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Shamrocks for Our Lady.

BY ARTHUR BARRY.

"FROM the heart of Tipperary"
Come these sprigs of Shamrock green;
Let me proffer them to Mary
While I muse on what they mean.

Ah! who knows not their fair story
With Hibernia's fame entwined,
Handed down from ages hoary,
In each Irish heart enshrined?

Who forgets the troth once plighted—
Gain to Christ, to Satan loss—
When St. Patrick, heaven-sighted,
Wed the Shamrock to the Cross?

Erin's faith? It needs no telling—
All the winds o'er all the seas
Chant its triumphs ever-swelling
Down the speeding centuries.

And in love for God's own Mother,
Tender love full sweetly nursed—
Of the nations not another
Rivals Erin: she is first.

Rightly then I give to Mary
These dear sprigs from Irish sod,
"From the heart of Tipperary,"
Land beloved of her and God.

The Meeting of Hector and Andromache.

FREDERICK CARROLL, '12.

(Homer, Iliad, vi. 369-502.)



ORD MACAULAY in his essay on Milton makes a notable comparison between the poetry of the great English writer and that of Homer. He observes that the poetry of Milton is characterized by loftiness of imagination

and remoteness of suggestion, and that of Homer by naturalness and simplicity. "The most unimaginative man must understand the Iliad. Homer gives him no choice and requires from him no exertion, but takes the whole upon himself, and sets his images in so clear a light that it is impossible to be blind to them."

While such a comparison as this does not in the least detract from the greatness of Milton, yet it serves to present the distinctive charm of the Iliad in the strongest possible light. Those who read Homer with interest and any degree of intelligence will readily see the force of such a comparison.

In the description of well-known classical personages that are active in the poem, the poet has been particularly successful. He has created and immortalized many of the leading characters that are constantly being met with in pagan literature. Gods and men play equally important parts in human affairs, but the heroes and warriors of the Iliad are for the most part mortal men.

Unlike the Miltonic creations, the men and women of Homer busy themselves with the commonplace things of life: with war and labor, and are subject to the success and failure, which is the usual lot of mortals. In contrast to the heroes of a later day, however, the warriors of Homer enjoy an intimate and, in many cases, a profitable intercourse with their deities. The gods, indeed, rule over human destiny, and in the story of the Iliad are indispensable factors in the whole action. It is this fact which places so many of the scenes and incidents depicted by Homer in the realms of mythology, which might otherwise pass as substantial historical events.

The poet, however, does not seem to scruple over impossible situations, but reproduces what he sees in fancy or reality with a vividness truly remarkable. He interweaves the actions and deeds of mortals in perfect harmony with the deeds and actions of the gods, and presents his heroes, as he knows them, endowed with qualities human or divine, without introduction or apology. In Achilles he portrays a type of warrior who possesses the attributes and prerogatives of a God, and, in fact, a mortal through whose veins courses the blood of a goddess. In the Trojan Hector, he portrays a character not favored indeed with divine parentage as the Greek Achilles, but possessing qualities as noble and as manly. These two heroes are in prominent contrast to each other, and play leading parts in the stirring conflict on the plains of Troy.

It is toward Hector, however, that one feels himself more strongly attracted, and it is around his fate that the greatest heart interest in the poem is gathered. It is through his human love and domestic sorrow that we are made to feel the genius of the poet. He leads us into the very sanctuary of the Trojan prince, and calls forth our truest sympathy by the pathos with which he surrounds the hero's fireside.

Homer does not attempt in any way to picture the personal charms and beauty of the wife of Hector, but speaks of her simply as Andromache, wife and mother. Yet it is this simple allusion to her which so strongly attracts, and which secures for her genuine sympathy when she takes her last farewell of Hector and when he chooses between her love and the love of glory on the field of battle, and leaves her to mourn as a widow and the mother of his infant child.

The scene in which this parting of Hector and Andromache takes place, reveals the deep poetic nature of Homer, who seems to reach the utmost heights of his genius, although his subject at this point is little more than commonplace in its homeliness and simplicity. But what lends the highest poetical coloring to this passage is the pathetic manner in which Andromache meets Hector at their last interview before the gates of the city. Literature supplies few scenes to equal it for expression of family tenderness and affection. Occurring, as it does, in the

progress of the battle, the scene affords a striking contrast to those scenes of conflict and bloodshed which preceded it, and stands forth in welcome relief.

Interest in Hector is awakened from the time that he leaves the battlefield, which he does in order to urge the Trojan women to implore aid from the goddess Athene for the Trojan warriors, who were suffering reverses at the hands of the Scæans. Hector then hurries toward his own palace that he might see his wife and child. But reports of Trojan reverses had already reached the ears of Andromache, and filled with fear and anxiety, she had left her palace and with the child had hastened to the walls of the city that she might watch the course of the combat and hear some news of Hector. But the Trojan hero in the meanwhile was standing upon the threshold of his home, perplexed and alarmed at the absence of his loved ones. But when he is informed by his servants that Andromache has gone to the tower, the distressed husband and father retraces his steps back the same way he had come. He goes through the great city and arrives at the Scæan gates. Just as he is about to go through onto the plain, Andromache comes running toward him, and the child is with her in the arms of his nurse.

The picture which the poet paints of this meeting and the subsequent interview of husband and wife is most natural indeed, and is undoubtedly the most beautiful passage in the Iliad. It is a picture of true family love, and the sight of the noble chief begrimed with the toil of battle standing by the side of his weeping wife is striking, indeed.

The unhappy mother entreats Hector to pity her and his little son and not to leave them to fall into the hands of Achilles who had already brought deep sorrow upon her family. The father can only stand in silence, and with gloomy forebodings in his heart think of the fate which might befall her.

His heart is wrung at the thought that she might be taken captive and made to do the bidding of servants whom she should command. But whatever may have been the Trojan ideal of the great and noble, the desire for fame and glory on the field

of battle was ever their guiding inspiration. Hector could entertain no notion of withdrawing from the fight; he must take his place with the bravest in the foremost ranks. He was born a warrior, and can not choose but follow his calling.

That Hector should have acted otherwise was of course contrary to the ideals and traditions of his race. Duty to the cause of country has ever been given precedence to family affection by every race and every people. The protection of country insures the safety of the home and must be looked after first.

What is most natural and pleasing about this scene is the behavior of the boy when he sees the glistening helmet with its waving plumes on the head of his father. Startled and affrighted at this strange spectacle, the child shrinks from the outstretched arms of his father, who must indeed have appeared dreadful in his warlike equipment. This act of the boy touched a common chord of sympathy in the hearts of both Hector and Andromache, who can not but relieve their pent-up feelings by laughing together at the incident.

But the seriousness of the situation is not absent from Hector's mind, and removing the offending helmet from his head and placing it beside him, takes the child in his arms and prays to the father of the gods that this child may live to avenge the wrongs of Troy, and, if possible, even to transcend the name of his father in glory and renown. For the moment all sight of the warrior disappears, and we see before us only the loving father and husband. The deep gloom that envelops Hector now becomes apparent, when presently he turns to his distressed wife and tries to soothe her with gentle words and tender marks of affection.

The warrior soon reasserts himself, however, and in words almost commanding bids her to be concerned with her household affairs and to leave men to the fortunes of war. Without a word Andromache obeys and returns home, weeping and glancing backward to look upon the husband whom she was fated to see nevermore in life.

In Andromache Homer creates an ideal wife and mother. Obedient and humble toward her husband, tender and loving

toward her child, this princess of a pagan world long since passed away, is endeared to every heart. As is the case with other women in the poem, Homer suggests rather than describes Andromache's qualities, but he has made her a type of noble womanhood.

Any effort which may be made to understand and appreciate this passage can not but help to raise one to an estimation of what is best in poetry. It is at once a lesson in domestic and moral virtue and superior manly character and valor. It has been read by many for centuries, and will continue to be read as long as there exists among men a spark of admiration for what is pure and noble in the literature of mankind.

The Shannon.

PETER P. FORRESTAL.

ONWARD the fair river Shannon is flowing
Down to the shore of the billowy sea,
Vainly the kine are impatient to reach it
Pent up afar on the sward of the lea.
Speeding from Cavan fair,
Shannon with lordly air
Soon greets Lough Allen which lies on its side;
Rushes past famed Lough Ree
Rapidly towards the sea,
Scorning Athlone in its beauty and pride.

Quickly it passes 'long Munster's fair valleys,
Winding its course thro' Lough Derg on the way;
There it looks back on the waves of the Brosna,
Watching the sunbeams upon them at play.
Off 'tis at Killaloe,
Soon spies Bunratty's crew,
Speeding their barks toward, the vales of Tralee;
Now o'er fair Erin's isle
Casting a parting smile,
Proudly it enters the ravenous sea.

THE man who knows most is not always the most educated. The mere acquisition of knowledge is little more than a matter of accretion; whereas, education proper is the development of vital powers of thinking and willing and doing—the evolution of the physical, intellectual and spiritual man in due proportion.—*Alumnus.*

The Firing of the Fort.

JOHN F. O'HARA, '12.

Civil War was raging in Platina. Brothers had taken stand against brothers, and the fertile plains were drenched with blood. The people, taxed to the limit, had at last arisen under the leadership of the brave and fearless Osorio to depose the tyrant, Soarez, who had so long held sway over them. The army had remained faithful to the President, who was an old warrior, and he had been able to secure from a neighboring republic, at a good price, a full regiment of soldiers of fortune, whose chief occupation had been war. While these forces remained true to him, old Soarez could hold out very well against the insurgents, but reports of disaffection were current, and his ingenuity was taxed to the utmost in devising means of shortly and decisively stifling the rebellion against his tyranny.

In the little town of Carmencita, some forty leagues from the capital, the signs of strife were very apparent. The garrison there had been one of the first attacked, and the city had been captured by the patriots. It was the key to a large agricultural district, and was consequently much coveted by the government. The old fort which had sheltered the band of Soarez was little more than a barracks, but the revolutionists had strengthened it, and mounted on its walls the cannons that had been smuggled in through a port south of the capital.

The regular streets of the town, verging out from the central Plaza, had, lined up on either side, rows of one-story adobe houses, each the counterpart of its neighbor. In one of these, and not far removed from the Plaza, but on the other side of the town from the fort, lived old Diego Lopez, a tinsmith, and his only daughter, Anita.

It was a damp and murky night. The chilling winter rain that had been falling all day had ceased at nightfall, but the ill-paved streets were well-nigh impassable, and the water left standing in them was almost knee-deep in places. With an uneasy, shuffling movement, Diego Lopez appeared from around a corner, and groping his way

uncertainly, avoiding the pools of water which his lantern made dimly visible, he sought the door of his little house. Inside his lantern burned more brightly, showing well the worn and haggard countenance of Don Diego. With a sigh he sank into a chair and called to his daughter. In response to his call a door at the opposite end of the room opened, and a young woman, scarcely out of her teens, entered the room.

"*Buenas noches, papa,*" she said, advancing and kissing him affectionately. Then she added cautiously: "How tired you look! Are you ill? This night air is very bad, and many are sick with influenza."

"Hush, daughter," replied the old man, petulantly. "I have only a slight headache, and your chatter makes it worse. You had better retire, as youth and beauty require sleep. But, stay; has Petrolini called yet?" She paused with her hand on the door, and at the sound of the Italian's name she turned and eyed her father anxiously.

"No, he has not. But tell me, *querido papa,* why do you continue to receive visits from that man? He gives you no work, and he keeps you from the work you have."

"*Vaya, hija!* What does a woman know about the affairs of men? He will make me rich, and you will have all your heart can desire. Get thee to thy room and stand not here wasting idle words with me."

With a troubled and anxious look she withdrew, closing the door softly behind her, then reappeared carrying a brazier of charcoal which she placed in a far corner of the room. Then with a final *buenas noches*, she returned to her own room.

Diego sat with his head in his hands staring vacantly into the little fire. Presently he rose to put some more coal in the brazier. As he did so he heard a slight scratching on the outer door. With a hasty glance toward the door of Anita's room he went to the door and opened it.

The man without was evidently Petrolini. Diego hastily admitted him, and bolted the door after him. He was a short, dark man, not ill-looking, but with a cynical sneer on his face that would inspire distrust even in a casual observer.

"Well," said the Italian, in perfect Spanish, "what now? Are you ready to do your

part? Or does your sluggish blood cause you to grow faint-hearted at your task? Of course you are old, but still, I think you must have some spirit left. You know—"

"Stop," interrupted the other. "I am not to be made sport of in my own house. What I have promised I will do, though I must bow my head in shame when I consider that I am a traitor to our cause. But I have given my word, and I will fulfil it."

"Very well," replied the Italian, indifferently, "we can arrange all the details then. As you say you are not familiar with the use of powder, I have taken the liberty to bring one with me who is—there, there, don't get frightened! He is around the corner in the café, where I left him. You must give him the key to the old shop in the walls of the fort, and as it is near the magazine, a bomb set off in it will fire all the powder in the fort. Once inside the shop he will attend to the firing of the fort and you will not even be suspected. The plan is very simple."

While he was speaking the old man lay crouched over in his chair with his face buried in his hands. The thought of his baseness sickened him, yet pride, ambition, and an intense love for his only child had driven him to desperation, and he would sacrifice all, even his own honor, for her sake. He thought of their almost dire destitution and of the darkening prospect that confronted them. So lost was he in his reverie that Petrolini had ceased speaking. The latter shook him roughly by the arm.

"Give me the key," he said. "Come, be quick." Then he added with a cruel gleam in his eyes: "Full moon, according to our old Italian custom, is the time for butchering. To-day is the fifth; the moon is full on the fourteenth. I leave for the capital to-night, but on the night of the fourteenth you may expect me to return. I come now for the key when the moon comes up late; darkness is better suited to my plans; but luck is with me when the moon is full, and I feel that it can not fail. Come, come, give me the key." With a sigh Lopez drew it from his pocket and handed it to him.

A loud knocking at the door attracted the attention of both men. "*Por Dios hombre*, it must be the *Vigilantes*," exclaimed the old man in a trembling voice. "I can

not refuse them entrance. And placing the light in a position to shield as much as possible the face of his guest, he unbolted the door.

A rough-looking individual, evidently very much the worse for drink, half fell over the low doorstep and advanced unsteadily into the room. His gaze rested for a moment on Petrolini, and then he spoke in a loud and boisterous manner.

"Oh, ho! I see that I have the right house, all right. Here is my friend, the *diplomatico gringo*, eh? Eh, *amigo*? You work with your brains, while I—" a deft and sickeningly suggestive motion of the hand completed the sentence.

"For the love of heaven, be quiet, Morocho," exclaimed the Italian, in a voice that betrayed his irritation, "we don't want to be arrested for disturbing the peace."

"Of course not," continued the other, without lowering his voice. "We are paid to blow the old fort to pieces, and by—"

Petrolini had arisen and slapped his hand over the villain's mouth, but he was already too late. Anita stood in the doorway, pale as death, mutely watching the three. The noise and loud talking had disturbed her, and she had come just in time to hear the last words spoken.

This was what her father had meant. He was to make her rich—and happy—on blood money! The price paid was to be the liberty of her countrymen. For a moment she paused, sick at heart, but catching sight of the anxious and agonized look on her father's face, she read there the secret. His passionate love for her had driven him mad. Advancing, she folded her arms around him in token of compassion. The old man faltered, and then broke down and wept. Turning to the Italian and his blood-thirsty confederate, she asked:

"What do you here? You come to disturb the peace and quiet of a poor working-man. You come to entice him to betray the cause for which he has labored so hard. Go, go, I tell you, or I will call the guard."

"Stay, stay where you are," entreated her father. "Alas, I am already too deep in this plot to escape so easily. To call the guard would be to have me shot at your feet for treason."

"What your dear father says is perfectly true, Señorita," said Petrolini, advancing and bowing courteously. "I regret exceedingly that you should have been brought into this little matter of business. But if you must know all the disagreeable features of this case, I will admit that we have your father's sworn promise to do the bidding of His Excellency, the President, in this small matter. I may add, for your benefit, that nothing will be done for the present. Furthermore, although you are a lady, I am forced to speak plainly; you have no place in this affair, and if you make any attempt to hinder our plans, instead of gaining your end, you will simply precipitate them. And besides, as you know, the hand of Soarez is far-reaching," he added with a meaning look.

She realized the truth of what he said. To call the guard would mean certain death to her father. To refuse to do the bidding of Soarez, even now, when the whole country was up in arms against him, secret and mysterious deaths were not unknown. But her patriotism never wavered, even at this crucial moment. She saw a glimmer of hope in his promise to do nothing for the present, and resolved that she would give her life, if necessary, to thwart his plans. However, to gain time and win his confidence, she would consent to be silent, and make good use of the time thus secured to obtain a full knowledge of the plot from her father and devise a means of defeating their plans.

"Gentlemen," she said firmly, though her eyes flashed defiance, "I see that what you say is true, and though my heart bleeds for my stricken country, I will be silent. And now, I beseech you, go."

"Very well, as all the details have been arranged, I believe that we may take our departure," proceeded the Italian with a mocking bow. Then, turning, he beckoned to his accomplice, who stood stupidly watching, to follow him. When the door closed behind them, the over-wrought old man sank senseless into his daughter's arms.

On the following day the old man was in a raging fever. Since he lost consciousness the night before he had been raving, and by morning his condition began to appear serious. Anita was distracted. Possessing the terrible secret which she did, she dared not ask the counsel of anyone,

and the burden of it was almost too great for her young shoulders. In addition to caring for the sick man, and fear lest he should, in his ravings, give some hint of the plot to the gossipy little doctor of the village, and thereby bring destruction on them all, she racked her brain for some means of defeating the plans of the conspirators. If only poor Padre Eugenio were here now! But it was a long journey to the Mission, and he would not return until the second Sunday, two weeks hence. Going to the little statue of our Lady of Lujan, the Patroness of the Triple Alliance, she threw herself on her knees before it in passionate supplication.

"*O Madre mia! O nuestra Señora de Lujan! No nos abandonais!*" Her voice arose in a plaintive wail. "O gracious Lady our Mother, despise me not in this hour of distress. Remember, I have no mother other than thee, and I beg thy help and counsel now for myself, for my poor father, and for the republic over which thou hast been chosen as protectress."

Anita knelt for a long time in prayer, and as evening advanced she lighted the blessed candles before the little image. Every moment she could spare from the bedside of her father was spent in prayer to Our Lady. She could not eat. She moved mechanically about the house, and those who came to inquire about her father's condition noticed her strange demeanor, and offered their sympathy and assistance, both of which were apathetically refused.

For nine days Don Diego continued in his helpless state. On the evening of the ninth day, Anita, kneeling before the little statue, was saying the final prayers of her novena. Her fingers slipped over the beads; her lips moved in silent prayer. Finally a feeling of deep peace came over her, and she knew that her prayer had been answered. Then, completely exhausted, she sank into a merciful sleep.

In the adjoining room lay her father. Suddenly, with a start, he awoke. He sat up in bed, glanced about him wildly, and called his daughter's name. Anita, aroused from her slumber, entered the room, and tears of joy filled her eyes as she saw that her father was himself again. Weak and emaciated he was, but there was a look of

reason in his eyes, and the fever was gone.

As with a determined object, he asked her the date and the hour, and seemed satisfied with both. Then artfully he sank back upon the pillow and asked his daughter to go at once for the doctor as he was very weak. As soon as she was gone, Diego, with a super-human effort, arose from the bed, and at the cost of much pain slowly dressed. He seemed in feverish haste, but his shrunken hands almost refused their duty. Once dressed, he groped his way to the kitchen, where he hurriedly made and drank a little *mate*, which seemed to lend him some strength. Slipping on his *poncho*, he left the house.

It seemed a pity to desecrate so beautiful a night with so foul a deed as was being plotted. The full moon brought out all the picturesque beauty of the little town, and the Southern Cross shed its benediction on the plains. It seemed rather a night for some heroic deed, such as Diego felt himself blindly impelled to perform.

Though forced to stop and rest frequently, Diego kept on doggedly, turning into the less frequented streets, and making his way in the direction of his little shop. Twice he fell, and in his exhausted state was scarcely able to arise, but the same Power which had directed his steps thus far kept him up. He finally came in sight of the fort, and on its walls he could distinguish the sleepy sentinel pacing back and forth. He crept along in the shadow of a row of giant eucalyptus until close to its walls, and then stole across the open space and reached the fort.

Advancing cautiously, he approached the little shop in the wall. Just before he reached it, a figure darted out from the open door, and shot past him. He crouched low, and suppressed an exclamation of surprise when he saw it was Morocho. Feeling that he had not a moment to lose he rushed through the open door into the little room.

Even though he had expected it, the sight startled him. By the moonlight streaming in through the open door he saw lying on the floor a bomb with a lighted fuse—thank God, the cowardly assassin had been careful enough of his own welfare to see that the fuse was long enough. There was yet time. He raised the heavy shell in his hands, and staggered from the room. He stumbled on the doorstep, but with a supreme effort regained his feet, and threw

the death-dealing missile out into the street.

A deafening explosion followed. The report of the sentinel's gun sounding the alarm, spoke sharply in reply, and the officers and men who gathered to the ramparts in answer to the summons, looked down upon a strange and ghastly sight. Tears came unbidden to their eyes as they looked down. Bathed in the softening light of the August moon, they saw the old tinsmith, his earthly mission ended, lying with his head in the lap of his daughter. Beyond them, moaning and writhing in his agony, lay the perfidious Italian, his head torn and bleeding from a piece of his own infernal invention.

The story of the awful tragedy was simply told by the distressed daughter when they were removed within the fort, and all paid silent homage to the old man who had given his life that they and their country might live. Petrolini, the author of the villainy, died within a half hour from the injuries he had received. His murderous accomplice attempted to escape to the capital, but was captured by a scouting party from another band of the revolutionists, and on being identified at Carmencita, was executed.

Ever afterwards, during the month of August, the "little daughter of the West," as she came to be known at the Basilica, made her annual pilgrimage to the shrine at Lujan, and kneeling in silent prayer before the little image, would recall the scenes of that memorable night, and pour out anew a prayer of gratitude.

Punishment.

THOMAS A. LAHEY, '11.

THE great wild surges of the roaring sea,
All foam-flecked, dash toward yonder rock-bound
shore,

In loud-mouthed fury hurtling o'er and o'er;
While hoarse death-challenges ring wild and free,
They eat the distance, lest the cliffs should flee
And leave them but the lonely, sand-ribbed floor
To glut their ire. But no! With savage roar,
They leap against the cliffs in maddened glee.

As falls the baffled wave that strikes the rock,
A writhing, shattered bit of beaten froth,
The victim of its own self-challenged strife;
So falls he, too, who vainly dares the shock,
And hurls his puny self to anger wroth,
In wild rebellion 'gainst the God of Life.

Aubrey de Vere, Poet.

JAMES P. KEHOE, '11.

Few of the great poets can justly claim the distinction of having combined the qualities of heroic sweetness, dignity, and peace in their compositions; fewer still seem able, by the happy choice of theme, to tranquillize the soul in the presence of lovely scenes and high actions, set in a purely Christian atmosphere. To accomplish such an end the heart of the poet must be in his work, and while he need not be of markedly religious bent, he must inform his material and sensible world with a genuine and strong spirituality.

Such was the aim of Aubrey de Vere. Though not considered a genius in his art he has mounted nearest perfection in this class of poetry. His works, mostly historical in character, are endowed with earnest simplicity and firm faith. His creations range from the sweet dignity of sacred legends to the uncouth barbarity of the ancient bards. They amuse and entertain, but they also instruct.

The great characteristic of De Vere's works is their simplicity. He writes because he loves writing, not to satisfy a vain ambition or conceit. He endeavored to impart to the reader a portion of that enchanting sublimity of thought which was his own. It is a noble aim, and not undeserving of such a noble soul. It should be the aim of all writers, whether poet or any other kind of author. De Vere sympathizes with his reader. He endeavors ever to be simple, intelligible and entertaining. His style is strong and placid. The skilful interblending of the coarse bardic with the gentle Christian sentiments gives his works a virility rarely met with in verse.

In the poem, "Cuchullain," the writer discloses the patriotic ardor that burns in his breast for the ancient legends of his country. The lad, Cuchullain, is the foremost figure in the poem. The stories of his wondrous exploits, told in the simplest language, are fascinating. The description of the lad's fight with the queen's son, his superior in

age and size, is a striking example of the poet's imaginative abilities and simplicity of words:

Cuchullain said,
 "The queen's son this? I will not fight the youth,"
 And waved him to depart. That stripling turned,
 Yet turning hurled his javelin. As it flew,
 Cuchullain caught it, poised it, hurled it home;
 It pierced the youth from back to breast; he fell,
 Dead upon the chariot's floor.

And again in the story of his hunting of both bandits and game:

That youth, arrived,
 Summoned those three to judgment; forth they thronged,
 They and their clan; he slew them with his sling,
 The three; and severed with his sword their heads,
 And fixed them on his chariot front. His mood
 Changed then to mirthful; fleetier than the wind
 Six stags went by him, stateliest of the herd;
 Afoot he chased them, caught them, bound them fast
 Behind the chariot rail. Birds saw he next,
 White as a foam-wreath of their native sea,
 Spotting the globe new turned. A net lay near;
 He caught them; next he tied them to his car
 Wild-winged, and wailing loud.

These and many others are the stories of the lad's achievements. He tells how each day for nearly a year he fought single-handed the choicest of the enemy's warriors, to protect his country, until an army could be collected.

The poem is striking for its pathos when it tells of the hero's boyhood, whom he is doomed to slay through the perfidy of a false princess, and the long duel between them which closes with his lament over the dead man he loved. Each morning before the combat they would bewail the circumstances that compelled them to take arms; after each struggle they would eat their meal together reviewing boyhood days. Cuchullain's lament over the body of his dead friend is very pathetic:

Ferdia! On their heads the curse descends,
 Who sent thee to thy death. We meet no more:
 Never, while sun and moon and earth endure.

Ferdia! Far away in Scatha's Isle
 A great troth bound us, and a vow life-long,
 Never to raise war-weapons each on each;
 'Twas Finobar that snared thee! She shall die.

Ferdia! dearer to my heart wert thou
 Than all beside, if all were joined in one.
 Dear was thy clouded face and darksome eye;
 Thy deep, sad voice; thy words so wise and few;
 Dear was thy silence; dear thy slow, grave ways.
 Not boastful like the Gael's.

The spiritual element occupies a promi-

ment part in nearly all of De Vere's works; especially is this true in the poems, "The Sons of Urnoch," and "The Children of Lir." The latter touches the heart most deeply. The tender devotion of the king toward his first wife and four children, and their whole-souled return of it, is truly Christian. It is a Christian scene in a pagan household. The loving heart of the king is above suspicion, thus causing him to fall an easy prey to the plot of his second spouse. The portrayal of her cunning contriving is perfect. Pretending that her love for the children is second only to the love she bears the father, yet seething with envy because of the king's tender devotion to them, she eagerly awaits a chance to destroy the little ones. For three hundred years they are compelled to wander as swans, enduring all the privations and hardships of such a life, through the false queen's magic, until released at the advent of Christ's servants. The poem is justly described: "The first human effort to extend the bounds of divine mercy to reach through the dark, backward abyss of a thousand pagan years, and gather to its fold these children to be the first fruits of Christ in their land." It is a noble work, and truly illustrates the pure character and ideals of the poet. The entire story is simple, interesting and consistent.

Many of his poems are spiritual in theme, also. De Vere delights to recall and ponder on the sacred legends of the Church, and to idealize in her holy traditions. Among those poems are: "The Tales of St. Patrick," illustrating the conversion of Ireland, and valuable both for their charming stories and historic exactness, as are also "St. Cuthbert's Pentecost" and "Aengus." Others are remarkable for their imaginative element and eloquence, especially the poem to Cædmon. Those that deal with the contest between the primitive religion—the religion of the Druids—and the religion of Christ, are often roughened by the old bardic spirit which inspires in them a striking masculine vigor. In other poems of this type the writer shifts his scene to ancient Rome or Asia, or to the Mediæval times of Joan of Arc and the epodes of the Cid. A good example of his religious works is found in the "Year of Sorrows," which describes

Ireland ravaged by the great famine, while thousands succumbed to the dread pangs of hunger and want:

Bend o'er them, white-robed Acolyte!

Put forth thy hand from cloud and mist;

And minister the last sad rite,

Where altar there is none, nor priest!

And ere thou seal those filmed eyes,

Into God's urn thy fingers dip,

And lay, 'mid Eucharistic sighs,

The sacred Wafer on the lip.

The third great element of the noble poet's works, the historical element, is remarkable for its powerful comprehension, "the comprehension which is the genius of historians." This remarkable talent enables him to grasp the essence, principles and significance of historical events and to foresee doubtful issues with conviction. His skilful imagination has weaved them into mythical facts. Those poems, while true to history, have the fascination of legends. This same gift enables him to see not only the person he portrays, but the principles for which he stands. This fact is most strikingly illustrated in the poems, "Odin," and "Constantine."

De Vere's shorter works are fewer in number. In those he differs from other poets. It is true, he pays the usual tribute to love, but it is in a tone of sadness; but in the poem, "Autar and Zara," he handles this difficult theme in a most melodic and delicate manner. The great majority of his shorter works are addressed to his personal friends, all written from the heart, and not through mere formality. In his odes and sonnets he exhibits his true poetic devotion to nature.

Such are the more marked characteristics of Aubrey de Vere's poetic works. Throughout all his works runs praise and respect for the lowly. His subjects, religious or historical, show a sentiment of sympathy with those poor unfortunates. He encourages the devotional with noble inspirations and the purity of his creations. He tries to cheer them in his own way. He inspires all with a devout belief in the supernatural and the hereafter, and with a faith in the truthfulness and goodness of mankind. Peace and good will, Christ's greeting to man, are spread abroad in his works.

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—Next Wednesday we celebrate the Feast of St. Patrick. There seems to be a growing tendency to make this feast a day of levity, and to pay St. Patrick's little or no attention to its Day. religious significance. Such an idea should not be tolerated at Notre Dame where nearly all the students are Catholics. St. Patrick is one of the greatest saints in the ecclesiastical calendar. Through his zealous preaching he converted the Irish nation from Druidism to Christianity. His day should, therefore, be celebrated in a religious manner by all Catholics whether they are Irish or not.

—Twenty-six persons were recently decorated with the Carnegie hero medal. In addition to the medals \$14,750 in cash was given by the commission. The beneficiaries are chiefly the widows and children of men dying in attempts to save life. In establishing this fund Mr. Carnegie has become the founder of a worthy philanthropy. The medal as a decoration, counts for little or nothing other than the outward recognition of deeds of valor. The pensions, however, are substantial, and great good may result from them. In many cases they have relieved conditions of absolute poverty. They have

been a means of support for worthy women whose husbands sacrificed their own lives to save that of a fellow creature. By the aid of these pensions, children who might otherwise have been compelled to seek employment in the factories have been tided over the period of need and have been enabled to secure education and to fit themselves for a higher plane in life. It is remarkable that the medals or pensions have never been given in cases that had the least taint of the "mock heroic." Despite the criticism offered to the philanthropic methods of Mr. Carnegie, in this particular charity he has displayed a broad knowledge of human needs. His is a great work and is deserving of the highest consideration.

—The question of amending the Constitution of the United States so that the preamble shall begin with the phrase, "In the Name of God" has again been brought before the Upper House by Senator Richardson of Delaware.

It is hoped that it may be passed by the National Assembly in the form of a resolution and proposed to the legislatures of the several states for ratification. Fifteen years ago the same matter was brought to the attention of Congress, but with no result. In view of the recent action of Congress in regard to restoring the motto, "In God We Trust," to the American dollar, there is hope that the present measure may find the favor it deserves. We believe that the sentiment of the American people would sanction this action as eminently proper. The colonizers of this land were Christian people from Christian nations; the men who developed it, who hewed a course for civilization over hill and across the plain toward the West were all staunch in their belief in God; the men who built the nation were not agnostics nor infidels, nor are the men that are guiding it today; and, lastly, sixty-nine per cent of our population believe in the existence of God. Ordinarily, the matter of amending the Constitution is a slow, difficult process requiring much deliberation, but the amendment now proposed calls for no such delay or caution, and its adoption would be high credit to the American spirit.

Entertainment by Brownson.

Brownson Hall holds a distinct record in the matter of giving entertainments from the fact that everything undertaken in that line proves to be really worth while. The one given last Monday by the Literary Society in conjunction with the Brownson Glee Club was a notable success. The literary portion of the evening's program consisted of a very interesting address on "Bishop McQuaid of Rochester," by Cyril J. Curran. "Father Felician," from *Evangeline*, by William I. Burke, exhibited a very pleasing rendition of Longfellow's heroic priest; "Paul Revere's Ride," by R. M. Bowen, reawakened pleasant memories of historic deeds; "The Earthquake in Italy and Sicily," by W. A. Fish, furnished a timely topic for one of the most agreeable numbers of the evening. "The Chariot Race," by Claude A. Sorg, showed talent; "The Generosity of a Little Jew," a bit of contemporary life told in a charming manner by Brother Alphonsus, C. S. C., closed the program.

The chorus, "Old Farmer Slow," by the Glee Club; the songs "Evening" and "The Tar's Song" as well as the vocal solo, "Face to Face," by William A. Ben Oliel, proved that Brownson stands foremost in the line of inter-hall musical talent.

The evening was closed by remarks from Rev. President Cavanaugh in which he set forth the full meaning and value of entertainments such as the one given, and the urgent need for everyone to prepare well his part, humble though it may be, and thus lay a solid foundation for future greatness.

The following is the address, somewhat abridged, of Mr. Curran, on Bishop McQuaid, as it deserves something more than mere mention:

"Bishop McQuaid was a man who, in his sweet loveliness and progressive dignity, combined the character of the saint of long ago with the intensely vigorous industry required in the modern man of affairs. He was essentially the American type of bishop. It is rare, indeed, that one having such profound learning and such deep religious fervor, should possess an intellect so alertly practical. It would almost seem that he had mapped out his whole career in early

boyhood, and then proceeded to realize his plans, so singular was his unity of purpose. But it was more probable that God selected him for the work and then guided him throughout.

"He began his labors at a time very critical in the history of the Catholic Church in America. The enormous immigration of Catholic people had frightened the native Americans of Protestant faith, because they were ignorant of what the Catholic Church teaches. They believed that these people would steal this beautiful free republic from them and make it, in some way, subservient to the Papacy. This engendered a feeling against Catholics in general, and in particular against the races which were predominantly Catholic—a feeling which grew more and more intense as time went on. Many bishops of the time, not all fortunately, were content to receive a half-hearted sort of recognition, and the right to pursue their work among Catholics unmolested. But with Bishop McQuaid it was different; he was determined to bring the Catholic Church, and the Catholic people, to their rightful high standing in this country.

"In Rochester, he met conditions which were as unreasonable as they were anywhere else; but he worked, organized and fought until the sneers changed into thoughtfulness and the thoughtfulness into open admiration. As a result, in that big city to-day, where the non-Catholic population is nearly twice as great as the Catholic, there is not a man who cherishes aught but reverence and love towards the memory of that wonderful old man. Others of those difficult times deserve unstinted praise for their mighty efforts, but the personality of the dead bishop stands out unique among them.

"In the brief time allotted me it is impossible to go over his whole career, or even to relate its more important events; but his efforts in behalf of Catholic education deserve particular notice. He has founded more schools, perhaps, than any other American bishop. The whole number, including seminaries, colleges, academies, and parochial schools, number more than sixty. He has built up in the diocese of Rochester a system of parochial schools which is the

model for other dioceses throughout the country. It is complete even to the high school, and it is possible, had he lived a little longer, that he would have founded a parochial college. As it is, he has erected what will be a living and lasting monument of his foresight and indefatigable work for God; it is, indeed, the crown of all his educational work,—the realized ideal of his great heart,—St. Bernard's Theological Seminary. Here he gave concrete expression to his own theories of ecclesiastical education; and the result has been magnificent. St. Bernard's has grown to be the largest, by far, of all such institutions in the country. Its methods—his methods—have met with an unqualified and hardly anticipated approval. From being a school, primarily built to supply the much-needed priests in a little diocese in Western New York, it has grown to include the whole United States. Twenty-six American bishops send their candidates for the priesthood to St. Bernard's to receive preparation and formation.

"While at home during the last Christmas vacation, I had the honor of an audience with Bishop McQuaid, the memory of which will be sacred to me as long as I live. The Bishop had been ill for nearly eight months. He was afflicted with a disease which slowly ate away his vitality and left him weak and bereft of that splendid vigor in body which he had always enjoyed, even in his old age. He had just undergone a terrible attack of the disease. The physicians had given up hope and told him so. But his determination to live in spite of all, and his confidence in God's assistance for his ultimate recovery, carried him through the critical time, so that on Christmas Day it was announced in the cathedral that he rested easily and once more had a chance for life. It was then that I was accorded the privilege of seeing him. My father was with me. We sat beside what was so soon to be his deathbed. The poor old man, thin and weak, lay quietly, propped up on the pillows. But thin and emaciated as his body was his eyes possessed the old fire which so often had blazed against the enemies of his Church and of his schools; and his voice was so full and strong that one could hardly believe it came from that wasted frame.

"What he said that night I can never forget. Now that he is dead this last visit is all the more sacred to me. We spoke to him of Notre Dame. He asked about Father Cavanaugh and Father Morrissey and Father Hudson. "Notre Dame is a real, true Catholic University," he said; "with God's help they have made it so." On our departure he presented me with a little book which contains a few of his defenses of Catholic education. It is scarcely possible for me to express, now, how much I prize it.

"Two weeks after this, on the eighteenth of January, Bishop McQuaid died, at the age of little over eighty-five years, the oldest prelate in the United States, with a single exception."

Obituary.

The death is announced of Rev. William A. Olmsted, who passed away in New York, March 8. Death was caused by paralysis. Father Olmsted had had a distinguished career as a soldier before entering the priesthood. He organized the first regiment of New York volunteers in 1861 and was commissioned Captain. So well did he bear himself during the War that when the regiment was mustered out at the close of the struggle he had risen to the rank of Brigadier-General. Father Olmsted entered the Congregation of Holy Cross late in life, and shortly after his ordination to the priesthood was appointed rector of Corby Hall. He was a picturesque and interesting figure, and as such is vividly remembered by the students of his time. Until a short time before his death he was chaplain of St. Elizabeth's Hospital, New York City.

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* *

Paul Boyton (Minim 1895-6) passed away in Chicago last week. He will be remembered as a very engaging boy, giving promise of a future which his too brief life did not enable him to realize. From his father, Paul Boyton, the world's champion swimmer, he inherited certain manly traits which his own efforts strengthened and developed. His death will be regretted by all who knew him.

Final Trial in Debate.

The final trials in debate to pick a team for the Varsity contest with Georgetown was held last Saturday night in Washington Hall. Eight speakers competed, four defending and four opposing the proposition: "Resolved; That legislation should be enacted under which all national banks shall be required to establish a guarantee fund for the prompt payment of the deposits of any insolvent national bank, such fund and the administration thereof to be under the control of the Federal government." The three judges, Messrs. Vitus Jones, William Crabill and Arthur Hubbard, all of South Bend, ranked the men in the following order: Walker, first; Collentine, second; Kanaley and McMahan, tied for third; Finnigan, fifth; Mathis and Hebert, a tie for sixth; Fox, eighth.

Mr. Walker's personality, his convincing manner and the excellent quality of his voice rather than the strength of his argument won for him the honor of leading the team. His stage presence was striking and his rebuttal the most polished of the eight. Mr. Collentine was the most deliberate speaker of the evening. His genuine imperturbability together with a weighty argument and good delivery gave him second place. Mr. Kanaley showed weakness in his main speech; his voice seemed strained and his manner indicated fatigue, but the old-time fire came back to him before he finished. The adroitness and keenness of his rebuttal unquestionably merited for him the place he received.

Mr. McMahan, who tied Kanaley for third, delivered the clearest and most oratorical speech of the evening. His expository work was superb, but not enough of his manuscript was devoted to argument. The strongest argument for the affirmative side was made by Mr. Finnegan, it was more impressive and convincing than those of his colleagues, though his manner of delivery was not so good. It is to be regretted that Mr. Mathis did not draw a higher place. He undoubtedly displayed a better knowledge of the question than any other man on the floor. His

argument touched the fundamentals of the discussion and his earnestness seemed convincing. But perhaps the very fact of his extensive reading worked against him, for he had in his mind a mass of material not sufficiently digested to serve the purpose he had in view. Then, too, he failed to give the affirmative speakers sufficient credit for the strength of their position. Mr. Hebert was not at his best in the matter of delivery. He lacked the stage presence of some of the other speakers. The speech itself lacked logic and did not carry conviction. The eighth speaker in ranking, Mr. Fox, made an impression with his main speech, but suffered in the rebuttal. His lines of argument differed radically from that of the other speakers and his delivery was not strong enough.

On the whole, the contest was the best final tryout held here within the last three years. In '07 several stars shone out brilliantly, who surpassed the speakers of Saturday, taken individually, but for evenness and uniform excellence this year's men have set a standard which it will be hard to beat.

Owing to the fact that both Kanaley and McMahan were given precisely the same markings, it could not be decided at the debate which one will be given third place. The matter has been referred to a faculty committee. The Georgetown debate will be held in Washington on April the twenty-third.

The order of speakers, in which the affirmative hold the odd positions, and the rankings of the judges were as follows:

DECISION OF JUDGES

	Jones	Crabill	Hubbard	Total
J. B. McMahan	5	3	1	9
M. A. Mathis	6	6	6	18
J. B. Kanaley	1	5	3	9
R. J. Collentine	2	2	4	8
F. C. Walker	3	1	2	6
J. M. Fox	8	8	8	24
G. J. Finnigan	4	7	5	16
P. E. Hebert	7	4	7	18

The question at issue, the Guarantee of Bank Deposits, is a difficult one, but the mastery of it ought to prove an excellent training in directness, accuracy and other qualities peculiar to good debate. I. M.

Commencement Program.

The program of exercises for Commencement on the 16th and 17th of June has been arranged as follows: a trilogy of Bachelor orations, "The Child in the Shop" by Mr. Ignatius E. McNamee; "The Child in the Court" by Mr. Francis C. Walker; "The Child in the School" by Mr. Richard J. Collentine; Class Poem, by Mr. Harry Ledwidge; Valedictory by Mr. John B. Kanaley; Oration of the day by U. S. Senator Carter of Montana. The Baccalaureate Sermon will be preached on Sunday, the 13th of June by the Reverend Doctor O'Reilly of Cleveland, Ohio.

Lecture by John Corley.

On Tuesday afternoon the student body received a rare treat in the lecture given by one of Notre Dame's honored graduates, Mr. John L. Corley, LL. B., 1902. Mr. Corley was a prominent speaker at the University in his student days, winning the Breen Medal of Oratory in 1902 with an excellent oration, "The Light of the New Civilization." He was also a prominent member of the SCHOLASTIC Board of Editors, and his work done in this branch was of a very high order. He was above all a loyal student and deserves well the success that he has attained since his graduation. Ever and always he is proud of *Alma Mater*.

Mr. Corley is now one of the foremost lawyers of St. Louis and a prominent member of the Knights of Columbus. He has been exceedingly well received as a lecturer in many of our western cities. Although he is yet young in that field, the highest praise and commendation have followed his speeches, and his popularity has been growing steadily.

The subject chosen for his talk on Tuesday was the "Missouri Mule." The story told was that of the great mass of people who strive to make a way in the world. There is but one way to success, and that is by tireless application to the work to which the hands are suited. "Choose the work that you can do best," Mr. Corley said, "and aim to be better than anybody else in that

branch." The notable characteristic of the lecturer, aside from a faultless delivery, was the simple, yet eloquent, way in which the most ordinary circumstances and truths of life were put.

On Tuesday evening Mr. Corley addressed the students of St. Joe Hall, his old home, speaking of the disadvantages of being born rich, which talk was highly appreciated by all who heard him. On Thursday morning he gave a lecture on Leo XIII. at St. Mary's, and the word from the college is to the effect that it was enthusiastically received.

Mr. Corley was expected to do great things by the faculty and those that knew him, and he is fulfilling all their high hopes. That the students were proud of him they testified by their genuine appreciation in his reception. Judging from what we have heard, there is no doubt but that Mr. Corley has the brightest future before him as a lecturer.

Athletic Notes.

On Saturday, March 6, we met Indiana University in dual track meet in the Gym, and although we scored forty-four points to their forty-one, we lost the meet as the relay race; according to a previous arrangement, was not to count points. The meet was full of surprises, and all the "dopesters" were scratching their heads and trying to figure out where they had gone wrong. Moriarty shone brilliantly, winning a first in the pole-vault and in the high hurdles and a second in the low hurdles. It was an uphill race all the way for our men, but they showed all kinds of grit, and brought the score to thirty-nine against forty-one in favor of Indiana before the relay.

Captain Schmitt in the forty-yard dash sustained a painful injury in the leg, and although he pluckily started in the quarter-mile, he was hardly able to finish. Dana did all that any one could expect of him, beating Easch in the mile and in the 880, and defeating Bonsib, Indiana's crack half-miler, in a most exciting race.

The shot-put was a big surprise. Miller, on whom Indiana placed great reliance, was unable to secure a place, Edwards taking first and Woods second. Jesse Roth won the broad jump handily from Johnson,

thus surpassing expectation. In the low hurdles, Moriarty missed his stride before the first hurdle, losing a little ground. Had it not been for this, he would have undoubtedly won the event, in which case the meet would have been ours.

SUMMARY:

40-yard dash—James, I. U., 1st; Schmitt, N. D., 2d. Time, 4 3-5 sec.

Mile run—Dana, N. D., 1st; Easch, I. U., 2d. Time, 4:37 3-5.

High jump—Miller and Johnson, I. U., tied for 1st Height, 5 feet, 5 inches.

40-yard low hurdles—Johnson, I. U., 1st; Moriarty, N. D., 2d. Time, 5 sec.

440-yard dash—Bonsib, I. U., 1st; Schmitt, N. D., 2d. Time, 53 1-5 sec.

Pole-Vault—Moriarty, N. D., 1st; Johnson, I. U., 2d. Height, 10 feet.

40-yard high hurdles—Moriarty, N. D., 1st; Johnson, I. U., 2d. Time, 5 3-5 sec.

Shot-put—Edwards, N. D., 1st; Woods, N. D., 2d. Distance, 38 feet, 6 inches.

Half mile—Dana, N. D., 1st; Bonsib, I. U., 2d. Time, 2:04.

Broad jump—Roth, N. D., 1st; Johnson, I. U., 2d. Distance, 20 feet, 10 1-4 inches.

Mile Relay—Won by Notre Dame—Connell, Duffy, McDonough, Moriarty.

* *

Classes in boxing are held every Monday evening in the big Gym. All who are interested and desire to take lessons should make arrangements at the office without delay.

* *

This afternoon a dual track meet with the C. A. A. is the big event. The C. A. A. team carries a number of stars, and the meet, whatever the result, will be a most interesting one.

* *

Coach Curtis has had his men working outside on the Carroll campus several times lately, and each day shows an improvement. In a few more weeks the baseball men will probably be having daily practice outdoors, if the weather-man has no objection.

Personals.

—The Rev. James J. French, C. S. C. (A. M., 1890), rector of Holy Cross Seminary, was suddenly called to Rome during the

week on business connected with the Congregation of Holy Cross. The faculty and students wish him *un bon voyage*.

—John E. Corrigan, winner of the commercial medal 1907, is now employed by the J.E. Bartlett Company. His address is 4335 Emerald Avenue, Chicago.

—An enthusiastic alumnus writes: "Good write-up from Heze Clark. It makes one's blood tingle to read of our achievements from the pen of an outsider. Reading things like that makes one, if possible, a better Notre Dame man."

—The Rev. John F. DeGroot, C. S. C., formerly rector of the manual labor school and for the last twelve years pastor of St. Patrick's Church, South Bend, sailed for Europe to-day. He has been sent by the St. Vincent de Paul Society as one of the delegates to represent the Society in connection with the Golden Jubilee of the Holy Father.

—J. Joseph Cooke (LL. B. 1804) has been practising law in Beardstown, Illinois, since 1897, and has built up a large practice. He has served as City Attorney and has had one term in the legislature, representing a district including six counties. It is probable that he will be constrained next year to be a candidate for County Judge on the Democratic ticket, the nomination being equivalent to an election.

Local Items.

—At last the ice is out of the lake.

—Here's hoping that we defeat Georgetown.

—The first baseball game is scheduled for April 14.

—Next Friday's classes will be taught on Thursday.

—Visitors were numerous at the University during the week.

—Found:—A sum of money. Loser apply to Bro. Alphonsus.

—Skivers were out in abundance lately. So were the prefects.

—Thirty-seven thousand lines sets a new record in Brownson.

—Why doesn't somebody ask about the annual appearance of the "Dome."

—The men who intend to enter the Peace Oratorical Contest are requested to give in their names at once to the Master of Studies.

—The following books have been added to the Brownson Literary Society's Library: "South Sea Idyls," Stoddard; "A Kentucky Cardinal," Allen; "The Strenuous Life," Roosevelt; "Dream Life," Mitchell; "My New Curate," Sheehan.

—The Irish are getting ready for St. Patrick's Day. Various societies in the University have planned special meetings and banquets, and everybody is earnestly hoping that the lid will not be placed down with too much severity.

—Three trophy cases containing a prize debating banner and photos of the debating and glee clubs have been placed in the Brownson Hall study room. Great interest has been manifested in this line of work in Brownson Hall this year, and it is intended to add to the trophies as rapidly as possible.

—Brownson Freshman and Preparatory debating teams will organize the latter part of March at which time the preliminaries will be held. It is expected that a number of men will try for places, and there should be no difficulty in choosing strong teams. The Freshman team will debate the question of an enlarged navy, while the Preps will deal with the government ownership of railroads. Both teams will debate Corby.

—Photographers down town are busy making pictures for the "Dome." All of the state clubs and the other societies are having groups taken, and it seems that everyone wants sittings at the same time. Thursday afternoons seem to be the most popular times for artistic pursuits, so if you see the men in their best raiment heading towards South Bend, don't imagine that they are skiving. Last Thursday the Indiana Club, the Iowa Club and the Latin-Americans all posed to the best of their ability.

—Last Tuesday the members of the Commerce Class met on Commercial Avenue, in the Subway of the University Building and organized the first Commercial Class in the history of the University. The following officers were elected: Bro. Cyprian, honorary president; Harry T. Rafferty, president; Rogers J. Mott, vice-president; James I. Culligan, secretary and treasurer, and Michael H. Nolan, sergeant-at-arms. The class is contemplating a banquet in the near future. It is expected that committee in charge will make this the event of the year.

—A handsome society room, some forty feet by twenty, appropriately furnished with table, chairs and hangings, has been recently added to the Minim Department, thereby affording the romping youngsters more range and room for devilment on the rainy days. The track spirit, by the way, has taken possession of the Minims since the Varsity meet last Saturday, and if you want to see Twentieth-Century athletics at the best persuade Brother Cajetan to let you take a peep into the St. Edward Gymnasium when things are doing. You will behold a medley of miscellaneous activities that will fairly make your head swim.

—One of the events of the year was the banquet tendered the philosophers on the Feast of St. Thomas by the Rev. Father Crumley. Eighty-one students sat down in the Corby refectory Thursday afternoon to enjoy the hospitality of the Reverend Professor of philosophy. Father Cavanaugh and Father Schumacher were guests of honor. To say that the dinner was good is putting it mildly. Course after course came in rapid succession and just as rapidly disappeared. The feast which is observed every year has a double significance, being not only the patronal day of philosophers, but of Father Crumley as well. The following menu was served:

Chicken Soup		Saratoga Wafers
Olives		Celery
Pickles	Green Peas	Lettuce
	Broiled Steak a la Crumley	
	Crème de Bordeaux	
	French Fried Potatoes	Mushrooms
	Chicken a la Schumacher	
	Tomatoes a la Notre Dame	
Mashed Potatoes		Cranberry Sauce
Assorted Cake		Roll Jelly
	Tutti Frutti	
Salted Almonds		Candy
	Ice Cream	
Coffee	Lady Fingers	Cheese
	Cigars	

—The popularity contest recently conducted by a South Bend paper proved popular at the University, and as a result reading matter in abundance is found in the morning mail. If you don't get a paper you must be one of the slick ones. There were a few escaped—but very few, and even these wily ones were afraid to look out of doors during the rest of the afternoon for fear of another summons to the main parlor. If there is a man in the University who didn't examine his conscience thoroughly a week ago yesterday it is certainly because his friends failed to find him. He was certainly looked for. If by chance you don't know about it, ask your chum. He does.