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## A Dead Musician.

IN MEMORY OF BROTHER BASIL, DIED FEB. 13, 1909.

CHARLES L. O'DONNELL, C. S. C.

HE was the player and the played upon,  
He was the actor and the acted on,  
Artist, and yet himself a substance wrought;  
God played on him as he upon the keys,  
Moving his soul to mightiest melodies  
Of lowly serving, hid austerities,  
And holy thought that our high dream out-tops,—  
He was an organ where God kept the stops.

Naught, naught

Of all he gave us rang so wondrous clear  
As what he sounded to the Master's ear

Wedded he was to the immortal Three,  
Poverty, Obedience and fair Chastity,  
And in a fourth he found them all expressed.  
For him all gathered were in Music's breast,

And in God's house

He took her for his spouse,—  
High union that the world's eye never scans  
Nor world's way knows.

Not any penny of applauding hands  
He caught, nor would have caught,

Not any thought

Save to obey

Obedience that bade him play,

And for his Bride

To have none else beside,

That both might keep unflecked their virgin snows.

Yet by our God's great law

Such marriage issue saw,

As they who cast away may keep,

Who sow not reap.

In Chastity entombed

His manhood bloomed,

And children not of earth

Had spotless birth.

With might unmortal was he strong

That he begot

Of what was not,

Within the barren womb of silence song.

Yea, many sons he had

To make his lone heart glad—

Romping the boundless meadows of the air,  
Skipping the cloudy hills, and climbing bold  
The heavens' nightly stairs of starry gold,

Nay winning heaven's door

To mingle evermore

With deathless troops of angel harmony.

He filled the house of God

With servants at his nod,

A music-host of moving pageantry,

Lo, this a priest, and that an acolyte:

Ah, such we name aright

Creative art,

To body forth love slumbering in the heart....

Fools, they who pity him,

Imagine dim

Days that the world's glare brightens not.

Until the seraphim

Shake from their flashing hair

Lightnings, and weave serpents there,

His days we reckon fair....

Yet more he had than this;

Lord of the liberative kiss,

To own, and yet refrain,

To hold his hand in rein.

High continence of his high power

That turns from virtue's very flower,

In loss of that elected pain

A greater prize to gain.

As one who long had put wine by

Would now himself deny

Water, and thirsting die.

So, sometimes he was idle at the keys,

Pale fingers on the aged ivories;

Then, like a prisoned bird,

Music was seen, not heard,

Then were his quivering hands most strong

With blood of the repressed song,—

A fruitful barrenness. Oh, where,

Out of angelic air,

This side the heavens' spheres

Such sight to start and hinder tears.

Who knows, perhaps while silence throbbed

He heard the De Profundis sobbed

By his own organ at his bier to-day,—

It is the saints' anticipative way,

He knew both hand and ear were clay.

That was one thought

Never in music wrought,

For silence only could that truth convey.

Widowed of him, his organ now is still  
 His music-children fled, their echoing feet yet fill  
 The blue, far reaches of the vaulted nave,  
 The heart that sired them, pulseless in the grave.  
 Only the song he made is hushed, his soul,  
 Responsive to God's touch, in His control  
 Shall ever tune the termless ecstasy  
 Of one who all his life kept here  
 An alien ear,  
 Homesick for harpings of eternity.

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The Celtic Sagas.

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THOMAS F. CLEARY, '11.

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(CONCLUSION.)

THE third and last great cycle of the Celtic sagas beginning about three hundred years after the death of Cuchulain hinges about the struggles between the High-Kings of Ireland and the Fenians. Conn of the Hundred Battles, his son Art the Lonely, his grandson Cormac Mac Art and great-grandson Caibre of the Liffey, and Finn Mac Cumhail are the romantic figures about whom are woven the stories and songs of this period. As the Fenians, however, are concerned in nearly all the sagas, the cycle has derived its name from them. This body was a sort of Irish militia, designed to protect and aid the kings. But enmities arising between its members and the rulers of Ireland, a long and bitter contest followed, resulting in the dissolution of the body.

Conn of the Hundred Battles was an important historical personage credited with a number of acts that tended to better the condition of his people, but he is far surpassed by Cormac Mac Art, a king of uncommon wisdom, who may well be styled the Irish Justinian, for, like the Roman ruler, he collected the laws of his kingdom and formed them into a national code. Moreover, he established schools of military discipline, law and history. The latter subject the king advanced by causing all the chronicles to be collected into one volume.

A considerable number of the sagas of the Fenian cycle have been twice redacted, first on vellum and at a much later period of time on paper. As might be expected, there is a marked difference in style between the two

accounts, the later redactions abounding in epithets and ornate diction in contrast with the simple style of the former. These peculiarities of the modern forms may be illustrated by the description of the sailing of Cumhail. Conn of the Hundred Battles raised Criomthan of the Yellow Hair to the throne of Leinster. Cumhail, who claimed the rule of Leinster for himself, was, at the time, away on a hunting expedition, but on hearing the news he immediately set sail.

"And there they quickly and expeditiously launched the towering, wide-wombed, broad-sailed bark, the freighted, full-wide, fair-broad, firm-rope vessel, and they grasped their shapely, well-formed, broad-bladed, well-prepared oars, and they made a powerful, sea-great, dashing, dry-quick rowing over the vast, billowed, vehement, hollow-broken rollers, so that they shot their shapely ships under the penthouse of each fair rock in the shallows nigh to the rough-bordered margin of the Eastern lands, over the unsmooth, great-foaming, lively-waved arms of the sea, so that each fierce, broad, constant-foaming, bright-spotted, white-broken drop that the heroes left upon the sea-pool with that rapid rowing, formed (themselves) like great torrents upon soft mountains."

Several volumes might be formed of the stories and poems relating to the birth, training and exploits of Finn Mac Cumhail (Cool), a half-legendary character who appears to have filled the same place among the Celts as did Arthur among the Saxons. He was always surrounded and aided by his Fenian band whom we may not unfairly compare to the Knights of the Round Table in early England.

A peculiar fact about the Fenian romances is that they have, for the most part, been preserved in oral state among the common people, and the stories thus treasured have been gradually committed to manuscript and put in circulation from the seventh century to the eighteenth. Other tales bearing upon the same subjects have been invented from time to time, and as a result there is to-day a large number of Fenian romances extant which have not yet been put on paper.

The cause of this popularity of the Fenian narratives is ascribed to the fact that they

entered more closely into the lives, thoughts and feelings of the ordinary people than did the relations concerning the Red Branch characters. Finn answered perfectly to the Celtic ideal hero and his exploits met their conception of truly heroic deeds.

Though the Fenian cycle is necessarily more modern than the Red Branch both in characters and incident, yet it retains much of the unreality, exaggeration and superstitious coloring of the earlier sagas. In the "Pursuit of Diarmuid and Gráinne (Graanya)" we may observe again the allusions to sorcery and magic which permeated the other cycles. The story of Gráinne and the hapless Diarmuid is one of the longest and best executed of the Fenian cycle, and may be likened in its main features at least to the legend of Lancelot and Guinevere. Diarmuid, one of the most valiant and trustworthy of Finn's knights, has ever been quick to obey the behests of his chief, always ready to enter upon any undertaking or to cope with any peril, and on one occasion has been the sole means of saving his leader from death.

Valiant, handsome and generous to a fault, he won the respect of Finn and the admiration of his companions. Unhappily, Gráinne fell in love with the hero on the eve of her marriage to Mac Cumhail. She pleaded to be taken away, and Diarmuid, sorely grieved that he should be obliged to act thus, but none the less able to refuse the petition, eloped with the betrothed of his captain.

The Fenian's chosen to hunt down their recreant companion-in-arms went about their task unwillingly, for they were well aware of the circumstances that had impelled Diarmuid to this action. When at last the fleeing one was obliged to give battle he was entirely successful.

"He drew near the warriors and began to slaughter them heroically and with swift valour. He went under them, over them, and under them as a hawk would go through a flock of small birds or a wolf through weak sheep. Even thus it was that Diarmuid hewed crossways the glittering, very beautiful mail of the men of Lochlann, so that there went not from that spot a man to tell tidings without having the greivousness of death executed upon him."

Truly a dire fate to those who had dared to oppose the hero, and not without effect on Finn, for he hastened to make peace. He did not forget his resentment, however, as Diarmuid afterward found to his sorrow. Years before Diarmuid's father had slain a youth who, changing at the moment of death into a druidic boar, had been empowered to slay the son of his murderer. Cognizant of the beast's power Diarmuid had never given chase. One day he went on a hunting trip with Finn, and as the two stood on the top of a hill conversing, Diarmuid was thunderstruck to see the fatal beast rushing toward him. Unarmed save for a small blade he succeeded at last in despatching the vengeful creature, not, however, without receiving a mortal wound. Death was imminent, yet by bringing a draught of water in his hollow, joined palms Finn possessed the power to save the dying warrior. Urged on by the other heroes he set out to do this, but he contrived to make the trip so long that Diarmuid died before the return. Great was the indignation among the other Fenians, and willingly they would have slain their chief had they not been restrained by oaths of loyalty and allegiance.

Every member of the Fenians was required not only to be a warrior, but he must be also versed in poetry; if not able to compose at least to comprehend and recite. Finn himself is given credit for several poems in Fenian sagas, and his son Ossian was the foremost singer of those ages. So prominent a poet was he that in deference to his contributions to the last cycle it is often termed the Ossianic. The following selection literally translated, and which is one of the poems attributed to Ossian, purports to convey to a questioner Finn's predilections in the realm of music:

When my seven battalions gather on the plain,  
And hold aloft the standard of war,  
And the dry cold wind whistles through the silk,—  
That to me is sweetest music.

Sweet is the scream of seagull and heron  
And the waves resounding on the Fair Strand.  
(Ventry),

Sweet is the song of the three sons of Meardha  
Mac Luacha's whistle the Dord (war-bugle) of the  
Fear Scara,

The cuckoo's note in early summer,  
And the echo of loud laughter in the wood.

Besides the stories dealing with Finn and Cuchulain there are a number of others constructed on miscellaneous incidents and characters in history. Some of these sagas reach back to a period prior to the coming of Christ, but few date later than the seventh century. The storming of Bruidhean (Bree-an) or court of Dá Derga is, in age and importance to Irish literature, second only to the famous Tain Bo Chualigne of the Red Branch cycle. The saga contains a description of the ancient court of Ireland, giving a lucid picture of sixth and seventh century manners and customs. The king and his court are carefully depicted as to dress and appearance and we are introduced to the chief druid juggler, the royal charioteers, judges, harpers, guardsmen, private table attendants and drink-bearers.

Of the juggler the saga avers that the "blemish of baldness was upon him" and that he wore ear-clasps and a speckled white cloak, while the feats he is asserted to have performed might well evoke the admiration of a present-day vaudeville artist.

But we are most impressed by the hospitality of the court. Dá Derga, the high-king, hurries about the palace personally bringing food and ale to all visitors. "The doors of his residence have never been closed since built except on the windy side," says the saga, "and it was only on that side that a door was put."

Funny, indeed, must have been the jesters, if we are to judge by the words of the saga: "They wore three dark grey cloaks, and if all the men in Erin were in one place, and though the body of the mother or the father of each man of them were lying dead before him, not one of them could refrain from laughing at them."

"The Wooing of Etain," which dates from the second century, holds more than ordinary interest for us in that it contains in verse a description of the Irish Elysium or heaven. Etain, the wife of one of the Tuatha de Danaan is reborn and becomes the spouse of the king of Ireland. Her former husband, loath to part with his mate, follows and endeavors to win her back by singing the delights to be enjoyed in the pagan paradise:

Come back to me, lady, to love and to shine  
In the land that was thine in the long ago,  
Where of primrose hue is the golden hair  
And the limbs as fair as the wreathed snow.

To the lakes of delight that no storm may curl,  
Where the teeth are as pearl, the eyes as sloes,  
Which alight whenever they choose to seek,  
On the bloom of a cheek where foxglove grows.

Each brake is alive with the flowers of spring,  
Whence the merles sing in their shy retreat.  
Tho' sweet be the meadows of Innisfail,  
Our beautiful vale is far more sweet.

Then come with me, lady, to joys unto'd,  
And a circlet of gold on thy head shall be,  
Banquets of milk and of wine most rare,  
Thou shalt share, O lady, and share with me.

The preservation of the sagas we owe to the Celtic Ollamhs who held the highest official positions among the bards. Upon them devolved the task of memorizing three hundred and fifty romances, which feat required from nine to twelve years' training. Scholars are convinced, however, that only the outlines of the stories were learned and that the details were filled in from the imagination of the narrator, a theory that accounts for the different versions of many of the sagas handed down to us.

Not all the ancient romances were committed to writing, and of the saga manuscripts large numbers disappeared before the ravages of the Danes, English and Normans; yet enough remain to indicate the genius of the early Irish, a genius descending with the race unquenched and unquenchable by want, subjection or tyranny; smouldering oftentimes beneath the oppressor's heel, checked for a time it may be by grinding toil or abject misery, but ever and anon breaking forth into a flame, which, revealing the inmost recesses of the Celtic heart, compels the admiration of the world.

### The Grand Hetman.

PETER P. FORRESTAL, '11.

When Prince Michael, a weak and pusillanimous noble, was raised to the throne on the abdication of John Casimir, Poland was in a state of civil discord and unrest. His election, which was effected by a powerful faction of inferior nobility, aroused great dissatisfaction among the Polish grandees, who saw the imminent danger which was threatening the kingdom from the East, and knew that a skilful leader was necessary to check the coming onset of the Moslems. Among those protesting his election none was more persevering than the Grand

Hetman, Sobieski, the foremost soldier and statesman of the Commonwealth. But in vain did the Hetman lay before the senate the madness of the step which it was about to take, in vain he pointed with warning finger to the Orient: the nobles of lower rank proved too numerous for the successful execution of his designs, and Michael was crowned amid the derision and jests of the assembly.

Not many days had passed when the dark cloud which threatened the Commonwealth burst, and in flooded innumerable hordes of Turks and Tartars—troops from the banks of the Volga to the Euphrates. Onward came that terrible avalanche, devastating and destroying all that lay before it. Here, where once stood the peasant's humble cottage, was left a heap of ashes; there, where God's temple had directed its spires heavenward, an ivy-clad ruin.

At last, perceiving that an encounter with the unbelievers was inevitable, King Michael marched forth with his men and gave them battle in the lofty town of Kamenets. But it is painful to relate the details of that terrible conflict; how time and again the Polish line of battle was hammered and battered by the furious Moslems; how many a gallant noble, despairing of victory, rushed into the thickest of the fray only to fall beneath the sabres of the Zaporojian infantry; and how, finally, the Polish troops departed with the sting of defeat, so seldom experienced, gnawing at their breasts.

The result of this battle threw the whole country into the utmost depression and gloom. Both statesmen and soldiers feared that the downfall of the Commonwealth was fast approaching as they scanned the desert wastes which the terrible Moslems left behind in their ravaging march through the kingdom. No longer were the gallant deeds of warriors and the clang of victorious arms the theme of the wandering minstrel; no longer he sang in happy measures the glories of a mighty king that ruled a mighty people; nor did his lyre sound in prophetic strains the advent of a deliverer, for the one man who could save Poland had been affronted by her senate and it was reported that he had fled to another clime where his gallant deeds might receive more grateful homage and where the name of John Sobieski would

be held dearer than in the land of his birth.

It was daybreak along the banks of the Vistula. The historic city of Warsaw, so soon to feel the weight of the oppressor's blow, was towering aloft in the grey dawn, when a solitary rider dashed from its precincts and was speeding southward in the direction of Khotin, where were stationed the army of the Commonwealth and that of the enemy. The young soldier—for such he was—followed the course of the river southward until he reached the waters of the Dniester, when he abandoned the ravine below and betook himself to the so-called steppes, for he knew well how hazardous an enterprise it was for a Pole to enter that wilderness of Cossack barbarity alone and unguarded.

All was still along the rugged steppes, not a sound was to be heard at this early hour save the deep murmuring of the Dneister. And, indeed, this winding river passed onward in no gleeful mood, for it had been a silent witness of many a tragic deed enacted on its sloping shores. Here in the crevices of rocks that overhung the river bank and in gloomy caverns did bands of Cossacks and Tartars await the moment when they could spring upon a defenseless Pole that chanced to be passing by. The gallant rider feared neither the native of the Don nor the Amoor, but as he had no time to lose he sought the steppes so as to avoid an encounter that might necessitate delay as well as danger.

Onward sped the valiant soldier through the cold wind that swept the barren steppes that bleak November day. Now and then he looked down on the waters of the Dniester which flowed through the valley below, and his thoughts would revert to Kamenets. Hours seemed like days as he drew near his destination, till finally, weary from the long ride, he arrived at Khotin, where he beheld the camp of the Commonwealth near the river bank and farther on the tents of the unbelievers. And looking over the river at the lofty ruins of Kamenets he smiled—but who could depict that smile which mantled a determination to avenge.

Throughout the whole morning cries of joy mingling with those of despair filled the historic town of Khotin. The rejoicing of the Turks over their late triumph knew no

bounds; in the flush of victory they were determined to advance into the very heart of the Commonwealth and leave naught behind them save misery and ruin. But in the other camp there was nothing but grief and despair. Their defeat at Kamenets filled the Poles with anxiety and fear. They had, it is true, many accomplished and skilful soldiers, but none that could cope with the vastly superior forces of the enemy. The gloom and despondency of that army was terrible to behold; not a smile was to be seen, and gallant patriots, apprehending another Kamenets, shed bitter tears; for all knew that there was but one man who could lead them to victory, and he was not present.

Suddenly the sweet sound of a minstrel's lyre reached the ears of the depressed soldiers. It was the same which they had heard a few years previously when Sobieski put to rout the combined forces of Cossacks and Mongols. Yet how different seemed that melody now! No more did the aged minstrel sweep the lyre in happy accents, no more he told in joyful strains the glories of other days. And as he approached the end of his lay the languid numbers became more melancholy and faint as if the muse of rapturous song had fled with the hopes of his country.

Ah, warriors brave, if a livelier strain

You wish, ne'er the cause of your country forsake;  
But liberty first you must haste to unchain,

And then shall the Muse that sleeps with it awake.

The sound of the lyre had scarcely died away when a mighty shout rent the air; and the name of Sobieski was echoed from the heights of Kamenets to the tents of the unbelievers, as the gallant Hetman, who had braved the cold winds of the barren steppes in order to serve his suffering country, entered the Polish camp.

That night the moon, unclouded and serene, came forth to disperse the gloomy shades which covered the sky during the earlier part of the day. And beneath its silvery beams could be seen a small band of soldiers—the remnant of a demolished army—fleeing along the southern Dniester towards the Crimea; while a short distance up the river appeared a battlefield strewn with thousands of dead and dying; in the centre were the victors, gazing proudly at a gallant soldier who was standing at their head with a tattered flag beneath his feet. It was the Grand Hetman, Sobieski, trampling in the dust the sacred banner of the Prophet.

## Horace and His Friends.

MICHAEL A. MATHIS, '10.

Friendship is the greatest temporal boon within the reach of man. Most of the good things of this world, at least those which money can buy, seem to be reserved for the few. But thanks to a watchful Providence that has so ordained it, the best things in life are within the reach of every man. Friendship is the greatest of human good things and can become the possession of anyone.

What is friendship? Authoritative answers to this question can be found on every hand. Friendship has been the theme for a classic in many ancient as well as modern languages. Augustine Birrell of our time said of friendship: "It is a word the very sight of which in print makes the heart warm." Solomon, the wisest of men, tells us: "A friend loveth at all times, and is born as a brother for adversity." "By friendship," writes Jeremy Taylor, "I mean the greatest love and truest union of minds of which brave men and women are capable." Francis Everett Hale says: "Friendship is the greatest luxury of life." Even Voltaire wrote: "Friendship divine, true happiness of heaven, sole emotion of the soul wherein excess is righteous."

The poets, too, have sung this theme. Shakespeare would have us feel that, "He that hath gained a friend hath given hostages to fortune," and Byron sings, "Friendship is love without wings." But the plain narrative of Holy Scripture is probably the most comprehensive definition of them all, certainly the most instructive, for it teaches us not only what friendship is, but how to make friends: "A faithful friend is a strong defense, and he that hath found him hath found a treasure. Nothing can be compared to a faithful friend, and no weight in gold or silver is able to countervail the goodness of his fidelity. A faithful friend is the medicine of life and immortality, and they that fear God shall find him."

But what are the qualities of true friendship? Cardinal Gibbons recently said: "Friendship has certain essential characteristics without which it is unworthy of the



name. The basis of true friendship is self-sacrifice, disinterestedness, truth, virtue and constancy." Mere acquaintance is not friendship. Grey even is of the opinion that "a favorite has no friends." This at once draws a line on those seeking true friendship. Such persons not possessing certain qualities can not be forged into true friends. Confucius of old had the same idea of friendship, when he taught: "There are three kinds of advantageous friends—the upright, the sincere and men of much observation; and the same number of injurious friends—those having spacious airs, the insinuatingly soft and the glib tongue." On this point Charles Kingsley also says: "It is only the great-hearted who can be friends; the mean and cowardly can never know what true friendship is." And our own American peace-maker, William Penn, also saw the necessity of virtue for true friendship. For, he said, "Friendship is a unison of spirits, a marriage of hearts, and the bond thereof is virtue." Cicero, too, in the master classic on friendship teaches us that friendship is a triple alliance of love, sympathy and help, and that the willingness on the part of friends to love, sympathize with and help each other are produced by nature when evidence of virtue and integrity has been established. And, as he says, "It is but natural for us to love virtue, for nothing is more amiable than virtue, nothing which more strongly allures us to love it, because of their nature and integrity we can to a certain degree love those even whom we have never seen." For example, who does not feel kindly toward and sympathize with Shakespeare's Imogen, Hamlet, Desdemona, or some other of the virtuous characters of fiction.

Joseph Roux considers: "The vital air of friendship to be confidences." If you can not convince another that you have enough virtue in you to keep a confidence, you will never have a real friend. As the Talmud says: "Let the honor of thy friend be as dear to thee as thine own." To such a degree must a real friend revere his other self. A friend loves not for what he may receive, but what he may give, which Trumbull puts in this wise: "Friendship consists in being a friend, not in having a friend."

"The test of a friend," says Aristotle, "is an absolutely faultless fidelity. For friends

are much better tried in bad fortune than in good fortune." It must be a friendship such as James Fenimore Cooper would have: "Friendship that flows from the heart, which can not be frozen by adversity, as water that flows from the spring can not congeal in winter." Real friends must feel towards each other, as Thomas á Kempis suggests, "Love him and keep him for thy friend, who, when all go away, will not forsake thee."

Thus it is evident that to possess a friend one must have something to give—virtue. And since virtue is the common property of humanity, friendship is within the reach of all men. Such is purely human friendship. The law of brotherly love which Christ gave to the world has extended this friendly feeling among men, which has in a thousand ways made life more livable, and which has also made mere natural friendship more enjoyable by assuring men that their destiny is an immortal existence. However, the heights to which mere human friendship on its own merits can ascend, is strikingly illustrated in one of the most beautiful friendships which history records, that of Horace and Maecenas.

This historic friendship sung in the inimitable lyrics of Horace has had for almost two thousand years, and always will probably have, a hold on the hearts of men. It was during the reign of Augustus Cæsar about thirty years before the Christian era that these two charming personalities, Horace and Maecenas, were united by the bonds of friendship.

Like the great lyrists of our own times, Burns and Biranger, Horace sprang from the ranks of the people. His father had been a slave, but like all great minds, Horace was proud of his origin. And of that father he wrote:

Reason must fail me, ere I cease to own  
With pride, that I have such a father known.  
Nor shall I stoop my birth to vindicate,  
By charging, like the herd, the wrong on Fate,  
That I was not of noble lineage sprung;  
Far other creed inspires my heart and tongue.  
For now should nature bid all living men,  
Retrace their years, and live them o'er again,  
Each culling, as his inclination bent,  
His parents for himself, with mind content.

From his father, Horace inherited a manly independence, a kindly humor, and practical

good sense. Horace was early taken to Rome by his father to the school of Orbilius Pupilius, who, thanks to Horace, has become a name (Plagosus Orbilius, Orbilius of the Birch). Horace has left us many delightful pictures of his father accompanying him to and from the class-rooms, and of his father's customs of pointing out the practical effects of good and evil in the lives of the men who came under their immediate observation. Somewhere between the ages of seventeen and twenty Horace went to Athens to complete his education.

There must have been a great personal charm in Horace's character, for while at Athens he contracted many enduring friendships with young men of the noblest families in the empire, who were not accustomed, in fact who scorned, to leave their high social throne to mix with a freedman's son. But it is sure they did so in the case of Horace, for he would not fawn on any man, who at all times wanted the world to know that his was a humble origin. It was at Athens too he met Brutus who startled his noble friends by entrusting the command of the legions to a freedman's son, Horace.

Although Horace was no fighter still he gave satisfaction, for we know from himself,

At home, as in the field, I made my way,  
And kept it, with the first men of the day.

After the battle of Philippi, Horace returned to Rome where he found that his father had died, and that his paternal acres had been confiscated, thus leaving him penniless. As he himself says:

Bated in spirit, and with pinions clipped  
Of all the means my father left me stripped.  
Want stared me in the face, and so then there,  
I took to scribbling verse in sheer despair.

Despoiled of his means Horace began to write personal satire, criticising the vices of his political enemies. Personal satire is always popular, but whatever fame it begets is bought at the cost of lifelong enmity. Horace soon realized this fact, and began to write real satire and real poetry, such as Gifford characterized in a quatrain:

Arch Horace while he strove to mend,  
Probed all the foibles of his smiling friend,  
Played lightly round and round each peccant part  
And won unfelt an entrance to his heart.

Horace's poems and satires caught the eye of the people, and it was not long until he

had established an enviable reputation for himself. Among his admirers were Virgil and Varus and men of letters as a whole. Virgil, who had recently been despoiled like himself of his personal property, took occasion to bring his name before Maecenas, the confidential adviser and administrator of Octavius, in whom he himself had found a helpful patron. Maecenas sent for Horace. He took time to study Horace, for it was not till nine months after the first interview that Maecenas again sent for the poet. When he did so, however, it was to ask him to consider himself for the future among the number of his friends. Horace tells the whole story of his introduction to Maecenas with admirable brevity and good feeling (B. I. Satires, 6). From that time on the name of Maecenas is inseparably connected with that of Horace. A real friendship had been formed.

As for Maecenas, much of his history can be gathered from the writings of Horace, of Virgil and of Varus, all of whom he patronized. The fact that he helped these great poets shows that he was a good critic of literature. He was fond of living in grand style, and at his sumptuous palace on the Aventine, in the midst of delightful gardens, he sought relaxation in the company of men of letters. While a man of public affairs he was distinguished as a great conciliator. He was private minister to Augustus, and more than once he was charged by Augustus with the administration of Italy during his absence. In all his public career he was noted for benevolence, with backbone enough to influence even Cæsar. For when Octavius was one day condemning man after man to death, Maecenas, after a vain attempt to reach him on the tribunal, where he sat surrounded by a dense crowd, wrote upon his tablets, "*Surge tandem carnifex!*—Butcher, break off," and flung them across the crowd into the lap of Cæsar, who felt the rebuke and immediately quitted the judgment seat. Such was the character of Maecenas, possessing a vast store of common sense and charity, the two essential qualities for friendship.

After Horace was once admitted into the circle of Maecenas' friends he made giant strides in the science of friendship. Those same charming personal characteristics, common



sense, love of personal independence, and a kindly humor which had won for him not only the coveted favor of the best blood at Athens, but also their friendship, no doubt attracted Maecenas to him.

Nor can we doubt that the intimacy had grown into real friendship, warm and sincere, before Maecenas presented Horace with a small estate in the Sabine country, a gift which he knew well would be, of all gifts, the most welcome. This occurred about four years after their first meeting. The gift was a slight one for Maecenas to bestow, but owing to Horace's fondness for the country, it had a value for him beyond all price. It gave him a competency, leisure, health, amusement, and more than all undisturbed freedom of thought and opportunity to commune with nature. "Never was gift better bestowed or more worthily requited. To it we are indebted for much of the poetry which has linked the name of Maecenas with that of the poet in associations the most engaging, and has afforded, and will afford, ever new delights to successive generations."

Maecenas had a melancholy temperament, and was at intervals subject to the unwelcome attacks of the Roman fever. On his appearance in the theatre after one of these dangerous attacks, he was received with vehement cheers. To mark the event Horace laid up in his cellar a jar of Sabine wine, and some years afterwards he invited Maecenas to come and partake of it in a charming lyric (Odes I, 20).

About this time Horace narrowly escaped being killed by the fall of a tree. He told Maecenas about it (Odes II, 17). Maecenas who had never been very well was in his later years troubled with insomnia. He also became distressed by the gloomy anticipations of an early death. Horace usually aroused Maecenas out of these states by his kindly humor, but this time Horace was forced to realize the case was serious. And with his sad heart moved to its depths by the possible misfortune he writes words the pathos of which some one has said, "is still as fresh as the day when they first came with comfort to the saddened spirit of Maecenas himself."

Why wilt thou kill me, with thy boding fears?  
Why, O Maecenas, why?

Before thee lies a train of happy years

Yes, nor the gods nor I

Could brook that thou should first be lain in dust  
Who art my stay, my glory, and my trust!

Ah, if untimely fate should snatch thee hence,

Thee of my soul a part,

Why should I linger on with deadened sense,

And ever-aching heart,

A worthless fragment of a fallen shrine?

No, No. one day shall see thy death and mine.

Think not that I have sworn a bootless oath;

Yes, we shall go, shall go.

Hand linked in hand, whene'er thou ledest, both

The last sad road below.

What Horace had prophesied concerning their death did happen almost as he foretold it, seventeen years later. Shortly after Horace wrote the "Ars Poetica" Maecenas died in the middle of the same year, bequeathing Horace to the care of Augustus in these words: "Bear Horace in your memory as you would myself."

But the lines that Horace had written seventeen years before rang in his ears:

Think not that I have sworn a bootless oath;

Yes, we shall go, shall go,

Hand linked in hand, whene'er thou ledest, both

The last sad road below.

No earthly pleasure could distract his vision of Maecenas, "Thee of my soul a part," wandering alone along that "last sad road." He who had so often soothed the sorrows of other bereaved hearts had now no one who could adequately soothe his own. A "part of his soul" had preceded him to another world. It was time for him also to go. The welcomed end came shortly and suddenly. One bleak November day the servants of his Sabine farm heard with heavy hearts that they should no more see their good, cheerful master whose pleasant smile, kindly word, and benevolent deed was not denied even to his hounds. For it was his boast that when he had a banquet at his place even

The kitchen maids twine extra bows in hair,

While waiters too expect a special share,

And e'en the dogs come in for better fare.

There were many sad hearts in Rome too when the "wit who never wounded, the poet who ever charmed, the friend who never failed, was laid in a corner of the Esquiline, close to the tomb of his knight, Maecenas."

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—Nothing so generates national consciousness or unifies national life as the common observance of days set apart to render honor to a nation's heroes. Business activities with their more or less strenuous competition necessarily beget conflicting interests. Politics divide men into opposing factions. But on these days all are actuated by a common purpose, and, in a common spirit of gratitude and harmony of sentiment, are united in giving it fitting expression. Mere formalities are empty and oftentimes cloak insincerity, but the annual observance of Washington's Birthday, on February 22d, is not a mere formality, for it is fraught with deep interest and sincere patriotism. The lesson for this day is a contemplation of ideal American manhood. One generation is largely imitative of another, and the truly great men of our time owe a large part of their greatness to the example of men of the past. The story of the cherry-tree may not be literally true, but the facts have yet to appear which will convict Washington of anything ignoble, selfish or unpatriotic. His character has stood the test of time and the scrutiny of

history, and we shall profit by the study of his life in proportion as we strive to imitate his noble deeds and acquire his strength of character.

—The death of Major-General St. Claire Mulholland at Philadelphia, Feb. 17, closed a distinguished and most honorable career.

The record of General Mulholland as a soldier will be found in the books which tell the story of our country's history. The SCHOLASTIC desires to pay brief but most cordial tribute to him as a friend of the University.

General Mulholland was known and esteemed as a University lecturer, a field in which he achieved great success. The war pictures which adorn the walls of the top story of the Main Building are pictures General Mulholland used in his historic lectures. The University conferred on him the degree of A. M. in 1895 and the General always maintained most friendly relations with the Faculty.

When the beloved soldier passed away he was interested heart and soul in the movement to place a statue of Father Corby on the field of Gettysburg. A letter written to the University only a few hours before he was stricken with his fatal illness declared that he believed his time to be exceedingly short in this world and that he was anxious to see the Corby statue a reality before he died. The wish of his heart has not been granted, but let us hope that the day is not far distant when the statue of Father Corby will have its place on the historical battlefield.

—The selection by Mr. Adrian Newens, to which we took exception in our last issue, has a peculiar significance as indicating the trend of the times. The revolt against Dogma is the latest form of Protestant thought, and it is becoming so widespread that it must be reckoned with in the religious phase of society. The idea that it matters not what a man believes as long as he does good holds forth a distinct attraction for the man of the world, and when such an idea

receives the sanction of theological students it is no wonder that it counts its adherents by the millions. This tendency is finding a reflection in literature. The selection referred to is no isolated case. It need hardly be said that such tendencies will never affect Catholic doctrine. The observation is made simply because it is a sign-post of the trend of the times.

—Three halls in the University have established a worthy Lenten precedent. More than half the members of these halls have banded together in an agree-

**A Praiseworthy Example.** ment to attend mass daily during Lent, and for their convenience the Holy Sacrifice is offered up in their chapels every morning before breakfast. This is a spirit of solid piety that is worthy of emulation. To abstain from smoking, to deny one's self certain gastronomic pleasures, to obey hall rules with more regularity, all these are worthy practises of self-denial, but it is certain that it requires much more effort for the average boy to deprive himself of the extra slumber to attend mass in the morning. While not wishing to spoil the good work by over-praise, we certainly may congratulate the students of these halls on the precedent established.

—The alumnus usually learns that his career and ultimate success will depend, in a large measure, upon the degree of earnestness and sincerity with which he adheres to the ideals and interprets the principles which his *Alma Mater* inculcated in his mind and heart. The influence and discipline of her teaching and inspiration leave a life-long impression on his character. The traditions and associations of university life, the friendships formed in youth and early manhood, the exemplary life of real men,—all contribute something of permanent value to his moral equipment, which intellectual culture of itself could never bestow. The relations which the student contracts with the University during the years of his residence and study therein form a bond of affection which continue through life. It is only broken when the Alumnus allows his respect and regard for *Alma*

*Mater* to grow faint through silence and long absence. But this need not be. He can keep in touch with events of interest concerning her through correspondence and local publications, and he should not be dilatory nor backward in acquainting her with all that concerns him personally. In this way he can enrich his store of delightful memories of pleasant days by keeping the scenes and events of school-life fresh and living. They will be to him treasures of priceless worth long after the world has bestowed its laurels of honor and praise.

—The ode "A Dead Musician" from the pen of one of our former editors is a notable tribute to a singularly gifted man. Like

others who sleep in the To the Memory of little cemetery above the lake, Bro. Basil passed from this scene of his unheralded work, asking no tribute and wishing none. The world outside knew him but little, and that was the dearest wish of his heart. He was a maker of melodies, a dreamer of harmonies caught from the deeps of song. The busy world passed him by and he heard not its voices, wrapped as he was in the children of his thought,

"Romping the boundless meadows of the air,  
Skipping the cloudy hills and climbing bold  
The heavens' nightly stairs of starry gold."

Those who have heard his far-away, spiritual reveries from the organ loft will not soon forget the magic of his touch. He was a musician, a maker of melodies, and he looked and lived the part. Yet in his personality was nothing exotic, nothing to excite curiosity or wonder. He lived the life of a religious man, and did his work unknown and as much as possible unseen. It is said that every man's place can be filled. In a sense this is true. It is true in the sense that every man's work may be taken up and carried on without any very noticeable lapse. But there is another sense in which the man who is specially gifted with any one talent and uses that talent to the best advantage is not, and under normal conditions, can not, be replaced for a number of generations. Brother Basil ranks high among the artists of Notre Dame and it is fitting to keep his memory green in tradition and song.

### Skovgaard Concert Co. Recital.

A high-class musical program was that presented by the noted violinist, Mr. Stovgaard, and the two other members of his company on February 11. The selections rendered by Mr. Skovgaard were of classical order and proved a rare treat to the lovers of music. His skill in the technique of his repertoire detracts somewhat, perhaps, from that masterly expression which one notices in the work of even less brilliant artists. In the absence of a printed program, Mr. Skovgaard prefaced each number with certain critical and explanatory remarks. While the distinguished violinist was readily understood by his audience, one can not say he has fully mastered the phraseology of the English tongue. In her vocal selections, Miss May Warner was singularly happy. Singers of greater range and more ambitious effort have been heard here, but at first thought one would find it difficult to recall any soloist of better voice quality or more sympathetic expression. The accompanist, Miss Alice McClung, gave evidences of skill and training in her work. The program as a whole ranks among the best of the year.

### The Lecture Course.

Following is a revised list of future numbers of the lecture course, as arranged for up to the present:

February 19—Robert O. Bowman.

February 22—Washington's Birthday Exercises. Presentation and acceptance of Flag. Address by Samuel M. Dolan, President of the Senior Class. Oration of the Day by Mr. Samuel Parker, of the law firm of Anderson, Parker and Crabill, of South Bend.

February 25—The Hinshaw Grand Opera Company (Substitutes the Grand Male Quartette, scheduled for March 7).

March 29—Lecture by Mr. John Corley.

April 5—The Donald Robinson Company of Players.

April 20—Fred Emerson Brooks.

May 30—Decoration Day Exercises. Address by Judge Kichan Scanlan.

### Demonstration by Dr. Hilliard.

Decidedly the most unique number of the lecture program of this year, was the demonstration by Dr. C. E. Hilliard on Thursday, Feb. 10. Dr. Hilliard is a graduate of the School of Medicine of the University of Pennsylvania, and has had long practice as an athletic trainer. He explained various muscular developments and considered at some length the matter of dislocations. He illustrated, by actual displacements, more than ten different forms of serious dislocations, and explained the methods of treatment destined to give the best results. The lecture was of especial interest to athletes and to students of law and biology courses.

### Tribute to Coach Harry Curtis.

It is with a feeling of regret that the SCHOLASTIC chronicles the departure of Mr. Harry Curtis, who has for several seasons successfully occupied the post of baseball coach, and for the past two years that of graduate manager of athletics. Seldom has a Notre Dame man held the esteem of students and alumni as has Coach Curtis. He understood and was understood by the boys, and he ruled and taught—and taught exceedingly well—by an unvoiced feeling of sympathy.

The students of the University adopted a most fitting form of expression of their appreciation. A gold watch, bearing the engraved inscription, "To Harry M. Curtis, Baseball Coach, as a token of esteem from the students of Notre Dame," was presented to him on Wednesday night by a committee, composed of Messrs. Donovan, Duncan, Brentgartner and MacMorran, who waited on him in his room. A public demonstration had been planned, but out of deference to the well-known modesty that has always made him shrink from public honor, the presentation was made privately. It came as a complete surprise.

Mr. Curtis left Thursday night for St. Louis and left St. Louis last night for Marlin, Texas, where he will enter the training quarters of the New York Nationals.

## De Gustibus non.

*The Earlhamite*, Earlham College, Feb. 12, 1910.—“It is interesting to see how various styles of oratory impress different men. One year ago in the State Peace Contest at Purdue University, Mr. Pennington won first place over Mr. Wenninger, of Notre Dame, largely through his delivery. This year the same men were opponents. Each used almost exactly the same style of delivery as before, but Wenninger received three firsts in delivery, while Pennington received two seconds and one third. It is evident that such decisions are mostly a matter of impressions.”

*Indianapolis Star*, Feb. 5, 1910.—“Wenninger's personality is that of the practiced and trained orator, and he was by far more at ease than any of the other speakers in the contest. . . . His voice was firm, and he was as natural as could be.”

C. R. Williams, Editor of the *Indianapolis News*, one of the judges on the night of the contest: “That fellow [Mr. Wenninger] is not a college orator; he is a public lecturer.”

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University Bulletin

The bi-monthly examinations will be held on Friday and Saturday, Feb. 25 and 26. Classes taught at 5:15 will be examined Thursday at 7:30 p. m. First hour classes will be examined on Friday and second hour on Saturday. Christian Doctrine examinations will take place Wednesday at 7:30 p. m.

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Obituary.

Lawrence D. Larke of Corby Hall has the sympathy of the whole University on the death of his father, who passed away at his home in Rodgers, Michigan, February 8. Mr. Larke had been ill for some time. The friends of Lawrence,—and they are many—will remember the beloved dead in their prayers.

\* \*

One of our Board of Editors Mr. Leo C. McElroy, '10, was called home during the week owing to the rather sudden death of his father. Leo has the sympathy of everybody at the University in his great loss. Many a fervent prayer will be offered up for the deceased.

## Personals.

—Harry Hague, student 1905-'8, has charge of the draughting department of the Illinois Steel Company, South Chicago, Ill.

—Dr. William D. Furry (A. B., 1900; A. M., 1904) is assistant conductor of the Philosophical Seminary of Johns Hopkins University, a position which is regarded as a high honor in the academic world.

—William R. Covert and George Covert, well-known old students, conduct a Wholesale Athletic and Recreation Supply House in Toledo, Ohio. The firm is Covert Brothers and the address 334 Superior St.

—Mr. Angel Caparo (C. E. '08, E. E. and M. C. E. '09) is now engaged by the government of Peru as first engineer of the state of Cuzco, Peru. At the present time he is in charge of the installation of the water works in Cuzco, the construction and paving of a new avenue and the erection of a number of bridges.

—L. C. Wheeler, known to old boys as “Jack” (student 1893-95), is now an Agent of the Secret Service Division attached to the White House. This position, to which he was appointed under President Roosevelt, is continued under the present administration. “Jack” had charge of the collection of testimony in the Western Land Fraud Cases in 1904 and had complete charge of all investigations of this subject in Nevada, Wyoming, Colorado, Nebraska and Northern New Mexico. The old Notre Dame boy who visits President Taft at his morning receptions has a comfortable feeling when he discovers that “Jack” Wheeler is one of the two confidential men to whom is entrusted the safety of the President.

—It is a long time in advance to make the arrangement, but the SCHOLASTIC knows that its readers will be pleased to hear that Gen. John C. Black, Commander-in-Chief of the Grand Army of the Republic, has consented to give the address on Memorial Day, May 30th, 1911. The General writes: “I have had many delightful associations connected with Notre Dame and St. Mary's near there to have been an occasional visitor there since 1888, and have always found rest, delight and comfort in many visits.”

## Calendar.

Sunday, 20—Preliminaries in debate.  
 " St. Joseph Literary Society.  
 " Brownson Literary Society.  
 Monday, 21—Preliminaries in Debate.  
 " Orchestra Practice.  
 " Sorin-Old College track meet.  
 Tuesday, 22—Washington's Birthday Exercises. No classes.  
 Wednesday, 23—Varsity vs. Olivet in basket-ball.  
 Thursday, 24—Triangular inter-hall track meet.  
 " Exams.  
 Friday, 25—Varsity vs. Allegheny College in basket-ball.  
 " Hinshaw Grand Opera Co.  
 " Exams.  
 Saturday, 26—Exams.  
 Baseball practice, daily at 3 P. M.; Thursdays and Sundays, 9 A. M.; Track, daily at 3:45 P. M.; Basket-ball, daily at 4:30 P. M.

## Local Items.

—SPECIAL NOTICE.—The following letter received by the President of the University from the Commonwealth Edison Company of Chicago may be of interest to some of our old students.

"We have frequent opportunities for placing ambitious and capable young men, who have had some technical training, as substation operators, switchboard operators, inspectors, meter testers, etc.

"If any of the young men who come under your observation, and whom you could recommend, are looking for employment of this character, I will be glad to have you send me a list of their names and addresses, also such other information concerning them as you can give."

—Valentine Day lasted all week among the Minims.

—Found—A fountain pen. Apply to Rector of St. Edward's Hall.

—And then, too, Sorin Hall might start something by way of variety.

—Señor don Rafael Garcia fell down considerably in Mechanics class recently.

—A dull, heavy thud might have been heard in the realm of class activities during the week.

—The second term is now well under way. Students who wish to take modern classes should take notice.

—Messrs. Adler Bros. are donating a handsome banner to be awarded to the winner of the interhall bowling tournament.

—Though it pains us to admit it, the students of Sorin Hall have devoted most of their time to serious study during the past week.

—The renewed interest displayed by University musicians in band and orchestra practice, augurs well for the musical treats which will shortly begin.

—Found—Under Sorin Hall fire-escape, a fifty-cent piece, evidently lost between 10 p. m. and 6 a. m. Loser apply to Rector of Sorin Hall and receive reward.

—In a moment of forgetfulness, produced possibly by an exuberance of psychic effusions, Frank Hollearn admitted that he gets away with a good many things.

—On Wednesday night the hallowed custom of nocturnal adoration was observed in the Seminary chapel. Adoration began at 9 p. m. and lasted until 6 a. m. A number of guests from other halls were present at the ceremonies.

—The Engineering Society and the Aero Club held a joint meeting on Wednesday, February 16. After an interesting lecture by Professor J. J. Greene, John C. Tully, the acting chairman, addressed the society and took occasion to reprimand them for inactivity. Good for John!

—A committee of local Knights of Columbus has been appointed to submit a list of candidates for charter membership in the proposed Notre Dame Council of the Knights. The local Council is now practically an assured thing, and it is expected to hold the initiation some time after Easter.

—Sorin vs. Old College track meet is the athletic offering of Monday afternoon. Sorin Hall is reputed to be the mother of athletes, and Old College is not far from being a step-mother, so the outlook is promising. We are unable to give any figures on Old College, but the following records made by Sorin men during the week, look good:



Johnston, and O'Hara, Mile, 6:25; McCafferty, Half-mile, 4:00; Campbell, Broad jump, 15 feet; Tully, 40-yard dash, :06 sec.

—The preliminaries in debating for the selection of both the University and Law teams, will take place to-night, Sunday and Monday nights at 7:30 in the Law room of Sorin Hall. The question for discussion is: "Resolved, That Federal legislation be enacted establishing a Central Bank in the United States." The debaters, in the order of speaking, are as follows: Feb. 19, affirmative, Messrs. Buckley, Finnigan, Duncan and Schmid; negative, Messrs. Hope, McGarry, O'Brien and Hagerty; Feb. 20, affirmative, Messrs. Miltner, Mathis, Rush and Toth; negative, Messrs. Donovan, Deery, Ryan and Dean; Feb. 21, affirmative, Messrs. Hughes, Sands, Carey and Jos. Murphy; negative, Messrs. O'Hara, Fish, J. P. Murphy and Toole. The general public is invited to attend.

—Following the meeting of the Parliamentary class of Freshmen laywers, Monday, the question: "Resolved, That the Sale of Intoxicating Liquors in the States should be abolished by statute" furnished a spirited topic for debate. The affirmative supported by Messrs. Bradley, Gaffney and Ditton brought forth strong arguments for abolishing liquor traffic, but failed to win the decision. Judges Oshe, Thompson, and Schock returned a two to one vote for the "wets." The negative team was composed of Messrs. Devine, J. Smith and Ryan. At the preceding meeting Messrs. Schmid, R. Smith and Schock won an interesting debate over Messrs. Hamilton, Thompson and Oshe on the question: "Resolved, That as a measure of protection to the people of the United States, the Japanese should be excluded."

—On Sunday evening, Feb. 13, the Holy Cross Total Abstinence Society held its regular meeting. The program included several numbers by the Seminary orchestra, a selection by the quartette and a debate on the question: "Resolved, That local option is better suited to cure the drink evil than prohibition." The affirmative was supported by Messrs. Coffeen and Heiser, while Messrs. Kelly and Carroll argued for the negative. By a decision of the house, the debate was won by the negative. The Rev. Dr. Irving, of the Department of Physics, was the guest of

the evening. His remarks at the conclusion of the program were most enthusiastically received. Dr. Irving spoke on the need of total abstinence, and his words of sound advice and counsel made a deep impression on his hearers. After the meeting, several new members were received and signed the pledge to abstain from all intoxicating liquor for life.

—The regular meeting of the Civil Engineering Society was held Feb. 16th. Mr. Attley told of the advancement and many improvements made upon the Bridge Truss in the different parts of the world since its origin. He explained the reasons why some forms of the Truss are safe for long spans and others are not. The advantages of securing complete topographical maps by means of the Plane Table were well brought out by Mr. Hebenstreit. The rapid progress of Engineering work in the Philippine Islands, since they have been under the jurisdiction of the United States, was explained by Mr. Enage. Railroads, sewerage systems, harbors and bridges are being built in the islands as rapidly as the engineers, who are from this country can build them. So popular has concrete become that cement plants are at present under construction. This will do away with the great expense of shipping from the States.

—The weekly meeting of the Brownson Literary and Debating Society was held last Sunday evening and an interesting program was rendered. The question of debate for the evening was, "Resolved, That public utilities should be owned and operated by municipalities." The affirmative was upheld by Messrs. G. Sipple; W. Cotter and R. Scott, and the negative by Messrs. B. Soisson, G. Marshall and W. Downing. After forcible and interesting arguments had been given by both sides, the decision was declared in favor of the negative. Other numbers on the program were: "Break, Break, Break" by P. Byrne, "Philip's Restitution" by R. Clark, "Lepers of Molokai" by P. O'Brien, "Patriotism" by W. Morrissey, "The Riddle of Life" by E. Roscinski, "Nearer Home" by H. Carroll. The impromptu debate was postponed until the next meeting as several of the debaters were absent. After remarks by the critic concerning the various numbers, the meeting was adjourned.

## Athletic Notes.

## BASKET-BALL.

The Lincoln College quintet of Southern Illinois lost to the Varsity Monday evening by a score of 45-20. Matthews played a star game at guard as well as annexing six field goals in succession at a time when the team needed the encouragement. Ulatowski was in the thick of the fray at every moment, and with Fish and Maloney playing their usual consistent game, there was little danger of defeat for the Varsity. Attley's work at center was good, though it lacked somewhat in aggressiveness.

Notre Dame (45)                      Lincoln College (20)

Fish	L. F.	Perry
Maloney, Burke	R. F.	P. Council
Attley, Williams	C.	McMurray
Matthews, Walsh	L. G.	McDavis
Ulatowski	R. G.	F. Council

Goals from field—Fish 5, Maloney 7, Burke, Matthews 6, Walsh, Ulatowski 2, Perry 4, P. Council, McDavis. Free throws—Maloney, McMurray 6. Referees—Vaughan, Bennett.

\* \*

In a lively, scrappy game the Aggies again defeated Varsity at Lansing by a score of 43 to 23, on Thursday evening. The line up:

Varsity		Aggies
Maloney	L. F.	Busch
Fish	R. F.	Barnett
Freeze	C.	Campbell
Ulatowski	L. G.	McKenna, Chamberlain
Matthews	R. G.	Hanesch

## TRACK.

CORBY, 65; ST. JOSEPH, 35.

The Corby athletes had little difficulty in winning over St. Joseph, taking first in the majority of the events and defeating their opponents by a margin of thirty points. The meet was a pretty exhibition throughout, but most excitement was aroused by the half mile and relay races. The high jump brought out two men who are of Varsity calibre: Regan of Corby and Kane of St. Joseph who tied for first place. Bergman was the individual star for the Corbyites, practically taking three firsts, while Regan and Rush were second in the race for honors. Rush made a good showing in the pole-vault, reaching a height of 9 ft. 3 in., but the ease with which he carried off the event indicates that he is capable of doing even better. With a little training Barry, too, should develop into a first-class vaulter. In the 40-yard dash Corby took first, second and third, while Foley won the mile with ease. The time of these races, however, was slower than in the Brownson-Walsh meet of last week. The broad jump, won by Regan, was quite up to the standard and the distance made closely approximates the Varsity records of last year in this event.

## THE SUMMARY.

40-yard dash—Corby, 1st; 2d and 3d; Regan, Rush, Bergman and Cortazar qualified for final sprint.

Broad jump—Regan, C., 1st; McGill, C., 2d; Barry, St. J., 3d. Distance, 20 feet 8½ inches.

40-yard low hurdles—Bergmann, C., 1st; Rush, C., 2d; Baer, St. J., 3d. Time, 5¾.

40-yard high hurdles—Bergmann, C., 1st; Baer and Walsh of St. J. tied for 2d. Time, 6.

Pole vault—Rush, C., 1st, Barry, St. J., 2d; Rempe, C., 3d. Height, 9 feet 3 inches.

880-yard run—Walsh, St. J., 1st; O'Neill, C., 2d; Dolan, C., 3d.

High jump—Kane of St. J. and Regan, C., tied for 1st; McGill, C., 3d. Height, 5 feet 4 inches.

Mile run—A. Foley, C., 1st; Reddon, St. J., 2d; Madden, C., 3d. Time, 5:15.

Shot put—Murphy, St. J., 1st; Yund, C., 2d; Madden, C., 3d. Distance, 32 feet 4 inches.

440-yard dash—Hebner, C., 1st; McGrath, St. J., 2d; Kane, St. J., 3d. Time, 59 1-5.

Relay race—Won by Corby. Time, 2:25.

Starter, Maris; Referee, Wasson; Judges of Finish, Kelly, Connolly, Phillips; Announcer, Steers; Clerk of Course, Roth; Field Judges, Fletcher, Dolan, Miller, Inspectors, Dimmick, Dwyer, Finnegan, F. Williams; Scorer, Wm. Cotter; Marshall, Ryan; Timers, Duffy, Martin, Cox.

## TRACK NEWS.

Although the schedule has not been completed the following meets have been secured.

March 12—A. A. U.

March 19—Ohio State at Notre Dame.

April 2—Oberlin

April 9—C. A. A.

It is possible that the last two meets may interchange dates as this point has not been positively determined. We are fortunate in securing a meet with Ohio State as this University holds first place in athletics among the "Buckeye" colleges and will undoubtedly give an exhibition well worth seeing. The Varsity try out, in preparation for the coming contests, will be held during the following week. A meet in which inter-hall stars not contesting for Varsity honors will participate has been arranged with Culver for March 5th.

## WRESTLING AND BOXING.

Wrestling and boxing classes will meet hereafter at 7:00 sharp. Much inconvenience will be spared the director if members of the classes will report promptly at the time specified.

## BASEBALL.

Manager Curtis, who has been coaching the baseball squad, left last Thursday for Marlin, Texas, where he is to join the New York "Giants." The faculty board of control have taken the matter of choosing his successor under advisement, but have not as yet made any announcement. In the meantime Kelly, the star outfielder of last year's team, has been chosen captain *pro tem*, and will direct the practice with the "horsehide" until a permanent coach is decided upon.