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Old Age and Youth.

THOMAS A. LAHEY, '11.

I CAN not see as thou yon distant isle,
Ablaze with light upon the western sea;
I can not stand enraptured all the while,
And feel each heart-throb beat in unity
With every wave that breaks upon the sand.
Ah no, I can not see as thou the gleams
That throw their golden red athwart the strand
As once I did—how sweet those youthful dreams—
When life was young and pure and hope sat fair
Within my ardent breast. Alas, the strife
Is past; I stand a wreck, while dark despair
Broods o'er my weary soul and blights the life
Of him, who one time gazed as thou dost now.
Mine eyes are dim, I can not see as thou.

Whittier, the Poet of the American People.*

WILLIAM P. LENNARTZ, '08



HE poetry of a nation is expressive of the character of its people. Every great poet is "the type of a generation, the interpreter of an age, the delineator of a phase of national life." The true poet creates for us a new world, a world more real than the world of shadows and appearances in which we live. Poetry is the language of the heart and every true poet is a seer. Endowed by nature with a mind able to understand his fellowmen and with a heart disposed to sympathize with them in their various needs and interests, sentiments and aspira-

tions, the poet gives utterance in rhythmical language to the thoughts and feelings of his people. He becomes the interpreter of men's souls and the delineator of men's lives, the expositor of their ideals. As the artist portrays on his canvas the exterior form and appearance of nature, so the poet, by reason of his peculiar powers of penetration, brings to view the interior life of man.

America, we must admit, has had no really great poet as compared to those which England has produced. The fame of our poets has scarcely gone beyond the confines of our own borders. Yet, if true poetry be of the heart rather than of the head, America possesses a poet of genuine merit in the person of John Greenleaf Whittier. The purpose of this paper is to attempt to show that Whittier, although he may not hold the rank as the greatest of American poets, is, nevertheless, the poet of the heart of the American people; that his poems portray better than those of any other of our poets the American life and sentiment.

Whittier has been styled the "Poet of New England," but the character of his themes and his native, unstudied utterances make him representative of the nation. His themes have been chosen mainly from his own time and country and deal with the simple experiences and motives common to the life of every individual. It is in Whittier that we find the ablest delineation of American life and character. He is typical of American manhood, and his poems reflect his own personality. The circumstances of his birth and early life together with his natural talent for versifying well-fitted him to become the poet

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of the people. His Quaker parentage had implanted in him a tender regard for the poor and the oppressed who form the subjects of many of his poems. His homely and domestic life had moulded in him a character in sympathy with the laboring classes. Constant intercourse with nature had obtained for him an intimate acquaintance with her interior workings, for

Hand in hand with her he walked,
Face to face with her he talked.

Born and bred amid rural scenes, Whittier was brought early into that close communion with nature which comes not by mere purposeful observation. "No other American poet," says Boynton, "has had so intimate a knowledge of the subtle lives and softer shades of Nature's face." This it is that gives to his poems their peculiar charm. To him nature was an open book, and with his "knowledge little learned of schools" he read men's souls as easily as he interpreted the cries of animals, the songs of birds, the gentle murmur of the streams and the soft whisper of the flowers of the fields. To read his verses is "to recall the scent of the clover and apple-bloom, to hear again the creak of the well-pole, the rattle of the bars in the lane, the sights and freshness of youth." He is, in a word, "the poet of the moral sentiment and of the heart and faith of the people of America."

In view of the selection of his themes and with the simplicity and fresh naturalness with which he gives them utterance, Whittier may well be called the "American Burns." It was indeed a volume of Burns' poems which came into our poet's hands when he was about fourteen years of age that gave him his first inspiration toward verse-making and caused "the springs of poetry" to be set loose within him. This, as he himself informs us, was the first book of poems he read. Thence he soon began to write verses, and in later years showed a quality of song but little less meritorious than that of his master. His native poetic genius needed only the inspiration of a master-mind and of a spirit, kindred to his own to awaken within him the latent powers of his musical soul.

Whittier is truly the poet of the fireside, and is beloved by the great common people. The heart delights to wander amid rustic

scenes and to muse in the glow of the fire-light. Scenes of home and domestic life, homely old customs and traditions are doubly endeared to us by his artless art. He was ever a ruralist at heart, and "his love of the country and love of country seem almost identical." The homely manual labor to which birth and circumstances had assigned him was, to a great extent, the source and foundation of that deep and abiding interest which he took in the cares and fortunes of the people. His love of the domestic life was most tender, and he took unbounded interest in the simple experiences of the men and women about him.

The themes of his poems are, as has been observed, largely the legends and traditions, the happenings and incidents of his own time and country. "No American writer," says Steadman, "unless Irving be excepted, has done so much to throw a veil of poetry and legend over the country of his daily life." It is in his winter idyl, "Snow Bound," that his poetic genius finds its loftiest expression. Here he combines the lyrical with the descriptive, and presents the "soul as well as the body of the people's life." This poem is not only descriptive of a New England home in winter, but is a perfect portrayal of life under like conditions in every age and in every land. It is the kind of poem that "makes the whole world kin." In it "homely pathos and kindly humor combine with facile art to produce a rounded literary result." After describing in a most picturesque manner the preparation and approach of the snow-storm, the final onslaught of heaven's silent forces and the exquisite change which the snow wrought in the earth's appearance, the poet introduces us into his family circle. The poem is, in truth, a family portrait in which each member is faithfully drawn to life.

In the foreground is the father seated in his accustomed chair by the wide-open grate of the fireplace recounting to the little group about him the tales and adventures of early life in England.

Our father rode again his ride
On Memphremagog's wooded side;
Sat down again to moose and vamp
In trapper's hut and Indian camp;

Again for him the moonlight shone

On Norman cap and bodiced zone;
 Again he heard the violin play
 Which led the village dance away,
 And mingled in its merry whirl
 The grandam and the laughing girl.

Beside the father sits his quaint little
 Quaker wife, who

While she turn'd her wheel
 Or ran the new-knit stocking-heel,
 Told how the Indian hordes came down
 At midnight on Cochecho town,
 And how her own greatuncle bore
 His cruel scalp-mark to four-score.
 Recalling, in her fitting phrase,
 So rich and picturesque and free,
 (The common, unrhymed poetry
 Of simple life and country ways)
 The story of her early days,—
 She made us welcome to her home;
 Old hearths grow wide to give us room.

Another interesting figure in that happy
 household that winter's night was Uncle
 Moses Whittier, the companion of our
 poet's boyhood, at whose feet we may well
 imagine the future poet sat.

Our uncle, innocent of books,
 Was rich in lore of fields and brooks,
 The ancient teachers never dumb
 Of Nature's unhoused lyceum.

Next,

The dear aunt, whose smile of cheer
 And voice in dreams I see and hear,—
 The sweetest woman ever Fate
 Perverse denied a household mate.

Within this household group are pictured
 the playmates of our poet's youth, his
 sisters Mary and Elizabeth. The elder, Mary

Plied
 Her evening task the stand beside;
 A full, rich nature, free to trust,
 Truthful and almost sternly just,
 Impulsive, earnest, prompt to act,
 And make her generous thought a fact,
 Keeping with many a light disguise
 The secret of self-sacrifice.

The younger sister, Elizabeth, our poet's
 favorite and life-long companion, and herself
 a poet,

Upon the motley-braided mat
 Our youngest and our dearest sat
 Lifting her large, sweet asking eyes,
 Now bathed within the fadeless green
 And holy peace of paradise.

Safe in thy immortality,
 What change can reach the wealth I hold,
 What chance can mar the pearl and gold,
 Thy love hath left in trust with me?

Two other characters, not of the family
 but with them "snow-bound" on that
 winter's night, complete the picture. This
 winter idyl was an inspiration of Whittier's
 own life. "It is," says Richard Henry Stod-
 dard, "not only a personal poem in the
 sweetest, tenderest, truest sense, but a
 national poem in the largest sense,—the
 poem of the American people."

Whittier was not a creative poet. He
 could not, like Wordsworth penetrate into
 nature's hidden recesses and reveal nature's
 secrets, but he could in simple language
 artistically and accurately portray the
 things that he saw. What artist has ever
 painted a more realistic picture of American
 boyhood than has Whittier in his poem,
 "The Barefoot Boy?" No other has ever
 described so well those careless, happy years
 of the genuine country boy. Boyish graces,
 boyish instincts and boyish pleasures make
 up the full content of the poem. The poem
 is a benediction asked on the guileless years
 of youth.

Blessings on the little man,
 Barefoot boy with cheeks of tan!
 With thy turned up pantaloons,
 And thy merry whistled tunes.

With the sunshine on thy face,
 Through thy torn brim's jauntly grace;
 From my heart I give thee joy,—
 I was once a barefoot boy!

In retrospect the poet wanders back to
 the Essex farm, there to muse over familiar
 scenes. Memories hallowed and gracious
 come crowding in, and, as he muses, a
 longing to enjoy once more the thrice-
 blessed and happy days of childhood takes
 possession of him.

O for boyhood's painless play,
 Sleep that wakes in laughing day,
 Health that mocks the doctor's rules,
 Knowledge never learned of schools,

For, eschewing books and tasks,
 Nature answers all he asks;
 Hand in hand with her he walks,
 Face to face with her he talks,
 Part and parcel of her joy,—
 Blessings on the barefoot boy!"

The personality of Whittier lives in his
 poems. "He represents," says Thomas Went-
 worth Higginson, "as no other leading poet
 represents it, the purely democratic spirit

of the American people." In all of his poems he deals with the simple motives and experiences of common life. This fact, joined to his "innate and unstudied Americanism," makes him the true poet of the people. Whether he sings of home and the fireside, of fields and hills and woods; whether he gives new life and imagery to scenes and incidents that live only in memory; whether he praises the dignity of labor or issues a trumpet call to his country to rid itself of the shameful practices of slavery, from first to last he is the one "singing voice" for all America. Although his garb be plain, consistent with his Quaker origin, although many of his verses lack the quality that would make them true poetry, the works of Whittier are indigenous to American soil. His feet wandered over the land which he describes, and he mingled with the characters whom he has so faithfully portrayed. His pages reflect the outward form and beauty of his country—"They are the strong utterance of her inward life."

Clouds and the Clear Sky.

JOHN R. DEAN, '13.

Kate finished a hearty breakfast, and after kissing her father good morning she nestled cozily in a Morris chair and ran her eager blue eyes vividly over the pages of the morning paper in an impetuous search for the society column.

"Well," she exclaimed petulantly, "it doesn't say a word about the debate in this morning's paper either. I think the newspapers are just horrid; everyone says Leo made such a splendid speech, too."

"I fear you and Mr. Leo are too intimate of late," remarked her father, astutely. "I do not wish to be strict with you, Kate," he continued, "but you—"

"Oh, papa!" she pleaded, please, do not scold me, I have a great secret I am going to tell you. You know the other night when Leo was here and you were at the club? Well, Leo said—or, that is, he—he asked me—"

"Well, what did he ask you?" inquired her father discouragingly.

"He asked me to marry him when he is graduated in June," she said timidly. "Do you think it will be all right, dad?" she continued eagerly. "He is going to ask you to-night."

The father bent his head, bit his lips as was his habit when thinking seriously, then puffed vigorously at his cigar, watching the blue hazy smoke as it ascended languidly toward the ceiling. The anxious blue eyes of his daughter watched his every movement with increasing anxiety. There was a significant hush. At last he spoke, and his words were low and tender, scarcely audible in the stillness of the room:

"Kate, girlie," he began, "I may as well be plain concerning your question. I can not give my approval in this matter. In fact, Kate dear, it's entirely out of the question" he continued, marking the effect of his words on his daughter's face.

"Oh papa!" she cried throwing her arms about his shoulders and sobbing as she spoke. "You have been so good to me; so good, why won't you help me now, when I need it most? Tell me why I should not marry him, father dear."

"Well," said the old gentleman placidly, "I'm sorry, but it's too late for my help." Picking up the newspaper, he read: "Mr. Leo Holt of Waverly College eloped last evening with Miss Clara St. Claire of this city. The couple were married in Elkhorn, and are now—"

"What's that?" the girl exclaimed in utter astonishment, "Let me see that." A glance satisfied her that her father was not making up what he had read. She had to make a supreme effort to conceal her emotion. The old man was astonished at her serenity.

"You're a good girl, Kate," he said tenderly, "but you mustn't give your heart away so hastily." He kissed her affectionately, and left for his office.

The large, old oak grandfather clock at the end of the hall had just chimed the hour of ten. It was a beautiful spring day; everything was fresh and verdant, and the sun shone vividly in through Kate's open bedroom window. Kate rose from her couch, and walking over to the window looked out through her tears in the direction of the

university. But she turned away quickly, for the place had lost all the charm it had so recently held. She pictured in her vivid imagination his strong, earnest face, and the dark, blue eyes—the eyes that had looked into hers only a short while before and seemed so honest. But how they had beguiled her! What a fool she had been to trust him without ever a thought of possible insincerity! But no! Leo, Leo, above all men, could not have deceived her so. This reflection multiplied her tears, and she pressed her small, white hands to her forehead as if to soothe her turbid thoughts.

Dinner was over; the afternoon was growing late; the sun was blistering hot, and everything was tranquil and languid. At length the quiet was broken by a fast ring of the telephone bell.

"Telephone call for you, Miss Kate," called the maid.

The distraction was very welcome, but on putting the receiver to her ear the girl was surprised to hear the familiar voice of Leo.

"You must excuse me to-day," she said in an effort to control her bitterness, "but I'm not feeling very well, and by the way," she added, "I wish to congratulate you on your success. Good-bye."

"Stung again," said Holt to himself, "I suppose I deserve it, though. I am always doing something out of the way and never realize it until it's too late. I think I had better call on her to-night, and see if I can't square things up. Now, if Bert has not borrowed my dress suit I'm all right. And I wonder if I've got a clean shirt. Oh, well, if not, I'll borrow one of Bert's. I'll be glad when June comes and all this will be over," he continued to himself, looking over the table for his studs. "I put those studs on that table two weeks ago, and it surely has not been dusted since. I wonder where in the—Oh, yes! there they are in the match box. Gosh! I'll have to beat it to get there by eight, if I go to town to supper."

"Mr. Holt," announced the maid as she stepped into the sitting-room where Kate and her father were reading.

"What's that?" inquired the old gentleman sternly, dropping his newspaper at the

side of his chair, and looking over the top of his black-rimmed spectacles at the girl.

"Mr. Holt," repeated the maid. He pondered for an instant:

"I'll see him first, Kate," he said as he rose from his chair. Kate turned slightly pale; looked at her father tremulously, and rising, she walked over to him and laid her little hand gently on his shoulder:

"Don't be too hard on him, papa," she said timidly. He smiled and went slowly downstairs. There was a sharp, "Good evening, sir," and then the door between the parlor and the hall closed with a bang. Five minutes elapsed, but no sound from downstairs. Kate grew anxious, and stirred nervously in her chair. She was startled at length by the sudden opening of the parlor door. Her father called to her to come down. Glancing in the mirror for a hasty inspection of her appearance, she went reluctantly downstairs. She was startled to see Leo looking so unusually tall and handsome, instead of standing the crest-fallen convict she had anticipated. She paused for the briefest instant in admiration, but catching herself she greeted him with a slight inclination and an artificial smile. Leo came towards her; he was smiling as he held out his hand. His tanned face beamed with amusement. But Kate turned away from him haughtily, and walked over to her father,

"Come into the parlor, Kate," said the old gentleman smilingly, "I have a little surprise party for you." And taking her hand he led her to a chair in the next room. Leo followed; his strong face was serious now, and he fumbled nervously with his watch-fob.

"Kitty," said her father as he handed her the evening paper and pointed to a certain column, "it's the newspaper's mistake. It was Mr. L. Bolt that eloped last night, as you now see corrected in this evening's paper. Kate felt her heart throb in relief, and the color rose in her face at the unexpected solution.

Leo came to her side and took her hand.

"Mr. Benson," he asked, "may we make arrangements for a June wedding?" The old gentleman held out his hands, one to his daughter and the other to his future son-in-law, and smiled his acquiescence.

Varsity Verse.

RONDEL.

Time flies on swallow wing
 When days are bright and fair;
 Gold coin we freely fling,
 Forgetful of its care;
 No leaden-eyed despair
 About our steps may cling:
 Time flies on swallow wing
 When days are bright and fair.

All nature seems to share
 The joy the moments bring,
 No warning bids beware,
 No recollections sting:
 Time flies on swallow wing
 When days are bright and fair.

H. A. L.

ARCHILOCHUS.

Archilochus the Hellene long ago
 Contrived this measure to relieve the smart,
 When love rejected, tore anew his heart
 With bitter pangs a lover can not know.
 Forgotten were the eyes, the brow of snow,
 The lips where Cupid held eternal mart;
 In stubborn anger came the poisoned dart,
 Flung by a hand that well knew how to throw.

Her beauty blasted, and for dearer fame,
 A mockery of everlasting shame,
 The maid despairing sought oblivion
 In Lethe's gloomy everflowing tide.
 The bard, when falsity was crucified,
 Found out that maids were plenty 'neath the sun.

H. A. L.

THE QUERULOUS FOREIGNER.

In the land where the star spangled banner floats high
 We have founded a home for the free,
 And its blue arching dome tells of welcome to all
 Wheresoever their birthplace may be.
 There is room for the Frenchman and German to live,
 There is room for the Chinaman too;
 But fanatics who boast and who boast and who boast
 Of the things that their fatherlands do,—
 Well,—return fares are very low this season.

Here the Irishman, Turk and the black Hottentots,
 Make their homes with the Yankees and Jews;
 And the Russians and Japs and the Greeks and the Poles,
 And the Dutch with their huge wooden shoes,
 Can live peacefully here if they honor our flag
 And respect the old red white and blue;
 But fanatics who boast and who boast and who boast
 Of the things that their fatherlands do,—
 Well,—return fares are very low this season.

T.

Economic Influences of the Black Plague.

PAUL E. SMITH, '11.

The halo of the poet and the romancer has been cast around that fated period of English history which is comprised in the limits of the ascendancy of Edward III. The circumstances under which his accession to the throne became possible, the forceful character of his reign, so vividly contrasting with the docile, disordered rule of his father, the military glory won by his arms in the wars with France—all this has tended to heighten the poetic glamour of a period which in reality exhibits itself as one of the very disastrous epochs in English history. War implied a necessity of men and arms, and of money to supply the vast armies and navies which were brought into use. This, in turn, required a process of stretching to the utmost and straining almost to the breaking the commercial standing of England. But greater than all these, second only to the Deluge in the spread of its destruction, was the horrible Black Death, which, at the very moment when the court of the warrior-king was comporting itself in all its regal magnificence and pomp, spread death and destruction in every nook and cranny of the English empire.

There is no absolute certainty as regards the origin of this plague. It first appeared in 1346 at a little fortress held by the Genoese, situated on the Straits of Kerth. Popular superstition assigned its origin to the putrefaction of innumerable corpses which were lying unburied round about. However this may be, its destructive influence is at once evident. The besieging Tartars scattered at the sight of the malignant pest carrying it with them to the countries which they invaded. The Genoese on the other side released from their perilous condition, transported it to the Mediterranean, around the shores of which (1348) it was everywhere prevalent. In August, 1348, it planted itself insidiously on English soil, at Melcombe-Regis in Dorsetshire, to be precise. By the 1st of November London was in its throes, and the autumn of 1349 saw not a spot in England which had not felt its blighting effects. Between one-third and one-half of the

population was destroyed, and it required two and a half centuries to mend the disasters it had sustained.

The first half of the fourteenth century had seen the beginning of a movement which seemed destined to change completely the condition of the agricultural classes in England. The old condition of serfdom and petty vassalage, under tacit consent of the manorial lord, was being given up in great measure for a system which involved the existence of an agricultural, wage-earning class. The introduction of a system of coinage had demonstrated to both landlord and tenant the practicality of a scheme which would recognize money rather than work as the basis of relationship between them. By the middle of the reign of Edward III. there thus existed a numerous class of laborers who, though not legally free, sought work under whomsoever they desired to labor. The old ties were being slowly but surely sundered, when the appearance of the Black Death necessitated a complete readjustment of existing conditions.

After 1350 the economic aspect of agricultural England changed completely. In the first place, the depletion in the ranks of laborers caused wages to soar to two and three times their former value. Where formerly one-twelfth of a harvest satisfied the claims of the employees, it was now necessary to give at least one-eighth. The rates for threshing increased 30%, and the wages of women, which before had averaged a penny, and even lower now were two and three pence. Added to this, many landlords, because of the inroads made by death upon their tenants, were forced to accept the reversion of a great portion of their estates which it was now necessary to till. In other words, the amount of land requiring laborers for its cultivation increased in the same ratio as the number of those competent to perform such labor decreased.

A solution of the problem thus presented for consideration was not long in being attempted. In 1351, the Statute of Laborers was enacted. The main points in this law, so far as it concerned the agricultural classes, were four: 1. It enacted that laborers should be compelled, under penalty of imprisonment, to work for whomsoever should demand their services at a rate the same

as was customary in 1347, the year before the plague; 2. That any laborer leaving his service, or any employer accepting a laborer who had done so should be subject to a similar punishment; 3. That any laborer demanding, or any employer granting, more than customary wages should be fined; in the former case double in the latter treble the amount of the wage; 4. That all contracts for more than such wages were null, and unenforcible. To balance what might have been a discrimination against laborers it was also enacted that grocers, butchers and all manner of shopkeepers, should adhere in like manner to the scale of prices which they had maintained before the plague.

There can be no doubt that the Statute of Laborers was a conscientious effort on the part of both king and Commons to remedy the abuses which had arisen. Justice and the condition of the country seemed to demand such action. Even though they were manifestly good and just in themselves, these laws, because of their very unenforcibility, became obnoxious. They represented the sentiments of the landlords of England who were also its lawgivers. To them it seemed perfectly right that with new responsibilities upon their shoulders in the shape of additional land to till they should exhaust every legislative means in an endeavor to prevent the laboring classes from complicating the situation by raising a demand for higher wages. But they failed to take into recognition the feelings of the toilers who, though legally of no importance were yet to prove the deciding factor in the pending contest. The task thus brought before the authorities of England was not only impossible of performance, but the very attempt to carry it through was a denial of the rights of economic freedom, and bound ultimately to bring calamity upon the country.

The Statute of Laborers represents the attitude of the king and Commons upon the subject of labor legislation. But it does not represent the feelings of any appreciable portion of the landlords of England; it was a policy of conciliation, of mediation, if you will, and of course failed in gaining any substantial support from either party. One class of the manorial lords insisted on a complete reversion to conditions that existed prior to the plague. The great mass of

floating laborers who had been accustomed to consider themselves freemen now found this liberty curtailed. Never having been legally freed they could not contest suits which the stewards of the manor, acting in reality both as judge and accuser, brought against them in manorial court. Where evidence was lacking zeal in the prosecution was not. The steward, acting in his capacity as judge of the manorial court in which all such suits were tried and from which there was no appeal to the courts of the king, condemned indiscriminately all those against whom even the semblance of a case could be trumped up.

Another body of landlords bent on measures more conciliatory, did not accept this method of dealing with the question, but resorted to two conditions which were just beginning to come into vogue at that time in England: the raising of sheep and the system of leasing. The first of these means seemed the most advantageous. It required little labor, little outlay in money, and produced a commodity always in demand. Again, Edward III. by encouraging the entrance into the country of the Flemish weavers had found a market for all the wool which England could produce. The ultimate disadvantages of the system, however, more than balanced such considerations. The landlord, forced to withdraw all his land from cultivation, and generally assuming to himself the right of exclusive use of the acreage which had hitherto been pasture land, became an object of hatred to his tenants, which fact helped to pave the way for the rebellion of 1380.

The system of leasing was unattended with any such disadvantages. It took all responsibility from the landlord's hands, supplied him with a satisfactory income, and in addition helped to form that sterling body of yeomen which was England's pride and glory. Yet it did not appeal strongly to many of the land proprietors. A great portion was still reactionary. At every attempt made by the laborers to break the unjust bonds under which they were suffering, fresh severity was added to the laws, and they were enforced with a new and more rigorous hard-heartedness. The scattered murmurs of revolt swelled to a seething flood of discontent; the common

people found their champions, Wycliffe, the reformer, John Ball, the mad priest of Kent, and the immortal author of *Piers Plowman* urged on the impending storm. Ball, the subtlest and most powerful of those engaged in the movement, advocated practical communism. "When Adam delved and Eve span, who was then the gentleman," became the catch line of the hour.

At last, in 1380, the storm broke. The doubling of the poll-tax in that year added the glowing ember to the smoldering fire. Wat Tyler marched upon London with an army of 100,000; in every portion of the country the peasantry, armed with rudest instruments of cultivation were on foot. For six months England lived through a state of class revolution; but when it ceased it ended abruptly. Tyler was killed by the lord mayor of London, his army forced to disperse and the agricultural classes found the bonds of servitude riveted on them even more firmly than they had been before. But the storm was still brewing despite the superficial air of peace, and slowly but surely the work begun by John Ball and Wat Tyler was brought to a successful conclusion. By the accession of James I. there were few serfs left in England.

Just how far the Black Death was responsible for this we can not say. Prominent economists have thought fit to declare that it was the contributing cause which eventually freed the serfs. But it must be borne in mind that long before the plague a state of comparative freedom existed, and that had nothing happened to prevent the continuance of the process, two generations more would probably have seen the complete emancipation of them all. The Black Death stopped this. England was forced back to its condition of fifty years before, and it required the lapse of two hundred and twenty-five years to attain the result which half a century might have sufficed to bring about had the Black Death not occurred.

Catullus' Advice.

(Translation.)

My love prefers to marry me,
Though it was Jove who sought her:
But write what woman says to thee
Upon the wind on water. H. A. L.

Catholic Journalism.

JOHN B. McMAHON, '09.

Some time ago there appeared in the *Catholic Universe*, over the signature of Rev. Francis Moran, a series of articles captioned "Yellow Journalism." In epitome the reverend writer's articles charged "That the daily press has almost universally departed from the clean, wholesome and noble, to pander to the base, with only this circumstance to extenuate its course: that it must be made to pay." This may at first thought appear to be a broad and untenable view; but upon the careful observer of the enormous sheets that are spread before us every day and in particular on Sundays, the conclusion forces itself that, with a few honorable and rare exceptions, the American press is rapidly departing from its ideal. Instead of allotting space and attention to current events, proportionate to their general importance, often over one-half is given to advertisements, the remainder to trivial anecdotes and graphic descriptions of the latest crime. All of this is to the exclusion of topics affecting the financial or political conditions of the nation.

Instead of conforming to the decency and morality of its readers, these sensational exposures of scandal too frequently indicate a lax interpretation of St. Paul's admonition against "such things as should not so much as be mentioned amongst Christians." And the editorial page! Instead of reflections and comments upon current events, designed to mould and lead public opinion aright, there is personal vilification of respected public officials, attempted justification of divorce, and carefully worded attacks on our courts that express at least very little regard for the dignity of authority. Instead of being men especially endowed or qualified for their duties, the editors of these sheets are, with many honorable exceptions, we must admit, men of superficial learning, who yield too often to the temptation of attempting to say the last word on matters they know little or nothing about. In a word, a developing characteristic of the modern press seems to be open and coarse appeal to the emotions of the

populace, a disregard for authority, except public opinion, which they should mould and direct, but to which in reality they are lending an attentive ear.

It is a fundamental principle that men act only on the knowledge they possess, and it is a real fact that the source of a deal of the information the average American citizen acquires is the daily newspaper of the type just described. Such being the case, one may readily realize that public opinion, assailed by a great number of these organs, all adopting the same line of thought as they do, must succumb. Respect for authority and government is being insidiously supplanted by socialistic and anarchistic doctrine and a feeling of discontent among the masses. The hatred and abhorrence of evil that characterized the old American home has, by too great familiarity with the details of crime, grown into apathy and often mawkish and sentimental admiration. And all this has grown upon the American people so gradually and quietly that they neither realize its importance nor have they sought out the cause.

To American citizens, and to Catholics in particular, this becomes an important and serious question: What can be done to remedy these conditions? How can the American newspaper be shorn of its dangers? This is essentially a reading age. Everyone reads, from the infant prodigy, that our system of education has brought forth, to the old man whose brain is already on decay. Some people recommend censorship of the press. This, however, is not only un-American but is fraught with great danger of entire subjection of public opinion. It must, to be free, remain untrammelled, so the only appealing remedy is the substitution of a press equally attractive in a different way, adapted to the secular public, and wholesome, though not necessarily deep. It is true, there is a moral Catholic press, which is exerting, as best it can, an elevating influence. But its field of good is restricted to a certain class. It fulfils a need, but its field is, in the nature of things, too narrow. It reaches the Catholic reading public, but no farther. And if we may judge from the meagreness of our sheets, the Catholic press reaches neither all nor the greater portion of the Catholic people.

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Notre Dame, Indiana, November 7, 1908,

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—College papers from all parts of the country speak of "rooting, of rooters' clubs, yell-leaders," and so forth; they print new college songs and varsity yells—all calculated to work up a spirit of enthusiasm in the student body. The question naturally suggests itself: Why is the spirit so little in evidence here? Why was the mass-meeting in Washington Hall called for the purpose of learning N. D. songs and yells, a failure? Where is the vaunted N. D. spirit? There is plenty of latent enthusiasm, no doubt, but it is still awaiting an occasion. We certainly have a deserving team, probably the best eleven Notre Dame ever turned out—but to what end? We can not honestly work up an hysteria over games in which the score is 88 to 0, or 64 to 0, or 39 to 0, or even 58 to 4—the spectacles for which we have handed in our tickets thus far. Notre Dame played Michigan in great form, but at Ann Arbor; we meet Indiana to-day, and we will meet Wabash soon, but neither of them on Cartier Field. We understand the difficulties encountered by the management in this matter, but, if possible, give us a real game, and hear a genuine hullabaloo.

—Ordinarily it is not a part of the policy of the SCHOLASTIC to make critical comment on other publications; yet, when a contemporary, unwittingly makes a

Catholics and statement that may mislead Catholics. the public in regard to the

Catholic Church, the impulse of correction can not be resisted. In a recent issue of the *Daily Student* of Indiana University, a report was published showing the various religious denominations with which the male students of the university were affiliated. The reading of this report at Notre Dame occasioned no little surprise and some amusement, for it was found that in the compilation of the report, the *Daily Student* had classified the Catholic students into two divisions—Catholic and Irish Catholic. Be it known that there is absolutely no distinction between a Catholic—a Roman Catholic, if you will—and an Irish Catholic. The Catholic Church is not misnamed: it is universal and knows no distinction between the various nationalities that are within its fold. The Catholic Church is the Catholic Church the world over; all her subjects believe the same truths, obey the same laws, follow the same ritual and are under the jurisdiction of the same supreme head. It is only natural that non-Catholics, with their endless divisions and multitude of sects, should find it hard to imagine a church having perfect unity; but if they investigate they will find that such is true in the Catholic Church. Wherefore, we would suggest that in making up statistics in the future, the *Daily Student*, if it desires to be accurate, make but one class of its Catholic students. Catholics are Catholics. Each and every one of them, whether the blood in his veins be Irish, French, German or Hottentotish, is a Roman Catholic.

—The election is over! Both parties divide honors. The loyal Republican can take an amount of just pride in the triumph of his presidential candidate, while his equally loyal Democratic neighbor can glory in the success achieved by the gubernatorial candidates in five large and important commonwealths. A remarkable feature of the election, as indicated by the returns, was the discrimination practised by the

American electors. The death knell of the straight ticket is sounded; and the time is past when feverish partisanship can make possible a complete party victory because of the popularity of the head of the ticket. It is a sign that the American people place confidence not in parties but in men. For months the sole topic of many people has been on politics. Now that the choice is determined, it will be well if these people allow their ardor to cool and broaden their interest. Legislation aiming at the restoration of business and commercial prosperity will be more carefully and intelligently considered than if both parties are compelled to bow homage to the sometime too fickle majority.

The Annual Retreat.

The students' annual retreat, conducted by Rev. F. X. Barth, Stevenson, Mich., closed Sunday with Solemn High Mass and sermon. Judging from externals the retreat was one of the most successful ever conducted at Notre Dame. The Reverend Preacher departed from the usual order of the retreat, and made an earnest and successful effort to present in the beauty of character Christ the God-man and the ideal of humanity. His masterly descriptions of Christ's trial was closed with strong and impressive lessons from the conduct and character of the various judges before whom the Saviour appeared. From his proofs of the divinity of Christ he deduced the obligations we have towards Christ and His Holy Name and towards the Church and her commandments. Of special interest was the reverend speaker's sermon of Sunday afternoon in which he spoke of "Mental Atrophy," and emphasized in a striking manner the vanity of intellectual attainments unless accompanied by an equal development in religion and morality. Father Barth's masterly and unusual presentation of Christ's life and his treatment of the matter of the retreat was such as will undoubtedly make effective the exhortation: "Young man, I say unto you, arise." It is sincerely hoped that in the near future Father Barth will be heard again at the University, and that the students of next year may secure as able and impressive a retreat-master as Father Barth.

America's First Catholic Missionary Congress.

The Missionary Congress, to be held in Chicago from November the 15th to the 18th, is the first Catholic assembly of its kind in the history of the country. It will be the occasion of bringing together the largest gathering of bishops and archbishops since the Third Plenary Council of Baltimore. In addition there will be hundreds of priests, delegates-at-large from the various Catholic societies in the United States and Canada, two delegates from each of the fifteen thousand parishes of this country embracing thirty nationalities, thus making it, in a certain sense, the most representative gathering of clergy and laity ever assembled for any purpose.

It was His Grace, Archbishop Quigley, who long ago suggested this idea of a Missionary Congress. He has for many years held to the view that our people need to be aroused to a higher sense of duty, as far as missions are concerned. He cherishes the hope that the forthcoming Congress will arouse priests and people to an appreciation of the opportunities which lie at their doors.

The great meeting will be opened on Sunday, November 15, with pontifical Mass by the Apostolic Delegate, the Most Rev. Diomed Falconio.

Monday, Tuesday, and Wednesday will be devoted to the Congress proper. The meetings will be held in the armory of the First Regiment of the Illinois National Guard.

The leading citizens of Chicago, irrespective of religion, have been kind enough to place their automobiles at the disposal of the Transportation Committee. The visiting prelates and priests will thus be able to see Chicago and its institutions without very much personal inconvenience.

Papers bearing upon every phase of missionary activity will be read at the forthcoming Congress and afterwards discussed. The delegates will be encouraged to give free expression to their views in the hope that practical results may follow from intelligent and serious discussion of the papers. One of the most important topics for discussion will be the question of Catholic colonization. Many bishops have already

informed the Congress that they believe that nothing will produce such satisfactory results to the Church as a well-organized Colonization Bureau, whence Catholic settlers can be directed to colonies established by regular land companies, which have churches, pastoral residences, and schools.

That the Catholic Church alone can solve the race problem has been shown by experience in Philadelphia. This city with the second largest negro population in the country, many of whom are Catholics, has never known a race war nor been the scene of a single lynching. Negro Missions, a paper by the Rev. John E. Burke, Director-General of the negro mission movement in this country, will be one of the most interesting papers read and will doubtless call forth practical and interesting discussion. The Director of the Indian Bureau, Rev. Father Ketchum, of Washington, will represent the Indian missions of the country.

IN THE FIELD AFAR.

"There is no subject to be discussed at the Congress of greater interest than that bearing on Foreign Missions, and no one has a better right to treat it than Monsignor Freri and Father Willms, the former the Director-General for the United States of the Society for the Propagation of the Faith, and the latter the Director-General of the Society of the Holy Childhood for the Redemption of the Children of Infidels."

SPREADING THE LIGHT.

"A paper which will arouse extreme interest will be that of Dr. McGinnis, of Brooklyn. Dr. McGinnis is the founder and president of the International Catholic Truth Society, whose headquarters are located in Brooklyn, New York, and whose honorary president is the Bishop of that See."

"Another paper in line with the Church Extension idea by Father Fallon will be that of Father Burrows on Catechism in the Churchless Missions, giving practical plans, and the paper of Dr. Burke, president of the Canadian Church Extension Society, on the Mission College, also the paper by Dr. Roche, on the Missionary Organ, which will be a discussion of the newspapers and magazines which bring the Missionary ministry to the people."

Many other papers dealing with various phases of mission work by men of experience and authority will be read during the course of the Congress.

THE LAND OF THE MISSIONER.

"It is particularly appropriate," writes Father Francis Kelly, in advertising the Congress, "that the First Catholic Missionary Congress for North America should be held in Chicago. Here at the junction of its waters, in other days, stood the pioneer, in the person of the indomitable and most superior of men, Marquette. Along the trail skirting Chicago's lake on his perilous journey trod the Chevalier La Salle. And the sainted Joliet, not only came this way but his name is preserved by a town in Illinois, a little distance from Chicago, being named after him."

OBJECTS OF INTEREST FROM A CATHOLIC STANDPOINT.

Another reason why it is particularly proper that the First American Catholic Missionary Congress should be held in Chicago is because Chicago is really America's greatest Catholic centre. It is not only large and influential from a Catholic standpoint in itself, but just as in a commercial way it dominates the entire Northwest and is representative of its people and its soil, so, also, is Chicago the keystone for Catholic spirit throughout the great Mississippi Valley and the entire West and Northwest.

Ohio Northern Easy for the Varsity.

Ohio Northern, contrary to expectations, failed to spring more than one surprise on Cartier Field a week ago Thursday, and proved the easiest kind of picking for the Varsity. The final score stood 58-4.

The visitors succeeded in making first down but once, and their only score came in the middle of the second half when Klotz dropped a pretty goal from the 43-yard-line after receiving the ball on a bad pass. It was one of the prettiest exhibitions of drop-kicking that has been seen on Cartier Field in years, and was given a big round of applause by the crowd.

Every man on the Varsity played a strong

game, but the work of Ruel, Miller, Vaughan, Dolan and Collins stood out prominently. Miller scored three of the touchdowns registered in the first half, and his all-around work contributed materially to the result. He hit the line hard when called upon, and was always good for substantial gains around the end.

Ruel's work in advancing the ball was among the leading performances of the year. Time after time he threaded his way down the field, with Ohioans on every side and in front, but their surest tacklers were either powerless to get a lasting hold upon the speedy half-back, or were carried along by sheer force. His tackling and general defensive work was also of a high order. His most spectacular stunt of the afternoon was an eighty-five-yard run for a touchdown in the first forty seconds of play.

Collins appeared at tackle for the first time, and it looks as though he has found the right place. Not only did he play a star game on offensive, but he broke through the Ohio line time after time, and succeeded in blocking two punts, Notre Dame recovering the ball in both instances. There is need of no further comment on the work of Vaughan and Dolan than saying that they played their usual game. Both were on the job every minute, and took care of everything that came their way, and a little more.

Paine, Sullivan, and Philbrook showed up strong in the line. In fact, it was because of the superb work of the entire line that the visitors could make but one first down. Moriarty and Maloney played their first game at end, and more than held their own. Dwyer and Hamilton guided the team in good shape, and showed good judgment in picking the weak spots.

Coach Place sent in twenty-five men during the fray, and was well pleased with the exhibition. The crispness of the air put "pep" in the men, and they started things off with a rush, Ruel running eighty-five yards for a touchdown on the second play. The Ohioans could not withstand the varied offense of the Varsity, and Miller's men had things about as they chose all the way through. The first half ended with the score, 30-0. Constant changes were made in the second round, but there was no stopping the procession to the posts.

The Summary:

Ohio Northern	Position	Notre Dame
Frye	L. E.	Maloney, Matthews, Reynolds
Bown, Klack	L. T.	Kelly, Collins
Mogtek	L. G.	Paine, Philbrook
Little	C.	Mertes, Sullivan
Baumgardner	R. G.	Duffy, Dolan, Freeze
Tweedy	R. T.	Dolan, Dimmick, Deiner
Shelby, Graves	R. E.	Moriarty, Freeze, Murphy
Mumma	Q. B.	Dwyer, Hamilton
Klotz	L. H.	Miller (Capt.), McDonald
Jones	R. H.	Ruel, Dionne
Mollenaur	F. B.	Schmitt, Vaughan, Clement

Touchdowns, Miller 3; McDonald 3; Ruel, Vaughan, Schmitt, Deiner. Goals, Miller 3; Hamilton 2; McDonald. Field Goal, Klotz. Safety, Notre Dame, Referee, Lantry, Notre Dame; Umpire, Kane, Georgetown; Head Linesman, Dwan, Notre Dame. Time of halves, thirty-five minutes.

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It was the last game before the big annual struggle with Indiana which is being waged at Indianapolis this afternoon, and Coaches Place and Lantry have been busy whipping the men into shape for the championship battle to-day.

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On "dope" our chances look about even, although the recent injuries to Edwards, Ruel and Dwyer have kept them out of practice a great part of the time, and this fact, coupled with the loss of Vaughan, Dimmick, Hamilton and Matthews, because of ineligibility, leaves the outcome a matter of speculation.

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Sheldon's men have played more hard games, and although they were beaten by Chicago, Wisconsin and Illinois, still they have shown steady improvement, and the scores, with the exception of the first, have been comparatively close. Our goal line has not yet been crossed this year, and the team left yesterday morning with the determination of keeping the record clean. Over two hundred students left this morning to attend the game, and if rooting can win, the Gold and Blue will come out victorious.

The line-up at the start will be—Maloney, left end; Kelly, left tackle; Paine, left guard; Mertes, centre; Duffy, right guard; Dolan, right tackle; Wood, right end; Dwyer, quarter-back; Miller, left half; Ruel, right half; Edwards, full-back.

J. B. K.

At Other Colleges.

The subject for debate between Wabash, Earlham and Butler colleges this year is: Resolved, That the United States Senators should be elected by the direct vote of the people.

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The students of Minnesota State University have long been forbidden to smoke on the campus, and now the faculty is also on the list.

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A distinctive feature of the University of Virginia is the Honor System, conceived by Thomas Jefferson, and in general use there since 1842. In short, it amounts to this: In written examinations the student shall attach to his answers a statement to the effect that he has neither given nor received assistance. The plan has worked so well that all concerned believe the examinations are absolutely honest.

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Brown University is to have a new library known as the John Hay Library.

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The University of Alabama has received appropriations from the State Legislature amounting to half a million dollars. At present Iowa is trying to get \$300,000 from the state. Kansas State University also has made a bid for assistance.

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At Northwestern two prizes of fifty dollars are offered for the best University tune and the same amount for the best University song.

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President Wilson of Princeton observes that study is incidental in student life in American Universities. He says: "Courses in our schools have ceased to be courses at all, and have degenerated into a mixed mass of subjects meant to serve every interest and utility of modern life."

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The Sophomore "Co-eds" at Michigan are trying to force Freshmen girls to wear green

sun-bonnets. Wisconsin has a co-ed politician. A Sophomore at Shurtleff College was recently hazed by seven freshmen girls. At the University of Chicago the suffragettes claim to be "as good at the political game as any of you horrid men." A mere man might be excused for exclaiming that the weaker sex has vanished like "the golden dreams of yesteryear."

Book Review.

THE SHADOW OF EVERSLEIGH. By Jane Lansdowne. Benziger Brothers, 1908.

Catholics can, indeed, point with pride to a Wiseman, a Newman, a Sheehan or a Christian Reid in the realm of literature, but it is a deplorable fact that a good Catholic novelist is but seldom met with. The very term "Catholic Novel" has come to carry with it the idea of dulness, of mediocrity, tempered only by the predominance of the religious idea in the story. This is true of the new novel, "The Shadow of Eversleigh." The story itself is a very pretty romance of the troubled period of the Reformation in England. But it is told in an archaic, if not obsolete, style of English, and, in our opinion, veers too much toward the melodramatic. A novel that will compel attention to-day must contain some twentieth century freshness, if not in theme, then at least in treatment, but the present novel is sadly lacking in both requirements. The story is one of three centuries ago and is told in the style of the period with which it is concerned. It is our belief that a strong Catholic novel of our own day would command a far larger patronage.

D. A. M.

Obituary.

It is with great sorrow that we record the death of the father of Mr. George J. Finnigan, member of the SCHOLASTIC's staff of Editors. The other members of the Board extend most heartfelt sympathy to their fellow-editor and his bereaved family, and request the prayers of all in behalf of the deceased.—R. I. P.

Personals.

—Daniel P. Murphy (A. B. 1895; LL. B. 1896; LL. M., 1897) of Chicago, student and instructor in law at Notre Dame, visited the University in the early part of the week.

—Joseph V. Sullivan (A. B. 1897) was recently sent as a representative of the Chicago Railways Company to attend the Street Railway Managers' Convention at Atlanta City.

—Mr. Harley E. Kirby (student '02-'03) is coaching the Willamette College football team again this year. His success with the team of last season has entitled him to a permanent place on the coaching staff.

—The sad information of the death of his sister came as a shock to John P. O'Neill last week. The SCHOLASTIC, the faculty and the students extend to John and the members of his family the expression of their sympathy and condolence.

—Mr. Simon J. Craft (Litt. B., '88) of Bellingham, Washington, stopped at the University last week on his return from an automobile tour to the Atlantic coast. Mr. Craft has been singularly successful in the West, and is now ranked as one of the most prominent dealers in timber lands in Washington.

—"Vice-Consul John R. Silliman of Saltillo Mexico, states that according to an official publication of recent date a concession for the construction of an electric street railway in that city has been granted to Messrs. Shondube and Neugebauer and Engineer Rodolfo M. Garza. According to the concession, the plans must be approved and work begun within nine months." Mr. Garza is a graduate ('02) from Notre Dame.

—*Electrical World.*

—In the recent election Ben B. Lindsey, for years judge of the juvenile courts of Colorado, achieved one of the most remarkable political triumphs in the history of that state. Having failed to secure nomination from either Democrats or Republicans, he entered the field on a ticket of his own, with the machines of the parties working against him. Women throughout the city were aroused; last Sunday the pastors of more than seventy-five churches in Denver spoke from their pulpits in favor of Lindsey. The result was that out of a total of over 60,000 votes, in the city,

Lindsey secured about 28,000 while his two opponents combined polled only 32,000. Judge Ben Lindsey came to Notre Dame as a Minim about twenty-six years ago, and since that time has seldom missed an opportunity of revisiting the old school and speaking at St. Edward's Hall. All of the old students remember the Judge well by the very interesting lecture given here last fall.

—Mr. Charles H. Johnson (M. E. 1908) has been appointed cadet engineer in the United States Revenue Cutter Service. The position is an eminently desirable one and the qualifications necessary to secure it are the most rigid of the civil service. The examinations to be passed extend over five days and include nearly every phase of engineering science. At the end of six month's probation on the training ship Itasca, he will receive his commission of 2d lieutenant, which is the standing given to graduates of the Annapolis Naval School. Mr. Johnson leaves Sunday for Baltimore, where he takes up the duties of his office. In writing, he praises the excellence of Notre Dame as a training school for his profession. We feel that we can safely depend upon him to do his share to maintain the high standard established by the graduates of Notre Dame's Department of Engineering. Charlie carries with him our very best wishes for success. He was an exemplary student, a hard worker and at all times a gentleman, and is in all well deserving of the honor to which he has attained.

Local Items.

—The South Bend Council of the Knights of Columbus, No. 553, is preparing to give an initiation on Thanksgiving Day. Last year over forty students joined, and it is thought the class of candidates will be correspondingly large this time. Applications for membership should be presented not later than next week.

—There should be cause for rejoicing in the knowledge that the two valuable photographs of Gregori's paintings, the "Marriage at Cana" and "Balthazar's Feast," which were purloined from the rear corridor of the Main Building last spring, have been recovered. For eight months Professor Edwards has been assiduously searching after those pictures and at length he has found them, greatly mutilated, it is true, but still substantially intact. Why anybody should so maliciously destroy things of great historical value—and by anybody is not meant a student this time, for the Librarian has discovered the culprit—is beyond the ability of Professor Edwards to understand.

—The Brownson Literary and Debating

Society held their last two meetings on Oct. the 28th and Nov. the 4th. The following program entertained the members: A Debate, Resolved that the present evils of emigration outweigh the benefits. The affirmative was upheld by Messrs. Keys and Skelley and the negative by Messrs. Curran and Mayer. Recitations were given as follows: "The Skeleton in Armor," J. Connell; "The Village Blacksmith," A. Clay; "It Is Not always May," C. Dixon; "The Work of Hesperus," J. Bennett; "Resignation," P. Bryne; "Canadian Boat Song," H. Becker; "Fire of Driftwood," P. Bowen; "Beautiful Hands," F. Madden; "The Sword of Bunker Hill," Wm. McGarry. Stewart Graham favored the society with a very interesting sketch. New members are constantly being proposed, and if the proposals keep coming in, the society will be one of the largest organizations in the University.

—Seumas MacManus gave the last lecture of his course yesterday afternoon. He has been delivering them at the rate of three a week for the past month, using his own field of literature chiefly as subject-matter. Throughout the program the personal element in the man himself and that air of fresh simplicity which always marks the cultured Irishman, were most pronounced, and added not a little to the enjoyment of his talks. Each evening for an hour and a half he has kept the members of the collegiate English department listening to his discourses, and now that he is soon to leave for new fields, he may rest assured that, although he is gone, his name will long be remembered in the hearts of those who heard him, and that he will bear with him the gratitude of all who attended the lectures.

—Conservatively admitting its fallibility, the SCHOLASTIC begs indulgence to correct a mistake, which unwittingly appeared in the locals of last issue. The statement was there made that in the collection of relics recently acquired, Professor Edwards prizes Bishop Bruté's ring above all the rest. It was absurd to say such a thing, as anybody, who is able to form even a broad estimate of comparative historical values, will readily understand, for in the group is a bible dating back as far as 1470. This volume is perhaps the most priceless thing the University has acquired this year. To say, as was done, that the Librarian disregards it for something of minor interest is to impute to him a poor appreciation for antiquities, which he certainly does not possess. We therefore acknowledge the fault, and will take our satisfaction out on the cub-reporter, who was responsible—but that's another story.

—There is great rejoicing in St. Edward's Hall since Tuesday, when the "Pride of the

Minims," Judge, Ben Lindsey, was re-elected to the circuit bench of Colorado. The "Kid's Judge," as he is popularly known, failing of nomination by either the Republican or Democratic party in the primaries, decided to run independently. A small campaign fund was contributed by several philanthropic people, who were interested in the great work, which the founder of the Juvenile Court system is doing for the American boy of the street. With this and his record to back him, Lindsey made a clean sweep of his district, polling nearly thirty thousand votes out of the sixty thousand that were cast, or almost as many as the two regular candidates combined. To the women of the state, who enjoy the right of suffrage in Colorado, is ascribed this political landslide. In their zeal to elect a capable and a good man, it is said they lined the balconies and windows above the polling places in Denver, calling to voters as they entered: "Scratch for Lindsey." Humorous as such a method may seem, it accomplished its purpose and elected by overwhelming majorities throughout the district a man of whom the state and nation may well be proud and one dear to the heart of Notre Dame, the friend of the homeless boy.

—Father Cavanaugh is expected to return home to-morrow or Monday after a sojourn of three weeks in the Far West. Father Morrissey, the Provincial, and he went together to attend the silver jubilee celebration of Archbishop Riordan, stopping on their way at Ogden and Salt Lake City. The clergy of San Francisco entertained them as, it is said, only Californians can entertain. During their stay in the state Los Angeles and the famous California beaches were visited, and it was with regret at the necessary shortness of their available time that the two prelates passed out of the Golden Gate toward the North. The longest stop of the whole itinerary was made in Portland where the Provincial made his annual official visit at Columbia University. The students of that institution gave a reception in honor of the visitors and the clergy of the city tendered them another. On Thursday the twenty-ninth, the Notre Dame club of Oregon entertained at the Commercial Club of Portland in honor of the President and ex-President of their *Alma Mater*, both of whom responded to toasts at the banquet. Last Sunday evening Father Cavanaugh lectured in St. Mary's Cathedral, Portland, on "Catholic Ideals in Education." As in California, the two Fathers found their time in the Northwest all too short, and it is with treasured memories of a great and hospitable country beyond the Rockies that they again turn homeward.