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Opportunity.


THOMAS A. LABEY, '11.

TO-MORROW and each coming morrow glows
With promise of a reaping wondrous fair.
The world pleads dumbly for some youthful heir
To grasp the guerdon that its love bestows
On him who toils. 'Tis not the blows
That keep one down; weak-kneed despair
Robs half the millions of their rightful share—
The harvester reaps only as he sows.

The future, laden with the wealth of time,
Invites the lordship of the sturdy mind.
Wilt thou succeed? Then gaze aloft and climb
The heights of toil, nor pause to look behind.
Give ear alone unto this eager plea;
Each day bespeaks thy opportunity.

A Literary Study of the Parables of Christ.*

OTTO A. SCHMID, '09.

RITICS have judged and decreed since the day the first poet or singer poured forth his thoughts, but in all the centuries no code of art has been formulated which will fit every occasion and writer, because literature is so closely bound up with the elements of life that it can not be considered separately. The life of an author is mirrored in his productions. In the romantic Don Quixote we find a strong reflection of the life of Cervantes. A view of Shakespeare's works reveals the inner life of which they are the expression. One can not fail to perceive the melancholy nature of Poe in the dismal tenor of "The Raven" and in "The Fall of the House of Usher." In "Evangeline" and "Hiawatha" the calm and happy nature of Longfellow

is felt in its strongest. This note of individuality is the reason why criticism is not and can not be a hard and fast bound science. In every literary work of merit there is present a power that moves, a spirit that thrills, a movement that impels, with which the technique of criticism can not grapple. The best literature must be so simple and earnest that a child can understand it and a sage find pleasure and wisdom therein. It must gladden the soul of the beggar as well as the soul of a king. Like the sun it must be spotlessly clear, yet reflecting all the colors of the spectrum. Where can such literary masterpiece be found? Of all the libraries and books in the world the one that best fulfils the prime dogmas of critics—simplicity, directness and influence—the Bible stands alone, and the sublimest passages of the whole Book of books are the parables and speeches of Christ. Here is the supreme model of writers and the source of inspiration—a collection of gems without the accompanying dross. There is in them no flaw, no lurking fallacy, no superfluous word. All is strength, nature and intelligibility, intended only to convince and to save.

In a critical study of a literary work written in a foreign language, many considerations must be taken into account,—considerations which would not be necessary in judging a work written in our own language. In the first place, the genius of the race is different, and consequently to rightly understand the literature we must know the foundation upon which it rests. But there is a dissimilarity in the languages as great as the difference in the races. One would not expect to find a poem like the Iliad or the Divine Comedy written in

* The Meehan prize essay.

Icelandic, nor would the cold Sagas be in harmony with sunny Italy and Greece. This elementary difference between one's native tongue and a foreign language is of great importance; time, degree of culture, civilization and form of religion, all have a bearing on literature, because they are distinctive features of life which engender and vitalize literature. There are innumerable details which the critic must observe, for in judging a foreign literature he is dealing with the record of the intellectual experience of another race or nation. Before taking up the main subject of this paper—How do the parables of Christ rank as literature?—we must at least glance at the language in which they were spoken, and later written.

Mathew Arnold came to the conclusion that the two most vital influences in English literature are Hellenism and Hebraism—the artistic Greek and the powerful Hebrew literatures. The Greek he describes as representative of "intelligence and gentleness and sincerity of thought," Hebraic as standing for energy, force and gravity. Of the Hebrew, especially, is this true, for its two most important qualities are a vividly clear simplicity and an undercurrent of earnestness which appeal to all sorts and conditions of men. There is something in the genius of the Hebrew language which makes it inevitable that when it carries a sublime message it shows most strongly these two qualities of simplicity and earnestness. The concreteness and clearness of the diction intensify the deep feeling expressed by the varied music of the style. Oriental thought and language know only the objective and solid facts of which man has distinct sensation; they lack the subtler shades of feeling so characteristic of modern literatures. More complicated structures and more elaborate fancies are possible in present-day language, but much of the power of the Biblical narratives is lacking. Our art loses hold of that swiftness of movement, that earnestness of purpose and depth of feeling which give to the Biblical narratives their strong hold on human imagination.

The Hebrew language and the English are at the farthest extremes from each other in point of time, race and inherent structure. The Parables of Christ are the finest examples

of figurative speech in our language, yet they have lost much of their sublimity and strength through translation. We read the story of the Prodigal Son in English, and despite all the changes that have taken place since it was first uttered by Our Lord, it still carries conviction with irresistible force. When we remember that the parables are widely read only in translations, that the original tone has been lost because they were written by the disciples years after they had been delivered by the Master, then we can begin to understand the purity and strength of those word-pearls as they once flowed from the lips of our Lord.

The use of the parable is common to Hebrew literature, for picturesqueness is inherent in the Eastern languages, and a delight in solving poetic allusions and fables is peculiar to the Oriental races. Our Lord showed Himself to be a master of the art of discourse when He adopted the parabolic form of teaching, for it was well suited to His hearers, best fitted for the nature of His work, and generally liked in Judea. In His hands the parable attained perfection, for as His miracles are parables portraying His majesty, so His parables are miracles of literary beauty and power. The world acknowledges the wondrous charm and absolute originality of Christ's parables by accepting this method of discourse as specifically His. Not only the divine power but also the matchless beauty which lay in the unparalleled compression and simplicity of Christ's discourses caused the minions of the Sanhedrin to turn back without accomplishing their purpose when they were sent to the Temple to arrest Him. There is no phenomenon so striking in all the literature of the world. But marvelous power might be expected, for the people of Israel had the blessed opportunity to hear the God-Man tell "an earthly story with a heavenly meaning,"—a means of instruction most rare and full of interest; a method which in its unapproachable beauty and finish stands unrivalled in the annals of human speech and thought. Christ had a great lesson to teach, which the Hebrews would not, or could not, easily accept and understand. To remove all shadow of doubt as to His meaning Christ used the parable, for here He was able to teach in a few

months what would otherwise have taken years. He employed the common things of life—the sower in the field, the birds in the air, the faithful at prayer in the Temple, the wayward son, the man among thieves—things close at hand and familiar to all His hearers, and in a powerful and earnest way He deduced the lesson. Two seemingly unrelated objects are placed side by side, the one explained, the other compared, and a moral drawn in such a manner as never to be forgotten. By the aid of the commonplace He made intelligible the new, through the familiar He introduced the strange, from the known He passed more easily to the unknown. Observe how He took an everyday occurrence and applied it in the parable of the Pharisee and the Publican.

He begins very plainly and simply in the parable of the Pharisee and the Publican, the first sentence giving the necessary foundation for the whole lesson. "Two men went up into the Temple to pray: the one a pharisee, the other a publican." There was no need to go further into details. All of His hearers knew that the pharisee was a respectable, self-satisfied individual, and the publican a sinner and an outcast. After this brief introductory statement our Lord continued: "The pharisee standing, prayed thus within himself: O God, I give Thee thanks that I am not as the rest of men, extortioners, unjust, adulterers, as also is this publican. I fast twice in a week: I give tithes of all that I possess."

Certainly this was not the whole of the pharisee's prayer, but it was enough. As becomes a wise artist, the Lord said a few things and suggested many more. However, we have here a living person before us, one who is convinced that he is on the right path, that he is pleasing to God, admiring his own virtue and boasting of it in his prayer. The most exquisite irony gleams through the words that have become synonymous for self-praise and snobbishness: "I give Thee thanks that I am not as the rest of men." The disdain for his fellowmen and his perfect satisfaction with himself are sketched clearly and indelibly with a few bold strokes. In three verses all was said; the hearers could grasp the lesson which the divine Speaker wished to present, but there

was much underneath the surface which came to light only after the words had been pondered. Herein lies one of the greatest beauties of the parable: its clearness and distinctness at first sight, with yet a striking abundance of hidden meaning which manifests itself only after contemplation and study.

The picture of the publican is no less concise and striking: "And the publican standing afar off, would not so much as lift up his eyes towards heaven; but struck his breast, saying: O God, be merciful to me a sinner." Here is the penitent sinner at the door, with head bowed, uttering a prayer which comes from his heart, his character standing out clearly and distinctly; the reverse of the pharisee. So far the Lord had brought to the attention of his hearers the picture of two men praying; but then came the conclusion, a single, powerfully pithy sentence that embraces a world of discernment. "I say unto you, this man went down into his own house justified rather than the other: because everyone that exalteth himself shall be humbled: and he that humbleth himself shall be exalted." With that the narrative ends. There is not a useless word in the whole story, neither an ambiguity nor a weak sentence. Every word is necessary to the whole without which the story would not be complete.

The parable of the "Good Samaritan" sets forth the act of sincere charity toward a stranger, a man of a hated race, and is a good example of Christ's art of teaching in parables. With a simple illustration He answered a question, but answered it in such a way that the hero of His little story has come to stand not only for a single act of charity, but for the virtue of love in general. When our Lord was addressing His disciples, "behold a certain lawyer stood up tempting Him, and saying, Master, what must I do to possess eternal life?" It was but a test question from a learned doctor of the law trying to catch the Lord on some legal technicality. But Christ knew the motive behind the question, and forced the man to answer it himself. Foiled in his attempt to draw from Christ an answer contrary to law, and being himself in a very uncomfortable position over the answer, the lawyer demanded an

explanation of the term "neighbor." In reply Jesus began the parable of the "Good Samaritan."

"A certain man went down from Jerusalem to Jericho, and fell among robbers, who also stripped him, and having wounded him, went away, leaving him half dead." With the same artistic compression as was displayed in the parable of the Pharisee and the Publican, Christ gave the whole situation in a single sentence. The setting was perfect, for the road from Jerusalem to Jericho ran through a wild country infested by thieves. The unfortunate man was robbed, stripped and wounded, and then left half dead. And in that helpless condition a priest and a levite of the Temple—among all Hebrews the most likely to show mercy to a needy stranger—"seeing him passed by." "But a certain Samaritan being on his journey, came near him; and seeing him was moved with compassion." The Lord was, of course, talking to the Jews, and in a manner too clear to be misunderstood He showed them their own hard-heartedness in the figures of the two respectable Jews. In opposition to this He presented the merciful Samaritan, despised of all Jews, who went out of his way to help the sufferer, put him upon his own beast, cared for him and paid for his lodging and nursing at an inn. In such manner the Saviour set forth His teachings, literally burning His doctrines into the souls of His hearers through the use of strong contrasts, vivid pictures, and earnest lessons. The matter in hand was the expounding of the law of love, showing who fulfils the commandment and who does not.... On finishing the story our Lord said: "Which of these three, in thy opinion, was neighbor to him who fell among the robbers?" Again this wise man could not evade answering his own question, "He that showed mercy to him. And Jesus said to him: Go, and do thou in like manner." It is a striking characteristic of all the discourses of Christ that they contain so infinitely more than is seen at first glance, although the lesson is immediately clear. This parable was an answer to the question, "Who is my neighbor?" but it is also more, for it preaches a positive doctrine not embraced in the question of the lawyer.

It commands us to be neighbors to those in need of our charity; it implies an act rather than a passive assent; it upholds the Samaritan neighbor that gives as superior to the unfortunate neighbor that receives. A great world lesson was thus clearly set forth through the marvelous compression and earnestness, the matchless beauty and purity of figure to be found nowhere in the literature of the world except in Christ's discourses.

In the fifteenth chapter of Luke there are three parables linked together on the same general theme and supplementing each other, setting forth man's dependence on God, and divine love and compassion for the lost sinner. The first and second deal mainly with the love of God without any emotion on the part of the creature loved, while the third, still picturing divine love, also shows the rise and growth of repentance in the heart of man. The three parables of the "Lost Sheep," the "Lost Coin," and the "Prodigal Son," were all delivered on the same occasion, it is supposed, and to the Scribes and Pharisees who murmured at Christ because He received sinners and ate with them. They declare the "joy in heaven upon one sinner doing penance," and eloquently justify Christ's universal love and His divine compassion for sinners; they proclaim His care and solicitude for everyone that has gone or might go astray. The love of God is shadowed forth in the figures of the shepherd searching for the stray sheep and the woman seeking for the lost piece of money, and in each case, having found that which was lost, there was great rejoicing. But the thing lost was incapable of giving any sign of emotions. In the third and greatest of the trilogy, divine protecting love is shown in all its beauty through the picture of the Father ever ready to receive and to reward the penitent. This parable is especially noteworthy for its pathos and picturesque details, and for the great moral interest due to the fact that the example is taken from the sphere of human life. The former parables, through the good shepherd and the woman, showed the pharisees how they should have acted; this through the portrait of the elder brother showed them how they did act.

In the "Prodigal Son" we have the greatest and most elaborate of the parables, setting forth great truths and deep emotions in simple, forcible language.

"A certain man had two sons: And the younger of them said to his father: Father, give me the portion of substance that falleth to me. And he divided unto them his substance.

"And not many days after, the younger son, gathering all together, went abroad into a far country; and there wasted his substance, living riotously."

As in the former parables, we have here the same clear earnestness, the same graphic narration and swift movement,—every word adding to the effect, every phrase making the lesson more vivid and impressive. Three distinct figures are set forth in this little narrative, each standing for a great emotion. In the younger son is pictured the folly of youth, degradation, want and repentance; in the father, representing divine love, are portrayed ready forgiveness and pardon, and lastly, in the elder brother is shown the typical whole-hearted pharisee, righteous and upright, but sorely lacking in the gentler qualities of the true neighbor displayed in the character of the Good Samaritan.

If a work of art is judged by its impression when first read, its lucidity and depth, its general application and worldwide influence, then the parable of the Prodigal Son must remain in its position of supremacy where it has been placed by the critics of nineteen centuries. The downward progress of a soul that has estranged itself from its one source of happiness, its final awakening in an hour of grace, and humble return to the outraged authority, have never been pictured more vividly, nor with more force, in any literature. Books have been written with the sole object of exhibiting spiritual degradation and regeneration in penance, but nowhere has language been made to present the case more strongly, never has an episode been put into such concrete manner and lifelike form. There is not another figure in universal literature like unto the kind-hearted father who saw only the penitent where the sinner had once existed. The sublime words in defense of his act embody an abundance of grace:

"But it was fit that we should make

merry and be glad, for this thy brother was dead and is come to life again; he was lost, and is found."

The deep emotion experienced when a lost son or loved one returns after having been as dead, when old ties of peace and joy are renewed and life starts anew, is vividly and powerfully set forth in the joy of the father; but the righteous, straight-laced "elder brother" was not affected by the emotions of love; he had never been anointed by the sacred unction of mercy that makes all mankind one. There seems to be some hidden power in these parables which no other literature has ever been able to reproduce. Without the least exaggeration it can be said that in them there is not a weak verse. The first statement about the younger son conjures up a picture, and as the story progresses, the picture becomes clearer, others are added, until we have the living, acting human beings. Going back to the Hebrew language and literature, in which these parables were conceived, we find the cause of this in the solid objectivity of the words and phrases that afforded no facility for transcribing phantasms and arabesques. The expressions correspond to the things of life, and consequently the younger son is seen so plainly and the emotions of the merciful father are understood so well.

(CONCLUSION IN NEXT ISSUE.)

The Measure of Life.

THOMAS A. LAHEY, '11.

WHAT'S the measure of life but the joy that we bring
To the toilers whose lives we know;
What's the pleasure of life but the mem'ries that cling
Of the good we have done below.

It is not in the strength of an ancient name,
Or an ancestor's wide renown;
It is not in possessions, or wealth, or fame,
Or the flash of an earthly crown.

It is not in the minds that we've held in thrall,
Or the lips that we've moved to praise,
That we'll find sweetest balm, when the last sad call
Sounds the end of our mortal days.

'Tis the hearts and the souls we must leave behind
That will judge of the race we've run;
By the good one has done to uplift his kind,
We compute what a man has done.

Varsity Verse.

LOCH KATRINE.

IN the far-off Scottish Highlands there's a lake of
ancient fame
Nestled close between the mountains and Loch Katrine
is its name:
That fair sheet of crystal water forms one mass of
perfect blue,
Save the carbon of its mountains which imparts a
brownish hue.
Oft has mortal slept beside it 'neath the cloak which
ev'ning spread
There upon the verdant heather—ne'er he'd wish a
softer bed—
Where of old the hunter slumbered when the stag
was lost to view;
And, indeed, the wearied bandit by its side has
rested too.
Near it, stretching to the eastward, is the Frosachs'
rough defile;
And beside it, smiling sweetly, is the far-famed
"Ellen's Isle,"
Where the blackbird and the red-breast ever flit
among the trees
That are soaring to the heavens, swaying gently in
the breeze.
There the day-god comes each morning while all
nature slumbers on,
Takes the mantle off Loch Katrine, smiles above it
and is gone;
For he needs must haste to crimson ev'ry hillock,
glen and brake,
Yet his beams remain there dancing on the wavelets
of the lake.

P. P. F.

BOYHOOD RECOLLECTIONS.

I remember, I remember,
Just how he used to stand,
An angry look upon his face
A birch rod in his hand;
He always came a week too soon
And made too long a stay;
And then I often wished the night
Had borne me far away.

I remember, I remember,
The circles black and blue,
That rose around my smarting legs
When he at last got through;
My piercing yells, his angry voice
His jaw so firmly set—
I wonder if I ever will,
Or ever can forget?

I remember, I remember
The pine tree dark and tall—
I used to climb it every time
I heard him sternly call;
'Twas a foolish thing indeed to do
But now it gives me joy
To think of all those silly things
I did when still a boy. C. C. M.

Iski's Menagerie.

CHARLES W. MURPHY, '10.

"I enjoyed the story you have just related very much," beckoning to a new-comer who was relaxing leisurely on a store box, and partaking of the laughs of his friends. "It goes to emphasize a view that I have long entertained, and which has been the subject of unlimited interest and wonderment on my part. To think," he continued, "that nature works such remarkably different results on persons receiving a like stimulus. How freakish it was for the hero of your story," continuing to address his friend, "who under normal conditions was a jolly, sociable and mischievous fellow, but when he had stowed away his share of the fermented hops to become babyish, crying and praying forgiveness for the offenses he had committed and detailing his autobiography from his pranks in the schoolroom to his waywardness at the bar. But in my mind this phenomenon is not better exemplified than by a little incident that happened in a Polish camp in Nevada of which I was a witness.

It was pay day on the A. R. & S. R. R., and the long line of foreigners had just received their pay and were apportioning it to one of their number, who was commissioned to go to a distant village to buy provisions for the camp. There was little debate in selecting Joe —iski (abbreviated for sake of euphony) to perform this mission. He was equipped with the best horse in the camp, given a large bag of money, was duly instructed, and set out early for the distant town.

There was little doubt in the mind of the camp that Joe would perform his mission faithfully and well. He was the best-liked man among his fellow-workers, very reticent and meditative, considerate in all matters, having no bad habits unless we may say that when he was out with the boys he was always willing to "go the rounds," was at all times grave and sincere and esteemed by his friends for his unswerving devotion to duty. But considering his many good qualities it was very unfortunate for the camp to be ignorant of the effects an

over-indulgence would have on poor Joe.

Arriving at the little village of Belton he was somewhat fatigued and worn, and naturally a liquor sign was of the utmost momentary interest to him. Now, gentlemen, when I say "naturally" I am not talking from experience, as those secret smiles lurking about your faces would seem to indicate, but speaking generally, I think I am correct. However, pardon the digression.

Meeting a number of his friends who were inclined to be hilarious and to a major degree boisterous, he was entreated to join in. He was reluctant at first to indulge excessively, but a few friendly pats on the back, and a demand that one be had for "old time's sake" or "acquaintance sake" (as he had new friends now) was more than tempting, and Joe succumbed to the temptation. The little place was crowded, and by the time the rounds were made Joe was more or less "happy" also; in fact he was eclipsing his comrades in every line of amusement, succeeding in making himself the centre of attraction in all appertaining to the comic. Leaving his companions he started in a zigzag line down the street, saluting everyone he met, playing with the children that flocked about him, and distributing his loose coin to those most needy. Spying a large assembly of people in a near-by vacant lot, he hastily made for the crowd. Prominent among the assembly, and elevated from them a little, was a massive man, apparently electrified with his own enthusiasm. In his hand he wielded a hammer. He was saying: "Gentlemen, and fellow citizens, the Bosco Circus has been unfortunate in their travels through the West, being forced to cancel all their engagements and sell the show to meet expenses. We offer for sale this afternoon, as we advertised in your paper, all the wild animals, including 'Joe,' the only animal of its kind on this side the Mississippi." He pointed to a giraffe that stood near. "Coming from the darkest portions of Africa he secreted himself on board a huge trading vessel that was destined to these wilds to bring back ivory to the American merchants, and Joe, then a little fellow, hid in the hold of the boat and succeeded in gaining passage to New York. By the

merest chance he was discovered in that city and purchased by our manager, Mr. Bosco. Since his stay on this continent he has won a reputation for his fleetness, his docility, his winning ways that insure quick acquaintanceship and principally for his herculean tasks in accomplishing the work of five ordinary foreigners in a comparatively shorter time. His inseparable consort 'Lebo' possesses talents superior to that of many men, is remarkably intelligent in understanding the English and Polish languages, the former from birth, the latter from association, and is endowed with many other good qualities that can only be appreciated by acquaintanceship. They are now for sale. Do I hear a bid?"

"Two hundred dollars!" bellowed Iski, who was digesting the eloquence in chunks. The assembly was startled at the suspected bidder. What could anyone in the hills of Nevada, and especially Iski, who was employed in the excavations, do with such animals? To what use could they be put? These were some of the questions in the minds of the crowd. Their curiosity had been awakened merely by the strangeness of the occasion and to view the animals, but no one had any intention of buying. All the combined persuasions of the multitude could not convince Joe that he was acting injudiciously. "Why," said he, "look at that fine animal! Didn't he say he was the only one this side of the Mississippi? That makes the animal valuable. Think what a racer he is! Why, old rancher Huck's horse can not be seen when "Joe" comes under the wire, and think of the fun the children in the camp will have, he is so docile. Why, the fact that he can do more work than five men proves his worth. Fellows, I wouldn't take nuthin' for them. And your relatives there," addressing the spokesman of the assembly, at the same time pointing to the monkey, "can teach those ignorant Pollocks to know something. Here's your money pardner." He threw a bag of money on the table. "Hitch up the animals and I'll prepare for camp."

Imagine the surprise in the Polish camp when in the distance they saw Iski wrapped around the neck of the bigger menagerie, and on his back "Lebo" waiving a handkerchief and joining in with Iski and Joe

in giving the Comachee yell. It is needless to say there was disorder and chaos in the camp. People went in every direction, while Iski and his side show were deeply enjoying the mutiny.

When the refugees were assembled and Iski permitted to explain, he went on in his sincere manner to tell them of the good qualities of his animals, the enormous profits to be made, the elimination of manual labor for five of his countrymen, the pleasure the little children would have from Joe's companionship, and Bosco's intellectual accomplishments.

From what ensued we find that the camp did not fully agree with Iski's conclusions, and failed to see how two freakish looking things would satisfy their hunger. When Iski awoke the following morning he was nearly as much surprised to find the monkey and the "indefinable something" in the camp, as were his companions on the day before. But when convinced that he had made the purchase he was more or less nonplussed. Admitting the ownership for sake of argument, he set about to renew acquaintanceship, and succeeded in attaching his affections to the menagerie that was almost brotherly.

Gentlemen, I have now finished, and I think you will agree with me, that nature works many wonders."

"Yes," interrupted one of the men who was inclined to doubt the story, and who secretly thought the narrator had recently been indulging, "and so does Booze."

Some Catholic Aspects of Longfellow.

FREDERICK W. CARROLL, '12.

Through the poetry of Longfellow, the ideals and principles of Romanticism in America found their most powerful and effective means of expression. All the ancient traditions and beliefs which the Romantic spirit held in veneration as the sacred inheritance of a mystic past, were cherished and respected by the gifted poet, and they received his warmest sympathy and support. With all the genius of his generous mind he resisted the movement which aimed to thrust existing institutions aside, and with

what success he withstood it, his subsequent popularity and fame plainly showed. While the agitators of social and literary standards are fast sinking into oblivion, the volumes of song which he poured forth continue to delight all with their melody and charm.

The solemn beauty of Catholic ritual seemed to appeal to Longfellow's artistic temperament with especial force, and there are few of his poems that do not reveal the Catholic influence. Without in any direct manner professing belief in the mysteries of the Church, he nevertheless evinced a fine appreciation of their significance and truth. If he had been blessed with the divine gift of Catholic faith he could hardly have sung the praises of that faith with greater tenderness and feeling.

Undoubtedly his regard for things Catholic was considerably strengthened and developed by the years of study and research which circumstances enabled him to spend in the rich fields of medieval and early Christian romance and legendary lore. His knowledge of the Latin-speaking peoples and their languages in the Catholic countries of Spain, Italy and France, gave him an opportunity of introducing to the America of his time a new phase of European literature and making known to his countrymen poets and poetry until then little known. He made Dante familiar to all through his excellent translation, and enriched American letters with many a gem from the Spanish, German and numerous other languages.

In "Hyperion" and the "Golden Legend" the influence of the German is made evident. In the latter work the poet manifests the noble tendency of his nature toward the selection of themes in which he could give his genius free play in the treatment of heroic and self-sacrificing characters. Nothing pleased him more than to extol the virtues of hope and charity and unselfish principles. The "Golden Legend" makes up the second part of Longfellow's great poem which he wrote under the comprehensive title, "Christus: A Mystery." The Divine Tragedy and the New England Tragedies complete the poem, which may fairly be regarded as the poet's greatest religious effort.

But it is in his narrative poems and ballads that the poet especially excels and

in which the Catholic aspect of his writings is most easily discernible. In the case of *Evangeline*, his best-known narrative poem, this is strikingly illustrated. From beginning to end the setting and characters are distinctly Catholic, and the tone is one of close sympathy and familiarity with Catholic customs and ceremonies. No description so well portrays the relations of the ideal parish priest towards his flock as the poet's picture of Father Felician among the simple Acadian peasants, and no words can better convey the peace which is associated with the Catholic idea of confession than the poet's description of *Evangeline*:

Down the long street she passed with her chaplet of
beads and her missal, . . .
But a celestial brightness—a more ethereal beauty—
Shone on her face and encircled her form, when, after
confession,
Homeward serenely she walked with God's benediction
upon her.
When she had passed it seemed like the ceasing of
exquisite music.

One does not have to be in sympathy with Catholic truths to feel the power and beauty of these simple lines.

Again in the "Song of Hiawatha," Longfellow presents a true account of the missionary spirit of the pioneer days when

The Black Robe chief, the prophet,
Told his message to the people,
Told the purport of his mission,
Told them of the Virgin Mary,
And her blessed Son, the Saviour;

How He rose from where they laid Him,
Walked again with His disciples,
And ascended into heaven.

The poet, however, was not unmindful of his limitations, especially during his own period, but so delicate was his taste, and so unerring his judgment that he never gave cause for offense to Catholic readers, and his evident sincerity and openness completely disarmed all prejudice which the Catholic coloring and atmosphere of his poetry might have awakened against him in the minds of others who were of a hostile attitude towards the principles which he so eloquently extolled.

Longfellow did not confine his choice of subjects within the range of any absolute standards to the exclusion of all others. If he preferred to draw most of his material from Catholic sources it was not from any set purpose of bringing the truths of the Church into worldwide prominence, but it was rather because he realized what

immense service they would be to him in his work. He accepted all that was beautiful, no matter whence it came, and it was this quality which his readers recognized and admired in his poetry. He understood the conditions of the common and less-educated classes and it was among them that he met with the most enthusiastic reception.

Yet there were none who could not appreciate or understand his poetry. He aimed to please and delight the heart, and in this he succeeded admirably. His poetry combined harmonies at once simple and sublime. Whether Longfellow himself adhered to any fixed religious belief is a matter of little consequence so far as his work is concerned. Still it is difficult to regard him other than deeply imbued with the strongest religious convictions and sentiments. His regard for Christian principles was ever of the highest, and he never treated of them but with mingled reverence and awe. The examples which might be cited to illustrate this are almost as numerous as his works.

Longfellow's acquaintance with the Biblical narratives is likewise of a deep and extensive character. In the *Divine Tragedy* he represents the passion of Christ with a perfection and completeness unparalleled in the field of poetry. His profound religious earnestness is also reflected in such poems as "The Psalm of Life," "Excelsior" and "God's Acre," poems with which every schoolboy early becomes familiar. In *God's Acre* the poet expresses his view of happiness in the future life. In speaking of the grave he meditates on the time when

Into its furrows shall we all be cast,
In the sure faith that we shall rise again
At the great harvest, when the archangel's blast
Shall winnow, like a fan, the chaff and grain.

He muses further on the reward which is the just portion of the virtuous and promises that

Then shall the good stand in immortal bloom,
In the fair gardens of that second birth;
And each bright blossom ming'e its perfume
With that of flowers which never bloomed on earth.

Catholics generally have not been blind to the service which the poet has rendered their faith. They have taken their stand with his admirers of other denominations in proclaiming him America's premier poet. His religious tenets are of secondary importance in determining his international fame, and it is sufficient that his own countrymen have passed judgment on his worth and accept with common accord the verdict that "his life was his best poem," and his poems an adequate reflection of that life.

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—A tardy but picturesque act of reparation to the memory of the Pottawattomie Indians was performed by the State of Indiana on September 4th when a marble shaft, surmounted by a statue of the ideal Indian was unveiled with ceremonial splendor and oratorical flourish at Twin Lakes below Plymouth. Appropriately enough, Very Rev. Father Morrissey opened the ceremonies with an invocation, for Twin Lakes in the days of the Pottawattomies was a mission attached to the University; and appropriately, too, a miniature chapel, first erected by the old missionaries from Notre Dame, was restored in reproduction. Colonel Hoynes, dean of the Law School, had been appointed by the Governor of Indiana as one of the three Commissioners to supervise the erection and dedication of the monument, and the Colonel served as presiding officer at the public exercises on September 4th. His address on that occasion was notable throughout for vigor, freshness and eloquence, but two passages are especially worthy of consideration:

It seems to me that we assume too much when we say or think that our civilization is essential to the happiness and welfare of other races of men. It is only a ludicrously shallow or narrow mind that can insist upon its being our duty, as God's agents, to compel others by armed force to accept it. I believe that no race on God's footstool, no matter what may be its form of civilization, is so superior, wise and

good as to have a divine right to compel by armed force another or numerically weaker race to accept it. Men follow the customs of their forefathers and of their own race as persistently as they cling to and defend their homes and firesides. Growth and development within their own environments are natural and wholesome, but the substitution of some contrary system by force involves untold hardships, realizes chaos and destruction, and challenges the high-spirited and heroic to death or imprisonment.

We assume too much in claiming that those beyond the pale of our civilization are miserable, degraded and wretched beings. A comparison based upon the ratio of suicide and insanity under different systems would go far to dispel our conceit in the matter. Moreover, it is within the common experience that we gladly and gratefully turn from the marts of trade and the stifling atmosphere of tenement and workshop to the lure of the wild in our vacation trips. We rejoice to think of the health and pleasure assured us by living as the Indians lived for two or three weeks or months in summer. From this point of view may it not be supposed that they had better health, grew stronger, became hardier, lived longer and more thoroughly enjoyed life than many of ourselves do under our boasted forms of civilization?

To comment on these honest, manly words would be to paint the lily or gild refined gold.

As a matter of simple justice it is also proper for the SCHOLASTIC to acknowledge gratefully the part played by the Hon. Daniel McDonald of Plymouth, Ind., in compassing this admirable result. Mr. McDonald deserves a monument himself.

—A very readable description of everyday student life at Notre Dame is that by Rev. John Talbot Smith, which appeared originally in the *Catholic Times* and later in the *Midsummer SCHOLASTIC*. One is not so much concerned, in this instance, with grace of style and a rare gift for writing neat things in a singularly happy way. One forgets the scholar, the observer, the critic, and remembers the man, who after years of contact with the outside world still preserves a heart so young and manifests so keen a sympathy with the growing student, most of whose life-work is still in the future. Father Smith writes like a man who loves the sunshine and the bright fields and books and study and student life, especially student life as he finds it here. He writes as one who has lived, rather than as one who has observed the life, and this gives an added charm to the sketch. Those who have experience with students

will understand how important is sympathy between the teacher and the taught, between the growing man who learns and the grown man who instructs. An element of friendship, or fellowship, must enter, if the work is to be agreeable as well as profitable. Not all lessons are gathered from the pages of a text-book; not all problems are worked out on the blackboard. Encouragement that will stimulate to newer effort, sympathy that will soften the sting of failure, these are as necessary to advancement as are quickness to learn and ability to communicate.

Father Smith writes entertainingly. And doubtless what he writes is a reflection of himself. Catholic education will always need men like Father Smith: men whose fine personality, charm of manner, broad human sympathy and experienced reasonableness help so surely to fashion character into finer form; men whose dignity will not suffer in the social companionship and the familiar intercourse of that care-free life beyond the lecture room; men who teach while they entertain, and awaken that confidence, that feeling of fellowship, which is the great charm of a recreation hour; men who when they pass on to other work are not forgotten, but the quiet charm of whose lives is at once a memory and a hope.

—The restful vacation days have become a part of the past and the serious work of another year is under way. It promises to be a year of continued development if one may judge from the large number of students already enrolled. Newcomers almost forget to be homesick in the rush of the opening days and already have taken kindly to the routine of university life. The near completion of Walsh Hall simplifies to an extent the problem of room, which last year proved a source of considerable worry to the authorities. For the present that problem is solved, and it simply remains for students to get settled, and to get settled soon. Time lost now means time to be made up later; and people who cultivate the habit of putting off, never catch up with their work. It is well, of course, to store away reserve power for the home stretch. But it is hardly judicious to lag at the start

in the hope that this will develop a lightning speed at the finish. Knowledge, they tell us, is largely an affair of patient effort through which one works steadily to the light. Often the young man who says he learns quickly learns very superficially, and superficial knowledge is frequently more embarrassing than ignorance. Here at Notre Dame, as elsewhere, other considerations equal, the young man who works steadily from September to June will get more from his time and investment than the young man who takes life easy at the start in the hope that a new year's resolution will speed him to commencement on schedule time.

—Tradition makes a word from the SCHOLASTIC in its own behalf quite within the proprieties at this time. As in the past, so during the coming year, the paper will try to represent to the outer world the life and spirit of the University. The task is no small one in view of the attainments of its readers, and what past high standards will lead these readers to expect. The editors have a difficult task ahead of them; one which they appreciate, and one which they will try hard to fulfil. Patient attention to the details of the work, a cheerful faithfulness in answering the unfailing clamor for copy, an ever-present effort to turn out week after week a more marketable commodity from the gristmill of the brain; these are some of the requisites which the editors consider essential to the success of the work. Add to this, on the part of students who have the gift, a willingness to contribute liberally of their store of verse or prose and the task looks less difficult. Manifestly the members of the staff will not be able to do all the work. They are students putting in full time in the student's working day. Also organizations of various kinds, of which they are members, will make demands on their free hours. Hence the help they look for from students generally, who have a liking for literary work, seems quite reasonable. Co-operation, or good will, or any such word that expresses the thought, is what one looks for. So it is to be hoped that student interest in the student paper will be enough in evidence during the coming year to make the editors feel that the brain toil expended is not a wasted energy.

Bishop Linneborn's Visit.

An event of very special interest to the University is the visit of the Right Rev. Bishop Linneborn, C. S. C., D. D., the newly appointed Bishop of Dacca, Eastern Bengal, India. The Bishop arrived at the University Sept. 6th, and it is hoped that he will be able to prolong his visit with us for several weeks.

What makes the Bishop's visit of peculiar

and after luncheon in the Brownson dining-room will hold a reception for his friends in the parlor of the University.

Needless to say, the good-will and kindly interest of all at Notre Dame are extended to the Bishop on this visit to the scene of his earlier labors. The fact of his being a prince of the Church would of itself insure him a cordial welcome among us. That he is one



interest to the faculty and students of the University is the fact that he was rector of Holy Cross Hall from 1891 to 1893. During those years he was known practically to all of the students of the University.

The Bishop will open the school year to-morrow with a Pontifical High Mass,

of our own family, that he was for many years so closely connected with an important side of the University work, and that he is a prelate of such amiable disposition and character will insure him a thrice-hearty welcome. We bid him a hearty God-speed and many years of continued success in his new field of labor.

Personals.

—Dr. T. McGinnis, student '71-73, is now engaged in the sale of general merchandise in Slater, Missouri.

—The Rev. Father Powers of Livermore, California, spent a few pleasant days at the University during the summer.

—J. J. Shea, junior in the Civil Engineering course last year, is assistant engineer for Peter Lyall & Sons, Montreal, Canada.

—James C. Bradley, Commercial '90, is located at Durango, Colorado. He has lost none of his old enthusiasm for *Alma Mater*.

—John Kavanaugh, student 1904-9, is employed in the office of the purchasing agent of the Illinois Central R. R. Chicago.

—Bernard Gira (student 1896-'9) goes to the South Dakota State University this year to complete a course in mining engineering.

—S. F. Riordan, Editor-in-Chief of the SCHOLASTIC in '05-'06, visited the University recently. Mr. Riordan is practising law in Chicago.

—Frank C. Hentges, student 1904-7, is manager of an important department of the Hentges Clothing and Shoe Company, Le Mars, Iowa.

—L. H. Dennis, a distinguished and popular student of three and forty years ago, is now at the head of an important house in Zanesville, Ohio.

—Robert E. Anderson (C. E. 1908), is attending the Massachusetts Institute of Technology. He expects to enter the fourth year when classes resume.

—Francis C. Walker (LL. B., 1909) has been appointed Deputy County Attorney with residence at Butte, Montana. As the Russians say "This is going some."

—Dominic L. Callicrate (C. E. 1908), captain of the '07 Varsity football team, has been appointed athletic coach and teacher in Columbia University, Portland, Oregon.

—Chester H. Atherton (C. E., 1899) is secretary of the Centaur Wire and Iron Works, Des Moines, Iowa. Mr. Atherton has promised to visit the University soon.

—Edward A. Hake, student 1895-7, is now in the employ of Klingman's Sample-Furniture Company, Grand Rapids, Mich., the largest establishment of its kind in the world.

—John Ahern (Ph. G., 1909) was successful in passing the State examinations for registered pharmacists in South Dakota. He had the honor of making the highest average in a class of thirty-five. John's address is Salem, S. D.

—There be a new firm of lawyers in Indianapolis. It is known as Keach and Sprenger, and its local habitation is 320 Law Bldg. George W. Sprenger and Leroy J. Keach are graduates of 1908. We wish the new firm all success.

—Albert T. Mertes (B. S. Ch., 1909) has been appointed professor of Chemistry at the Colorado School of Mines, Golden, Colo. Mertes displayed marked ability in Chemistry, he was popular on the gridiron, and he goes West fully prepared for success.

—Paul E. Schnurrer is prescription clerk in the principal Pharmacy of Flushing, N. Y. Paul will be remembered by old students in the years between 1871 and 1879, when his father was a prominent figure in the University life. His address is 103 Main St.

—Dr. Maurice Francis Egan, a former professor at Notre Dame, who is now United States Minister to Denmark, had the honor of welcoming Dr. Cook on the part of the United States Government on his return from his successful voyage to the North Pole.

—Daniel C. Dillon (A. B., 1904, LL. B., 1900) is now connected with the claim department of the Pittsburg Railway Co. He says: "We shall all be on hand October 30th to root your football team to victory in the game against the University of Pittsburg."

—The Monterey (Mexico) News of July 31st contains a sketch of Mr. Gustavo L. Trevino, E. E. '08; M. E. E. '09 in which high tribute is paid to his scholarship and the thoroughness of his preparation. It is a pleasure to have Mr. Trevino at the University again this year.

—One of the pleasant events of vacation was the visit of Monsignor Tiberghien,

Protonotary-Apostolic and Canon of St. John Lateran in Rome. The distinguished churchman was accompanied by the Rev. Francis Clement Kelley (LL. D., 1907), President of Church Extension, and Rev. Father Roe, Vice-President of the same society.

—Right Rev. Monsignor John S. Vaughan, who preached the retreat for the University in 1906, has been made Bishop of Sebastopolis and Auxiliary to the Bishop of Salford, England.

—A recent issue of the *National Civic Federation Review* contains a good portrait of William P. Breen (A. B., 1877; A. M., 1880; LL. D., 1902), a member of the Executive Committee of the American Bar Association. Mr. Breen has recently been elected a member of the Uniform Legislation Committee of the National Civic Federation.

—Dr. James J. Walsh, of Fordham, a popular lecturer at Notre Dame, was recently made a Knight of St. Gregory the Great by the Holy Father. Dr. Walsh's eminent services as educator and author have won for him the admiration of the whole country, and the announcement of this exalted recognition from the Sovereign Pontiff will give general satisfaction.

—Old students of the University will be interested in knowing that Brother Marcellinus, C. S. C., a veteran and much-admired professor in the University in "the good old days," has been appointed superior of the new high school recently founded in Fort Wayne and placed in charge of the Brothers of Holy Cross. There are few teachers of his day who are better remembered than Brother Marcellinus.

—The University extends cordial congratulation to Dr. Francis J. Quinlan, Lætare Medalist 1906, who has recently been made Knight Commander of the Order of St. Gregory the Great. The distinction is a noble one and comes as a fitting crown to the long list of honors which have fallen to this noble Christian gentleman. His genial humor and his witty sallies as presiding officer on occasion of the bestowal of the Medal on Dr. Monaghan at the University in 1908 are pleasantly remembered, as also is the learned lecture he delivered before the University next day. All who know Dr. Quinlan admire his charming personality as

fully as they applaud his professional skill.

—Joseph W. Kenny of Indianapolis was the Orator of the Day at the big annual celebration of the anniversary of the Battle of the Yellow Ford held on Saturday last, August 14, at Frere's Grove, by the Irish Nationalists of Chicago. Hon. Hugh O'Neill, a graduate of Notre Dame, was the chairman on the occasion, and Daniel Donahue, Past District Deputy of the Knights of Columbus, was chairman of the committee on arrangements. Twenty-seven clubs of the Irish Nationalists of Chicago participated in the demonstration which was held on Saturday, because the 15th of August fell on Sunday. Mr. Kenny was entertained at the Irish Fellowship Club in the afternoon.—*Catholic-Columbian Record* (August 20, 1909).

It is an interesting circumstance that the three men mentioned in this item are Notre Dame men. Joe Kenny is a former student, Hugh O'Neill is of the class of '92, and Mr. Donahue was graduated in 1880.

Obituary.

The sudden death of Mr. Edward M. Murphy at the age of forty-five was a shock from which his friends at the University have not yet recovered. Mr. Murphy was the leading citizen of Pontiac, Michigan, and the respect and confidence in which he was held can not be exaggerated. Personally amiable, he was a brilliant man of affairs and had gathered about him a wide circle of friends in his home city and abroad. The great loss suffered in his death may be guessed from the enthusiastic eulogies by all sorts and conditions of men when he passed away. It was as if each family in Pontiac had suffered a bereavement. To those bound to the lamented dead by the ties of blood, the sympathy of all goes out in a very special way. It is not for us to enter into the sanctuary of their grief, but only to assure them of fervent and prayerful sympathy in this hour of their utter bereavement. *R. I. P.*

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It is with unusual regret that we announce the death of George H. Bohner (1897-8) who passed away in the Philippines

on Sept. 4th. The body has been shipped home and the funeral will take place on a date not yet fixed, in Chicago. The death of George Bohner will be felt as a personal grief by many professors and a great number of old students at the University. George was an extremely popular young man, and his talents and energy seemed to forecast for him a creditable career. Among his co-laborers in the Philippines he was a marked man, and it was a source of pride to the University to hear from returning travelers of the work that George Bohner was doing in our far-away possessions. Too early the busy brain has rested and the active hands have been folded; but not before George Bohner had done a noble work and achieved some friendships that will not perish; and on the part of the University the SCHOLASTIC tenders to the sorrowing family assurances of sincerest and most profound sympathy.

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Michael L. Hart, a former student of the University, died in Galena, Illinois, August 22d. May he rest in peace!

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Daniel Shordon, according to the *Catholic Columbian-Record*, "veteran soldier and pioneer Fort Wayne business man, died in Fort Wayne, July 31st, aged seventy-two." He had been a student at the University for one year.

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Mr. Thomas J. Dehey has the sincere sympathy of all at the University in his recent bereavement. On August 11th his sister, apparently in perfect health, died suddenly. His mother, always in delicate health, was prostrated by the shock and died August 14th. We bespeak the prayers of the University and the Community for the repose of the deceased.—*R. I. P.*

Local Items.

—This, by the way, is the time to subscribe for the SCHOLASTIC.

—Old Glory floats from the flagpole ever since the opening day.

—Chicago and Pittsburg students have a

measure of interest as to who will really secure the pole.

—Many of the new students took advantage of the regular free day last Thursday to visit South Bend.

—Hereafter the students of Saint Edward's Hall will have their Sunday and weekday services in their own chapel.

—The illumination of the Dome these nights has its own telling effect on the green lawns and shrubs of the quadrangle.

—An addition to the kitchen thus affording much-needed floor space is among the improvements noticed by old students.

—The clans keep coming, the halls keep filling. Everybody is getting started and the present looks rosy for another big year.

—The summer students who spent their vacation at San José Park report an enjoyable time, and volunteer the proverbial fish stories.

—Yesterday the regular enrollment of collegiate students began and will continue with practically no interruption till the middle of the coming week.

—"This is one of the neatest school parks in America," remarked a summer visitor when walking by St. Edward's Park. Favorable local comment seems an anti-climax in view of the above.

—The Faculty has been assigned more convenient quarters for social confab on the main floor. At present the out-of-door life is more inviting, but during the winter months the room will be well patronized.

—The rooms in Walsh Hall will be a *suite* dream, remarked a freshman this morning. Of course we knew this was coming, and now that the boy has got it out of his system we may expect to find him working away at his books.

—The Director of Studies occupies a new office on the second floor, Main Building. More light, larger office space and a good-sized waiting room are among the more apparent advantages one notices in comparison with the office of past years.

—Solemn Pontifical High Mass will be sung in the University chapel to-morrow by the Right Rev. Frederick Linneborn, C. S. C., D. D., Bishop of Dacca. The day is set apart in the University calendar for the religious opening of the school year.

—The Prep. School started on schedule time with a large attendance. Yesterday the college men began to register. By our next issue the regular school year will be well under way.

—The Street-car has performed its annual stunt at this end of the line. This year 'twas a one-act affair, consisting of a wild leap into the dark and a race of some twenty yards to the Post office. Time of performance 10:15 P. M.

—Students take advantage of these "sunny September days" by enjoying long strolls during recreation hours. Soon football practice will be on, then Cartier Field will be the scene of some activities and considerable speculation as to this year's line-up.

—There is considerable talk of organizing a stock company for the purpose of developing dramatic talent. It is intended that the company stage a number of plays during the year. At present the matter is merely discussed. If anything comes of it, our reporter will be on hand.

—Father Murphy will be at home in his new office in a few days. It will be a thing of beauty, the critics say. Wisdom remarks that among up-to-date features will be an electric arrangement showing whether a student misses the return street-car by accident or by malice intent.

—Rochester has been put on the map! We always had Jimmy Redding and Cyril Curran, but this year we have five new men to start with—Kiley, Donoghue, Lyons, Marcille and Tretton. It shows what a splendidly equipped Catholic high school with modern teachers and apostolic clergy can accomplish.

—During the coming week those students who are to be assigned a position on the editorial staff of the SCHOLASTIC will be called together for the purpose of discussing certain plans for the coming year. As the position is a notably honorable one, only such students will be selected as give evidences of ability and willingness to supply "copy" from week to week.

—Walsh Hall is nearing completion and will be ready for occupancy in good time. A large force of plasterers, carpenters and painters are at work putting on what may be called the finishing touches, and with any kind of good luck should be through some time next month. The south side of the building will be ready for students in a short time. The SCHOLASTIC expects to present a descriptive write-up of Walsh Hall in the near future.

Athletic Notes.

Football stock took a decided boom when Coach Longman walked into camp and assumed charge of the football squad last Wednesday. Light practice began last Thursday afternoon, consisting chiefly of punting and throwing, after which a short and snappy game of "keep away" was indulged in by the candidates. Harry Curtis, Manager of Athletics, assisted Coach Longman. Active training will begin Monday, as most of the old men will be able to report by that time.

With the exception of two or three men, all the eligible members of last year's team will be back, and, with the new candidates, should form a combination that will do themselves credit when they meet such teams as Michigan, Marquette, Pittsburg and Wabash. Among the old men who are already back and have reported are: Capt. Edwards, Lynch, Philbrook, Dimmick, Dolan, Mathews, Duffy and Maloney. Freeze and Schmidt, of last year's squad, have also donned their moleskins and bid fair to be among the number to whom monograms will be awarded this year. Brennan, Koffman and O'Mara, all new men, have been attracting attention on account of their speed and punting. Martin, who is a sprinter of the second caliber and a half-back of some reputation will report as soon as he can get his classes arranged. Madden, Trumbull and T. Cleary, famous in inter-hall athletics, will cause some of the old men to watch their positions closely as they are hitting their stride early.

The rooters were given an agreeable surprise when it was learned that Hamilton and Ryan would return to-day. Both are star back-fields, and with Vaughan and Dwyer will complete the Quartet behind the line, which will be the fastest that has represented the Varsity in years. Collins, Kelly and Miller, all of last year's team, will report Monday.

Here is the football schedule:

Oct. 16—Rose Polytechnic at Notre Dame.

Oct. 23—M. A. C. at Notre Dame.

Oct. 30—Univ. of Pitts. at Pittsburg.

Nov. 6—Michigan at Ann Arbor.

Nov. 13—Miami University at Notre Dame.

Nov. 20—Wabash College at Notre Dame.

Nov. 25—Marquette Univ. at Milwaukee.