

The Notre Dame Scholastic

·DISCE·QVASI·SEMPER·VICTVRVS· ·VIVE·QVASI·CRAS·MORITVRVS·

VOL. XLIII.

NOTRE DAME, INDIANA, FEBRUARY 12, 1910.

No. 19.

Lincoln.

SON of a rugged soil, a rugged clime,
The clamoring small man wearied thee with noise:
The clamoring small man, servile of his time,
Shook not thy native righteousness, thy poise.
God raised thee out among the growing fields,
And taught thee strength in cold and torrid sun.
No weakling thou who wavers and then yields,
And leaves a work of centuries undone.
God gave thee to this nation in the hour
Expediency and Right did beckon thee.
Right was thy portion, and the millions shower
Their benediction through the years to be.

R. L.

The Celtic Sagas.

THOMAS F. CLEARY, '11.



EARLY Irish history is shrouded in uncertainty and mysticism. From the most remote periods until several centuries after the birth of Christ our knowledge of the Emerald Isle is based upon the semi-mythical Celtic sagas, supplemented by the allusions of contemporaneous Latin historians. The legendary character of these sagas precludes the possibility of their acceptance as history in its restricted sense, yet under the mythical cloak is a rich vein of truth which affords us not only a correct idea of the origin and classification of the aboriginal tribes of Ireland, but furnishes as well precise knowledge of the manners of the ancient Celts.

According to the periods represented, the sagas are divided into three cycles: the

Mythological, the Red Branch or Heroic and the Fenian. Each division is distinct in character, each has its own particular heroes and each is narrated in a peculiar style.

The first or Mythological cycle contains, as the name indicates, the largest proportion of myth, but is the most interesting of all as it throws light upon ancient manners and customs and especially the early religious ideas of these pagan people. The few sagas remaining from this cycle are preserved in the "Book of Invasions" of Ireland, many of which are found in the "Book of Leinster." The fragmentary remains were carefully collected and united by Michael O'Clery about 1650.

The accounts thus compiled deal with the history of Ireland and the races who inhabited the country prior to the coming of the Milesian forefathers of the present-day Irish. According to the narrative, Partholan and his people, the Partholians, emigrating from the continent, first inhabited the isle. In time the Partholians were visited with a terrible plague; practically all perished and the land was peopled with a new race from across the sea, the Nemedians. Finally the Fomorians arrived, and after a long struggle subdued the Nemedians from whom they exacted excessive revenues. Unable to bear this tyranny the conquered ones, like the Israelites in the Bible story, went into exile, some going into northern Europe, some to Greece and a third section to Scotland. Later, descendants of the Grecian band returned under the name, Firbolgs, and held Ireland for about thirty-five years. They gave way to the offshoot of the north of Europe Nemedians, the Tuatha Danaan, which latter race held sway for nearly two hundred years, when they

were reduced to subjection by the Milesians. Following their defeat the Tuatha Danaan retired to the mounds and green hills and are afterward often spoken of as spirits or fairies.

The battles between the native and invading tribes are described in detail. Kings and leaders, partaking of the attributes of both gods and men assume the principle rôles, and about them the action of the narratives center. The saga entitled the "First Battle of Moytura" is not only the most interesting, but it is also typical of the sagas of the first cycle, and an outline of this will serve to indicate the prevailing tenor of the entire series. In this conflict the Firbolgs were completely defeated by the Tuatha de Danaan, but the king of the Danaans suffering the loss of a hand was compelled to abdicate as no one having a personal blemish was allowed to reign. After some deliberation his place was filled by Breas, son of the Danaan king but descended on his mother's side from the Fomorians, the new ruler giving seven pledges that he would resign if not satisfactory to the people. Breas proved to be a close-fisted person who excluded all forms of entertainment from his court on the score of economy. Such conduct ran contrary to all precedent, and the unwelcome monarch was requested to withdraw in accordance with his promise. This he agreed to do, securing, however, a respite of seven years during which time he was to touch no property of his subjects and to receive no revenues.

But Breas was a deep-dyed villain, and his only purpose in securing a delay was to obtain the aid of his kinsmen the Fomorians. The latter race had never left Ireland, nor had they ever been wholly subjugated, and about this time asserting their ancient superiority, they arose and inflicted grinding taxes upon the Danaans. The crafty Breas was successful. He obtained a promise of help from the Fomorians who set about preparing for the inevitable war. In the interim the injured king of the Danaans secured a silver hand, and once more ascended the throne.

Seven years were spent in preparation for the struggle, during which time Nuada was aided by Lugh the Long-Handed, and his three sons Brian, Iuchar and Iucharba. At

length the war began. The Danaans at first carried all before them but Nuada was finally killed by Balor of the evil eye, who by his terrible power created consternation in the Danaan camp. "Balor," says the saga, "had an evil eye, that only opened itself upon the plain of battle. Four men had to lift up the eyelid by placing under it an instrument. The warriors whom Balor scanned with that eye once opened, could not, no matter how numerous, resist their enemies."

Lugh, who was esteemed as a counsellor, was surrounded by a guard of nine to prevent him from attacking Balor. The Long-Handed one finally, however, secured a meeting with the mighty Formorian, and with a well-directed stone from his sling put out the evil eye. Thereupon the goddess of war, Morrighú, descending aided the Danaans, and the Formorians fled, leaving Breas in the hands of his enemies.

Like in the Homeric epics gods and men intermingle throughout the story. The heroes are men of superhuman powers who are not disturbed by apparently stupendous or impossible feats, and who all trace their origin to some deity. In the saga above outlined besides Lugh, the Long-Handed, his three sons, Morrighú the goddess of war, Dana mother of the gods is mentioned, and there are frequent reference, to the latter's husband, Dagda, the Irish Jupiter. In the battle of Moytura, Lugh employed Dagda to parley with the Fomorians who, expecting their visitor, had provided a meal of porridge. The god ate to satiety, and as he left he was mocked at, a fact which indicates that the Celtic deities were neither above reproach nor ridicule. The following is a ludicrous description of the god:

"He went away and came to the bank of the Eba. He did not walk with ease so large was his stomach. He was dressed in very bad guise. He had a cape which scarcely reached below his shoulders. Beneath that cloak was seen a brown mantle which descended no lower than his hips. It was cut away above and very large in the breast. His two shoes were of horses skin with the hair on the outside. He held a wheeled fork, which would have been heavy enough for eight men, and he let it trail behind him. It dug a furrow deep enough and large enough

to become the frontier mearn between two provinces. Therefore is it called the track of Dagda's club."

From references to and descriptions of the various gods it is possible to form comprehensive notion of the Celtic pantheon. Either as principal or subordinate characters they enter into every saga of the first cycle.

There can be no question that the early inhabitants of Ireland had an elaborate system of mythology corresponding to the Greek and Roman system. This point the sagas prove. By the same token we conclude that the Celts were firm believers in sorcery and witchcraft. For instance, in the battle between the Formorians and the Danaans there is a picture of this credulity.

"Oyma, the strong man of the Danaans, found the sword of Tethra, the Formorian. Oyma drew that sword from the sheath and cleaned it. It was then that it related to him all the high deeds that it had accomplished, for at this time the custom was when swords were drawn from the sheath they used to recite the exploits they had themselves been the cause of, and thence comes the right which swords have to be cleaned when they are drawn from the sheath; thence also the magic power which swords have preserved ever since."

The second or heroic cycle centers about the Milesians, and is by far the most realistic of the three divisions. The characters are clear-cut; the distinctions between gods and men are more marked; the actions are plausible and well-motived.

Conor Mac Nessa, Naoise Déirdre, Queen Méve, Oiliall, Conall Cearnach and Cuchulain now enter upon the scene, leaving a gap of about 1700 years between themselves and the heroes of the first cycle. Various sagas of the heroic cycle tell of the birth of Conor Mac Nessa, his wonderful palace, mysterious origin, the life and exploits of Cuchulain and the fate of Déirdre and the sons of Usnach.

Déirdre is the central tale of the cycle as it includes all the leading characters. The story begins with the birth of Déirdre. King Conor and his men were feasting at the house of Felim, chief story-teller of the monarch, and while there Felim's wife gave birth to a daughter. Cathba, a druid, foretold that through the girl dreadful calamities would befall the province of Ulster, and

accordingly named her Déirdre (alarm). The Ultonians urged that the babe should be destroyed at once, but Conor decided that she should be brought up in his household and that she should one day become his wife.

"Déirdre, continues the saga," was brought up in Conor's house. She became the handsomest maiden in Ireland. She was reared in a house apart. No man was allowed to see her until she should become Conor's wife. No one was permitted to enter the house except her tutor, her nurse and Lavercam whom they ventured not to keep out, for she was a druidess magician whose incantations they feared.

"One winter day Déirdre's tutor slew a young tender calf upon the snow outside the house, which he was to cook for his pupil. She beheld a raven drinking the blood upon the snow. She said to Lavercam, 'The only man I could love would be the one who should have those three colors, hair as black as the raven, cheeks red as the blood, body white as the snow.' 'Thou hast an opportunity,' answered Lavercam, 'the man whom thou desirest is not far off.' 'I shall not be happy,' answered Déirdre, 'until I have seen him.'"

Through strategy a meeting is arranged and Naoise, the hero, completely captivated by the beauty of the girl undertakes her deliverance. They escape to Scotland "and thrice fifty valiant champions along with them, namely: fifty with each of the three brothers, Naoise, Ainle and Aidan." But here troubles only begin. Conor secures Fergus and his sons to bring a message of peace to the sons of Usnach and to prevail upon them to return home. Fergus, who is friendly to Naoise and his brothers, acts in good faith, but Déirdre, seeing in a dream that Conor is only assuming friendliness, counsels her husband against the advances of the messengers. But deaf to her protests Naoise, allowing himself to be won over, returns to Ireland.

With Naoise and the fair Déirdre within reach once more the crafty Conor is not long in getting them within his power. He induces Cathba to work a spell against the sons of Usnach, the druid consenting only when the king has promised that no harm will befall the heroes. Déirdre, her husband and his two brothers learning that the king

contemplates treachery attempt to escape, but through the magic power of Cathba they fall an easy prey to the soldiers of Conor. Without regard for his oath, the king orders the three brothers to be beheaded which is accomplished forthwith, and Déirdre dies of a broken heart. Conor, however, does not go unpunished. Fergus, who was acting as protector to the heroes, now rose against the king, burnt Emmania, the capital of Ulster, and then with 1500 Ultonians withdrew into Connacht, which province was under the rule of Méve and her husband Olioll.

The leading hero of the heroic cycle is undoubtedly Cuchulain. He accomplishes the most wonderful feats of arms, slays enemies almost at will, and his aid is eagerly sought by warring chieftains. He affords a striking parallel to the Grecian hero Achilles, but he is not invulnerable nor is he invincible. He owes his success to his superior prowess and strength ensured by descent from the gods and the assistance of his friends, the "shee" folk. But he is not proof against magic or the wiles of enchantresses, and it is through such means that he is finally slain. The sagas relate that Cuchulain counted among his victims kinsmen of every prominent house in Ireland outside of his own province. As a consequence, he had earned the undying hatred of many powerful persons, chief of whom were Queen Méve, queen of Connacht, Lughardh, son of the Momonian king, Erc, the son of Coerbré Niafer, king of all Ireland and the descendants of a wizard who with twenty sons had fallen before the sword of Cuchulain. Three daughters, however, remained, and these three were seized upon by Méve and their right legs and left arms cut off that they might be as odious as possible, a requirement for the profession of wizardry. They were reared by the queen, and carefully instructed in all forms of charms, spells, incantations and witchcraft. When at last the time seemed ripe for action a great army summoned by the queen and led by Cuchulain's most rabid enemies marched into Ulster plundering and burning as they went. Conor, king of the province, who knew that the attack was directed at Cuchulain took the hero into the capital for preservation.

Then the wizardesses began their work. Through their spells Cuchulain sees imaginary armies beleaguering the town, and one of the witches in the form of a crow dares him to come forth.

Three days were fixed by a druid as the limit of these spells. He advised Cuchulain to remain hidden until the end of that time and secreted the warrior in a glen. But the daughters of the wizard discovering the trick resumed their machinations and were at last successful. One of them approached the fortified palace wherein Cuchulain was feasting, assumed the form of a servant, and called forth Niamh (nee-av), the beautiful sweetheart of the hero who, once outside was enveloped by a fog and her mind mystified. While Niamh was in this condition the witch assumed her form, and entering the fortress urged Cuchulain to battle. Cuchulain was puzzled as Niamh had required an oath that he would not go to battle without her consent, and he believed this consent would not be given until the fatal spells were at an end. Aggrieved that she should leave him go forth Cuchulain started for the battle. The real Niamh followed entreating him with tears to remain. She explained the trick but was not believed. Cuchulain continued on his way, meeting several ill-omens. Arrived before the enemy he fought valiantly, but the fates were against him. By a trick his sword got into the hands of one of his formidable enemies and he was slain by his own weapon.

Thus perished Cuchulain, but his deeds living on in the minds and the hearts of the Milesians formed the basis for innumerable romantic stories and epic poems. He was the central figure of the early race, and is equalled in later times only by the redoubtable Finn.

(CONCLUSION IN NEXT ISSUE.)

Encompassed.

TILL bursts the prison cell
Wherein its lustre glows,
The hidden pearl within its shell
No wondrous brilliance shows.

The soul in earthly bond
Of imperfection lies,
Until it wakes in realms beyond
The boundary of the skies.

F. C.

The Custom's End.

 ARTHUR J. HUGHES, '11.

Joe Midard was a young bachelor. Not the prize-story kind though, for he did not sit in front of lighted grates nor smoke big pipes. He had no den. He had no fads nor eccentricities. He was just a plain, ordinary man of the common people. He lived life for what was in it, and because he did not limit himself with affectations of many of his kind he got a lot out of it.

It was about two weeks before Christmas. He had a list of the few presents which he was going to give his immediate friends before him. He did not give presents to all his friends every year. It was because of this that a present from Joe Midard was treasured more highly. The recipients could feel that they were remembered, not because it was a custom but because there was something especial between them and the donor.

He had always made it a point to present himself with a gift after he had provided for his friends. He did this probably because he wished to have some article to remember each particular Christmas by, and then maybe because he needed the very thing which he got for himself. He had always purchased something that would be useful, something that would be appropriate, something which he could keep throughout the years. This time he was finding it hard to decide just what would fulfil these conditions. It was while he was in this state of indecision that he left his home and journeyed to that of his most intimate friend, Phil Kaywood. He enjoyed the company of Kaywood above that of any other person, for Kaywood was a bachelor too. He had always had a kind affection too for Kaywood's sister, Louise. He had often thought that should he ever decide to marry, Louise would be the one girl he would desire for a wife. He had roomed with Phil when both were in college, and their friendship had continued after they finished. It was to the Kaywoods that he went when he wished to feel the enjoyment of real friendship. He was shown into the

library where, in a few minutes, he had the pleasure of meeting Louise.

"So Phil is away. Well, there it goes again. I had expected—"

"But I will see that you do not become lonesome. He will return for dinner. You will see him then, but in the meantime tell me your troubles, and maybe we will have everything straightened out before he comes."

"Oh, not much trouble, Louise. You see I want to give myself a Christmas present, and I am unable to decide what it shall be. You know my old custom of presenting myself each Christmas with some present to commemorate the day. This year I have gone over all the list; I have searched through the shops, and I have finished without finding a single thing that I would feel like giving to myself. In other words, you know, I do not want to embarrass myself on Christmas morning by presenting myself with something which is inappropriate—with something for which I have no particular desire."

"Yes, Joe, I see. But what must this present be? Must it be a bit of jewelry? You know it might be that, there are so many things."

"It can be anything; in fact, it might be a load of coal. It might be one of a hundred things, but as yet the right thing has not come to my mind. I want something that will please me when I receive it from my own loving hands. It must be, in a manner, useful and it must be something which I can hand down to my ancestors. It must be all of these.

"How about a picture? That, I think, would fill the bill."

"Yes, in a way, very well, but I am tired of giving myself pictures. My ancestors will be at their wit's ends now trying to find places to hang all the pictures I will leave them. Books too are tabooed, as I absolutely refuse longer to look a gift book in the face."

"You have so many things in your home, Joe, that are beautiful that I can scarce think of anything which you might desire. You have a grand home; what more do you wish?"

"Yes, it's—well, it is rather nice. It's the best old home in the world to me, but since father and mother are gone I believe I am

coming to disregard it. It seems so kind of empty any more. At night when the servants are asleep and all is quiet I kind of get the 'shivers' in the old place. I get to thinking of other times, of other days; days when the place rang out with the joyous merriment of happy crowds. You were hardly old enough then, Louise, to be one of us, but Phil remembers those times well. You see I can't help but get the 'blues' when my thoughts bring me back to those occasions. Those crowds are gone now. They have scattered like the proverbial chaff. I alone remain to experience the tomb-like silence which they have left behind."

"Joe, you must not think such thoughts as those. Live in the present and think only thoughts of happiness. You know to a great extent life is what we make it by thinking. Control your thoughts and you will control your happiness. Look about you and rejoice that you have been left so well furnished with the comforts of life. Rejoice and be happy and think happiness! happiness!! happiness!!!"

"That's good advice, Louise, but it's mighty hard for a fellow when he's all alone. When the wind is moaning funeral dirges up the fireplace and the dark empty rooms stare out at you from all sides it's not an easy matter to think of such thoughts then. I am lonesome, Louise, mighty lonesome. I am getting more so every year, and these Christmas times are the times when I feel it most. They were the happiest in the days of yore. Now just the opposite is true."

"I agree with you, Joe, it's hard at times to banish lonesome thoughts, but you must remember that we are all subject to such experiences. We all get lonesome. We all get the 'blues,' and it is just this that we must expect in life; it is just this sort of a thing that makes us better appreciate the brighter things when they come."

"I can easily see how you would have me chasing the goblins with happy thought jingles, but it's different with you. You have your mother and your brother. When you get lonesome they cheer you up; they lend you their sympathy and encouragement. The world doesn't give a whit when I am lonesome. It doesn't get that far, for it

never knows that I feel 'blue.' Do you remember one night when I was home from college at Christmas time and we were alone with the servants and the wind was howling outside and the old mammy had been telling us stories of ghosts and goblins and scary things—you remember I told you I was lonesome and you said you'd stay with me always so I wouldn't get lonesome any more. Many a night since then when the wind was howling and everything scary I have wished you were there to keep me from getting lonesome. I have wished it with all my heart, and to-night I wish it again—I wish it now. Louise—"

"Ah, so you decided what your present would be before I came?" It was Phil Kaywood. They were at dinner.

"Yes, Phil, it's the one present in all the world for me, and now that I have it I wish for no other. My custom ends this year. It's—it's Louise."

Sir Philip Sidney.

BENEDICT J. KAISER.

Sir Philip Sidney was born on the 29th of November, 1554. His father was Sir Henry Sidney, famous in his time as an administrator of Ireland. His mother was Mary, sister of Robert Dudley, the earl of Leicester, and daughter of the earl of Northumberland. Thus Sidney was of notable kindred on both sides. He received his scholastic education at Shrewsbury school and at Christ Church, Oxford. He was intended for public life; and leaving the university at the early age of seventeen, he was sent abroad to study the languages, observe the manners and mingle in the society of the Continent. He was in Paris on the night of the massacre of St. Bartholomew, and from there went to Frankfort, Vienna, and the chief cities of Italy. During these travels he associated with notable scholars and statesmen, making an earnest study of European politics, and winning the hearts of all those with whom he associated. Hubert Languet, a notable scholar, diplomatist, and one of the best political writers of his time, whom Sidney met at Frankfort,

remained through life his best friend and adviser.

After about three years of absence, Sidney returned to England accomplished far beyond most men of his age. He was introduced to the court and won the favor of Elizabeth, who considered him "one of the jewels of her crown." In 1577, at the age of twenty-two, he was sent as an ambassador to congratulate Rudolph II., the new Emperor of Germany. There he met William the Silent, who pronounced him one of the ripest statesmen in Europe. Soon after his return he successfully vindicated his father, who was governor of Ireland, from some calumnious reports which had excited the anger of Elizabeth.

His most memorable interference in state affairs was a bold letter of remonstrance to Elizabeth against her suspected matrimonial alliance with the Duke of Anjou. The queen's anger at his boldness drove him for a time into retirement.

From this time till the expedition to the Netherlands, in which he lost his life, he had no public employment, but lived partly at court and partly at his country seat at Penshurst in Kent. Here he wrote the famous *Arcadia*, a philosophical romance in prose, in which he embodied the thoughts, sentiments, and aspirations he could not realize in practice. The form of *Arcadia* is somewhat fantastic, and the story tedious; but the work is still so sound at the base, so pure, strong, and vital in the soul that inspires it, and so much beauty and truth are revealed after careful study that it has been able to preserve the eminent place it holds in English literature.

In 1581 we find Sidney again in the Parliament. About this time he wrote his "Defense of Poesy," in which he attempts to prove the superiority of poetry to all other branches of knowledge, on the ground that, while other branches merely pointed the way to virtue, poetry inspired the soul to pursue it.

Sidney's greatest poetic achievement, however, was the series of sonnets entitled "*Astrophel and Stella*," the first important body of sonnets in the English language. The sonnets, 108 in number, are a record of his love for Penelope Devereux, sister of the Earl of Essex, and afterwards Lady

Rich. He first met her when she was a child of twelve at one of the stages in Elizabeth's progress to Kenilworth in 1575. A match was arranged between them by their parents, but upon Leicester's disgrace it was broken off, and Penelope was given to Lord Rich. Whether the passion was real or imagined for artistic purposes is of little significance as long as the reality of its ardor has been retained. The verisimilitude of the story recorded in the sonnets, which express his varying moods toward her throughout the incidents of subsequent intercourse and the distractions of his public life, add greatly to their interest.

None of Sidney's writings were published during his lifetime, and the dates of composition are uncertain. His first attempt at verse was a metrical version of the Psalms, written in conjunction with his sister, the Countess of Pembroke.

In 1583 Sidney was married to the daughter of Sir Francis Walsingham, who after his death became Countess of Essex. In 1585 he was appointed, by the Queen, Governor of Flushing. As a general of cavalry he accompanied Leicester in his expedition to the Netherlands against Philip of Spain. In this post Sidney did all that valor and sagacity could do to repair the blunders and mischiefs which resulted from the cowardice and military inability of Leicester. On the 22d of September, 1586, in a desperate battle near Zutphen, he was dangerously wounded in attempting to rescue a friend surrounded by the enemy. As he was carried bleeding from the field, he performed the crowning act of his life. The cup of water handed him, which his lips ached to touch, he passed to a dying soldier with these words, "Thy necessity is greater than mine." He lingered many days in agony. His sufferings were brought to a close on the 17th of October, 1586, at Arnheim.

No poet's death was ever so lamented by poets as Sidney's. Pastoral elegy was in fashion, and the numerous poets of the time hastened to lay their tribute of verse on the bier of this noble poet, statesman, and warrior.

"'Tis man's perdition to be safe
When for the truth he ought to die."

To Lincoln.

JAMES P. KEHOE, '11.

WHILE Freedom sat with bended head in shame
And gazed upon her chain of servitude,
Of helpless men by other men subdued,
A call was heard from him of honored name.

And in response a mighty army came,
Cheered on by loyal hearts with love imbued,
To right the wrongs which others had pursued
And give to liberty a truer claim.

The clash was long, and bitter was the fray
Where brother fought his brother, son his sire;
But peace has come and crowned his great desire,
For justice reigned and honor won the day.

Now South and North alike commemorate
And set aside as sacred to his name,
Whom love of right has raised to lofty fame,
The day that gave great Lincoln to the state.

Chips.

MYLES SINNOTT, '12.

The little cattle town of Selzer seemed entirely devoid of life and interest to "Chips" as he stood in the door of the "Last Chance" saloon, idly gazing down the deserted main street. Incidentally he was wondering where he would find the price of the next meal, for he had awoke that morning after a long night with his mates, to find his pockets free from the responsibility of carrying any of Uncle Sam's currency. This peculiar state of affairs did not trouble him much, for he was used to it now. The life of a cowboy was full of such incidents, and "Chips" was one of the gayest of his company.

His meditations were somewhat abruptly interrupted by the arrival of the stage. His attitude of careless indifference suddenly changed to one of alert interest as he saw "Sandy," the driver, assisting a girl to descend from the cumbersome old vehicle. To "Chips" she seemed the very incarnation of one of those pictures he had so admired in a story magazine, only she was a thousand times more attractive, and the very poise of her body seemed to suggest a familiarity with Eastern society and grace.

Glancing around her, as the stage rattled off, she saw only the figure of a man leaning a trifle listlessly against the side of a build-

ing. To him she quickly decided to appeal for directions, as he seemed a little more intelligent and refined than the average cow man. As if divining what was passing in her mind, he stepped forward and placed himself quietly at her disposal if she needed help. The hotel? Yes, it was around the corner. Did he know of anyone named James Clayborne who had formerly lived in Boston? The suitcase which he was carrying dropped with a bang to the street at her question. Momentarily confused, he soon recovered himself and went quietly on without answering her question. The girl beside him wondered at his apparent emotion at the mention of the name of James Clayborne, and as they reached the hotel she had decided he knew more about the said Clayborne than perhaps he cared to reveal.

Thanking him for his help and courtesy, she asked him if he knew of anyone who could visit the surrounding ranches with her, for she wanted to find James Clayborne, as she had some important news for him. She would pay the man five dollars a day. The man on the step quietly announced that he would take the job. Somehow this willingness on his part to earn such easy money nettled her, for she had unconsciously associated the individual with the other wealthy ranch owners she had so admired. Still there was nothing in his appearance to give her this impression, for he was dressed just the same as the other men of his calling.

The next morning he was ready with a horse at the steps waiting for her. The extra nag and a night's lodging and subsistence had been forthcoming from his friend the bar-keeper who had remained the staunch friend of "Chips" through all the ups and downs of his checkered career. So together they rode from one ranch to another in a fruitless search for the lost Clayborne. As the owner of the last ranch came out in answer to the call and was questioned he remained silent, lost in deep thought, and then said:

"Well, Miss, there's only one James Clayborne around these parts and he's the man at your side, otherwise known as "Chips." I most forgot his real name, but for the fact that mine was the first ranch he worked at when he came here from the East, a college boy who couldn't even throw a saddle over a nag."

"From the East, a college boy," Miss Sanderson gasped. "You are not Jimmie Clayborne with whom I used to 'rough house?'" "Chip's" eyes were beginning to lose their puzzled look; and when the word "rough house" slipped out, he sprang down from his horse and almost squeezed the hand of his cousin, Hazel Sanderson, to a pulp, so fervent was his greeting.

"Do you know your father has forgiven you and wishes you to return to him? He is an invalid now and is dependent upon you his only son for some one to conduct his affairs and to be a companion to him." Such was the statement of Miss Sanderson.

That evening two happy persons climbed aboard the Pullman for the East where an anxious father awaited his son's arrival.

One month after the newspapers all gave glowing accounts of the wedding in which James Clayborne, the only son of Clayborne, the steel magnate, and Miss Hazel Sanderson were the principals. Miss Sanderson, whose degree of cousinship was distant, had gone West at the earnest request of Mr. Clayborne to search for his son, who, after having been expelled from college on account of some prank, and unable to face his father's bitter words, had gone there to start life over again.

The Riches of Poverty.

EDGAR J. MISCH, '10.

From the young who are beginning to lisp their mother's name to the old whose feebleness makes their step and voice as uncertain as it was in the morning of life; from the weakling who must be satisfied to glory in what falls from the palm of the more gifted brother to the strong who taste continually the sweet happiness of the conqueror; from the lowly who really doubt their own freedom of will, so bound are they to act at every man's nod to the mighty who have people and nations heeding their least desire and reverencing their very presence; in fine, from the extreme of every condition of life to its opposite state, we find a common desire, an insatiable hunger, and a ceaseless searching, for the one thing in life that is able to give man whatever of worldly joys his heart desires—that thing; is money.

The tradesman toils the livelong day, and often far into the night; the businessman works and plans from his rising in the morning to his retiring; the little child trots the streets with bundles of papers under his tiny arm, crying for buyers; the old man, either not willing or unable to give up the fight, still scrapes and labors with his weakening strength; all with the common end in view—to accumulate more money. No one ever seems to stop and say he has enough. There seems to be no point at which man can halt and say: I am happy, I have sufficient.

But does this fight and toil really bring true happiness? Are they that strive the hardest, and even the most fortunately, are they truly happy with their reward? Alas! no. And what is far more evident and surprising is that those who have least of this great power for exchange, are those who really enjoy life more. Where shall we find a more sincerely happy home, where shall we hear a more merry laughter, and where shall we see more true love, than around the fire in a poor man's cottage. The art of deception is not known there. Each finds happiness in another's joy, each feels sadness at another's sorrow.

Where shall we find the happy children with the youthful smile that reveals a pure and loving heart but on the playgrounds of the poor? Where do we find youths and maids indulging in true and sincere love, but among the poor? Where do we find the loyal husbands and wives, the faithful fathers and mothers but among the poor? Where does the devil's most masterful invention, the curse and ruin of family and home, the divorce evil, flourish? Is it among these same poor? It lives and thrives among the rich.

Is money then the means of happiness and peace? One is almost forced to say it is the destroyer of all this. Few there are who have gained riches and have not paid for them the price of their noble souls. Did our Lord not say that it would be as hard for a rich man to enter heaven as for a camel to pass through the eye of a needle? Surely if it hinders man from heaven it must turn his heart from all the good and perfection that make a noble creature. True happiness, the richest of riches, is not the companion of money, but of sacrificing, loving, noble souls.

Notre Dame Scholastic

Entered as Second-Class Mail Matter

Published every Saturday during the School Term at the
University of Notre Dame

Terms: \$1.50 per Annum. Postpaid

Address: The Editor Notre Dame Scholastic
Notre Dame, Indiana

Vol. XLIII. February 12, 1910 No. 19.

BOARD OF EDITORS

GEORGE J. FINNIGAN, '10

PETER E. HEBERT, '10	LEO J. CLEARY, '10
DENIS A. MORRISON, '10	LEO C. MCELROY, '10
MICHAEL A. MATHIS, '10	JOHN F. O'HARA, '11
THOMAS A. LAHEY, '11	JOHN C. TULLY, '11
FRANCIS WENNINGER, '11	ARTHUR J. HUGHES, '11
CHARLES MILTNER, '11	THOMAS F. CLEARY, '11
FREDERICK W. CARROLL, '12	

—The wholesome piety shown by so many students in visiting the Blessed Sacrament during the Forty Hours' Exposition is gratifying indeed. An act of piety which is free has the note of sincerity. Of course, compulsory attendance at certain religious exercises is not to be discouraged since experience has shown it has proved fruitful of the best results. But whenever practicable, opportunities are afforded where the performance of religious duties is entirely a matter of choice. Such an occasion presented itself during the annual Forty Hours' Exposition of the Blessed Sacrament, and that so many students passing to and from classes passed into the church for a short visit with the Giver of every good gift was as edifying as it was sincere.

—Lent is a season set apart by the Church for penance and prayer. As is true of the New Year's resolution, the comic sheet "artists" of the daily press have been doing their best to create a laugh at the expense of the Lenten spirit. For all that, everybody is conscious of personal sins,—sins of omission and commission,—

and the man who makes funny pictures should not be able to sidetrack the thought out of the run of our daily lives. Exceptions may be, and are, made to the law of fast and abstinence. No dispensation can be given to exempt us from penance of some kind. "Unless ye do penance," says our Lord, "ye shall all likewise perish." And for students there are opportunities almost without number to perform acts at once penitential and most salutary. In every hall in the University mass is said every morning. To rise a little before the regular hour will entail some discomfort which will prove a most acceptable act of penance, and to assist devoutly at mass stands foremost as an act of religious worship. This may be done every day, or at least two or three times a week. One could suggest a visit to the Blessed Sacrament for five or ten minutes every day, some act of self-denial in the matter of permissions, a more rigid observance of rules, more diligence in study, a more frequent reception of the sacraments, a greater reverence in assisting at mass, a stricter watch with the view to reverence and refinement in speech, and so on. The student with the Catholic instinct will not need suggestions. No matter how good he is, he has sins to atone for, and he will be happy to make use of present opportunities to shorten the time of probation in purgatory. "Now is the acceptable time," the time of grace and spiritual renewal. Needless to say, the well-trained boy will not fail to take advantage of it in order to advance nearer the perfection of the children of God.

—The first series of try-outs for the University debating team are to begin in a week. A representative number of men have entered their names and are working for positions on the teams. Altogether the outlook is bright. Several men of last year's teams are working, and when the debaters from Bucknell come here in April, they should find Notre Dame ready for the fray. The interest shown thus far augurs well for our teams this year. What these men need now is some meted encouragement. We cheer the athlete and

praise his work. This is quite proper. But why not encourage the man who does the nerve-racking, grinding work which is a part of the preparation for a big debate? In a number of our schools, some form of recognition is tendered the debater. This custom might be established here. Whether this recognition should take the form of a monogram or some other appropriate symbol is a detail which is quite outside our province. The suggestion is worth some consideration.

—A suggestion is an odious form of rebuke, but occasionally an objection provokes a necessary suggestion. From narrow and self-centered sources the cry has come that the SCHOLASTIC is showing partiality to certain halls and certain individuals. Such a complaint is hardly worth our serious attention, but in a last effort to direct aright these persons whose super-heated imaginings are causing them anxiety, we take the liberty of trifling with a suggestion. Did it ever occur to any of these persons that the reason why no events in their hall are chronicled is that there are none to chronicle? And if an occasional something does happen, as accidents do in even the dullest communities, does it stand to reason that our reporter will be on the spot when it is the first recordable event in weeks? As a matter of fact, it is more than our staff can do to get around to the affairs that *are* really worth while. The editors are all students, and very likely, many of them have more class work than those whose complaints are so voluble. Their good time and honest effort are freely given to make a success of the paper. Their only reward is the satisfaction the finished work gives them. It would ill befit them to descend to petty jealousies and intrigues in such a work. The SCHOLASTIC is supposed to be a mirror of life at the University, and as a matter of fact, it reflects that life in a much clearer manner than is ordinarily supposed. Those who have energy enough to start something have energy enough to report it, and in this way all serious activities are registered. The board of editors can concern itself with only the matters of

greater import, and if things of lesser moment are disregarded, it is certainly the fault of no one but the participants themselves. This suggestion is worth the consideration of those who believe they have a grievance, and if taken in the right spirit it will remedy their fancied wrong.

—To-day is the 101st anniversary of the birth of Abraham Lincoln. It has become an institution in the American commonwealth reared on a foundation no less firm than that which supports the date of the declaration of July 4th, 1776. The martyred President sounded the knell of a tyranny more despotic and more besmirching than that which Great Britain imposed upon the colonies, and he guided the destinies of the Union through a period that was, perhaps, even more crucial than the revolutionary crisis. It is fitting, therefore, that with each recurring Feb. 12th, we should offer the tribute of our love and veneration to the memory of America's best-loved patriot. To none should the lesson of Lincoln's life carry a more solemn meaning than to ambitious American youth. A sublime ideal is the invariable antecedent of grand, lasting achievement in any field, and where can one find an ideal more beautiful or inspiring than that of which Lincoln's life was the embodiment? Charity, unswerving integrity and a broad human sympathy are the qualities that stand out large and prominent in his life. A man of the people, he loved the people, and in the face of all manner of opposition struggled righteously for their cause as he conceived it. More truly than Washington he stands as the embodiment of that democracy which is the ideal of this government. Party politicians may claim him and may sound his praises as their grand exemplar, but to Americans, Lincoln is a patriot, not a politician. He loved his country, he struggled to conserve her liberties, and his specific political creed is of no moment. He is loved for his patriotism, not for his politics. This nation may well be grateful that God gave her Lincoln who is not only great in his work, but also, which is of more importance, great in the sterling honesty of his life.

State Oratorical Contest.

With three firsts in delivery, and a third and two fifth places in manuscript, Francis J. Wenninger with his oration "Reason vs. Force," was awarded second rank in the State Oratorical Contest, held at Caleb Mills Hall in Indianapolis on Friday, Feb. 4. It was a virtual victory for Notre Dame's representative, for the audience had believed him the winner until the result was announced, and many of his hearers went away thinking that an injustice had been done him. Earlham's representative, Rev. Levi T. Pennington, Pastor of a Friend's Church in Richmond, Indiana, was awarded first honors, receiving first place on manuscript markings and second on delivery.

The contest in so far as it was a competition in oratory, was a rather mediocre affair. Until Mr. Wenninger, who was the sixth speaker, took the floor, it was an effort to give one's undivided attention to the speakers, and very few in the audience seemed to care to make the effort. Fairly good manuscripts were despoiled of whatever charm they might have claimed by faulty and even clumsy delivery.

Before Mr. Wenninger had said a single sentence, however, he had his auditors listening with rapt attention, and he kept up this interest throughout. He was cool and self-possessed, and his clear enunciation and graceful manner made him a pleasing speaker. His gestures were forceful and his modulation covered up for his audience what might otherwise have proved weak places in his manuscript. With more attention paid to the important element of composition in future attempts, Mr. Wenninger may worthily represent Notre Dame in any contest.

The markings of the judges give a fair

index to the worth of the other contestants. It is to be regretted, however, that Mr. Hays, of Wabash, did not receive a higher rank, for he showed up remarkably well, and had to labor under the disadvantage of being the first speaker. Mr. Robinson, of Butler, who was a last year's contestant, had a splendid opportunity to make good, but he allowed himself to grow too vigorous and sustained too energetic a delivery. Mr. Gephart, of De Pauw, who was ranked third, lacked ease and naturalness. Following is the program of the contest:

- Presiding Officer.....George L. Moffet, President
- Invocation—Rev. Harry G. Hill
Pastor Third Christian Church, Indianapolis
- Selection.....Indianapolis Orpheum Quartette
- "The Nation's Greatest Evil"—Hinkle C. Hays, Wabash
- "The Diplomacy of Democracy"—D. S. Robinson, Butler
- "Our Nation To-morrow".....Fred C. Millis, Hanover
- "Class Rule and Popular Sovereignty"
Alva Roscoe Gephart, DePauw
- Selection.....Indianapolis Orpheum Quartette
- "The Problem of the World's Peace"
Ralph S. Dobbin, Franklin
- "Reason vs. Force"—Francis J. Wenninger, Notre Dame
- "The Evolution of World Peace"
Levi T. Pennington, Earlham
- Selection.....Indianapolis Orpheum Quartette

DECISION OF JUDGES

JUDGES ON MANUSCRIPT

- Prof. C. M. Halliday Prof. Paul Reinsch
University of Illinois University of Wisconsin
- Prof. Arthur E. Phillips
Phillips School of Oratory, Chicago

JUDGES ON DELIVERY

- John B. Elam Prof. G. W. Knight
Indianapolis Ohio State University
- Charles R. Williams
Editor Indianapolis News

CONTESTANTS	ON MANUSCRIPT.						ON DELIVERY.						Sum.	Place.
	Halliday	Reinsch	Phillips	Elam	Knicht	Williams	Elam	Knicht	Williams					
Wabash.....	81	6	84	4	87	3	82	4	85	5	84	4	26	5
Butler.....	86	4	86	3	90	1	92	3	88	4	80	5	20	4
Hanover.....	80	7	78	7	77	7	75	7	75	7	75	6	41	7
De Pauw.....	90	2	88	2	85	4	78	6	92	2	89	3	19	3
Franklin.....	85	5	81	6	80	6	80	5	80	6	70	7	35	6
Notre Dame.....	88	3	82	5	82	5	95	1	98	1	95	1	16	2
Earlham.....	92	1	90	1	89	2	94	2	90	3	92	2	11	1

Forty Hours' Devotion.

On Sunday, Feb. 6th, at the close of solemn high mass, the annual Forty Hours' devotion was begun. After the mass, which was celebrated by the Rev. President, assisted by Fathers Crumley and Schumacher, as deacon and subdeacon, the Litany of the Saints was chanted by the celebrant and members of the choir. Then followed the solemn procession. Until half-past seven in the evening the Blessed Sacrament was exposed for the adoration of the faithful. These golden moments of grace were not lost to the students, for often between hours of class and during periods of recreation, all of them found time to make a short visit, so that these hours were as one continual act of adoration.

On Monday and Tuesday solemn high mass in honor of the Blessed Sacrament was sung at eight o'clock. Tuesday evening marked the solemn closing of the Forty Hours. At seven thirty, the Litany of the Saints was again chanted, and the procession moved around the church as on Sunday. After the return to the sanctuary Benediction was given, thus closing one of the most impressive ceremonies of the college year.

Ash Wednesday.

"Dust men are and unto dust will they return," was the truth brought home to the student by the impressive Ash-Wednesday ceremonies. The Reverend President of the University officiated at the solemn high mass and blessing of the ashes, assisted by Reverend Vice-President Crumley and Father Walsh. In a few well-chosen remarks Father Cavanaugh explained the wish of the Church in instituting Ash Wednesday and its relation to the Lenten season, and suggested two practical Lenten resolutions: to do penance by making those personal sacrifices entailed in acquiring proficiency in some hitherto neglected class, and to add "a cubit" to the moral stature by mastering some predominant defect of character. Then the ashes of the palm burnt on last Palm Sunday were blessed and distributed by the priests who signed the recipient on the forehead while saying: "Remember, man, that thou art dust, and unto dust thou shalt return."

Reading by Adrian Newens.

Mr. Adrian Newens, known to last years' students as the "Messenger from Mars," entertained us last Monday, February 7. This year's reading was just as cleverly rendered as last year's, and a Notre Dame audience has seldom been more thoroughly entertained. His interpretation is refreshingly good; he enters into the spirit of each character with a vim and zest that marks the keen observer and the competent mimic.

If we may be allowed a suggestion, however, the selection rendered last Monday is ill suited to a Catholic audience. It is an open rebellion against Dogma, and particularly a direct attack on the doctrine of eternal punishment. It is presented in the sugar-coated Elizabeth-Stuart-Phelps manner, and loses none of the force of its argument either in the telling or in the interpretation. Such a selection before a Notre Dame audience can hardly be commended for fitness. Otherwise, the reading was highly successful. Mr. Newens has a genius for character-interpretation, and by a judicious blending of the grave and gay, forces his way into the hearts of his hearers. We hope to hear him again, though in a more happily selected piece.

Lecture by Seumas MacManus.

Mr. Seumas MacManus, the popular Irish littérateur and lecturer, who was with the English classes for a series of lectures last year, visited the University and lectured on Ireland and Irish scenery last Tuesday, Feb. 8. The lecture was illustrated with views of Ireland's lakes and vales, the beauty spots of the Green Isle that have made it the inspired dream of poets through the centuries. The charm of intimacy made the lecture doubly worth while. To those who are familiar with Mr. MacManus' work it suffices to say that this lecture was pronounced the most entertaining that he has ever delivered at the University. We hope to greet him soon again.

*
*
*

Lecture by Dr. Devereux.

On Saturday, February 5th, J. Ryan Devereux, M. D., of Johns Hopkins Univer-

sity lectured to the students on the purely physical value of clean living. Dr. Devereux proved an interesting talker, and his words carried weight. He has had large experience in the medical profession, although still a young man, and is looked upon as an authority among his contemporaries. His remarks were punctuated with statistics, but they enhanced rather than detracted from the value of the lecture. He was listened to with marked attention by the assembled students. Dr. Devereux is an old student of the University, and a good Notre Dame man.

Western Champions Honored.

Alumni and students of Notre Dame have again united to honor themselves by doing honor to the football team of 1909. This time their action has taken the form of a personal tribute to each man on the team, and a more appropriate token of appreciation could hardly have been devised. Each man has been presented with a watch fob, and Coach Frank Longman will shortly receive a silver loving cup. The fobs are miniature footballs of solid 14-karat gold with the legend, "Notre Dame. 1909. Western Champions," traced in blue Italian enamel on the obverse side, and the name of the player and his position engraved on the reverse. The silver cup bears the following inscription: "To Frank C. Longman, Coach, by Alumni and Students of the University of Notre Dame. In Grateful Appreciation of Services Rendered in winning the Western Championship in Football. 1909."

The trophies were presented to the members of the team on Wednesday afternoon, during the intermission of the Butler College basket-ball game. A speech of presentation was made by James Kenefick. Mr. Kenefick's address was a tribute to the men of the team of 1909 and to the spirit that animated them, the Notre Dame spirit that has been manifest everywhere, and in every activity, athletic or otherwise, since the foundation of the University. At the conclusion of the address each man advanced to receive his token. The rousing cheers that greeted the approach of each player indicated the popularity of the team and of the form of appreciation.

The generous conduct of the alumni and students who made possible the presentation of these trophies is worthy of the highest commendation. Notre Dame has gained prestige in other times, and has won victories until they have become a habit, but a Western Championship in football is no ordinary event, and too much appreciation can not be shown the men who won it. And by no one is the tribute more deserved than by Manager Harry Curtis, whose arrangement of the schedule, as Mr. Kenefick said, made the winning of the championship a matter of games instead of comparative scores.

The committee-men who gave their time and effort to interesting the students in the plan, were Messrs. Kenefick, Duncan, Brentgartner, Jos. Murphy, Deery, Funk, McMorran, Fordyce and Birder. A special word of thanks is also due Mr. Max Adler, of the firm of Petersen and Adler, and Mr. Harry Poulin, of Adler Bros., for favors extended in procuring the trophies.

Personals.

—Martin B. Herbert, Notre Dame's great relay runner of several years ago and now prominent in the athletic circles of Chicago, was a recent visitor.

—Announcement comes of the marriage of Mr. Louis Wagner (student '98 to '05) to Miss Grace Whitaker on Dec. 15th at Chicago. Mr. Wagner was prominent in theatricals during his years at the University. The SCHOLASTIC extends felicitations.

—The Third Annual Dinner of the Notre Dame Club of Philadelphia will be held at seven o'clock, Monday, Feb. 21st. The place is the University Club of Philadelphia. There are a lot of good Notre Dame men hereabouts who would gladly share in the festivities did circumstances permit.

—On Wednesday, the 2d of February, 1910, the engagement of Miss Katherine McGovern of Corning, N. Y., and Frank "Dreamy" Scanlon of Syracuse, N. Y., was announced. The affair was in the nature of a supper given by Mr. Thomas McGovern, father of the bride to be. Gold and Blue were the prevailing colors.

—The *Pittsburg Catholic*, in its issue of

January 27th, contains an interesting article entitled "Chaplain Corby." In eloquent paragraphs it pays tribute to the dramatic scene of the general absolution before Gettysburg, and approves the movement to rear the statue in memory of the incident, and suggests that Cardinal Gibbons dedicate the statue and Archbishop Ireland preach the sermon on the occasion. The author of the article is M. A. Wills, G. A. R.

—We have seldom been given such a happy surprise as the other day when Paul Martin, a member of last year's junior class, visited the University with his wife, formerly Miss Lillian Buckman of Indianapolis. They were married Feb. 4th at St. Philip Neri's Church in that city, Rev. Father George Smith officiating. Being a very popular and loyal student, Paul selected Notre Dame as the first place to visit during the honeymoon. Mr. and Mrs. Martin will be at home at Marion, Indiana.

Calendar.

Sunday, 13—Brownson Literary Society.
 " St Joseph Literary Society.
 Wednesday, 16—Civil Engineering Society.
 Thursday, 17—Sorin basket-ball game.
 Saturday, 19—Robert O. Bowman, Impersonator and Humorous Artist.
 " Preliminary Trials in Debate.

Local Items.

—A Walsh Hall Black Hand society has been organized.

—Found—A sum of money. Loser apply at Room 225, Sorin.

—A near-revolution in Mexican circles took place during the week.

—Wanted—A Corby Hall activity worth chronicling in the SCHOLASTIC.

—Now is there anyone who will dare assert that the Professor can not hypnotize?

—The Freshmen have decided to purchase hats. More distinguishing than distinguished, possibly.

—Beginning shortly—and ending sweetly—a column of Old College activities will be inserted in the SCHOLASTIC each week.

—The Sorin Hall Orchestra, under the direction of Herr Glynn, holds forth nightly in the lower confines of the historic pile.

—Lost—A pocket-book containing between eight and ten dollars. Finder will confer a favor by leaving it with Bro. Alphonsus.

—Freshmen and Sophomores have both made arrangements for St. Patrick's Day banquets. The outcome will be watched with interest on both sides of the Atlantic.

—A man and a wolf entertained the rooters after the Butler College game last Wednesday afternoon. The wolf had the best of the argument.

—The Southern club elected officers and then slunk away into the gloom some time during the week. Owing to the fact that our dog-cart is out of commission we have been unable to corral any of the members and secure the list of officers.

—Prof. Vera wishes to announce that the number who believed in his hypnotic powers was equal to the number wishing to see the first robin, the statement in regard to the famous pirates' treasure notwithstanding. Further, the man who made that statement was the first to believe in his wonderful display of power.

—The members of the St. Joseph Literary Society learned with much pleasure last Sunday evening that they have in their midst a cartoonist of more than ordinary ability. Mr. Creiger's talk, accompanied by numerous illustrations, was the feature of the program. The other numbers consisted of a talk by Patrick Barry and a selection from Tennyson by Mr. Doktor. The society decided to render a special Lincoln program at the next meeting.

—Alumni and Knights of Columbus at Indianapolis showed their loyalty to Notre Dame on the night of the contest of the State Oratorical Association. A number of loyal supporters were present at the contest to cheer Notre Dame's representative, and at its close Mr. Wm. Fox, Grand Knight of Indianapolis Council, and Notre Dame's staunchest friend in the capital city, invited the orator and delegate to the club-rooms. There a rousing reception was tendered Mr. Wenninger.

—Last Sunday evening the Brownson Literary and Debating Society held its weekly meeting. No program was given, but the election of officers for the ensuing term took place. The following members were elected to office: E. Brengartner, President; B. Soisson, Vice-President; P. Byrne, Secretary; J. Hinde, Treasurer; R. Fischer, Sergeant-at-Arms; A. Minotti, Chaplain; R. Clark, Reporter. The following new members were received into the society: A. Minotti, F. O'Connell, J. McCarthy and H. Meyers.

—The "Tanto me è bel quanto a te piace" Society of Old College met in a different room each night last week, and entertained in classic style. The Cuckoo Quartette opened the program and was ably seconded by the graphophone. Billy Ryan fanned ten men with his monologue selections, and then assisted the quartette in another number. Arthur Hughes wrote a short story and

Jesse Roth did a broad jump. A general athletic and social discussion was then held, the decision of the judges being in favor of the negative. A soloized quartette selection, topped off with the Old College yell, closed the program.

—The Apostolate of Religious Reading has added the following books to its library: "Views of Dante" by Rivart; "Lectures of a Certain Professor" by Farrell; "Phileas Fox Attorney" by Sadlier; "The Chase of an Heiress," "The Princess Nadine," "A Daughter of the Sierras," "A Woman of Fortune" by Christian Reid; "Religion and Art," "Opportunity and Other Essays," "Things of the Mind," "Means and Ends of Education," "Socialism and Labor" by Bishop Spalding; "The Blindness of Dr. Gray," "Lisheen," "Glenanaar," "Luke Delmage" by Canon Sheehan; "Marzio's Crucifix," "Don Orsino," "Via Crucis," "In the Palace of the King" by F. Marion Crawford.

—The Philadelphia Gas Works, Broad and Arch Streets, Philadelphia, has sent the following letter to the professor of Mechanical Engineering:

Do you know of any graduates in your school of mechanical engineering of the class of 1909 or 1908 who are on the lookout for a position, and would probably like to consider entering into the gas business? We have a number of vacancies here for mechanical engineering graduates, and our standard starting price is \$60.00 a month. Do you know of any members of the class of 1910 who might like to consider such an opening?

—At the weekly meeting of the civil Engineering Society, Mr. De Landero presented a paper, "The Engineering Problems Involved in the Future Development of Mexico." The gold and silver mines, which are the chief resources, are developed only in a portion of the country surrounding Mexico City and a few other important centers. Railroads are needed to develop the vast tracts of land in the interior. The rights and obligations of property owners, whose land lies in contact with navigable rivers, was discussed by Mr. Wolff. Mr. McSweeney explained the phenomenon presented when water is cooled until it becomes a solid, and the action of the ice as its surrounding temperature is decreased. In accordance with the constitution of the society adopted at the last meeting, the following officers were elected: Wm. Schmitt, President; Messrs. Dolan and Herr, censors.

Athletic Notes.

BASKET-BALL.

The last two of the games away from home fell to Notre Dame. The Dayton Turners were defeated by a score of 31-30 and St. Mary's 23-10. The defeat of Rose "Poly" and the close score against Wabash

indicated the strength of the team, but now word comes that Rose "Poly" defeated Wabash 24-23. From this it would appear that in the coming game with the "Little Giants" we have a good chance for victory.

NOTRE DAME, 47; BUTLER, 16.

Butler proved an easy prey for our fast quintet last Wednesday afternoon. The game was slow at the start, and several baskets from fouls allowed the Butlerites to keep even with us. But in one of the prettiest exhibitions of team work ever seen on the local floor, the visitors were left completely in the rear. During the entire game they got only four field goals, while they seemed helpless in breaking up our plays. Maloney and Fish appeared to be able to get the ball almost at will, and Freeze, Matthews and Ulatowski were always in the right place at the right time, ready to receive the ball or to ward off the opponents. For the visitors, McKay played a good game, earning 12 of their points.

Field Goals—Maloney, 8; Fish, 9; Freeze, 2; Matthews, 3; Ulatowski, 1; McKay, 2; Van Wort, 1; Thomis, 1. Goals from foul—Maloney, 2; Matthews, 1; McKay, 8. Referee—Barret. Timekeeper, Vaughan. Official scorer, Roth.

TRACK.

The inter-hall track meet between Brownson and Walsh resulted in an easy victory for the former by a margin of nearly 40 points. As a means of bringing out good track material and revealing inter-hall ability the meet was a decided success. The speed shown in some of the sprints approached closely to intercollegiate races, and in the 40-yard dash Quigley of Brownson equalled the time made in the Indiana-Notre Dame meet of last year (4 3-5). Williams was the largest point winner for Brownson and Murray for Walsh. Following is the list of events:

40-yard dash—Quigley, Br., 1st; Murray, W., 2d; Hufurd, Br., 3d. Time, 4 3-5 sec.

40-yard low hurdles—Murray, W., 1st; Williams, 2d; Hamilton, W., 3d. Time, 5 4-5 sec.

40-yard high hurdles—Williams, 1st; Murray, 2d; O'Connell, Br., 3d. Time, 6 2-5 sec.

Shot put—Hufurd, 1st; Williams, 2d; Hinde, Br., 3d. Distance, 34 feet 3 inches.

440-yard dash—Sipple, Br., 1st; Garcia, Br., 2d; Hollywood, W., 3d. Time, 57 3-5 seconds.

Mile run—Dean, W., 1st; Jennings, Br., 2d; Cartwright, Br., 3d. Time, 5 minutes 8 seconds.

Half mile—Jennings, 1st; Heystek, W., 2d; McCarthy, Br., 3d. Time, 2 minutes 19 3-5 seconds.

Pole vault—Murray, W., 1st; Stewart, W., 2d; Daniels, Br., 3d. Height, 9 feet.

High jump—Williams, Br., 1st; Hufurd, Br., 2d; Hamilton, W., 3d. Height, 5 feet 2 inches.

Broad jump—Williams, 1st; Hufurd, 2d. Distance, 19 feet 5 inches.

Relay race—Hufurd, Sipple, Duffy, Murray, Heystek. Won by Brownson.

Starter, Maris; Referee, Wasson; Clerk of course, Fletcher. Judges of finish, Kelly, Connolly, Phillips. Field judges, McCarthy, Dolan, Miller. Scorer, Wm. Cotter. Marshall, Ryan. Inspectors, Dimmick, Dwyer, Philbrook, Vaughan. Timers, Duffy, Martin, Cox.