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The Day of Visitation.*

"And when He drew near, seeing the city He wept over it, saying: If thou also hadst known, and that in this thy day, the things that are to thy peace: but now they are hidden from thy eyes. For the days shall come upon thee: and thy enemies shall cast a trench about thee, and compass thee round, . . . because thou hast not known the time of thy visitation." (St. Luke xix., 41-44.)



CHRIST weeping over Jerusalem—is there in all the literature of the world a more sorrowful picture than these words suggest? Can human mind imagine a more pathetic illustration of a lost opportunity? The Jewish people are to-day but a faded memory of the glory that once they were. God had selected them to be the path by which He would approach humanity. He had enriched them with transcendent gifts of mind, so that even in their decayed and fallen condition the Jewish people are still in some respects the most brilliant among the families of men. Their poets were prophets; their prose writers were inspired, so that while other nations may claim for their writers inspiration only in a borrowed and figurative sense, the Jewish writers were literally and in very truth inspired. No nation willingly admits the superiority of another nation, yet all the world acknowledges that the Jews were the Chosen People. No man willingly admits that his native land is less favored by Heaven than another, yet all the world reverently acclaims the country of the Jews as the Holy Land. As Rome has given to the world the foun-

dation on which government and law have been established; as Greece must ever remain the supreme teacher of the world in literature and art, so it is the glory of the Jews that through them God has given to the world the Christian religion.

Before the coming of Christ the temple of Jerusalem was not only the one spot in all the world where resided the Holy of holies, but the very building itself shall remain in history and literature as the ideal House of God in splendor and magnificence. No lawgiver in the nature of the case, can ever be compared with Moses. Upon the throne of Jerusalem had sat David, the poet-king, whose psalms will remain to the end of time the supreme expression of the human heart; upon that throne had sat Solomon the wisest of the children of men; and at last there came to the Jewish people and the city of Jerusalem the supreme gift of God, His own divine Son, who walked the streets and mixed with the people and taught in the holy place. We may well wonder what should have been the history of the world had Jerusalem accepted her great opportunity; had her priests put away their pride, and, kneeling at the feet of Christ, absorbed His spirit and His doctrine; had the law-makers learned of Him justice and brotherly love; had the lawyers and the courts put on something of His incorruptibility; had parents and children formed the Christian home according to His spirit. How different would be the story of the world if the Jewish people, and priests, and rulers, and merchants, and professional men had given themselves over completely to that divine influence, had asked the Son of God to reorganize their life and its activities and had then perpetuated

* Sermon delivered by President Cavanaugh in the University Church at the solemn religious opening of the college year, Sunday, Sept. 20, 1908.

that condition and spread it over the world! One would have thought that a people so prepared and favored would have seen the opportunity and embraced it. But alas! when He spoke to them words of truth He was often obliged to hide Himself from their wrath. The hypocritical and the envious sought to lay snares for His feet. The judge upon the bench made Him the victim of the very forms of justice; and so, as He stood upon the hill-top and looked over Jerusalem and remembered that, except for a few faithful souls, there was in that city none who loved Him or accepted His teaching, He wept. Jerusalem had no hospitality for Him save in the judgment hall, had no place where He might lay His head except upon the cross, and therefore Jerusalem must stand before the world for all time as the great example of a lost opportunity.

It is a wholesome thought with which to begin the college year. Two facts have especially impressed me from year to year as each day's duties brought its parcel of letters from every corner of America. One is the multitude of earnest young men who stretch out appealing hands from mines and farms and factories, begging for an education which they can not obtain; the other is the number of rich men's sons who go to the various colleges from year to year with no well-defined purpose, whose indolent minds respond to no stimulus, whose flabby characters seem incapable of the thrill of inspiration, who pass through these years of growth and preparation with no serious thought of the future. I have sometimes wondered that Divine Providence seems not to have fitted the opportunity to the ambition; but that is a mystery that will be explained in another world. This much, however, is certain: for the opportunity that the rich young man possesses he will be held most strictly to account. You must not delude yourselves by the fancy that God has given you well-to-do parents merely to make life easy for you. You must not lay to your soul the flattering unction that Almighty God loves you more than He loves the child of the tenement house. There are few things that are absolutely sure in this life, but one of them is that if God has given you an opportunity He will most strictly exact a

reckoning for it. Your presence here proves that God has visited you with great advantages; it is for you to determine from day to day how they shall be used.

There is first the opportunity for knowledge. This is the day of education, and although we may lament that education is now valued chiefly for its commercial worth, nevertheless it is something to be grateful for that there is in our time and in our country a genuine enthusiasm for education. A well-known reference work contains the names of the 10,000 persons in this country whose lives and achievements are considered most notable. The list takes in men and women in every field of human activity; it shows that among those who have received only the education of the primary schools not more than one in 9000 of the population ever attains distinction even in commerce. Of those who have completed the high school course, only one in 400 ever rises above the common level, while of those who have completed a college course one in every 42 earns a position in what may be called our country's roll of honor. Roughly speaking, therefore, statistics show that the chances of the college graduate are as ten to one when compared with the high school graduate; the chances of the high school graduate are more than twenty times better than the boy whose education ends with the eighth grade. Four years at the end of your life will mean little to you from any point of view; four years at the beginning of your life will determine what your career is to be and what measure of success you shall attain in it. A young man, particularly in the preparatory school, may not be in love with science or mathematics or history or classics, but if he have any touch of heroism or aspiration in his nature he will be aroused to action by the thought that a few years of earnest labor now means almost assured success hereafter.

There are two conditions which explain the backwardness of our people in this country. Honest poverty, which only heroic effort can check-mate, sends thousands of brilliant young men to commonplace work every year. It is for the leaders of our people and the men of wealth to provide opportunities for these young men by

endowing our schools, and therefore we need not consider this question to-day. The other condition is the low ideal of those of our young men who have the means to develop their powers. The boy who says "my father had no education and yet he has succeeded" needs to be reminded that opportunity came oftener to his father because of the newness of our country than it is likely to come to him; that the rivals whom his father met and overcame were not college-bred men, while the business men of the future will be largely so. He needs especially to be reminded that the measure and the kind of success that were honorable in the past generation will be commonplace in the next. Your fathers were largely of the pioneer time. Prejudices of various kinds closed against them many doors of opportunity which to-day stand wide open for you. For example, our people furnish only one governor to the various states throughout the Union; in proportion to the population of the country we ought to have at least five or six. We furnish more than our share of the reporters for the large city newspapers, but not one great editor. We provide brilliant clerks and confidential men for the great captains of industry, and competent officials for the minor places of government, but we have not had our fair share in the leadership. There was a day when this might easily be explained, but that day is past. We are offered our fair share of the prizes of life on the fair and simple terms of self-improvement and self-respect. It is for you, young men of the rising generation, to foresee the opportunity and embrace it. To you should come the leadership. The Church demands it of you as a religious duty; the state requires it as a service of citizenship; your parents hope and pray for it for the honor of their old age; Notre Dame expects it as the vindication of her teaching and her influence.

Another special opportunity you will enjoy is a life of discipline. Mere knowledge does not save. The physician knows better than any other the evil of the drug habit, yet many physicians are victims to it. Men who can advise others most eloquently against the evil of drinking come themselves to fall under the influence of that baleful

habit. "Four-fifths of life is conduct," says a wise author, and daily experience shows that in every walk of life success depends far more on conduct than on talent. Great opportunity comes to many men in life, and all but a few fail to seize it and to carry it to its legitimate conclusion in success; but remember that of all who fail there is hardly one who fails for any other cause than lack of discipline. You may learn as much wisdom from the lives of men who have fallen by the wayside as from the lives of men who have struggled on to success; and the men who have failed, have failed chiefly because of moral weakness. Search through all the tragedies of Shakespeare and you will find that every noble figure whose end works out in desolation is a blend of many great perfections and one fatal defect. Go back further to the legends of mythology and read the story of the human race in the character of Achilles,—hero and invulnerable save in one spot. And if you seek in the lives of the Saints for the secret of their sanctity you will find that they warn you incessantly against some predominant defect. It was by thoroughly knowing themselves and by severely disciplining their lives that they won unto the shining heights of sanctity. The world is thronged with men of brilliant talent, but the men who have earned and held the admiration and gratitude of mankind have done so because of moral quality and the power of self-discipline. If you are destined to be a great lawyer or a great physician, you will be so, not primarily because of your talent and your knowledge of the books, but because you will attend diligently to the work of your profession, laboring much and indulging yourself little. Except in the mining camps and in the gambling dens, there is no such thing as luck; everywhere else throughout God's beautiful kingdom the price of success is patient labor and manly self-discipline.

Thirdly, you have the opportunity to grow in the knowledge and practice of your religion. There is abroad in our time much needless misunderstanding on the subject of religion. There are those who speak as if religion were a disagreeable duty imposed upon humanity, while in reality it is a comforting angel that ministers to our needs.

There are men who denounce the yoke of religion, forgetting that a yoke in itself is not a burden, but rather an ingenious and merciful device which enables oxen to draw heavy loads with ease, just as religion, which is truly a yoke, enables man to withstand the temptations of life and to walk bravely forward through pain and sorrow and misfortune. It is not many years since a brilliant infidel, himself a kindly and a gifted man, flashed like a comet over the country lecturing against religion. One merit alone he discovered in Christianity: it enabled a clever lawyer to make \$500 a night lecturing against it. One day as he stood in the lobby of a hotel, a friend approached him and told him a pitiful story of a ruffian who, meeting a crippled man walking upon crutches, had miserably insulted the cripple and, snatching the crutches, had tumbled him to the ground. The eye of the infidel burned with manly indignation as he expressed in explosive speech his desire to horsewhip so heartless a criminal. Then the friend answered: "Mr. Ingersoll, you are that man. For all these centuries poor crippled humanity has been struggling on supported only by its faith in the goodness of God and a better world to come, and you are ruthlessly striving to snatch away those crutches." Bred in a hard puritanical faith which forbade even innocent recreation on the Sabbath and killed off all the simple and wholesome joys of life, Ingersoll had come to think of religion as a sour and dismal thing, bringing no light or happiness to man, instead of a bright and shining angel bringing consolation into every Gethsemane of human suffering.

What a striking contrast to the story of that erudite and profound philosopher Orestes Brownson, after whom one of our University Halls is named and whose venerated bones lie buried beneath this church, who wrought with his great intellect for years before he finally won the grace of conversion, and who when a friend suggested to him that he had brought strength and prestige to the Church, answered with the humility of a saint: "I have brought nothing into the Church but my sins!" What a contrast to the great Taney, Chief Justice of the United

States, who knelt every month in the little throng around the confessional of his parish church and who once when the priest considerably beckoned him forward, saying that the Chief Justice must not be permitted to wait until others had made their confession, answered in like humility: "Not Chief Justice here, Father, but the criminal at the bar!" What a contrast to that giant of modern science, Pasteur, who saw more profoundly into the problems of biology than any other man of our day and who towards the close of his life declared that all his science had left him still with the faith of a simple peasant! There are great schools which breathe an air of unbelief and which stifle the faith of young men who go to them for knowledge. Lacking the Christian faith themselves, the professors in those schools unconsciously radiate scepticism around them. The student, rightly admiring the knowledge of his professor, imperceptibly loses his attachment to the old faith, and in many instances he purchases his education at the cost of his soul's salvation. By God's grace you have the gift of faith. You have it because your forefathers held to it through poverty and persecution, and you appreciate it as the most precious possession of your lives. To that holy faith your *Alma Mater* stands dedicated. Her mission is to nourish and strengthen it while providing you with all the knowledge of the modern as well as the ancient world. For this great opportunity you must also render an account in the day of final reckoning. Let it not be said of you that familiarity with sacred things has brought a want of reverence for the Church, for the prayers you say in common every day and above all for the Holy Mass which is the center, the life of our faith. During these years of your young manhood will be largely determined the question whether you are to be loyal and courageous defenders of the Church or weak and craven deserters from her banner. During these years religion will be to you a safeguard and a tower of strength amid temptations, a solace if God should send you sorrow, an inspiration to lofty purpose, a powerful agent of purification.

There is no right-minded young man who does not earnestly desire to escape

the sins and follies of thoughtless youth. There is no pain like remorse. I think I can understand what the theologians mean when they say that the essence of hell is not in any kind of physical torment but in the awful pain of loss; the crushing sense of remorse; the eternal gnawing of the "worm that dieth not." Surely, the worst torment of the damned is the feeling that it all could have been avoided so easily if a little effort had been made, and to you, my dear young men, at the beginning of the school year I say: "Do now the things that through all the vast spaces of eternity you will wish that you had done." If you fail, you who have had such a special opportunity, how shall you defend yourselves in that great day? If any one should fail in his high responsibility I can imagine the Accusing Angel saying to such a one: "You were nurtured under the holy influence of a good mother; you grew up under the kindly eye of a devoted father. No taint of evil lay across your path in childhood. If ever you knew vice you must have deliberately sought it out. At an age when others tasted the bitterness of the wrestle for bread you still were at school. At an age when others were forced to struggle daily with sin and shame and temptation you breathed an atmosphere of purity and faith and strength. If condemnation rests upon the sin of the orphan and the outcast, shall not your condemnation be tenfold greater?"

In the city of Jerusalem is a corner called the Place of Wailing, and thither every year the Jews resort to beat their breasts with sorrow and to weep over the desolation that has come upon Zion. It is an ancient rite, but it may well seem to the Christian the supreme agony of Jerusalem's remorse for the lost opportunity. God grant that in our lives there may be no Place of Wailing! God grant that we may know the day of our visitation!

Let us begin the year, then, by placing our teaching and our study under the protection of Almighty God; let us beg the Lord of Science to make these years weighty with blessings for the future. This day, most happily the Church celebrates the Feast of the Seven Sorrows of Our Lady and as the piety of our forefathers has

placed the University under her particular patronage let us dedicate ourselves to her in purity and faith and love; let those of us who exercise the holy office of prefect remember that infinite patience is the badge of our vocation; that our life has no meaning unless it be to develop among youth a solid Christian character; let those of us who are teachers remember that our work is a vocation and not a profession; that it is a means of saving our soul and not merely a means of earning a living; that no man has a right to set up as a teacher of others until he himself has learned and practised wisdom and holiness. For the character of the teacher has no sacredness whatever except what the teacher's own character confers upon it. May our Blessed Mother of Sorrows win for us each day a fresh realization of our duties. May her kindly favor lead us through this year and all the years of our life and at the end bring us peace with God!

Whittlings.

IT takes two to make a contract, but only one to break it.

IF you would make the world better, be just a little better yourself.

DOUBTLESS it never occurred to the ancient Sophocles how especially applicable to the college student are his words: "When you shall have succeeded, then will be your time to rejoice."

TO any one who has witnessed a flight of the aeroplane, the real wonder should be, not that men have learned to fly, but that they did not learn many centuries ago. Are we not very finite withal—in practical science and otherwise?

THOUGH you aren't in the band wagon called Success, hang on behind; you'll hear good music if nothing else.

A SMILE and a cheerful word are small investments but they usually realize big dividends.

THE sun shines nearly all the year round: whether things look bright or gloomy to a fellow depends greatly upon the status of his liver. Dost thou wear a grouch?

Varsity Verse.

YOUTH AND OLD AGE.

A youth of shapely mold,
He stood beside a tranquil sea,
And sought to fathom all that was to be,
By reading in the golden-misted West
The shining promise of a worldly quest.
Ah, then he heard the siren call,
For fame to live and toil and hazard all.

A wreck of manhood's brawn
One tottered o'er the golden strand
To watch the sun, as like a dying brand
It told the story of his checkered life,
How hope and strength had wasted in the strife.
Ah, then he knew how false the call,
For fame to live and toil and hazard all.

T. A. L.

NOT IN THE ORDINARY.

A girl from the Island of Luzon
Had a foot like a boat that you'd cruise on.
She went barefoot all day,
And the reason, they say,
Was because she could not get her shoes on.

There once was a king out in Pekin,
Whose brains I feel sure had a leak in,
He'd take every freak
Whose voice had a squeak
They'd sing near the windows and peek in.

There once was a lady named Henderson,
Who hadn't a cent she could lend her son.
His trousers were worn,
His coat was all torn,
And he hadn't a pair of suspenders on.

G. J. F.

A CONTRAST.

Troubles come but quickly go;
They are like the fleeting snow.
Kindness comes and with us stays
All the length of summer days.

T. P. H.

EVENTIDE.

Cattle lowing
Shadows growing
On the distant grassy lea;
Twilight falling,
Cuckoos calling
From the weeping willow tree.

Day beams dying,
Night winds sighing,
Golden flashes in the West;
Star points glimmer,
Flicker dimmer,
Stay, we tread the realms of rest.

T. A. L.

Thomas Hood.

AN ESSAY ON JUSTIFICATION.

FRANCIS T. MAHER, LITT. B., '08.

It happens, now and then, that the history of some particularly complex period has to be rewritten in order to be brought into full harmony with correct views that are got only through the perspective of years. Not only is this true in respect to the history of epochs and of great movements, but it holds, likewise, in regard to the literary history of several poets and prose-writers. Shakespeare, during the century that followed on his death, was read very little in his own country—more in America, in fact, than in England. The short-sighted critics of Elizabethan days declared Johnson the shining light of the age, and reckoned him more brilliant than that great luminary whom later, and consequently truer critics have recognized as the beacon-light of all English literature. Keats was jeered to death by an unappreciative public, and by that selfsame public later on raised to a pedestal and brought within the circle of household gods; and so it will not seem altogether singular nor surprising when the statement is made that the supreme court of Time is even now in process of overruling the common judgment formerly given in the case of Thomas Hood.

The opinion that obtained from the time of the poet almost to the present day was that Hood's claims to permanent literary honors were but slight and rested mainly upon his ability as a fun-maker. This opinion became current during the early life of the poet when he found the heaviest market for his lightest productions. His entrance on the stage of fame was through the door of comedy, and so well did he capture the fancy of his audience that they regarded him as their prince of jesters. That success was unfortunate, however, for by it he became "jester" for good, and was assigned to wear motley forever. His audience was ready to sit up and applaud roundly when-

* Prize essay in the English essay contest of 1908 for the Meehan Gold Medal award.

ever he came before them with his cap and bells, but they would not so much as notice him when he appeared in serious rôle and mien. They would encore their clown to the echo, but they had no plaudit whatsoever for the tragedian. Whether it was that they feared to see the skipping measures and the tinkling verses give way to productions of greater artistic value, or whether they deemed it an idle effort on the part of the poet to attempt to draw the buskin on one foot while wearing the sock on the other is a question of little moment. The important point is that Hood's public—the magazine public—would accept nothing from his hands—at any rate, would pay for nothing, which had not mirth and laughter for "its turret and foundation-stone." To them he was only a "fellow of infinite jest," and they marveled much why so excellent a Yorrick should desire to pose as a Hamlet. They little knew how the poet's soul longed to soar like that incarnation of poetry, the skylark, far above the valley of magazine greatness into the bright, ethereal world of beauty and song.

But Hood would not be denied his birth-right—the freedom to pass on into the glad fields of song and to possess the land. He recognized his own powers if the world did not, and though bound slave-like to labor where his master willed, in his idle moments he could bring forth the bright thought of his mind and contemplate its beauty. He would write his songs and sing them for himself and for the future, since the present would have none of them. And to-day—the future to which he trusted for literary salvation—reverses the judgment of his contemporaries: it laughs heartily at his wit, but pays the deeper tribute of tears to his pathos; plucking off the jester's cap and the mask of motley, it reverently crowns him with laurels, and writes his name on the page of Immortals.

It will be the burden of this paper to examine the reasons for this revision of judgment, to show the justice of the effort now being made to place the laurel firmer on the poet's brow, and to write his name on Apollo's tablets with a bolder character.

It would be wrong to say that the critics of Hood's day were absolutely in error when they dubbed him "wit and fun-maker."

No, their error lay in their refusal to see the larger and better side of his dual nature. Humorist he was and wit beyond a doubt, such a rare sort of racy, intellectual wit as comes into existence as infrequently as the bloom of the century plant. His contributions to the world's humor, where they were the natural productions of his mother wit and not forced growths for market, were remarkable for quickness in the turn of thought, for a prolific imagery and for the fine, keen thrusting that delights us so much in the Satires of Horace. Hood's most satisfactory work of this class is, undoubtedly, to be found in his Odes and Addresses to Great People, his first printed book of verse, published in 1826. The superiority of this collection over most of his later humorous writings is due, without doubt, to the fact that the Odes and Addresses were worked over with the ardor and devotedness that is the dower of the young poet, and with a leisure which was not as yet at the mercy of the press and the reading public.

The variety of subjects taken up by Hood's humorous Muse is almost without limit. The mocked tragedies of London's East End, the burlesques of love, the terrors of rural felicity, and servant-maids' profound disputations on scientific subjects all afford him, and the world with him, many a hearty laugh. London showed him, as he daily walked her streets, a conglomerate world of men, each with his petty foibles, his oddities, and his self-sufficiency; and the poet, the seer, pierced through their thin masks and laughed good-humoredly at the exposures he made. Hood has made use of the ode very often in his humorous conceits, not only when the subject was one of the little, big-people referred to above, but for any subject that was meat for criticism and mild derision. In the "Ode to St. Swithin" we can not forbear a smile and a recollection—not over-cheerful, perhaps—at the lines:

And one blue Parasol cries all the way
To school in company with four small scholars.

This poem will bear still another quotation because it is one of the best examples of that quaint, rich humor in the literary make-up of Hood that might well have been borrowed from the prose of his

dearest friend, Charles Lamb, or from the *vers de société* of our own Wendell Holmes:

Why cast such cruel dampers
On pretty picnics, and against all wishes
Set the cold ducks a-swimming in the hampers,
And volunteer, unasked, to wash the dishes?
Why drive the nymphs from the selected spot,
To cling like lady-birds around a tree—
Why spoil a gipsy party at their tea
By throwing your cold water upon hot?

But enough of the humor of the poet, since this paper professes to be concerned principally with his serious poems and their merits. It is sufficient on the score of humor to say—what the above quotations were meant to show—that the poet we are now considering was a wit and a humorist of no mean quality; that the charge brought against him of printing a vast deal of weak humor and manufactured witticism, though perfectly true, is not to be remembered against him. Burns' sufficient *apologia* for the crudity of some of his writings was that half the time he was forced to use Pegasus for a plow-horse. Does not the same excuse hold good for Hood who was obliged to draw his groceries, his coal, and other bare necessities of life with the same noble steed? Justice, common justice, bids us pass over lightly, or forget entirely the abundance of cheap, pointless humor that Hood produced under pressure; and this for the sake of the immortal lines enshrined in his serious poems, or even yet for the genuine cleverness of "Love and Lunacy," "The Compass with Variations," "Ode to Rae Wilson," "Bianca's Dream," "Ode to Tom Newgate," "Ode on the Decline of Chivalry," and others.

Hood was a poet of many moods—one might almost say of many minds. This thought is borne in upon us before we have read far into his writings, for we come across five or six entirely distinct styles—not single, isolated instances, the results of chance moods, but numerous examples which show conclusively the unusual gifts of the poet. We seem to have gotten hold of a poetical anthology when we take up a volume of Thomas Hood. In his classical poems we find the dignity and the grace of Spencer; in his light, fanciful verse, all the charm of Keats; in his tragic narrative, all the relentless horror of Poe's tales; in his songs and lyrics, the felicity of Herrick; and

in his sympathetic poems, the deep-seated gentleness towards sin and misery peculiar to Hood.

The Plea of the Midsummer Fairies—not the best example of Hood's classical style—bears a noticeable resemblance to the Fairy Queen; the verse structure is the same as Spencer's except that an ordinary pentameter line, like the others of the stanza, takes the place of the "needless Alexandrine." A pleasing difference, it seems to me, for by it the dragging effect is eliminated, and the light, fanciful movement necessary to the theme is preserved. There is no question but that the deep poetic power that gave life and vigor to Spencer's masterpiece is absent here, but the same wealth of imagery is present, and the same beauty of thought. The poem is an acknowledgment of gratitude to the great master-poet, Shakespeare, for the creation of a fairy world of beautiful, fanciful, and withal, real beings that charm and delight us. Hood's mind delights in these harmless, dainty little elves, these artificers of Nature's finest forms; they appeal irresistibly to him because they are so like the light, graceful images that throng his own soul. Perhaps it is more of Shakespeare than Spencer that we are reminded of in this poem. The delicate fancy and the fine imagery of the "Plea of the Midsummer Fairies" are surely akin to the greater rather than the lesser mind. Are not the offices and the nature of these fairy folk described here with nearly the same happy choice of expression as the great poet uses:

Oh, these be fancy's revellers by night!
Stealthy companions of the downy moth—
Diana's motes, that flit in her pale light,
Shunners of sunbeams in diurnal sloth:
These be the feasters on night's silver cloth,
The gnat with shrilly trump is their convener,
Forth from their flowery chambers, nothing loth,
With lulling tunes to charm the air serener
Or dance upon the grass to make it greener.

"The Plea of the Midsummer Fairies" remains, therefore, as a production of beauty and fancy that is fit, in some measure, to be compared with the productions of Shakespeare and Spencer.

"Lycus, the Centaur," with its "galloping anapests" is sure to capture the interest of even the most listless reader. Once begun it carries the reader along with the rapid movement of the verses, and so enchants

him with the woeful narrative that he is unable to put the poem aside until he has finished it completely.

"Hero and Leander" is, in my estimation, Hood's most successful effort in the classical style. The theme—unprosperous love—is as old as Homer, and, in fact, stretches far beyond him to the foundations of the human race; not even the story is new, for it was known to Virgil and Ovid; it is the style, the smooth-flowing, picturesque style, that delights and moves us. In every stanza, almost every line, picture follows close upon picture till the woeful parting of the lovers, the huge, rolling Hellespont, and the mermaid's home below the waves, are as vividly painted on our minds as if we gazed upon them. Literature is deeply indebted to this poem of Hood's for an innovation—as agreeable as it was long in coming—the introduction into poetry of a mermaid that adds the quality of moral goodness to the gift of wonderful beauty. Long enough have our feelings been harrowed by gruesome recitals about the rapacious siren and the murderous Lorelei, that, with magical beauty and enchanted song, lure poor mariners to destruction, and placidly pick the bones of their victims. There is little art in such representations, for whatever tragic charm may attach itself to the idea of a seamaid rising up out of the ocean wave and weaving such a fatal spell of human beauty and human song as to cause mariners to forget all else, it is changed to disgust when we behold the horrible orgies that follow—Beauty dining off dead men's flesh and to music blown lightly through human skulls. The half-merciful half-retributive transformations of Circe, or the gormandizing of professed cannibals would not be so repugnant to our æsthetic taste—would be comprehensible, at least, because not out of harmony with the natures of the agents. But the union, under one form of good and evil, the divine and the hellish, is repugnant to our ideas of fitness and contrary to the canons of art.

It remained for Thomas Hood to rescue the truly poetic conception of the seamaid from obloquy worse than oblivion, and establish it in the realm of art, even as his well-loved master, Shakespeare, performed the like kindly office for the fairy-folk.

Hood's mermaid in "Hero and Leander," like her sister mermaid in "Lycus, the Centaur," is a gentle, simple child of the deep, whose outward beauty is no mere veil for unmitigated baseness. Both of these poems are instances of tragic narrative, a style of writing that Hood adopted with singular success. In both cases the result is tragic, and the tragedy is brought about through the instrumentality of the naiad; with this important difference, however, that it is accomplished, not by the prostitution of divine gifts but by the honest, though erroneous, effort to compass a greater good. Thus in "Lycus, the Centaur," the mermaid, desiring to confer immortality on her human lover, pronounces over him a charm got from the jealous Circe; this charm, through the malice of the queen of the witches, changes him, not into a god, but into a horse; the naiad, breaking off through horror in the middle of the charm, leaves him, half beast and half man, to feel the utter misery of his lot, and she herself sinks beneath the wave to fill the sea henceforth with hollow sobbings. In "Hero and Leander" the seamaid, rocking gently as the water-lily on the surface of the wave, is awakened by the shock when Leander, in helpless terror, drifts against her. Filled with joy at the coming of a love-mate she draws him with her down to her own home on the ocean floor, little suspecting that he is not ocean born like herself, or that through love she is doing the deed of hate. What a sad dirge it is that troubles the ocean when she discovers what she has done:

O poppy Death!—sweet poisoner of sleep;

Where shall I seek for thee, oblivious drug,
That I may steep thee in my drink, and creep
Out of life's coil? Look, Idol, how I hug
Thy dainty image in this strict embrace,
And kiss this clay-cold model of thy face!

Put out, put out these sun-consuming lamps,
I do but read my sorrows by their shine;
O come and quench them with thy oozy damps;
And let my darkness intermix with thine.
Since love is blinded, wherefore should I see?
Now love is death,—death will be love to me!

So gentle in her love is this creature of the deep, so piteous in her grief that our sympathy goes out to her far more than to the widowed Hero. Thus it is, as exemplified by these two poems, that Hood attains to high artistic effect without using inartistic means.

(CONCLUSION IN NEXT ISSUE.)

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—The past few days have witnessed the opening of still another year at Notre Dame. Already the campus and class-room have become scenes of eagerness and animation. Crowded to the limit with the flower of American Christian manhood, *Alma Mater* welcomes her sons both old and young. To their care she rests her name and glory. From the experience of the past and the earnest disposition of the newcomers there is every reason to believe that '08 and '09 shall prove for each individual as well as for the honor of the Gold and Blue, the banner year at Notre Dame.

—From Boston a small voice again agitates the establishment in this country of a national theatre. It has been some time since there was any definite talk along this line, and to those students of the drama who take themselves seriously there is the hope that the movement may amount to something. New York has from time to time expressed the wish for a national theatre and Chicago was daring enough to attempt the production of an uncommercial drama, but it is sad to note that in the former case no actual steps were ever taken, while in the latter mis-

direction and a bad selection of plays worked havoc with the enterprise.

There is no real reason why America should not enjoy an endowed theatre where real dramatic literature could be set forth upon the stage. Many there are who say that the country is not old enough and that its people are too cosmopolitan and too lacking in national characteristics to be productive of a national drama. However, the fact is apparent that during the last decade our dramatic authors of serious bent have taken rapid strides towards the development of a drama that comes nearer to being national in type.

In the last two seasons the ideal came near being realized with a bound in the works of Mr. Klein, Mr. Broadhurst and Mr. Royle. Eugene Walters has also taken his place in the ranks of the typical American dramatists and the present season will probably bring forth several more.

The productions of an endowed theatre should be above all things technically correct. No slipshod methods should be tolerated and the tiresome problem of sex should be entirely eliminated. The drama, to be effective, should be simple, direct and wholesome. Through the medium of such drama the American playgoers must in time become high-minded and the social system would ultimately flow into the trend of general thought, shaping itself into a definite body with pronounced racial characteristics.

—Indiana is in the throes of a local option agitation. Such, in a few words, is the information of the lengthy newspaper dispatches on the condition of

Concerning Local Option. affairs at the present time in one of America's greatest commonwealths. Pro and con, the battle rages fiercely, now leading to one radical assertion now to another. Strong arguments are advanced in support of both sides of this growingly popular problem. Yet, aside from all political issues or prejudices there appeals to us in the movement, one very forcible illustration of the spontaneity of American politics. We seem to rise as it were from the depths of profoundest apathy to the height of impassioned turmoil, from the drowsy lambkin to the roaring

lion, all in an instant. This would be very well if the conditions were sustained, but it can not be said that such is the true condition of affairs. On the contrary, it is painfully noticeable that we are not imbued with the necessary momentum to sustain our position, and, as a consequence, the fall is oftentimes more rapid than the rise. Would it not be more in line with common sense and with the spirit of our forefathers, if, instead of spending all our energies in a spasmodic effort, we should so conserve them that every hour and moment of our activities would be marked by a strong healthy interest in our country's welfare.

—Like a thunderbolt from a clear sky came the news of the disaster which befell Orville Wright's aeroplane a few days ago, resulting in the inventor's serious injury and the death of his companion, Lieutenant Selfridge, U. S. A. This is the first serious accident to be recorded in the annals of the new era of aerial navigation, and its natural consequence is the query, so oft repeated of late: Shall we ever fly? Will the airship ever attain even a measure of the automobile's practicability for everyday use? An authoritative answer to this query was given, strange to say, before the accident occurred. Thomas A. Edison, in the course of an address delivered before an audience at Portland, Oregon, thoroughly discussed the problem of aerial flight, and we gather from the tenor of his remarks that the practical airship is a thing of the remote future. That though even now the efforts of the Wright brothers have been rewarded with some degree of success, the day of the airship as a commercial device is as yet hardly a matter even for speculation. And the very next day brought us news of the frightful disaster at Fort Myer.

Aerial navigation is still in its primitive stage. We know far less to-day about the problem of conquering the air than James Watt knew about the steam engine; for he was at least aware of the principle of the force he reckoned with, while we are by no means certain that the secret of successfully overcoming gravity has been disclosed. Even though the Wright brothers have hit upon

the right idea, as many believe they have, its practicability is still to be demonstrated. Their idea is as yet in an embryonic stage, and it will require years of patient toil and many failures for its fruition. However, we must not be too skeptical. Wonders have been achieved before our time in the field of invention. In view of the long line of triumphs from the cotton-gin to the linotype and the wonderful achievements of Edison, who can place a prudent limit to our possibilities? We have at least learned the lesson of refusing to admit anything to be impossible, and this fact alone gives us that confidence in the inventor which always serves as an incentive to his best effort.

Death of Brother Polycarp, C. S. C.

Students returning to Corby Hall this year found that with the joy of meeting old friends was mingled an element of sadness. One face that during the last decade students have learned to love and respect was missing. Brother Polycarp was dead. No memory of college life is better than that of his cheery smile, his word of welcome and his hearty handclasp. Old boy and newcomer alike found in him a warm friend and he was at all times ready to sacrifice himself for the welfare of others. Many a Notre Dame man can remember the day he entered Corby Hall as a complete stranger and under the guidance of good old Brother Polycarp was taken around and introduced to his fellows.

Brother Polycarp was a true religious. He cherished his vows and lived up to them in the absolute spirit of religion. His manly piety, his good example and his paternal admonitions have led many a youth into the right way of thinking and in his humble way he instilled into many a heart the proper conception of practical Catholicity.

Death came to Brother Polycarp in a manner that robbed it of all its terror and made it seem tenderly sweet. He had just entered the church for morning meditation on the feast of the Sacred Heart when he was called to his Master. His fellow religious carried him from the church but there was no chance of prolonging life. His body reposes in the Community graveyard. May he rest in peace.

Notre Dame Club of Pittsburg.

Athletic Notes.

We take pleasure in publishing the following circular which explains itself:

On Thursday evening twenty loyal sons of Notre Dame gathered at the Fort Pitt in Pittsburg, for the purpose of organizing a Notre Dame Club. After partaking of a banquet of unusual dimensions, the meeting was called to order by Mr. D. C. Dillon '04, temporary chairman. Mr. Dillon gave a pleasing address on Organization and *Alma Mater*, and the co-operation of the members was assured by the hearty reception of his address. The chairman then appointed Mr. T. P. Butler as temporary secretary. The constitution, which had been previously drafted, was amended and adopted after a spirited discussion.

Then followed the election of officers. By a unanimous vote Father Cavanaugh, C. S. C., President of the University, was elected honorary president. Messrs. D. C. Dillon and R. J. Daschbach were nominated for the presidency, and after a secret ballot, Mr. R. J. Daschbach was elected president of the Notre Dame Club. The following officers were elected unanimously: Mr. Raymond Burns, '05, vice-president; Mr. T. P. Butler, '05, secretary; Mr. Howard Diebold, '05, treasurer. The Chair then appointed Messrs. Harry Geoghegan, '04, Edward McBride, '08, and Lawrence Williams, '06, a committee to act in conjunction with the officers.

It was moved and carried that the Pennsylvania Club of Notre Dame should act in union with the Notre Dame Club in holding the annual ball at Christmas time, and that the duly elected president of the Pennsylvania Club should be a vice-president of the Notre Dame Club.

Messrs. Daschbach, Geoghegan, Williams, Burns, Escher and Kennedy, each gave a short talk that was warmly received.

Rev. Father Quinlan, C. S. C., representing the University, gave the address of the evening, explaining the excellent results obtainable from such an organization, and assuring the alumni that *Alma Mater* appreciated the loyalty of her sons.

The committee was requested to fix a date for the next meeting and to inform all the alumni of the same.

The gridiron season at Notre Dame opens full of promise, and the prospects for a winning team are brightening with every practice. All the elements requisite for a championship team seems to be with us this year, and while it is rather early for predictions, it is a safe bet that the Gold and Blue will be in the running every minute for the state honors.

The gloom cast by the departure of Coach Barry has been dispelled by the masterly manner in which Coach Place has entered upon his work, and it is believed that he is just the man to continue the good work done by the former Brown star. Victor Place needs no introduction to followers of the gridiron sport, as his stellar work at Dartmouth, and his successful career as coach of the University of Washington, have given him a nation-wide reputation.

The new coach is a native of Winchester, Mass., where he started his football career as full-back on the high school eleven. He entered Dartmouth in 1900, and had little trouble in making a regular position as tackle. In his four years as a member of that team he never had a moment's time taken out for injuries, nor was he ever relieved by another player. In defensive work he was the peer of any tackle that Dartmouth ever boasted, and in selecting him for Leslie's All-American team in '03, Patterson, the noted sporting writer, said: "Place of Dartmouth is the best defensive tackle in the East, and would have made any team in the country." He captained Dartmouth in '03, the same year that Barry led the forces of Brown.

Place entered the limelight as a coach at Ohio Wesleyan where he coached '04-'06. In '06 and '07 he directed the forces of the University of Washington, where his work stamped him as one of the foremost coaches of the far West.

In addition to his gridiron honors Place also held the record for the shot put at Dartmouth for five years, and the record in the discus throw was accredited to him for three years.

The new coach is a hard worker, and has the power of communicating his own

aggressive and tireless spirit to his men, a fact which ought to place Notre Dame in the forefront of Western college elevens this year.

* *

Probably no man on the squad is better gifted for the duties of the captaincy than Harry Miller who leads the Gold and Blue this year. His work on the Varsity the past two years has been gilt-edged, and his heady, consistent playing will go far toward bringing fresh laurels to us this season.

Miller comes from Defiance, Ohio, where he played full-back on the high school. He played half-back on the '06 Varsity, but Coach Barry shifted him to centre last year, and the wisdom of the change was soon made evident as his work gained him a position on the All-Indiana team. His best exhibition was seen in the Indiana game at Indianapolis in which he was pitted against Lookabill, the star centre of the Downstaters. Miller broke through the line time after time, spoiling plays, and he blocked no less than four attempts at punts. In fact, his work was the spectacular feature of the game, and repeatedly won him the plaudits of the crowd. Miller is a hard worker and faithful trainer, and big things may be expected of him this year.

* *

Harry Curtis, the successor of McGannon in the managership, is well equipped for the position by years of experience and a thorough knowledge of athletics in general. He is a native of Newburyport, Mass., where he played four years on the high school football and baseball teams. He afterward entered Syracuse University, landing berths on both the gridiron and diamond squads.

Curtis made his *début* at Notre Dame in '06, when he would undoubtedly have made a place on the eleven had he not been kept out of the game by injuries. He had little difficulty, however, in making good as first catcher the following spring, and that his work was of the first rank is evidenced by the facts that he led the team in hitting with an average of 356, and was second on the fielding list with a mark of 990. At the close of the season he joined the

New York Giants with whom he is still under contract.

* *

Daily practice is in full swing, and the squad has increased until it now totals about thirty-five men. Coach Place has devoted most of the time thus far to the rudiments—passing the ball, running back punts, and mastering signals. However, he started light scrimmage work Monday, and will continue it until the arrival of cooler weather when a harder program will be inaugurated. The men have rounded into shape in a remarkably short time, and are getting into the plays with snap and spirit.

The material is the best in years, and perhaps never before has the fight for places been so keen as it promises to be this year. Many men of almost equal calibre are out for every position, and it will be a case of the survival of the fittest when the whistle blows for the get-a-way. Captain Callicrate and Munson are the only men lost from last year's eleven, but the old men will have to do some tall hustling to retain their places. All in all, it will be an interesting struggle, and the rooters are busy doping out the line-up for the kick-off.

* *

Miller, Dolan, Paine, Lynch, and Mertes, are back in the line, but are finding strong opposition in Freeze, Edwards, Sullivan, and Dimmick, all of whom look good to the sideliners. Don't miss the scrimmages—the fun is loosening already.

* *

Captain Miller is alternating at centre and end, and fits in well at both. However, he will probably be seen at his old position when the thinning out process is over.

* *

The struggle for quarter promises to be the head-liner of the season's bill. Ryan arrived Wednesday and is rounding into shape, but Hamilton and Matthews are exhibiting speed and dash, and will put up a stiff argument for the place.

* *

Two sets of backs look good to the rooters. The list of prospectives include McDonald, Vaughan, Schmitt, Clippinger, Morrel, Dwyer, Clement, Clinnan, O'Leary and Kelly, and they can all perform some.

Woods, Burdick, Moriarty, Collins, Roth and Murphy have an eye on the end position, and it will be a neck-and-neck finish at the wire.

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* *

The punting hopes seem to rest just now upon Clippinger and Woods. Both are showing class, and improving in speed and accuracy with every practice.

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* *

Coach Place's rebuke to the sideliners for laughing was timely and deserved. Encouragement is what the squad needs. Get the habit.

*
* *

Manager Curtis has the schedule nearly finished, and it promises to be the best in years. Michigan is once more on the list, and Indiana and Wabash are the other big games slated thus far. Negotiations are pending with several big teams for a game here Thanksgiving, and it looks like an assured thing. Purdue, which has always been one of the big games, is not on the list this year. The schedule:

Hillsdale at Notre Dame, October 3.

Franklin at Notre Dame, October 10.

Michigan at Ann Arbor, October 17.

Physicians and Surgeons, October 24.

Indiana at Indianapolis, November 7.

Wabash at Crawfordsville, November 13.

Alumni at Notre Dame, November 21.

October 31 is still open, but will be filled the first of the week, among the possibilities being De Paul University, Michigan Aggies and Ohio-Northern.

*
* *

The first gloom of the season settled over the Varsity Thursday when Cripe, the South Bend lad, had his right ankle broken and three ligaments torn during the scrimmage which took up the practice in the afternoon. The accident occurred at the beginning of the second half when Cripe was carrying the ball on a wide tackle back. Sullivan, the opposing tackle, downed him, and in falling Cripe turned the ankle in such a way that Sullivan's weight fell upon the member causing the injuries.

Cripe was taken at once to the University Infirmary where it was found that his injuries are so severe as to cause his retirement for the rest of the year. J. B. K.

Personals.

—Rev. Maurice Griffin, '04, is assistant pastor at Youngstown, Ohio.

—Mr. Charles Colwell (student '77-'79) is a prosperous business-man in Superior, Wis. His address is 623 Hammond Ave.

—Mr. Louis Fetherstone (Ph. B. 1904) and Miss Isabelle Gordon were married at St. Philomena's Church, Chicago, on Sept. 9.

—Mr. Frank Cornell (Litt. B. 1900), accompanied by Mrs. Cornell, spent a few pleasant days at the University recently.

—Mr. William J. Murphy (LL. B. '79) is publisher of the *Minneapolis Tribune*. Will visited the college during the summer, renewing old friendships and making fresh ones.

—Mr. D. A. Hanagan, formerly student of Notre Dame, has left the Feeley Company and has organized the Church Supply Company of Chicago for the sale of ecclesiastical goods.

—Edmund F. Swan (student 1891-1900) is employed in the offices of the Chicago and Alton Railroad at Bloomington, Ill. He writes: "I have a big boy three years old whom I hope to send to Notre Dame as soon as he is old enough."

—Hon. Timothy Ainsbury, '93, member of congress, whose home is at Defiance, Ohio, is again democratic nominee for congressional honors. Mr. Ainsbury was a popular student of the University and enjoys an excellent record in his home city.

—In a recent letter received at the University, Max Jurschek (LL. B. '08) states that he is travelling through Germany on a bicycle at the rate of fifty miles a day. Max intends to begin his law practice in South Bend after he completes his tour of Europe.

—Dr. C. T. McConnell (student 1901-'2) is a practising physician at Houstonia, Mo. "Tal" has already built up a very extensive clientele in Missouri, which he thinks the best state in the Union. His medical studies were made in Beaumont (now Marion Sims) Hospital Medical College.

—The SCHOLASTIC announces with much pleasure the marriage of Miss Mabel Cortis to Prof. Jerome J. Green. Mrs. Green is a

charming woman and has already made many friends at the University. Professor Green resumes his position as head of the department of Electrical Engineering.

—Gaston C. Bourgeois (Minim 1891-1892) is now connected with the advertising department of the *Chicago Tribune*. He paid the University a brief visit during the summer.

—William A. McKearney (student 1902-'5) is now employed in the office of the treasurer of Cuyahoga Co., Ohio. William has been studying law in the intervals between duties and will soon take the examination for admission to the bar.

—Frank A. Zink (A. B. '08) has been accepted as a theological student for the diocese of Cleveland. Frank's splendid record at Notre Dame, as student and gentleman, and his sterling moral traits augur well for his future success. Notre Dame is proud of Frank and ever will be, wishing him the highest and best in the life he is to follow.

—Two of the Alumni of the Law School were recently nominated for judgeships. Mr. Henry Steis, '85 of South Bend, was chosen as the Democratic nominee for Judge of the Superior Courts of Elkhart and St. Joseph Counties, Indiana, and Mr. Frank Vurpillat, '91, as the nominee of the same party for 44th judicial circuit of Indiana. Both are the best sort of judicial timber.

—Mr. Hugh O'Neill, '92, has been entertaining readers of the *Chicago Record-Herald* with a display of skill in the gentle art of literary dissection. Mr. William E. Curtis, the *Record's* notorious letter-writer, has been doing the usual thing, and Hugh promptly told him so. Another rash correspondent who rushed into the fray was taken care of with characteristic neatness and dispatch.

—Mr. George W. Sprenger and Robert L. Bracken, both graduates of the Law School, '08, passed the Illinois Bar examinations held in Chicago June 23 and 24. They were among the one hundred and forty successful candidates out of two hundred and fourteen. We expected as much of George and Bob. By the way, the graduates of our Law School have a habit of passing all the state examinations.

—John T. Foley who received the Commercial medal in '76 still cherishes a tender regard for the University, although he has not visited Notre Dame for thirty-two years. In a recent letter, Mr. Foley sends greetings to the following old friends whose names he still finds in the catalogue: Brother Philip Neri, Brother Leander, Brother Basil and Prof. T. E. Howard. Mr. Foley's address is 120 W. Crescent Street, Marquette, Mich.

—The *New York Herald*, Sept. 2d, contained in its column of literary notes these three successive paragraphs concerning Notre Dame men:

"Elmer Murphy of the Washington Bureau of the United Press, will return to his duties after he has married Miss Patrice Egan, the daughter of Maurice Francis Egan, United States Minister to Denmark, next month.

"In a recent issue of the NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC, a weekly paper published by the students of Notre Dame University, Indiana, there is a paragraph descriptive of the success of Frank Ward O'Malley, of the *New York Sun*, who was once a member of the staff of the SCHOLASTIC."

"Louis C. N. Reed, formerly of the *South Bend Tribune*, South Bend, Indiana, is now managing editor of several trade papers published in Philadelphia."

SPECIAL NOTICE.

Stationery and shop orders will be given students at the following hours:

CARROLL HALL.

On Class days from 4 to 4:25 p. m.

On Recreation days, immediately after Mass.

ALL OTHER HALLS.

On Class days from 9:45 to 10:10 a. m.
and 3:00 to 3:30 p. m.

On Recreation days from 9 to 9:30 a. m.
Pocket money will be given to students as follows:

CARROLL HALL.

On Thursdays immediately after Mass.

ALL OTHER HALLS.

On Wednesdays from 9:45 to 10:10 a. m.

Condolence.

The SCHOLASTIC extends sympathy of bereavement to Mr. John J. Barrett in the loss of his mother on the 27th of August ult. We bespeak the prayers of all for the repose of her soul.

Local Items.

—The examinations for all conditioned students will be held on next Thursday, October 1, after Mass.

—Articles found are advertised on the bulletin board of Brownson Hall.

—A meeting of the ex-Philopatrians will be held Sunday evening at 7:30 o'clock in Washington Hall. The object of the meeting is to organize and elect officers for the coming year.

—Many noticeable improvements have taken place in the different halls during the summer. In St. Joseph's Hall new floors have been put in and a cement walk laid in front, which adds greatly to the general appearance.

—Thursday evening the Brownson Hall Literary Society met and organized. An interesting program of debates and literary selections will be rendered from time to time. The society will be under the direction of Bro. Alphonsus.

—On account of ill health Bro. Paul, secretary of the University, has been given a leave of absence and is at present at St. Edward's College, Austin, Texas. Bro. Paul is known to most of the ex-students and alumni of Notre Dame, and all his friends unite in the wish for his speedy recovery to health.

—We are glad to announce that the annual retreat for the students, commencing October 29th and ending on the Feast of All Saints, will be preached by the distinguished missionary, Father Francis X. Barth, of Stephenson, Mich. At the close of the retreat Father Barth will deliver his famous lecture entitled, "Mental Atrophy."

—A pleasant change that has taken place in Brownson and Carroll dining rooms is the retouching by Prof. Ackermann of the beautiful paintings of the famous old monasteries and churches on the walls. The borders and background, which were greyish in color, have been painted a light green and a narrow frame of brass is placed around each picture.

—Among the resolutions passed at the general convention of the Ancient Order of Hibernians at Indianapolis during the summer, was the following: "Resolved, That we tender to the president and faculty of the University of Notre Dame, that great centre of Catholic education in the Middle West, our most grateful thanks for introducing, unsolicited, into the college curriculum, a course of Irish History."

—At the first meeting of the Philopatrian Society held Wednesday evening in their room in the Main Building, eighty members of Carroll Hall outlined an interesting course of work for the coming year. The society is again under the able direction of Brother Cyprian, who in previous years has proven himself amply qualified for the task. Bro. Cyprian talked to the boys and aroused interest and enthusiasm in the work to be done. A one-act play, "Arden's Rosary," was presented after which refreshments were served. The officers for the year will be elected at the next meeting.

—"Time was when the seeker after education always moved East. How conditions have changed since then is shown by the fact that every year great numbers of eastern students now go West. So large has the eastern clientele of one western institution, the University of Notre Dame, at Notre Dame, Ind., become that it finds it necessary to send a representative to the Atlantic seaboard for the convenience of prospective students, thus saving a large amount of correspondence. The extent of Notre Dame is indicated by its twenty-five buildings and library of more than 50,000 volumes."

—Phil'd North American.

—The past few days have evolved a migration which resembles nothing so closely as a Dunkhor trek pictured in all its attendant array of motley burghers and nondescript household utensils. "Westward ho!" is the cry of the elect, and to the lake shore they have moved, fifteen of them, turning sorrowfully away from the home-like and conservative influences of Sorin. The movement is altogether an innovation; it combines features of the pre-Raphaelite school, the Roycrofters' colony and the Brook Farm settlement all in one, and a happy spirit of Bohemianism pervades the place. The slogan of the Old College is "Back to nature," and the enthusiastic young *littérateurs* and engineers of the clan hope in their historic quarters to accomplish much that is novel. The atmosphere of rural simplicity, the sense of comparative isolation and the spirit of fraternal abandon, it is expected, will bring out for the '09 Dome much that is original, revolutionary and daringly sensational. Moral: save your coppers to buy a Dome.