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## And Then.

THOMAS A. LAHEY, '11.

TO-DAY, a longing for the miser-pleasure,  
That feeds upon the chink of hoarded gold;  
To-morrow, coffers filled with glinting treasure  
Yield all one's wishes, yea, a hundredfold.  
And then,—what then, but all the yearning o'er,  
Man ne'er attains but that he covets more.

To-day a sighing for some little power  
To lord it o'er a petty one or two;  
To-morrow, fate decrees the longed-for hour,  
And some one reigns as he had yearned to do.  
And then—what then, but all the yearning o'er,  
Man ne'er attains but that he covets more.

To-day's fond yearning and to-morrow's finding,  
Bring neither happiness nor perfect joy.  
To strive for heaven, that alone is binding  
On him who wishes peace without alloy.  
And then—ah then, when life at last is o'er,  
We'll have attained our all to fret no more.

William Butler Yeats.

HARRY LEDWIDGE, '09.



HE Celt has always had a curious facility for assimilating his conquerors and making them more Celtic than the people themselves. All through the history of Ireland from its dim heroic period down to the present day we find this tendency at work, until we now behold the descendants of the Tuatha-de-Danaans, the Milesians, the Danes and the English themselves all mingled in inextricable confusion, united only in claiming to be Irish and speaking an English dialect with the racy brogue that betrays a son of Erin as soon as he opens his mouth.

It is a well-known fact that the descendants of the Norman barons, who shared Earl Strongbow's conquest of Ireland, speedily became Irish chieftains, some even going so far as to adopt the native dress and weapons, while those of their humbler followers became so thoroughly amalgamated with the populace that to-day only an outland name remains to their descendants, in whom the foreign physical characteristics have, as a rule, almost wholly died out. They became fundamentally Irish, hating the Sassenach with as much vigor as the native stock. Most of the early state papers that have reached us concur in mentioning, not to say reprobating, in violent terms the pernicious opposition of the Hibernicized settler. He was not only ready to fight and shed his blood in behalf of the Irish—that was a small matter in the feudal days of constant rebellion against the central power—but he was beginning to speak Gaelic in preference to English. This may seem of little importance, but in the very fibres of being and thought it indicates a tremendous revolution. The man of English descent who spoke Gaelic by choice, had become a Gael in all that constitutes nationality, even though no blood but that of a pure Anglo-Norman ancestry flowed in his veins. He had put off the matter-of-fact, practical characteristics of the stolid Teuton, and assumed what? Why, nothing but the tremulous sensitivity to the beautiful and the high-hearted courage that are the birthright of the Celt. But, it may be asked, was not all this ended by the policy of bitter repression that followed the refusal of the English Reformation and the subsequent revolts? With the sacking of the monasteries and the expulsion of the clergy and religious, the disseminators of learning, did all this

cease? In one sense it did. The Irish became a people of two tongues, and literary production began to be in English, in which alone a satisfactory education could be obtained. So stern was the persecution that the only Irishmen of importance in the literary history of the period are principally English in spirit and Protestant in religion. Dean Swift in his satires shows an Irish extravagance, but his biting wit was intended for English ears. Goldsmith showed the same quality in his manner of life, though not in his works.

In his verse, notably the "Deserted Village," he has the Celtic melancholy, but, as a rule, he is the conventional poet of the Augustan Age, whose spirit is as far from the Celtic drama as can well be imagined. To come closer to our own time, the Catholic Thomas Moore wrote for an English audience and received his reward in good, yellow, English sovereigns from English publishers. He may have tuned the harp of Erin after its long silence, but most of the tunes he played on it were of the sentimental cast that exhibits downright English, middle-class characteristics. By his "Lalla Rookh" he actually started a fashion in millinery. "Ladies," says Miss Agnes Repplier in the *Atlantic*, "took to wearing Eastern turbans merely from reading the poem"; but to-day he is nearly forgotten. So through all this long period from Spencer to the present day, though English was commonly spoken, no work of first literary magnitude was produced that showed the imaginative tradition that is the essence of the Celtic spirit. "Gradually, then," says Mr. William Butler Yeats, "the people began to forget and even to be ashamed of the old Gaelic, and ceased, for the most part, to compose songs in it, or to speak the language that had outlived so many vicissitudes." And coinciding with this a new note begins to be heard in English poetry. The Celts are thinking and dreaming in English, and Mr. Yeats, as their half-unconscious representative, steps forth to voice their hopes and fears, their joy, and their melancholy mysticism. What centuries of outrage could not accomplish, the Celt has done of his own free will by adopting definitely the language of Shakespeare and Tennyson as his own. And by doing this he has burst the narrow

bounds of provinciality, and gained for an audience the whole English-speaking world.

If Mr. Yeats had chosen to write in Gaelic he would have appealed to a comparatively small circle, while our literature would have been so much the poorer. But fortunately it was not to be, and so Mr. Yeats offered the English-speaking public slender volumes variously entitled "The Wanderings of Oisín and Other Poems," "The Countess Kathleen and Various Legends and Lyrics," "The Land of Heart's Desire," "The Wind among the Reeds," "In the Seven Woods," etc. He has, to a certain extent, simplified the task of criticism by gathering in two volumes his plays and all he "cares to preserve out of his previous volumes of verse." In one of them, "The Countess Kathleen," we find the following significant preface: "The greater number of the poems in this book, as also in 'The Wanderings of Oisín,' are founded on Irish tradition. The chief poem, 'The Countess Kathleen,' is an attempt to mingle personal thought and feeling with the beliefs and customs of Christian Ireland, whereas the longest poem in my earliest book sought to set forth the impress left on my imagination by the pre-Christian cycle of legends. The Christian cycle, being mainly concerned with contending moods and moral motives, needed, I thought, a dramatic vehicle. The tumultuous and heroic pagan cycle, on the other hand, expressed itself naturally—so I imagined—in epic or epic lyric measure. No epic method seemed sufficiently minute and subtle for the one, and no dramatic method elastic and all-containing enough for the other." The difference expressed above is clear. Still, no matter how Mr. Yeats writes, his talent is fundamentally lyrical. In "The Wanderings of Oisín," a kind of Celtic Odysseus, we have three long lyrical ballads on the order of Coleridge's "Christabel." As dramas his plays are not particularly remarkable, but they have that singular poetic charm that so often manifests itself in the literary work of the Irish. They are, one might say, almost a dialogue in folksong. Nearly every speech is a little lyric, complete in itself. From "The Land of Heart's Desire," for instance, take these lines, spoken by Maire Bruin after she had thrown the primroses outside the door to propitiate the Good People:

I had no sooner flung them by the door  
 Than the wind cried and hurried them away;  
 And then a child came running in the wind-  
 And caught them in her hands and fondled them:  
 Her dress was green; her hair was of red gold;  
 Her face was pale as water before dawn.

This is a beautiful bit filled with that heavy longing, that dim sense of enchantment, which runs all through the work of the Celtic poet. The tints are always solid, as if out from the gray mists of the past should suddenly appear some old chief or hero, clad in a riot of barbaric color, so in these plays does the color-play of imagination often sparkle at the very height of tragic gloom.

But before we turn to the plays, let us glance at Mr. Yeats' first long work, the epic, "The Wanderings of Oisín." Oisín is the Irish hero who is fabled to have gone with a fairy bride to the Celtic Avalon, Tirnanog, and to have returned after the lapse of two hundred years; but when his foot accidentally touched the mortal shore the weight of his years fell upon him, and he became an old man living on the charity of St. Patrick who had in the meanwhile converted Ireland. St. Patrick says:

You who are bent and bald and blind,  
 With a feeble step and wandering mind,  
 Have known three centuries poets sing,  
 Or dalliance with a demon thing.

OISÍN. Sad to remember, sick with years,  
 The swift innumerable spears,  
 The horsemen with their floating hair,  
 The bowls of barley, honey and wine,  
 The feet of maidens dancing in tune,  
 And the white body that lay by mine;  
 But the tale, though words be lighter than air,  
 Must live to be old like the wandering moon.  
 When we followed the deer with our baying hounds,  
 With Bran, Sgeolan and Lomair  
 And passing the Firbolg's burial mounds  
 Came to the cairn-heaped grassy hill  
 Where passionate Maeve is stony still  
 And found on the dove-grey edge of the sea  
 A pearl-pale, high-born lady who rode  
 On a horse with a bridle of findrinny  
 And like a sunset were her lips  
 A stormy sunset o'er doomed ships  
 A citron color gloomed in her hair  
 But down to her feet white vesture flowed  
 And with the glimmering crimson glowed  
 Of many a figured embroidery.  
 And it was bound with a pearl-pale shell,  
 That wavered like the summer streams  
 As her soft bosom rose and fell.

ST. PATRICK. You are still wrecked among heathen dreams.

There is a murmuring melody about the

verse as of a clear stream slipping between rush-fringed banks over the golden gravel. Everything here glimmers with subdued color that reaches a superb climax in a "stormy sunset o'er doomed ships." How beautiful in music and color-scheme are also the last three lines in Oisín's speech. If ever the strains of dreamland pipe fell faintly but unmistakably on a mortal ear it is in these delicate lines that intoxicate us with a memory of an old desire. The poem then goes on to tell of the temptation of Oisín by the fairy Niamh with whom he finally rides away

To shores by the wash of the tremulous tide  
 Where men have heaped no burial mounds  
 And the days pass by like a wayward tune

In this isle of the Hesperides live a never-dying folk who "mock at time and fate and chance." Niamh bids them

Bring us to the hall

Where Aengus dreams from sun to sun  
 A Druid dream of the end of days

When the stars are to wane and the world to be done.

On the way a maiden gives Oisín a harp and bids him sing. He chants a tale of human joy which seems to them so melancholy that they weep; and one says:

A sadder creature never stepped  
 Than this strange human bard, he cried;  
 And caught the silver harp away,  
 And weeping o'er the white strings, hurled  
 It down in a leaf-hid, hollow place  
 That keep dim waters from the sky.

They come to Aengus, who consoles them in a speech of great beauty thus:

Joy drowns the twilight in the dew;  
 And fills with stars night's purple cup  
 And wakes the sluggard seeds of corn,  
 And stirs the young kid's budding horn,  
 And makes the infant ferns unwrap,  
 And for the peewit paints his cap,  
 And rolls along the unwieldy sun  
 And makes the little planets run:  
 And if joy were not on the earth,  
 There were an end of change and birth,  
 And earth and heaven and hell would die,  
 And in some gloomy barrow lie,  
 Folded like a frozen fly;  
 Then mock at Death and Time with glances  
 And wavering arms and wandering dances.

And these beautiful lines from the following paragraph:

Men's hearts of old were drops of flame  
 That from the saffron morning came,  
 Or drops of silver joy that fell  
 Out of the moon's pale twisted shell.

In this paradise Oisín lives with Niamh—

Folded in love that fears no morrow  
Nor the grey wandring osprey Sorrow—  
for a hundred years until the sight of "some  
dead warrior's broken lance" on the shore  
recalls his desire for a life of heroic deeds.

Thereon young Niamh softly came  
And caught my hands, but spake no word  
Save only many times my name,  
In murmurs, like a frightened bird.

She knows well that all is over, so they go  
and find the horse on which they came and  
ride away to the Isle of Victories thus:

And wrapt in dreams rode out again  
With hoofs of the pale findrinny  
Over the glimmering purple sea;  
Under the golden evening light  
The immortals moved among the fountains  
By rivers and the woods of night;  
Some danced like shadows on the mountains,  
Some wandered ever hand in hand,  
Or sat in dreams on the pale strand;  
Each forehead like an obscure star  
Bent down above each hooked knee  
And sang, and with a dreamy gaze  
Watched where the sun in a saffron blaze  
Was slumbering half in the sea ways.

Considered only as word embroidery, how  
clearly Celtic this is. Dreamy though the  
story be, it is painted with an impressionistic  
warmth of color, yet nothing is vague or  
obscure. Every figure is clearly outlined  
with a touch that betrays not only the  
lover of rich words, but one who is their  
master, not their servant.

In the Isle of Victories for a hundred years  
Oisín fights and overcomes a deathless  
demon, who revives every three days; but  
even the joy and delight of constant warfare  
begins to pall, and he goes to the Isle of  
Forgetfulness for another century. Even  
there he laments, "Remembrance lifting her  
leanness, keened in the gates of my heart."  
Niamh can follow him no longer, so he leaves  
her and returns to Ireland to find everything  
changed in his absence for the worse. His  
saddle girth breaks as he is performing an  
act of charity, and he falls and touches the  
ground, for which the full burden of his years  
comes on him as Niamh had foretold; still  
his spirit is full of defiance. He does not  
take kindly to Christian teachings, and tells  
St. Patrick plainly that if he was as in  
his youth he would not leave a saint or  
a church in all Ireland. This is because  
St. Patrick tells him

On the flaming stones, without refuge, the limbs of  
the Fenians were tost;  
None war on the masters of Hell, who could break  
up the world in their rage;  
But kneel and wear out the flags and pray for your  
soul that is lost  
Through the demon love of its youth and its godless  
and passionate age.

OISIN. Ah, me! to be shaken with coughing and broken  
with old age and pain,  
Without laughter, a show unto children, alone with  
remembrance and fear,  
All emptied of purple hours as a beggar's cloak in  
the rain,  
As a grass seed crushed by a pebble, as a wolf sucked  
under a weir.  
It were too sad to gaze on the blessed, and no man  
I loved of old there,  
I throw down the chain of small stones! When life  
in my body is ceased,  
I will go to Caolte and Coran, to Bran, Sgeolan  
Lomair,  
And dwell in the house of the Fenians, be they in  
flames or at feast.

Some of the commentators on Irish  
mythology made the story of Oisín merely  
a sun myth, but Mr. Yeats, with the  
instinct of a true poet, remakes the ancient  
hero into an incarnation of old age, longing  
for its banished youth. Some of the lines in  
the latter part of the epic are of a peculiar,  
haunting beauty, particularly

Remembrance lifting her leanness, keened in the gates  
of my heart.

Coming out of the sea as the dawn comes, a chaunt  
of love on my lips.

Softer than snowflakes in April, piercing the marrow  
like flame.

I cannot help thinking that unless Oisín  
had been "broken with old age and pain"  
in one line he would never have been  
"emptied of purple hours as the beggar's  
cloak in the rain." This last is a good  
example of a simile that does not illustrate.  
It is a mere stop-gap; nonsense written  
at the dictation of rime, which perhaps  
present necessity may excuse, but which  
surely ought to have been removed at a  
subsequent revision. Mr. Yeats seems to  
have been a student of the late Mr.  
Swinburne's technique. At any rate, one  
may catch an echo of the latter's magical  
cadence in the liquid lapse of the former's  
wistful lines. But though the world, as we  
see it in the younger poet is gray, he has none  
of the forced blasphemy of the "Hymn to  
Proserpine," where Swinburne cries: "Thou  
hast conquered, O pale Galilean, the world  
has grown gray with Thy breath." Its gray  
is the gray of dreamland and is lightened  
by the sudden flashes of the imagination.  
Mr. Yeats is to be praised for the purity  
and restraint of his erotic passages. What  
Mr. Swinburne would have made of them,  
no reader of "Poems and Ballads," or the  
three plays on the greatly maligned Mary,  
Queen of Scots, needs to be told.

Varsity Verse.

SCHOOLDAYS.

FROM the din of the turbulent city,  
 From the grind of municipal rule,  
 From a world full of want and of pity  
 We return once again to the school.  
 Here we drink from the fountains of knowledge  
 Full measures of love and of truth;  
 Here the shadowless moments of college  
 Make years a perpetual youth.  
 In the quiet of shady green places  
 Where thoughts are precursors of themes,  
 What visions of fortune one traces  
 Within his own kingdom of dreams!  
 Where the sunbeam sits quietly brooding  
 O'er a flower's imperial folds,  
 There, too, are we ever intruding  
 In search of the treasure it holds.  
 Thus learning our lessons from beauty,  
 From Nature's old text-books so fair,  
 We are happy and joyful in duty  
 In which every mortal must share.

P. H.

A SOLACE.

Who with nature does not sorrow  
 When the flowers droop and fade  
 And the withered leaves are falling  
 O'er each silent forest glade?  
 Who can laugh when on the morrow  
 Skies of gray o'er earth will frown  
 And the golden tints of summer  
 Will have turned to dusky brown?  
 Is there aught in sombre autumn  
 To assuage a troubled soul?  
 Can it recompense for pleasures  
 That were ever summer's dole?  
 Surely yes; and more than doubly  
 From its garnered harvest store,  
 Will it load us down with blessings  
 Till we scarce could wish for more.

T. C. M.

THE MATTER OF BUYING.

There was a Chinee called Yam Yam  
 Went down to his butcher for ham.  
 The price was so high  
 The Chinee couldn't buy  
 So he started right off to Dam Dam\*

\*\*

A kid hereabouts here with a nickel  
 Skived to town to get a Dill pickle.  
 But alas and alack,  
 When the poor kid got back—  
 His nickel got him all kinds of pickle.

\*\*

A lady once ordered some dough  
 From a baker who lived down below.  
 Well, the thing was so fixed  
 That the order got mixed,  
 And the lady said no to the dough. T. D.

The Ride.

JAMES P. KEHOE, '11.

It had been an insufferably hot day, just such a day as makes one feel that even to live is a burden; when fishing and bathing are out of the question and nothing will do but to lounge in a hammock under the maples bordering the lake. The humid atmosphere did not improve with the setting of the sun. What wonder was it, therefore, that John Nelson hesitated before deciding to go to the theatre. It was sure to be crowded; it always was when Miss Burlington appeared, and to-night the heat would be unbearable. But go he would for had he not promised Miss Ethel not to fail her, and he must live up to his word. He looked at his watch—"twenty minutes to eight and I promised her to call promptly at eight, so here goes." Wherewith he hastily adjusted his clothes and shortly after left the house.

"Oh Jack! I'm so glad that you have come; I was just telling mother that I would rather go for a ride in the car than to the theatre to-night, but she just won't listen because she thinks it's too dangerous to be riding around after dark. Won't you assure her that there is no danger whatever. It will be so warm at the theatre that I don't want to go."

"Great minds run in the same channel," he responded pleasantly. "I was just thinking the same myself. Surely your mother will not be so cruel to her little birdie as to make her go to the theatre to-night, even though Miss Burlington is to star in her new rôle."

"John Nelson," interposed the offended matron severely, "I believe you have put her up to this." But being provoked to a smile by his laudable display of innocence she continued: "However, seeing that she is so determined I will relent for this once, but I rely upon you, sir, to bring her safely back before midnight."

"I knew the stern queen could not withstand the humble supplication of a loyal subject," he replied. Then assuming a more natural tone and addressing Ethel, he con-

\*Not that it matters, but Dam Dam was second cousin to Yam Yam.

tinued: "If you are ready I will tell Joe to bring the car around."

When the occupants were comfortably seated, Jack at the wheel and Ethel by his side, the great car began to move.

"This beats going to the theatre," commented Jack by way of opening the conversation. "Seeing the same people wearing the same clothes and speaking the same words every evening makes me tired." Not receiving a reply he turned inquiringly to his companion in time to see a troubled expression on her usually smiling countenance.

"What ails the little princess now?" he inquired with some alarm. "Why is she so sad after being freed from the bondage of a hard-hearted queen? Is this the way she rewards her humble deliverer?"

"Perhaps she has left her heart behind," she replied with mock solemnity, "or possibly she finds herself in the power of a worse tyrant than the one from whom she has escaped; but in this case she has a foreboding of a strange catastrophe."

"Of what nature?" he inquired in his most provoking tone. "Will the car run away and kill both of us? My! Wouldn't the papers have a great account of it. 'The crown princess escapes from the castle only to be dashed to pieces, together with her deliverer, in the wild ride for liberty.' Wouldn't that make a fine headline for a paper!"

"O Jack, don't be so foolish; you make me nervous."

"But it may be true."

"Why are you going so fast, then?" she inquired, noticing the unusual speed of the car.

"Pardon me, I was trying to keep ahead of the machine in the rear. Lordy! Isn't he hitting an awful pace. He—" But the remark was cut short by the sharp report of a revolver as a bullet cut through the crown of his hat.

"Oh Jack, what's that?" cried Ethel, clinging to his arm in terror. "I knew something would happen. Oh, why did I come!" as she spoke another report rang out in the night.

"Who can it be? And why does he want to shoot us?" wailed Ethel. Jack did not reply, but the increasing speed showed that he was making desperate efforts to escape

from the danger. As the distance between them increased the occupant of the rear machine sent up a wild piercing shriek. Could Jack ever forget it? It was the despairing cry of a maniac.

"He is mad," he cried in horror. "We must escape. We must run straight ahead as we could never turn a corner at this speed. It was true, by this time the cars were going at a terrific rate. Jack clung to the wheel for dear life, knowing that their only hope was in keeping up the speed and guiding it safely. To slow down for a instant was to invite a bullet from the weapons of the pursuer. On, on they went in their mad race, passing cars and carriages, frightening horses and dodging obstructions, the pursuer making the night hideous with his unearthly shrieks. They had long since left the city behind and were now ploughing through the open country, leaping ditches, and racing uphill and downhill, their pathway lighted by the rays of a full moon smiling down upon their sad plight. As they made the second turn in safety Jack grew hopeful and tried to quiet the fears of his fair companion.

"Don't be afraid, dear, he'll soon get discouraged or be headed off by the authorities."

"I can't help it," she sobbed, but seeing the expression of hope on his face, she continued: "I'm—I'm—not afraid, Jack, I know I'm safe while you're here."

At that moment Jack's eyes rested on a distant clump of bushes. His heart sank as, with set teeth, he took a firmer hold on the wheel and awaited the outcome. He knew what those bushes meant. Just beyond it was the sharpest turn overhanging the river. Could he make it? Already the pursuer was nearly upon them. To slow up for a moment meant death. Could he keep the car on the road? He must—for her sake he must. As they neared it he recalled her previous words. He saw her mangled body borne to her heart-broken mother. "It shall never be!" he hissed. "It would be better to be drowned than hacked to pieces by that fiend."

They rounded the curve. Poor Jack tried desperately to make it. He threw all his weight upon the wheel, thinking only of the companion at his side, but in vain. As the terrific speed hurled them over



the embankment, he heard Ethel exclaim piteously:

"Oh, Jack, what have you done."

Jack was the first to rise to the surface. He looked around eagerly for some sign of Ethel, her parting words still ringing in his ears.

"Oh, Heavens!" the thought of it sickened him. Could it be possible that her clothes had caught in the machine, that at that very moment she was gasping for breath? Neither the machine nor Ethel was to be found. As he was about to ascend for another breath of air his hand came in contact with something. It was Ethel's skirt. Her feet had become entangled in the weeds, and it took but an instant to release her. As they neared the surface a dark cloud seemed to pass above them. Then came a blow, a sinking sensation and darkness.

When he revived he found himself in a darkened room, a very beautiful room. On a table near his bed was a vase of large white roses, his favorite flower. He tried to reach one, but his arm dropped weakly to the cover. He heard some one move and approach the bed. It was Ethel. He tried to speak, to ask her what it was all about, but his lips refused to form the words. She read the question in his face, and gently brushing back the hair from his burning brow bade him go to sleep, promising to tell him all when he was stronger.

When he opened his eyes again she was still by his bed. The bright morning sun was streaming in through the window, giving the room a very homelike appearance.

The vase of roses had been changed for a larger one and their perfume seemed to infuse new life into his sluggish veins. He was able to speak now, to ask her all. He glanced up to her face, and noticed for the first time that she was asleep. How tired she looked. How long had she been waiting on him? How beautiful she appeared in that simple nurse's uniform. He would be willing to lie there forever if she would wait on him. But why was he there? What had happened?

Suddenly he remembered all—the ride, the attack, her last words, and he wondered if she had forgiven him. What a fool he had been to take that road. As he thought thus he became aware of a dull pain in his head, and put up his hand to ease it. In doing so he

displaced the bandage and the pain caused him to groan. Ethel awoke with a start and hurried to his side.

"Oh, you naughty boy, you have lost the bandage," she said severely.

"What is the matter? What has happened?" he inquired eagerly.

"Oh, Jack, you have been so sick," and then she told him all; how in trying to save her he had been struck by a boat which had come out to their rescue, and then the fever had set in, leaving him but a skeleton of his former self.

"And has the little princess forgiven the knight for endangering her life?" His voice was calm but his eyes spoke volumes.

"Oh, Jack, you are the bravest man on earth, and the princess loves you," she cried kissing him gently on the forehead.

"But the maniac?"

"His body was found floating down the river. He had stolen Wright's automobile, the best car in the city. The papers were just full of it. Jack, you are the hero of the town.

### Memory-Songs.

FREDERICK W. CARROLL, '12.

WHEN breaks the rose-red light of morn  
O'er the misty lea,  
Sweet echoes of forgotten lays  
Come singing back to me.

They sing the peace of dream-life hours,  
A joy beyond the years;  
And wake anew old lyric tunes  
That tell of smiles and tears.

Their music brings me once again  
Beneath the woodland shade,  
Where life was aimless as the breeze  
That murmurs through the glade.

My thoughts then wander vaxrant free,  
Where flows the stream along,  
As in the quiet summer days  
It sang to me its song.

And even as these melodies  
From memory now depart:  
They leave a touch of longing still,  
Which lingers in my heart.

### The Influence of the Norman Conquest.

JOSEPH A. QUINLAN, '11.

The far-reaching effects of war and conquest are seldom appreciated until the clamor of arms has died away. When William of Normandy led his formidable troops against the host of Harold at Senlac, the crown of England was the bone of contention; but the outcome of that memorable battle materially affected the character of our language. Both claimants appealed to the deceased king's will to vindicate their demands; both, gifted with no ordinary qualifications of mind and body, seemed worthy to govern, though historians may never unite in asserting the superior rights of the one over the other.

On the fourteenth day of October, 1066, the two armies met in deadly combat. The fortunes of war, at first favorable to the valiant followers of Harold, were so turned by the strategic management of William that the issue no longer seemed doubtful. The Norman knights and archers, experienced and trained, blessed with a commander skilled in the art of warfare, were spurred on by his heroic deeds of bravery, and snatched a decisive victory out of what they had once thought sure defeat. Harold, who had constantly exhorted his men by word and example, died on the field of battle—the unfortunate victim of an arrow which penetrated to his brain—and the spirit and courage of the English forces perished with him. Slaughter and bloodshed put an end to the Saxon line of monarchs and established the Norman dynasty on the throne of England.

William's conquest of England had only begun, for many were still to question his authority; but his victory at Senlac had been so complete that his unexpected arrival in London terrified the people into offering him the crown so lately worn by Harold. With little hesitation he accepted the honor, though a peaceful rule could hardly be prophesied. Even while the ceremonies of his coronation were performing, revolt and confusion reigned in the city.

It appears, however, that the Conqueror intended to govern with a gentle, yet firm,

hand. Realizing that his success rested in a united kingdom, he scattered benefits on all sides, gladly received the allegiance of new subjects, made few, if any, changes in existing laws, and, in certain instances, increased the privileges of the citizens. He was determined to win his subjects by mildness, not by force of arms.

It has been said that only once did William make others suffer for personal pleasure. If he rewarded his Norman followers with the confiscated lands of those who had opposed him at Senlac, the action seemed to be justified by the rights of conquest. If he built castles in the important cities of England and garrisoned them with Norman soldiers, he worked with a view to self-protection and the preservation of the government.

But such a plan of procedure was not entirely pleasing to the natives; and to add fuel to the flame, William, when he was about to depart for Normandy to visit his continental dominions, appointed governors who, imprudently and beyond the limit of law, oppressed the people in his absence. Norman rule was criticised and hated; discontent and unrest became widespread; rebellion was justly expected.

Hearing of conditions in England, William returned with a "secret determination to crush by severity a people whom he could not win by mildness." Rigorous laws were enacted and enforced. All candles and fires had to be extinguished at eight o'clock and could not be re-lighted before four in the morning. Englishmen were forbidden to hold public offices. Efforts were made to blot out even the language of the Anglo-Saxons. Taxes, fines, banishment and capital punishment were penalties to be paid by transgressors; and it was only after four years of strife and bloodshed that the whole of England recognized William as their lawful king.

But in what way did all this affect our language? Prior to the coming of William, the literary productions of England were those of a strongly individualized race. Though differences existed in pronunciation, in grammatical inflection, and even in the vocabulary, still there was but one language which owed very little to foreign sources. From the time of the Conquest the language took on a new color. French influences were



brought to bear upon its development, with the result that it absorbed important elements from the tongue of the conquerors who "represented the best blood and the highest culture of Europe."

As long as the language of a vanquished nation is allowed to exist, the spirit of patriotism will burn in the breasts of those who speak it. Accordingly, when it became clear that the Anglo-Saxons could not be won by gentleness, William decided to crush the soul of the people—their language. French became the language of the court, of refined society, and of literature, while English, spoken only by the common people, was no longer taught in the schools.

The Church had always been a powerful institution working for the advancement of education as well as morals, and no great foresight was needed on the part of the king to realize that if he were to fight his cause without her aid, his chances of victory would be small. At once English bishops and English abbots were replaced by men of his own blood and tongue, who were not only learned but virtuous. Nor was such a move detrimental to religious observances. Rules were obeyed with greater readiness; celibacy became a duty; churches and schools were built; and once more monasteries were the seats of learning and study. But no encouragement was given to students of English. French poems, romances, and chronicles were abundant, while "from the Conquest to 1200 the industry of the most lynx-eyed antiquary has discovered—with the exception of the continuation of the Saxon Chronicle—no literary record in English beyond a few short fragments."

But the language of the masses, cherished and spoken in the family circle, was bound to triumph. Intermarriage had already begun. Husband and wife conversed with each other, each using words, phrases and idioms of the other's language. Children, while taught to love their mother tongue, enjoyed the benefits of French as well as of English. The first great advance, however, toward the blending of tongues came in the thirteenth century, when English writers and translators began to incorporate into their productions a vast number of French words that were easily intelligible. The French literature was translated into Eng-

lish, with the result that for every reader of the original there were ten who read the translations. The style and delicate touches of the French were imitated, and English compositions were "colored with French thought and studded with French words."

Hitherto, songs in praise of love and in exaltation of knighthood had been unheard of among the Anglo-Saxons. One of the most fruitful sources of all literature had remained undiscovered, until the romantic French imagination began to unfold to the natives of England the rich treasures that lay hidden in themes of love and chivalry. The English gleeman sat in wonder as he listened to the Norman minstrel sing of heroes and heroism. He marvelled at the power of the French mind when stories of love and adventure, dressed with poetic feeling, fell upon his ear. And all had its effect upon our literature. The deeds of English patriots began to be related in verse. The traditions of the English soil were sung by professional gleemen. Romances were written which reflect clearly the influences of the conquerors.

The French have ever been noted for refinement of manners, for taste and a delicacy of touch in literary productions. To say that the Anglo-Saxons were governed by such a race accounts, largely, for the advancement made by the subjects of William.

But the use of English in the higher circles was still discouraged, and it was only in 1338 that a fatal blow was directed at the French tongue. In the French-English War English speaking archers, the mainstay of the Yeomanry, won the greatest share of the glory. And just as the Normans had tried to blot out the language of those they had defeated at Senlac, so the English were determined to annihilate the language of their enemies—the French. In 1350 English was again taught in public schools, and in 1362, by a royal decree of Edward, it became the language of the court and of literature.

Perhaps one of the greatest blessings that has ever befallen the English race was William's victory over Harold at Senlac. A stronger and more durable government was established. The discipline in monasteries became stricter, and education was given a new birth. English literature received incalculable benefits from those who attempted to destroy the mother tongue of the Anglo-Saxons, and even at the present day we can trace much of what is best in our language to the influence of the Norman-French spoken by the followers of William.

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—"Fools rush in where angels fear to tread" is the cap that literally fits the person who disregards decorum in church.

The church or temple **Decorum in Church.** has in every age been the most sacred edifice of every community. This has always been so, because in the temple man, by fixing and strengthening through intercourse his relation with God, is temporarily transported to a higher life, and thus satisfies his religious passion, which is one of the noblest and the deepest of the human soul.

But of all the temples erected by the hand of man none is more worthy of respect than a temple of the Catholic Church, where the Almighty God dwells in person. No other religion has ever taught so profound a doctrine, and consequently the temple of no other religion can reasonably expect from the world the same decorum that Catholics give and ask for their temples; and it is a significant fact that broad-minded men—non-Catholics, infidels and agnostics included—have at all times given the Catholic Church this consideration. Matthew Arnold, Oliver Wendell Holmes, Thackeray, Carlyle and Gladstone, have all said the Catholic Church fascinated them. And it is just as significant a fact that those who have not given this regard to Catholic churches have either been unreasonable, carping bigots or buffoons out of place.

—The present visit of the Honorary Commercial Commissioners of Japan to the United States is full of significance, and should be a valuable precedent.

**The Japanese Commission.** The party is representative, including merchants, manufacturers, bankers, publishers, engineers and college professors. The purpose of the visit, according to the commissioners, is to become personally acquainted with American methods of manufacture and business and to profit by the advantage which always results from personal contact and discussion. Japan is the latest entry in the field of manufactures, and she is rapidly becoming a rival to be reckoned with in our Eastern trade. Labor is cheap in Japan, and while skilled labor is still scarce, our celestial neighbors have shown themselves apt pupils in many lines. Their close proximity to China and India gives them a great advantage over us, but still they have found that with these two handicaps of labor and distance we have been able to stand our ground in the Eastern trade. The obvious inference is, that some material excellence in our manufactured articles guarantees their sale, and in order fully to carry out their policy of supplanting us in that trade, they have resolved to suit their own products, as far as possible, to the growing demand for excellence of the American standard. American manufacturers should learn a valuable lesson from this, or at least from an adaptation of this plan. Our market of the future lies in the Orient and in South America. Our articles now sell on their merits, but a personal investigation of the wants of our consumers abroad would result in an increased merit or power to supply the wants abroad, thus insuring a foreign market.

—College spirit, what is it? What are its manifestations? Class organizations cleverly constructed, sonorous rah-rahs and the lung-power and volume of voice displayed at athletic contests? **College Spirit.** Spirit, all these characteristics of the college youth may be called. But college spirit means more. It is a more dignified, but, unfortunately, a rarer sentiment. Fidelity to an institution, acquaint-

ance with her traditions, sympathy with her purposes, obedience to her regulations—these also are expressions of the loyalty of the true-spirited student. He neither heralds the deficiencies of his *Alma Mater* nor rails at her instructors and disciplinarians. On the other hand, he is quick to sound her praises, and is always ready to devote his talents and industry to her advancement. This spirit is not demonstrative, but it is none the less effective. One should not discredit the other; but it must be remembered that the rah-rahs at the ball-ground are not the only, nor, indeed, the highest expression of loyalty to one's college home.

—President Cavanaugh, in his opening sermon two weeks ago, gave utterance to some thoughts on the practical side of college life which every student would do well to heed.

**The Matter of Self-Development.** No class of mortals is so prone to overdo things in whatsoever they undertake as college boys, and unfortunately, the system of study and exercise in American universities seems to be deplorably convenient for the furtherance of the abnormal condition. A few "monstrous gladiators" monopolize the athletic teams, while the rest are content to look on and applaud or criticise, not considering the demands of their own physical welfare. No less does this hold good in the realm of study; for the "grind" defeats the aim of education by developing his intellectual side to the detriment of the physical, just as much as the athlete does in his department. This is an abnormal condition. The campus is for all; recreation hours are set aside that everyone may enjoy them. And they are there for a purpose, too. For, to quote President Cavanaugh's words, "the perfect education is that which most fully develops all the capabilities of action that are latent in man." It is all right to be a specialist nowadays. But in the important matter of manhood, each one must be a specialist in all branches of manhood for a few hours every day. Horace tells us to "cultivate the golden mean." Of course it is not always so easy to find this golden mean, since most men have hobbies which they like to ride. Indeed this same wise Horace did not

himself put in practice his own preaching, and as a result, got fat and died young. But his preaching is sound none the less. There should be a sense of proportion in self-development. Thus without being a "grind" or a gladiator, one will be better prepared to face life's more serious responsibilities.

—The SCHOLASTIC does not wish to give the faintest impression of meddling. But would it not be well for the class of 1910 to take time by the forelock and set **A Suggestion.** to work on the big task of the year? Might it not be well at this early date to begin the editing of the Dome and not wait till the second semester is well under way? Graduate theses, debating, class oratory and medal essays are due around that time and will lay claim to a big share of the working hours. As a result the bulk of the year-book work will fall on one or two persons who are directly responsible for its appearance in proper time. When a big task is crowded into a brief space of time, it must necessarily bear the earmarks of haste. During these autumn days, and later, during the long winter evenings, the senior men may put in profitable hours on their class publication, and thus save themselves many a big worry when the first robin comes. There is a considerable reading portion of the Dome that can be worked into shape just now. Class histories, athletic reports, club pictures, alumni reports, verse, biographies, all these and other features of the publication may be put in shape almost any day. Thus the bulk of the book can be got ready by February. The portion that must be left over for the final weeks is so small, it will only serve as a tonic for the spring fever.

Of course the suggestion may be entirely unnecessary. Quite probably the senior men are about to follow just such a course. Possibly, what would be even better, they are following out this plan even now. In which event it only remains to commend the class of 1910 for not putting off till to-morrow what can be done to-day,—or any such saw as will fit the case. The enterprising class of the present year will see to it, therefore, that they are not crowded for time at the home stretch.

## Personals.

—Joseph Wuerth, student of Engineering 1907-'8, is working for the Chicago, Milwaukee and St. Paul R.R. in Montana.

—Howard Baker, student of Electrical Engineering 1895-7, is working at Kalamazoo, Mich., with a skirt manufacturing firm.

—John J. Kelley, student 1895-6, is practising Law in Tamaqua, Schuylkill County, Pa. John has lost none of his old loyalty to Notre Dame.

—Walter L. Joyce (LL. B.) has opened an office in the Lumber Exchange Building, Minneapolis, as attorney for the Foster, Latimer Lumber Co.

—Rex Edward Lamb (LL. B., 1908) is visiting friends and professors at the University this week, preparatory to going to Oklahoma to begin the practice of Law.

—Robert Ohmer, for the past three years a student in Corby Hall, says that life without the SCHOLASTIC would mean nothing. His present address is the Rotterman Building, Dayton, Ohio.

—Dr. W. A. Dietrich, specialist in eye, ear, nose and throat, is now practising in Chattanooga, Tenn. Dr. Dietrich was located in South Bend in 1887-8, and during those years was a favorite with faculty and students.

—Spire Berry, junior in the law department last year, has accepted a position with a firm of lawyers for the present. His many friends will be glad to know that he intends returning to complete the course and get his LL. B. next year.

—*The American Lumberman*, September 4th, has devoted its cover page and nearly two thousand words of eulogy to proving that Douglas John Landers of Springfield, Missouri, is the most virile example of the versatile business man of the Middle West. Mr. Landers was at Notre Dame from 1895 to 1898. At the close of his college career he began work as a common laborer in a lumber yard. At present he is president of the D. J. Landers Lumber Co., and a stockholder in nearly a dozen companies throughout the state. Mr. Landers and Miss Marie Hefferman of Springfield were married July 17th, 1906.

—John Lane O'Connor, a former Professor of Elocution at the University, as well as writer of the Philopatrian Society's plays, is now with the George Klimt Players, Chicago. The Shakespearean critic of the *Record-Herald* writes of his work:

"Mr. O'Connor's Romeo is an impersonation that he could develop into a fine study of an impetuous, poetic youth, had he time. The elements of an excellent Romeo are apparent in the present stage of his work on the part. He has spontaneity and grace and a quality most important in a right conception of Romeo, which is graciousness. He looks well, he has a good voice, and he can indicate ardour without bouncing about.

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 Safety Valve.
 

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The same old crowd took in home-coming that takes in most anything.

\* \* \*

The newly born Stock Company has an advisory board of ten or so. Hope the child doesn't die young from big doses of advice.

\* \* \*

Father Farley's braves are doing things over there when it comes to football. Doubtless the young men will be equally successful when they line up against the Faculty at the coming Exams.

\* \* \*

Jimmie Cooke denies emphatically that he discovered the North Pole. Address all inquiries in the matter to Jesse Roth.

\* \* \*

## WHAT THE CRITICS SAY.

Is there a game? I didn't know.—Prof. C. E.

We'll clean them right up.—Prof. Benitz.

We ought to make it 30 to 0.—Father Farley.

I think they'll slip one over on us.—Harry McDonough.

29-0, our choice.—John Tully.

30-3, ditto.—John O'Hara.

Und we win, we win, das all.—Schneider.

The boys are going to get after 'em, eh? ha, ha, ha, ha!—The Barber.

I understand they're great at the forward pass.—B. B.

Very fittingly the band also makes a noise. That, by the way, is a privilege the band enjoys.

\* \*

To be sure, the thought you are needed and could help may be your reason for not getting out on Cartier field.

\* \*

This institution, respected visitor, is Old College Graphophone. It plays—oh so long, and so often!

\* \*

All aboard, weigh anchor, bon voyage, hasta la vista, ad astra per saecula, auf wiedersehen, addio, Walsh Hall!

\* \*

Of course we will be glad if you win the hall championship, Corby. But couldn't you spare ten men or so to help Varsity beat Michigan? Join in, Corby—Rah, rah, rah, Varsity!

\* \*

Perhaps it is funny to tease a newsboy. There's no accounting for the humorous sense.

\* \*

Give-it-a-Name, 5; Culver, 9.

\* \*

Peace, brother. The Freshmen have not yet organized. There is still something to live for.

\* \*

That tramping as of many feet is Carroll Hall retiring. There's nothing on earth like it—'cept Brownson.

\* \*

Purdue has given Prof. Stagg his annual early try-out. The result, a matter of 40 or so.

\* \*

Now, fellows, all together—

Cis, boom, ah!

N-O-T-R-E-D-A-M-E!

Notre Dame!

\* \*

Did you get away with your C. last T.?

\* \*

Then too Brownson is so much better for the more studious among us.

\* \*

What Corby thinks of Sorin—Dubs!  
What Sorin thinks of Corby—Kids!

Last Thursday five N. D. horses pulled a big N. D. potatoe digger to furnish N. D. with potatoès a year or so. Thirty acres with a yield of six thousand bushels. That's the dope handed out by one of the farm coaches who led the rooters in the garden.

\* \*

A man may get home early, and then be late, speaking in paradox.

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Local Items.

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—The examinations for conditioned students were held Thursday, October 7.

—Reports from Corby Hall state that the fire escape system is in fine working order.

—A Walsh Hall football team is in contemplation—not in the physico-visual sense, however.

—Lost—A letter addressed to Mrs. Shannon. Finder please leave same with Brother Alphonsus.

—John Wasson of track fame is teaching the game and its finer points to the Carroll Hall football team.

—Certain long-desired regulations have been posted in regard to general visitors to the University, and visiting hours.

—Rev. President Cavanaugh pronounced the eulogy at the funeral of Rev. John A. Bleckmann (A. B. '67; A. M. '69) which was held last Tuesday at Michigan City.

—Those who have no beads may procure a pair in the stationery store. Anyone who wishes the Crozier indulgence attached to his beads may apply to Father Maguire.

—At a meeting of the Arts and Letters Faculty held last Wednesday, important changes were voted relative to the number of lecture periods for Latin and Greek students each week.

—Walsh Hall received its first Brownsonites last Sunday night. Messrs. McGladigan, Reitz and Birder started the exodus from Brownson, which still continues as rooms are made ready.

—Father Quinlan announces that the hammers are still busy in (on, at?) Walsh Hall. Ten students moved in last Saturday and six recruits have since joined them.

The south half of the fourth floor is practically finished and the same half of the third floor will soon be ready for occupancy.

—The students of St. Edward's Hall have High Mass in their own chapel on Sundays. The Mass was rendered by the Minims' Choir last Sunday, and, considering that it was their first appearance this year, it was admirably done.

—Puck McCafferty has gone out for cross-country running. (Ed. Note—this item was rejected by both the Athletic and Safety Valve editors, but, believing that justice is due Mr. McCafferty, we take the risk of inserting it here.)

—Prof. McCue's class in Analytical Mechanics has been divided, the Mechanical and Electrical Engineers forming a class by themselves, under Prof. Benitz. The Civil Mechanics class will continue to be taught from 11:10 to 12 M.

—The Brownson Literary and Debating Society will reorganize next week. There is some excellent material in the hall, which promises to furnish strong debating teams and some good literary entertainments. What Brownson has done along these lines in past years is an earnest of what may be expected during the present year.

—Mr. L. B. Andrus, Supt. of the Indiana and Michigan Electric Power Company, will address the engineering students every Saturday afternoon at five o'clock. Inasmuch as the lectures have to do largely with the financial side of engineering enterprises, Prof. Green has invited the students of the Economics Course to attend the lectures.

—The first meeting of the Senior Law Class resulted in the election of the following officers: President, James E. Deery, Indianapolis; Vice-President, D. A. Kelley, Fon du Lac, Wis.; Secretary, Harry McDonough, Chicago; Treasurer, M. D. Clark, Brainard, Minn.; Historian, Chas. W. Murphy, Pittsburg; Marshall, James Lee Cahill, Peru, Ill. Class pins have been ordered.

—The Apostolate of Religious Reading is a free library for the use of the students of the University. The apostolate is under the direction of Brother Alphonsus. Books may be obtained from him at any recreation period in Brownson Hall. Voluntary contributions for the purchase of books and

papers are requested. Mr. Bernard H. Lange is authorized to receive money for the Apostolate of Religious Reading.

—Now that the opening rush is over, regular hours have been resumed by the stationery store, as follows: Carroll Hall: Class days, 4:00 to 4:25 p. m.; Recreation days, immediately after Mass; Pocket money, Thursdays, immediately after Mass. Other Halls: Class days, 9:45 to 10:10 a. m. and 3:00 to 3:30 p. m; Recreation days, 9:00 to 9:30 a. m. Students will find it to their own convenience to observe these hours.

—The first meeting of the St. Joseph's Literary Society was held Sunday. The large number in attendance and the interest displayed give promise of a very successful year. The election of officers resulted as follows: President, Ray Skelley; Vice-President, Albert Hilkert; Secretary, Patrick Barry; Treasurer, Wales Finnegan; Sergeant-at-Arms, William Williams; Honorary President, Bro. Florian; Spiritual Director, Father Schumacher.

—Mr. L. B. Andrus, Superintendent of the Indiana Electric Company, gave the first of a series of lectures to the advanced engineering students last Saturday afternoon. Mr. Andrus spoke of the practical problems which an engineer must face in the construction, equipment and successful operation of a power plant at the present time. His talk was very interesting and a source of much profit to the engineering students. The next talk will be given to-day at five o'clock.

—The Philopatrians have organized for the year. Cecil E. Birder of North Dakota has been entrusted with the leadership of the society. Theodore Susen of Illinois was elected Vice-President; Thomas Burke, also of Illinois, was chosen Recording Secretary, with Ray Loehs of New Mexico as corresponding Secretary. James Swearingen of Indiana is Sergeant-at-Arms. After the election of officers, the one-act drama, "The Rising of the Moon," was presented by a cast which did justice to the several rôles in true Philopatrian style.

—Preparations have been completed by the Law students for a banquet to be tendered to Col. Hoynes, Dean of the Law School, on Wednesday evening, October 13.



The affair will take place at the Oliver. The following speakers have been chosen to voice the sentiments of affection and respect which all Notre Dame men feel toward the distinguished barrister: Rev. President Cavanaugh, C. S. C., Rev. Thomas Crumley, C. S. C., Rev. Matthew Schumacher, C. S. C., Judge Timothy E. Howard, James E. Deery, Leo Buckley and Otto A. Schmid.

—Prof. Spiess announces that within a few days the roster of charter members of the Notre Dame Stock Company will be closed, and that in future all candidates for admission must submit to an examination (mental, of course). "David Garrick," a 3-act comedy, has been selected for presentation on President's Day, and the following cast has been chosen: Garrick, Joe Murphy; Ingot, Claude Sorg; Jones, C. Kelly; Smith, Tom Havican; Brown, C. J. Hagerty; Chivy, "Billy" Ryan; George Thomas, Louis Reys; Ada, Leo McElroy; Araminta, W. Hogan; Aunt, Wm. Ryan. A vaudeville bill for presentation on Founder's Day, October the 13th, is in course of preparation.

—It may seem strange, but as a matter of fact, the law juniors are wise—in more ways than one. In the first place they read the Sco—(but that has no place in the news columns.) If any one doubts, let him hear and he will be convinced. At their meeting the other day they chose four of the most popular men at the University to hold down the executive cushions. Leo Buckley was literally picked up and carried to the presiding chair, which has been adjusted to accommodate Joe Collins in the absence of the distinguished president. Joe Murphy was selected to take the notes of the proceedings, and Ralph Dimmick was chosen to hold the proceeds—in the shape of notes—if possible. Molony and Collins were appointed to the banquet committee, and Murphy and Ely to the Junior Dance committee.

—Preparations for the Junior Prom have been completed, and the Committee is resting up for the grand rush for tickets. The affair will take place on Wednesday evening, Nov. 18, one week before Thanksgiving Eve, and Place Hall has been selected as the scene of the festivities. Prof. Petersen's Orchestra has been secured to distribute the music. Invitations to the dance, which promises to

be one of the most successful ever held hereabouts, have been issued. All collegiate men have been invited. The arrangement of the date has been the source of general satisfaction, as it will enable the football men and all who desire to go home for Thanksgiving, to attend. John C. Tully is the Chairman of the Dance Committee, and has announced the following sub-committees: decorations, Bannon, Funk and Ely; music and refreshments, Tully and Barsaloux; programs and invitations, Murphy and Heyl.

—There is a story of two hermits who lived in such perfect accord that their harmony of purpose finally began to wear on them and they decided to have a dispute just for the novelty of it. One of the monks started to put on his habit one morning and the other claimed it. The natural retort followed and a near-heated controversy sprang up. Finally, the first monk forgot his purpose, and said, in the goodness of his heart, "Very well, then, take it." The only difference between the life of these hermits of legendary lore and the present Sophomore class is that the good feeling is such that not even a mock-scrap can be worked up. The Sophomores met on Friday night and went through a process the like of which has seldom been seen—never perhaps in the history of any Sophomore class. Ten officers were unanimously chosen to adorn the title-page of the banquet program. The only rift within the lute of perfect accord was the fact that the superabundance of available material and the lack of names or officers—everything in the Directory of Directors was made use of—made necessary a list of privates. However, another meeting is contemplated in which every man is to be made a member of some committee. The following officers were chosen: Moderator, Rev. Father Schumacher; President, Ray Skelley; Vice-President, John F. O'Hara; Secretary, Wm. Fish; Treasurer, Paul Rush; Sergeant-at-Arms, John Gerenda; Historian, Cyril Curran; Poet, Frederick Carroll; Chaplain, Frank Madden. The other officer chosen was Fabian N. Johnston, but inasmuch as his exact title has not as yet been determined we shall not attempt to say just what he is. The officers selected are all prominent men of affairs at the University.

## Athletic Notes.

## FOOTBALL.

The result of the hard training to which the candidates for the Varsity eleven were subjected last week, is now plainly apparent. Daily practice in catching and running back punts, signal drills, new formations, daily rule quiz, tackling practice,—to each phase of the game, Coach Longman has devoted a share of the time, and the increased speed and accuracy of the men is gratifying in the extreme.

Despite the good quality of the material with which he has to work, Coach Longman is handicapped by the paucity of candidates. The proposition has been put before the student body many times in the past, and will no doubt be brought to their notice as many times again, that without a scrub team to act as a buffer to the Varsity, and enable them to perfect their team play in actual scrimmage, it is almost an impossibility to develop a winning team, and raggedness will be evident in their work. Individual stars are good in themselves, but they are better when they form the working parts of a football machine, working out each play as a unified whole, with the snap and precision necessary to gain victories.

This afternoon, the season of 1909 is opened with Olivet as our opponents. During the past several years, Olivet College has turned out one of the fastest teams in Michigan. This year their coach claims to have the best team in the history of the college. This is hardly an idle boast on his part. He would have nothing to gain by making this assertion without grounds. In the past, when the report went out from Olivet that the football team was fast, or slow, or weak or strong, this report was invariably corroborated by the showing of the team. While we anticipate a victory here, there is little doubt but our men will have to work in order to win. This game should serve to bring out the strength and the weakness of our men in each department.

It is to be hoped that those who are not actively engaged in football, will lend their hearty support to the team, and by their

side-line encouragement aid the Varsity to the first victory of the season.

At the present writing, the line-up for the Olivet game has not been fully decided upon, but it is probable that most of the candidates will be given a try out.

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## INDOOR BASEBALL.

The Carroll Hall Indoor Baseball league, comprising four teams, has been formed by Coach Maris. Several large flaming arc-lights have been ordered which will be installed in the gym as soon as they arrive. With the installation of these lights the games will start. The personnel of the four Carroll teams is as follows:

1st—Loebs, Capt., Jennings, R. Loebs, Larkin, Listicki, Monaghan, R. Zubiria, A. Zubiria, O'Brien, Case.

2d—Mills, Capt., Peurrung, Cognev, Sippel, H. Koelbel, F. Walsh, Z. Zapata, Clark, Gotfredson.

3d—Bogy, Capt., Birder, D. Walsh, Mann, O'Malley, Turner, L. Zapata, Geoghegan, Lucas, Killmen.

4th—McInerny, Capt., G. Lucas, Newton, Gamboa, A. Koelbel, Murdock, Madigan, Riley, O'Shea, Ridgeway.

Umpires, Profs. Duggan and Farrell and Mgr. Curtis. Each team will play one game a week. Another indoor baseball league will be formed later on from all members of Corby, St. Joseph, Walsh, Brownson, and Sorin Halls; who are taking gym work.

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## TRACK.

A cross country run, open to all men who have not won a first, second or third place in the previous runs, will be held on Saturday preceding Thanksgiving. The race will be run over the long course (five miles), and to the first three men to finish, will be awarded the triple C. monogram of the cross country club.

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Every man who aspires to track honors should enter in the handicap meet to be held on Cartier Field, October 13th. Don't be bashful because you're a new man. Turn out and make somebody hustle for the points. Enter your name as early as possible with Coach Maris.

L. C. M.