" is as instructive as it is entertaining. A pleasant feature of Mr. Moore's lecture is that he invites questions from the audience at the conclusion of his discourse. Mr. R. H. Little will lecture on "The Making of a Great Newspaper," taking his hearers through all the mechanical, literary and pictorial details involved in the produc-

tion of a great daily. Col. H. J. Ham is a typical Southern orator, full of fire and color. Dr. Greene has for years been a Chautauqua favorite and has won plaudits everywhere by his rare eloquence. Alton Packard is a cartoonist, and a cartoonist is always welcome among boys. Mr. Leland T. Powers is at the head of a famous school of acting in Boston. His work last year in presenting "David Garrick" unassisted was one of the most remarkable performances ever seen at the University. Dr. Monaghan lectured at Notre Dame for the first time last year and an encore was at once demanded. This year he has promised us six lectures. The famous pulpit orator, Dr. Stafford, comes to us after Easter. To praise Dr. Stafford would be to gild refined gold. Dr. Harry, of the University of Cincinnati, is in great demand for his lecture on Greece. Mr. Suemas McManus is one of the most popular authors of our day. Secretary Shaw enjoys the reputation of being the best speaker in the cabinet.

It is not to be expected that the University will be every year so fortunate in securing lecturers. Let us show appreciation therefore for the good things offered this year, as these excellent discourses form an important feature of the work of the University.

Dr. Hall's Lecture.

A very important talk on a very important subject was given by Dr. Hall of Northwestern to the student body Thursday evening. His manner of presentation and his thorough knowledge of the subject made him a very agreeable instructor. It was one of the best numbers on our lecture course.

When one considers the great amount of work Dr. Hall does in his capacity as Dean of Northwestern Medical School, we wonder how he finds time to travel around giving instructive lectures to young men, and for which his only remuneration is the satisfaction of doing good. Besides teaching and lecturing, Dr. Hall writes books, and his life is a good example of the doctrines he would infuse into others.

Athletic Notes.

The *Indianapolis News* picked an all-Indiana team for 1906, giving Notre Dame but one man, while Coach Sheldon of Indiana gives Notre Dame two. The *News*' selection is:

Bloom, Indiana	L. End	Weight	165lbs.
Wade "	L. Tackle	"	179
Hill "	L. Guard	"	175
Waugh "	Center	"	202
Heckman "	R. Tackle	"	171
Fenrip "	R. End	"	175
Hare "	Quarter-back	"	150
Sutherland, Wabash	R. Guard	"	185
Bracken, N. D.	Left Half	"	158
Steele, Indiana	Full-back	"	170
Tighe "	Right Half	"	160

The *News*' selection for a second team:

Myers, Wabash, and Hutzell, Notre Dame, ends.
 Beacom, Notre Dame, and Ype, Wabash, tackles.
 Munson, Notre Dame, Hies, Wabash, guards.
 Wellinghoff, Purdue, center.
 Miller, Wabash, quarter-back.
 Clark, Indiana, Sopl, Wabash, half-backs.
 Deiner, Notre Dame, full-back.

Coach Sheldon gives Callicrate, Notre Dame's star half-back, a place on his team, Bracken and Callicrate displacing two of his own men. All-Indiana team picked by Sheldon:

Bloom, Indiana, left end.
 Wade, Indiana, left tackle.
 Mendenhall, Indiana, left guard.
 Waugh, Indiana, center.
 Sutherland, Wabash, right guard.
 Heckman, Indiana, right tackle,
 Fenrip, Wabash, right end.
 Hare, Indiana, quarter-back.
 Bracken, Notre Dame, left half.
 Callicrate, Notre Dame, right half.
 Steele, Indiana, full-back.

Coach Cayou of Wabash picked an all-State team, and although agreeing with all other selections in giving Capt. Bracken a place, putting him at full-back, the rest of his selection varies widely from the others in the fact that he has picked an all-Wabash team. Yet considering the remarkable showing of Wabash and the great advancement made by them under Coach Cayou they are undoubtedly entitled to be representative men.

* * *

It is all over. Indiana is the champion.
 So here's to Indiana!

NOTRE DAME, 29; BELOIT, 0.

The Varsity closed a successful season last Saturday by defeating Beloit, 29 to 0. The game was a grand success of the new rules from the side team's standpoint. Captain Bracken and his men went through a variety of forward passes, quarter-back kicks, fake plays, long end runs, skin-tackle plays, and in fact everything in the calendar. The outcome was never in doubt, but Beloit's defense was just strong enough to make the game an interesting one and one full of spectacular plays. As an Athletic Number of the SCHOLASTIC is to be published next week but a short account of the game is here printed.

The game, though one-sided in score, was exciting throughout. The Barryites received the ball on the kickoff, and by simply running the light visitors off their feet brought the pigskin to the Beloit one-yard line. Aided by a fifteen-yard penalty for holding, the visitors were able to ward off a touchdown for nearly twenty minutes. The local giants bumped the Beloit line hard and often and annexed many yards.

On the second kickoff Bracken caught the ball, and dodging through the entire Badger line-up ran 100 yards for a touchdown. The first half ended with the score 12 to 0 in Notre Dame's favor. Rain fell in torrents during the second half. Coach Barry sent in a score of substitutes, but notwithstanding the score ran higher than it did in the first part of the game. Beacom started by pounding the line for a straight march to a touchdown. Callicrate got away for a ninety-yard run, and Beacom again went bounding through the line.

A sensational punting duel then took place between Johnson and Bracken, and when Beloit fumbled Notre Dame found itself within five yards of a touchdown. Sheehan went over for the last score. Armin twice tried a drop kick, but both attempts failed. Beacom and Sheehan, who have played for four years on Notre Dame's eleven, wound up their careers on the gridiron in a glorious manner. Beacom made two touchdowns and kicked three goals, and Sheehan's work was phenomenal.

After the game the two giants were

carried on the rooters' shoulders from the field. Line-up:

Notre Dame (29).	Position.	Beloit (0).
Hutzell	L. E.	Mead
Beacom	L. T.	Horton
Eggeman	L. G.	Rowell
Sheehan	C.	Loos
Donovan	R. G.	Strang
Dolan	R. T.	Gleckler
Bervey	R. E.	Boger
Bracken	Q.	Armin
Callicrate	L. H.	Johnson
Waldorf	R. H.	Knudson
Diener	F.	Charters

Touchdowns—Dolan, Beacom, 2; Bracken. Sheehan. Goals from touchdowns—Beacom, 3; Umpire—O'Neal, Illinois. Referee—Studebaker, De Pauw. Time of halves—25 and 20 minutes.

* *

Manager Draper announces that there will be an Inter-Hall track meet early in December to bring out material. Everyone with ability should come out for his Hall. Get in and start now.

Personals.

—Old friends of Edwin C. Littiz at Notre Dame were grieved to hear of his untimely death at Davenport, Iowa, recently. Littiz was a student here and played on the Varsity in the years '97-'98. Notre Dame joins in sympathy with the sorrow-stricken relatives.

—Hon. John M. VanFleet, ex-Judge of the 34th Judicial Circuit Court of Indiana, and author of VanFleet's Collateral Attack on Judicial Proceedings and VanFleet's former Adjudications, visited Notre Dame and was guest of the University in the early part of the week. The Judge is one of the most distinguished and learned lawyers in the State, and his home county, Elkhart, may well be proud of his eminence at the Bar and his high standing as citizen, scholar and gentleman. He addressed the students of the Law Department at the first recitation hour Monday morning, and his remarks were exceptionally interesting, stimulating and inspiring. It was made quite clear that no profession is more exacting than the law in demanding the constant attention and devoted services of its votaries.

Prizes for Economic Essays.

Our readers may be interested to know that Messrs. Hart, Schaffner & Marx, of Chicago, have offered through a competent Committee, some very large prizes for the best essays on economic subjects. For the third time, a first prize of \$1000 and a second prize of \$500, are offered to graduate students; and to undergraduates, a first prize of \$300 and a second prize of \$150. These papers must be sent in by June 1, 1907, to Professor J. Laurence Laughlin, University of Chicago. The subjects assigned are as follows:

1. The practical wisdom of freeing raw materials essential to subsequent manufactures from customs-duties when entering the United States.

2. The best methods of obtaining an elastic currency in times of panic.

3. To what extent, and in what form, are socialistic tenets held in the United States?

4. In what respect and to what extent have combinations among American railways limited or modified the influence of competition?

5. The best methods of avoiding resort to force by labor unions in their contests with employers.

6. The effect of "trusts" upon the prices of goods produced by them.

7. How far does the earning power of skill obtain under a régime of trade unions?

8. A critical study of modern commercial methods for distributing products to consumers.

9. The development of economic theory since John Stuart Mill.

For the honor of the institution, as well as for the distinction to the winner, many students ought to enter into such a contest. For two years past the same prizes have been assigned. The committee in charge is composed of Professor J. Laurence Laughlin, University of Chicago, Chairman; Professor J. B. Clark, Columbia University; Professor Henry C. Adams, University of Michigan; Hon. Horace White, New York City; Hon. Carroll D. Wright, President of Clark College.

(Continued from page 166.)

most living expression of the experiences and yearnings of the human soul, the unveiling of the depths of the heart of man, the record of its aspirations and unsatisfied desires, of its grandeur and of its weakness, it has always, by its soothing words and comforting truths, enabled men to bear gladly with sorrow and humiliation and distress. It possesses a never-failing power to heal their bruised and bleeding hearts and to fill them with faith and hope and love. Whether it partly discovers the mystery of the Word, or describes with solemn simplicity the creation of the world; whether in mournful verses it unfolds the enigma of life and incites us to admire Job's patient faith and heroic endurance of suffering; whether in a more gladsome tone and in the vigorous sincerity of his Psalms, David expresses his hopes and our hopes, or whether Solomon, in mystic melodies, inspires us with the love of wisdom, always emotion and thought are wrought into song and made aglow by the radiant flame of truth. It is the history of time beginning in eternity and ending in eternity, when there will be a new heaven, a new earth and a new Jerusalem; it is the history of the march of humanity to God, of a humanity ennobled and sanctified by the Incarnation of the Man-God.

"Intense study of the Bible," Coleridge has said most justly, "will keep any writer from being vulgar in point of style." This, however, would be little were it the only profit to be derived from it. Because the Bible is the supremest expression of life, it imparts life to every man who goes to it for strength and wisdom; taking him from his shabby thoughts, it transports him into the purest and serenest regions, from whence he may look down upon the realities of mortal existence, view them in the strong light that comes from his own exalted inward life, and weigh them in the balance of eternity. Appealing by the harmony and depth of its thoughts, and often by its musical rhythm, to the poetical faculties of every living soul, it empowers it to understand the heart of all the other poets who have stood foremost to guide the human race to its goal; and, as such, it must be the foundation of all classical

education. The soul transcends all limitations of space and time; it can think the thoughts of Plato or those of Pascal, and add to them the magic of its personality. Every man who is born in the world is as old as the world. It is the function of culture to impress these truths upon the minds and the hearts of men, to teach to all the language of humanity, to make them, through contact with those men who lived most—that is, who thought most, felt the noblest and acted the best—more generous, more sympathetic, more human-hearted, more broad-minded; in other words, to increase by poetry the intensity of their life.

The man who will have been so educated will feel his own humanity suffering in Job forsaken upon the dunghill and in Prometheus bound upon the rock; he will share in the heart-rending sorrow of Priam and enjoy with Sophocles the "calm and august" repose of nature when Antigone, gently resting upon the bosom of her blind, exiled father, arrives at Colonus, and will experience with Lear the anguish of a broken heart. No suffering, no joy, no beauty can be indifferent to him. Sensitive to all purest impressions and holiest aspirations, he admires the natural as well as the spiritualized loveliness of nature; he loves man with a genial love, weeping with them that weep and rejoicing with them that rejoice, and experiences an ever-increasing pleasure in contemplating the Divinity within his own soul. Every study, every thought, every word, is to him a means of perfecting his manhood. He belongs to all times, but remains a man of his age, with the knowledge of its tendencies and the consciousness of its yearnings. He follows its march onward, and adapts himself to its spirit in order to direct it and to bring it into a closer contact with the Godhead. He is able to do all this precisely because his soul is full of life and of poetry, of optimism and of enthusiasm. For him poetry is not the dream of dreamers, and life is infinitely worth living. It is his faith that the cries and tears of the new-born babe must be transformed, through joys and sorrows, into the serene cheerfulness of the dying man who, a smile on his lips and the *Nunc Dimittis* in his heart, departs on his last journey to his Father and his God—the realization of all poetry and the perfection of all life.

(The End.)

LAW DEPARTMENT.

Following is a statement of facts in the case of the People vs. White, which has been placed on the calendar for trial in the Moot-Court:

Richard White owns a farm of 640 acres in Clay Township, St. Joseph County, Indiana. Three years ago he divided it equally, and put a fence on the division line. He occupied one-half himself and offered to rent the other. On this latter half were two dwelling-houses, about 75 feet apart, and between 500 and 600 feet from the division line. At this point stood an unusually large barn, which was readily accessible to persons wishing to enter it from either side or half of the land. Near it were several sheds and corn-cribs. About three-fifths of it stood on the land reserved by White, as indicated by the division fence. He was accustomed to store near the centre of it his farming implements, while at either end were bins, receptacles and storage rooms for wheat, oats, barley, rye, etc. These did not interfere with a wide passage-way which ran from end to end of the barn, where large doors admitted of easy entrance or exit. About the centre of the barn were twelve or fifteen stalls for horses, heading toward its sides, where the mangers were. Under his proposed arrangement for renting half of the land, White intended to reserve for his own use the three-fifths of the barn on his side of the dividing line. His dwelling-house stood on that side, about 700 feet from the barn.

In March, 1905, a cropper, named Eli Sherwin, accompanied by his son-in-law, a certain Charles Harris, called on White and made what the latter thought a fair offer as rental for the land. He offered what would be tantamount to \$1,000 yearly or to share the crops. At any rate, White accepted the offer, and Sherwin and Harris entered into possession. They and their families occupied respectively the two dwelling-houses already mentioned, and began at once to plow the land and plant the crops.

All went well until the fall, when it became necessary to pay the rent in money or to make a fair division of the

crops, in accordance with the agreement. Sherwin elected to pay by sharing the crops, and delivered what he claimed to be a fair proportion. But White was not satisfied. He claimed that he received only about two-fifths of the crops, or what would bring not over \$700 in the open market. He spoke bitterly of his croppers, and characterized the transaction as dishonest.

These charges were resented by the croppers, Sherwin and Harris, and a very unfriendly feeling arose between them and White. Nevertheless, they did not leave the land. They remained there and still cultivated it. Last October, when the crops of the second year had been harvested, they delivered to White his proportionate share, according to their measurement. He refused to give a receipt, claiming that they had sought to swindle him, and repeating the charge made the previous year.

White and Sherwin met in South Bend shortly afterward, and the quarrel was renewed with if possible increased acrimony. In the course of it they threatened each other with personal violence, and came almost to blows.

On his return home White noticed that some of his farming implements had been removed and thrown promiscuously into the passage-way leading through his part of the barn. They were put back by him and his hired man. Sherwin protested against this, saying: "My son-in-law and I are entitled to one-half of this land under our lease, and we are equally entitled to one-half of the barn. It was built for the use of the land as a whole, and when that land is divided it carries with it a proportionate part of the barn. The lease is silent on the subject, it is true, but that is one of the strongest reasons why my contention is correct. If it had been sought to reserve three-fifths of the barn the lease would have so stated. Being silent on that point, the division of the land governs and entitles us to one-half of the barn."

A day or two afterwards White and his hired man erected a board partition across the barn, separating his three-fifths from

the two-fifths allowed to Sherwin and Harris. Next day, October 30, 1906, he found it demolished, it having been torn down by Sherwin and Harris during the night. Calling to his assistance the hired man he began at once to rebuild it. When Sherwin returned to dinner that day he heard the sound of hammering in the barn, and putting on his shoulder an ax found at the wood pile as he passed, hurriedly entered the barn. Seeing White engaged in restoring the partition, he peremptorily ordered him to desist, saying: "You must not put up that partition again. You have encroached upon and are trying to rob me of a tenth of my space. You are on my premises and must get back." He advanced as he spoke, the ax being still on his shoulder. When within a few feet of White, the latter drew a revolver, and hurriedly fired. The ball struck Sherwin just above the heart, killing him almost instantly. White has been indicted for murder in the first degree. Is he guilty?

Local Items.

—Almost winter, and no sign of Sorin's billiard table yet.

—Quite a crowd of rooters attended the Corbyites to South Bend Thursday.

—Preliminaries for the Oratorical Contest will be held Wednesday afternoon.

—Brownson held a mass-meeting Wednesday evening; for particulars apply to one T. Donovan.

—Notre Dame felt the effects of the recent wind storm. The porch on the Main Building being damaged.

—And his name was "Smush!"

But he would have it so,

Though "Cap" was just as good,

For the man who'll never, never, know.

—Thursday afternoon Corby met the strong South Bend High School team. The game ended with the score 12 to 12. It was loosely played, fumbles being frequent. The High-School boys worked their forward pass well. The bright star of the day was Hevl of Corby, Werder's work was also good. Corby has had a good schedule this year and has showed up very successfully.

—The preliminaries for the Inter-Hall debates are now over. Some fifty students participated; and while only sixteen have made places on the different teams, all

have gained some experience, which will be helpful to them in future contests. A few of last year's inter-hall debaters failed to make the teams this year. This fact, however, is no reason for them to get the least discouraged. Sometimes a small thing—such as failure to memorize a speech well—will result in obtaining a low mark from the judges. But the fact that a debater has proved his ability before is good reason for encouragement. Again, sometimes there is a great disparity in the markings of the judges. A debater may be marked high by two judges and very low by one, and thus fail by one or two points in making a team. So when such a debater is left out, neither he nor his associates should consider him incapable. Failure is often a spur to greater efforts in the future, and especially should it be such to a talented young debater who has failed once.

1. And in those days there was a wiseacre among them whom they called "Smusheret."

2. For he had come from Chicago where no one was a rube and men were every one very wise.

3. And he had had a training enough for any man, from divers letters written and other jokes played.

4. But he never learned from all these things,

5. Because he was already wise and was from Chicago.

6. And so it came to pass that they elected him a captain to themselves.

7. And being quite joyous and scrumptious over the deal he set them up, one and all,

8. For he was a "good sport" and they made him their leader because of many things.

9. And so the story went out among all his friends who were Brownsonites and Sorinites, and even to the men of Corby,

10. Who hearing laughed heartily, for they were glad.

11. And the rest of the acts befitting a captain all he did, many of which are not recorded here.

12. So he slept that night with his dreams, for he had a good conscience and was happy.

13. But none of these things had those that elected him.

14. For they were bad men and justly were ashamed of themselves.

15. Whereupon it behooveth every man to live some part of his life in Chicago,

16. For they know only how to "drive teams in Mishawaka and are but farmers."

17. But many from the "wooly West," and the rube farms and the tall timber looked strangely at him and went away thinking it were a strange town, Chicago, where wordly-wise men live.