

The Notre Dame Scholastic

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

VOL. XLIII.

NOTRE DAME, INDIANA, APRIL 2, 1910.

No. 25

The First Robin.

THOMAS A. LAHEY, '11.

LIFE and limb and muscle
In a tiny frame;
Wingéd world of music,
In a drift of flame.

Spendthrift!—all unheedful
Of what notes you spill,
Since each vocal heart-throb
Wakes in you a thrill.

Odysseus in the Iliad.

FREDERICK W. CARROLL, '12.



AMONG the many remarkable qualities which enliven the epics of Homer, there are none so apt to awaken the interest of the casual reader, or to arouse a spirit of enthusiasm on the part of the student as the simple manner in which the poet establishes relations between deities and heroes; and the intimate, almost personal knowledge which he evinces of his characters.

To the rich imagination of the Greeks such features must have lent supreme delight, and to them is due, no doubt, something of the fascination which Homer held over the minds of his countrymen. Whatever the development of Grecian mythology may have been prior to the advent of Homer, it is certain that it remained for him to form it into a definite creed; and his poems,

made up of myth, legend and fact, became the foundation of a religion, which prevailed not only in the poet's own time, but in Greece for many subsequent centuries.

Like other poets of his day, Homer drew upon the storehouses of tradition for the material of his songs; but unlike them, or any poet of medieval or modern times, the poet reveals an acquaintance with the most minute details of his themes, which is truly wonderful; and it seems incredible that he could have obtained such thorough knowledge without having been in some way or other himself a participant in the experiences which he recounts. The supernatural element, however, which the poet interweaves so inseparably with his heroes may tend to envelop them in an atmosphere of uncertainty, which may leave the determination of their real character an open question.

The direct and sensible intervention of supernatural beings in the concerns of men, precludes the possibility of belief, according to the Christian meaning of the term, yet to read Homer with some measure of enthusiasm a certain degree of quasi-belief is necessary. We must accept Homer as he is and as he intended we should accept him. With such dispositions a new view presents itself to the reader, which can not fail to quicken his delight and interest in Homer. The Grecian temperament was, above everything else, intensely poetic; and in the contemplation of nature and the attributes of man, the pagan instinctively sought to endow inanimate beings and abstractions with life, and through a process of personification gradually created a system of theology which came to a state of crystal perfection in Homer. To appreciate him,

therefore, it is well to remember the symbolism of Grecian religion, and to bear in mind the unquestioning belief which the Greeks reposed in it; not as originally conceived, but as the poet presented it to them. "To deal with Greek religion honestly," Ruskin observes, "you must understand that this belief was, in the mind of the people, as deeply rooted as ours in the legends of our own sacred book; and that a basis of unmiraculous event was as little suspected and an explanatory symbolism as rarely traced by them as by us."

The Greeks ever held the gods in great reverence and treated the immortal decrees with great respect. The immortals, however, were not always deserving of the homage and sacrifice that were paid to them, for often they displayed vices common to mortals. In the *Iliad* many of the supernatural personages are represented as full of contention and hate; and in the war of the Greeks and Trojans, Olympus is divided; some gods favoring one side, others the other. Homer shows deep religious deference for the will of the gods, but in both of his great poems, he seems to show especial regard toward Athene, the goddess of wisdom.

"Spiritually," says Ruskin, "she is the queen of the breath of man, first of the bodily breathing, which is life to his blood and strength to his arm in battle; and then of the mental breathing, or inspiration, which is his moral health and habitual wisdom; wisdom of conduct and of the heart as opposed to wisdom of imagination and the brain." This observation is particularly significant since it is she whom the poet regards in close association with the deeds of his two respective heroes, Achilles and Odysseus; but especially with the latter, of whom the goddess is the special patroness at all times.

Ruskin further observes that, "All virtues mass themselves in the Greek mind into the two main ones—of Justice or noble passion, and Fortitude, or noble patience; and of these, the chief powers of Athene, the Greeks had divinely written for them, and for all men after them, two mighty songs,—one, of the *Menis*, passion, or zeal of Athene, breathed into a mortal whose name is 'Ache of Heart,' and whose short life is only the

incarnate brooding and burst of storm; and the other is the foresight and fortitude of Athene maintained by her in the heart of a mortal whose name is given to him from a longer grief; Odysseus, the full of sorrow, the much-enduring, and the long-suffering."

The two mighty songs are the *Iliad* and the *Odyssey*. Achilles is the hero of the one, Odysseus of the other. The wrath of the former, which is the subject of Homer's recital, is of comparatively short duration; a burst of storm, which in this case, however, required adverse circumstances to dispel it,—the death of his best friend. The adventures of the latter are recounted by Homer in the *Odyssey*, the action of which, from the fall of Troy till he reaches his own country, extends through a number of years; thus bearing out the interpretation of his name as a symbol of the fortitude of the deity who favors him.

According to Professor Jebb, "Achilles and Odysseus are two characters which always had a strong hold upon the Greek imagination. The Greek idea of human perfection was a wise mind in a beautiful body, good counsel joined to a noble action. Noble action is pre-eminently represented by Achilles, good counsel by Odysseus. Odysseus is brave, but he is especially the man of subtle intellect and ready resource." The comparison is well borne out in the development of the two heroes, and serves admirably to bring out the characteristic merits of each. In the *Iliad* the poet depicts them with all the majestic simplicity of his natural genius; and as with all his characters he places them before us as beings full of reality and life. In regard to the influence of the goddess Athene, Ruskin notes that "she is herself the will or *Menis* of Achilles. If he is to be calmed, it is she who calms him." The most notable instance of this influence of Athene upon the conduct of Achilles is found in the first book of the *Iliad*, when she restrains the hero from laying violent hands upon Agamemnon. Numerous other instances occur which show the presence of Athene, but the most important are those which show her relations towards Odysseus, as they are more frequent and far-reaching in their results for the public good and the success of the Greek arms.

As a warrior and a hero, Odysseus is

subservient to Hector and Achilles in the lime-light of action on the plains of Troy; but he takes a most active part in many battles, and his presence is constantly felt as the power behind the throne in all matters requiring prudence and tact, whether of military discipline or an important expedition. The goddess is ever the instigator as well as the moderator of all his actions, when divine assistance is necessary to aid the Greeks. The wisest of the gods directs the wisest of men: a combination of intellects which could hardly fail to act rightly under all circumstances. Homer distinctly recognizes the element of apparently super-human wisdom in Odysseus, and prefixes more epithets to his name than to any other single hero; all of which are a direct reference to his extraordinary talents.

Odysseus was not a warrior in the full sense, but was rather a seaman by profession; and since the *Odyssey* consists almost wholly of his personal adventures upon the seas and in foreign kingdoms, we might naturally suppose that it contains the best description of its interesting hero. Yet his character is identical in both the *Iliad* and the *Odyssey*, though presented under varying conditions and circumstances. The former occurs first in the order of time, and in it, Homer strikes the key-note of his character, which remains at all times consistently the same. The first real mention which the poet makes of Odysseus in the *Iliad*, is a reference to his qualifications as a seaman, when we find him entrusted with the responsibility of returning the captive Chryses to her father over the seas, and of appeasing his wrath and that of the destructive god, Apollo. On expeditions of this nature, Odysseus was ever the leading spirit, and no enterprise was either planned or undertaken without his advice and counsel.

Curiously enough it is through the testament of a Trojan that Homer gives us our truest impression of Odysseus. In the third book a scene represents Priam and the Trojan seers viewing the Greek forces from the walls of the Trojan citadel. Helen is present and describes each warrior as she knew him, and indicates especially the son of Laertes who is skilled in all things of cunning and device. Previous to the incidents of the *Iliad*, Odysseus had been one of an

embassy to Troy for the purpose of securing Helen and preventing the war. He had been the guest of Antenor, a Trojan prince, who is also now present on the wall and who follows up the remarks of Helen in regard to the hero whom they are discussing. Antenor gives us some idea of the physical appearance of Odysseus when he compares him in stature to Menelaus who is taller; but when both were seated Odysseus appeared the nobler of the two, thereby implying some want of proportion in his bodily make-up. Through Antenor, Homer likewise compares the eloquence of these two heroes. Antenor describes Menelaus as a fluent, steady speaker whose words were timely and well suited to the occasion. "But when Odysseus of many counsels rose up he stood, fixing his eyes on the ground, and did not move his sceptre one way or the other, but held it still, as one unskilled or dumb, and seemed like a fool until he spoke; then the words fell from his lips like wintry snow; and no mortal could stand against him, and we admired his countenance."

We find this oratorical power of Odysseus fully exemplified in the second book, where the poet introduces him in contrast to an orator of lesser prominence, who, nevertheless, serves as an adequate illustration to show that Odysseus was anything but a type of the modern demagogue; which indeed was the character of Thersites, who was made to feel the effects of the superior excellence of Odysseus in oratory. It will be remembered how the Grecian army had been thrown into confusion by the unexpected proposal of its commander-in-chief to abandon the long and apparently useless siege, and to return homeward. Agamemnon had made this suggestion simply to test the sincerity of his men, but he had failed to anticipate the probable effect of his words. They were accepted literally much to the astonishment and despair of the generals and princes. The vast army lost no time in preparing the ships for the departure, and disorder and confusion were the consequences.

The hero, Odysseus, was filled with grief at this evident display of cowardice in his countrymen, and stood silent beside his ship. There was consternation on Olympus also, and in an agony of apprehension, lest the hated Trojans should escape her vengeance,

Juno dispatches Athene to the scene of confusion. The goddess goes at once to Odysseus as the man best fitted to meet the emergency, and urges him to use all his eloquence in restoring the equilibrium of the situation. Odysseus heeds the divine injunction, and armed with the king's sceptre of authority, hastens through the army. To a leader he addressed gentle words to inform him of the unhappy misunderstanding, to a common soldier he spoke harshly, commanding him to listen to the words of his superiors, that he was no warrior, but a coward. He appealed to the discipline of all, and, as if by magic, he succeeded in quieting the entire host of warriors.

Thersites, however, began to cry out against the injustice of his master, and, like the enemies of law and established customs of to-day, reviled those who were in power over him. In righteous indignation Odysseus pours out a flow of oratory upon the unseemly wretch, and with one mighty blow fells him cowering to the ground. The approval with which the soldiers themselves greet this treatment of the disturber, is a splendid testimony of the regard in which they hold Odysseus. They recall how he wrought innumerable good deeds for his country's cause; that he stood foremost in wise counsels and in arranging battle; but this thing was by far the best he had wrought among them.

If the goddess of Wisdom was the favorite of Odysseus, she was no less so the favorite of Homer. The poet takes every opportunity to show his preference for skill and prudence over mere brute power. In the contest of the funeral games, Odysseus conquers the giant Ajax by a clever use of science, and defeats the lesser Ajax in the foot-races by help from Athene, who trips his nearest adversary. The defeated hero bemoans his fate, declaring that the goddess, not Odysseus, had achieved the victory.

The accomplishments of this renowned Homeric personage embraced every branch of learning and endeavor; he excelled in physical as well as in intellectual prowess; Achilles alone could outrun him in the foot-race, and perhaps he alone could compare with Odysseus in the knowledge of the arts and sciences of that period. Achilles was tragic, nobly so, and was a fit hero for so

great a poem as the Iliad. Though inferior to him in battle, Odysseus was the one hero who deserved to wear the armor of Achilles, after his death, as the Trojans themselves declared that, next to Achilles, Odysseus had worked the greatest harm to them.

In a summary of the two characters, Schlegel says: "A less magnificent, but still richly attractive form of poetic heroism is presented in the person of Odysseus, the roving, travelled hero, discreet and experienced as brave, fitted to undergo dangers of every sort." It is in the description and account of Odysseus and his wanderings, on his return voyage, that the poet reveals the closest familiarity with the actions of any of his characters in the merest details of incidents and events. Here, also, the goddess Athene is brought into requisition oftener, and, in fact, accompanies Odysseus in person on many of his ventures, though always under some disguise. Less dramatic a figure than Achilles, yet more versatile in his endowments, we can understand from this knowledge of his character why Homer should have chosen Odysseus as the hero of his masterpiece—the Odyssey.

The Spot-Light Artist.

LEO J. CLEARY, '10.

"Well, what are you up to now, Pierre?" said Chris Schwither, as he shuffled toward the rear of the room where the person he addressed was seated.

"I got a scheme."

"Yes, the same old near-scheme you've been tryin' out every day for the past month." And his tone expressed the maximum of disgust.

The person spoken to did not respond. He was deftly polishing the mechanism of a moving picture machine, and his interest in the task absorbed him to the oblivion of everything else. Pierre de Gauche was a peculiar genius, knowing something of electricity, and possessed of a harmless aptitude for the construction of mechanical devices. Often into that part of his anatomy

technically known to the zoölogical student as a cerebrum there found lodgment a brilliant idea. The latest conception was in regard to the cinematograph. With an energy worthy of a poet, he worked over his schemes, unmindful of the sarcastic comments of the unappreciative, commonplace people.

"Now, see here, I hired you to help me in this restaurant business with the understanding that you were to be more than ornamentally useful. You don't seem to have the practical ideas. You're always foolin' with some infernal contraption, until I'm clear out of patience with you."

Pierre raised an ear to listen. The geometric shape of his visage indicated attention. Chris continued:

"Now get practical for once. If you've got any head you can rig up that machine in some way to advertise our business."

"Oh, I do something last night," said the Frenchman, and with the wildest delartian gesticulations he launched off into a recital of how he had manipulated the spot-light at the theatre the night before with wonderful success. In the last act, when the tragedy of death was felt, he had inserted various tinted glasses into the machine, making the villain die by colors.

"You galvanized idiot, what's that got to do with the restaurant business! You dawdle all your time away at those fool schemes instead of tending to your job. I left you in here the other morning to wait on customers, and when Pete Etenbaugh comes in and orders somethin' in place of meat sent up to the house for Friday dinner you ordered hash. When he asked for somethin' to drink you gave him lemonade. You know Pete hasn't any sense of humor, and it's just like him to take things like that as personal insults. This morning we only had half a dozen customers for breakfast and they only ordered coffee and flapjacks. That fat fellow we used to cater to has started drinking vinegar to reduce avoirdupois, and we're only losing money waiting on him. Schneider and his family, our best patrons, will leave town to-morrow for their summer outing. Soon we'll be blacklisted entirely."

Beneath this crushing intelligence Pierre's angular features assumed an ashy paleness. He opened his mouth once or twice, but no

French escaped. Affected by the woe-begone aspect of his understudy, Chris continued mildly:

"Have you heard the latest news?"

"No," stammered the beleaguered one, "I can't read ze American newspaper."

"Huh, who expects you to read the papers. The *Screamer* won't be out till day after to-morrow. You talk as though this town could afford a weekly newspaper. Why don't you keep your ears open. How do you expect a man in our business is going to interest his customers unless he knows the latest gossip? Now look at me, I always have somethin' to say about town doin's. Ed Trigger drops in here lots of times just because he finds some one that can talk intelligently, and he never goes out without spendin' five or ten cents. And sometimes he orders a box of crackers or such like truck that he'd never thought of if I hadn't kind o' led up to the subject casually like noticin' that the price of crackers was liable to raise."

Pierre followed intently the instructions of his superior.

"Now, I kind of sympathize with you, since you ain't full American yet and can't be expected to get onto everything all at once. But you got to follow my free lectures. Business is business. We got to make both ends meet; and if you don't do something practical within the next couple of days out will go all your truck.

At this juncture a customer claimed Schwither's attention and Pierre, with the terrible possibility of having to give up his most beloved avocation looming up before him, disappeared into the recesses of his workshop. He knew what failure would mean in the eyes of the people, and Fifine—a dull kind of agony clutched his heart as this thought arose. He would forfeit her respect forever. She had hardly smiled at him lately, and only last Sunday she had walked home from church with Luby Porter. But there was yet a chance to win her back if he were successful. While these disquieting reflections were coursing through the mind of the amateur electrician, Chris disposed of his patron and took up again his sentinel post outside the door. He soliloquized upon the oddity, his chief clerk, and his infatuation for the little French

girl across the street; the reverses in the restaurant business, and the urgent need of some advertising medium to draw a larger patronage.

Unconscious of this raving, yet instinctively feeling a chill in the atmosphere, Pierre got busy. For two days he worked over his cinematograph, figuring out the efficiency of various carbons with the aid of a slide rule and trying electrical connections on different lighting circuits. Chris was ill at ease over his unaccustomed reticence, and to customers wandering in gave oddly varying explanations of this latest eccentricity on the part of his helper. His curiosity was soon to be satisfied, however, for Pierre had spent every moment of the intervening time with a purpose in view—the purpose as he announced one day was to give a moving-picture entertainment for the benefit of the townspeople. Chris rapidly spread the news, and long before the hour announced, the most representative citizens of Kappa had assembled to enjoy the show. In the front row sat Squire Stokes himself.

But what mattered to Pierre their presence or absence. He had looked towards the front where were seated Fifine and his hated rival, Luby Porter. He knew that a failure on his part now was the only thing needed to give his rival the advantage. As an orator gets the inspiration for his greatest flights of flowery eloquence, not from the unsympathetic throng, but oftentimes from the presence of one fair face, so Pierre felt that Fifine would be responsible for his best efforts to-night.

He made the proper electrical connections, inserted the first roll of films and prepared to entertain the people. Then everything seemed to go wrong at once. The light was pale and flickering. The pictures were almost indiscernible, and the handle refused to turn. In his nervous awkwardness he almost upset the machine. He could hear the thrill of exultation which must have filled the heart of his rival. The audience were not slow in venting their displeasure at his failure. Just as the excitement was at its height Pierre regained his calm, and soon remedied the displaced carbon, which was largely responsible for the poor light. Slowly he rolled the film through, the intense illumination making the picture scenes so real

that the audience gazed transfixed. Their silence was eloquent of admiration. The triumph was his. In quick succession the scenes from Schwither's restaurant were flashed upon the canvas before an astonished audience. They saw a depicting of a busy day in the restaurant when the skilful proprietor bustling about tended to the coffee percolator, the toast-stove and a dozen other of the latest electrical cooking devices at the same time, while with an electro-phonograph to his ear he took orders from every point along the counter. The electrical cooking installation had been the work of Pierre.

After the program was concluded and the crowd was melting away, Pierre, gathering together his belongings, felt a soft touch on his arm, and a voice, deliciously soft and musical, fell upon his enraptured ear: "Oh, Monsieur Pierre, *Vous etez si brave, Vous etez si brave.*—Ze greatest soldier, it is nothing in comparison. You are ze success. I am so happy."

On the post-office corner Chris highly elated was conversing with Gus Sedekum, the village carpenter and architect: "I tell you Gus what I want you to do. My store is too infernal big anyhow and trade's been slack, so I want you to run a partition right through the center. That Frenchman made such a hit to-night that I'm goin' to start a nickelodeon in connection with the restaurant business. You see the town board has been offering a donation to anyone that would start this so it would sort of keep the kids off the street at night. I'll 'have him mix up a few restaurant scenes with the other pictures, and I reckon most of the audience will be hungry after they see me a fryin' steak and developin' the coffee."

Pierre knew nothing of this. Perhaps he would not have cared had he known. Seated on a rustic seat near the scene of his triumph, where the soft rays of the rising moon cast an ethereal glamour, he was still holding Fifine's hand, unconscious of the lapse of time, oblivious to surroundings, knowing only that he had been suddenly transported into a realm far, far above the sordidness of earth, and that an angelic presence was sending the quintessence of rapture into his wondering soul.

A Leader and His People.

JOHN F. O'HARA, '11.

The mails from Buenos Aires have brought the news of the death, in Ireland, of William Bulfin, author and editor. Unfortunately for them, to the majority of Irish-Americans this has no more than passing interest, but to the leaders in the Irish movement at home and abroad, and to the largest and most prosperous Irish colony in the world, it brings a loss that will be hard to fill. For many years Mr. Bulfin has been the aggressive leader and defender of the Irish in the Argentine, and in his work he won for himself the treasure of their love and respect. He has been taken from them prematurely, at the age of forty-eight years, and yet it may be said that in the short period of his life he has crowded a whole life's usefulness.

His life is of particular interest because it is the embodiment of the ideals of the Irishman in the Argentine. He was a rather late addition to the colony, the nucleus of which was formed by the Irish emigrants of the sixties, but he soon became assimilated, and was the most active exponent of its principles. His pen could sing the glories of Old Ireland and the valor of San Martin with equal skill, and it could lash with irony and sarcasm the irreligion of the faithless Argentino or the weakness of a brother Irishman.

For the past several years Mr. Bulfin has edited *The Southern Cross*, an Irish Catholic weekly published in Buenos Aires. The tone of the publication has always been dignified, though aggressive, and it has been a true mirror of the life of the Irish *Estanciero*, that peculiarly happy mixture of Irish traditions and Spanish environment that has prospered beyond measure in the Southern Republic. He caught and reflected this spirit, too, in a number of short stories, which, under the pseudonym of "Che Buono," he contributed to American and other magazines. His singular service to Catholicity was recognized by Pope Pius X., who, in 1906, conferred on him the Knighthood of St. Gregory.

To understand his character it is necessary to know something of the men among whom he lived. Considerable attention has been attracted to the "Irish colony" in the

Argentine since the visit of Mr. Root drew the eyes of the nation southward, but still, very little is known of these men or of their work.

When the Civil War turned the tide of European emigration from the United States, it sought an outlet in other channels. Some went to Australia, others to South America and others to other parts. Those who turned to South America found fertile fields and a sunny climate awaiting them in the Argentine Republic and in Uruguay, and they chose these places as their homes, the majority going to the Argentine, however, because of the more settled political conditions.

Here they prospered as the sons of St. Patrick have ever prospered under conditions of equality, but they prospered more than their brothers in the North, for the natural advantages were much greater. Land was abundant and cheap, and was unsurpassed for grazing. Cattle and sheep practically raised themselves, so that large-scale production was the natural course, and with it came the advantages of economy and large returns. The Irish were thrifty, and found that they could do much better by handling their own produce, so they established themselves as commission merchants in the city as well as ranchmen in the country. They secured large tracts of some of the best agricultural land in the country, and have seen it double and treble and increase many-fold in value.

In their prosperity they did not forget the Old Land and the Old Faith. They brought their own chaplains with them from Ireland, and they preserved their ancient customs and traditions. The work of the pioneer *Soggarths* of the Argentine forms a most edifying and inspiring study. One of the first and noblest of these men was Father Fahy, who gave his life and labors for the betterment of the Irish-Argentino. In recognition of this life-service, a monument to his memory will shortly be erected in the city of Buenos Aires. Associated with and following him in his work were Monsigneur O'Reilly, Father Flaherty and many others who braved the horrors of civil strife and the dangers of pestilence, and rode day and night over the plains, in fair weather and in foul, to minister to the spiritual and temporal

needs of their scattered parishioners. Later Father O'Grady and his associates established the Missionist College of St. Patrick in Mercedes, and the Passionist Fathers, under Father Fidelis, assisted the Missionists in caring for the "camp" stations. A convent school of the Sisters of Mercy was established at Mercedes and another at Buenos Aires. Two Irish orphanages, one for boys and another for girls, are flourishing institutions.

La Voz de la Iglesia, one of the Catholic dailies of Buenos Aires, said recently of the wonderful work of these men: "The priests of Irish birth or descent succeeded in organizing in the province of Buenos Aires and in the federal capital the most numerous and disciplined Catholic body we have at present."

Along with the spirit of loyalty to the Church and to Ireland, they have developed a spirit of democracy that would shame our vaunted institutions. Pauper, priest and prince will sit down to a meal together, and the only mark of deference shown is toward God's minister. Colossal fortunes have been accumulated by some of the more fortunate members of the colony, while others have been left in comparative poverty; but the universal good spirit of rich and poor wears away all trace of distinction. The poor are well cared for by unostentatious charity, and there is no want among them.

Although they have, for the most part, kept out of politics, they point with pride to Dr. Santiago O'Farrell, one of the most brilliant and distinguished members of Congress. There has always been a feeling of aloofness, a hesitancy to meddle in questions which concern more intimately the Latin element of the Argentine population, and this probably accounts for their keeping out of politics. However, no more loyal citizens are to be found anywhere than the Irish who have adopted the Argentine Republic as their home.

Such are the people among whom Mr. Bulfin worked, and of whose ideals he was the embodiment. His was a noble character; he was a man of remarkable talent and striking appearance; to be near him was to feel the warmth and attraction of the Irish *Porteño*. He will long be remembered by those who knew him.

The Depths.

FREDERICK W. CARROLL, '12.

Anon, the breakers leap
Upon the rocky shore,
Resounding from the deep
In angry tumult o'er;
Where deeper waters keep
Oblivion of the roar.

The tranquil lives sedate
In sacred walls between,
Repose in cloistered state
By eyes profane unseen;
Nor turmoils penetrate
Their inmost depths serene.

The Call of the Stage.

ARTHUR J. HUGHES, '11.

"Tom O'Dea" would have made an excellent name for the foreman of a construction gang or the trainer of a prize fighter, but for an actor it would never do. There must be something, indescribable as it is, to an actor's name, which the term "Tom O'Dea" would never include. That was the reason why Tom O'Dea forsook his name early in the struggle for histrionic fame.

When he was younger the folks at home called him "Tommie." As Tommie, even, he gave signs of being well equipped with the ability which an actor must have to gain fame. His folks assured him, as a child, of his cuteness. Tommie got the idea that everything he did was cute. He got this idea very young, and he took it with him quite a way in later life.

While he was still in the Tommie stage of development he took a great liking to speaking pieces, as it was called. When he became further advanced in school it was known as elocution. The folks took no precaution in noising it about that Tommie was getting to be quite an "elocutioner," and he was. It was this one talent that Tommie took to college when the old town got too small for him.

It's a very nice thing to be cute around a college, but the antics of a Freshman do not ordinarily receive the attention that is necessary for their further development. A fellow doesn't gain much satisfaction in

getting off somewhere in the woods and going through these stunts of childhood. They thrive on attention. There must be an audience.

As soon as Tom—for the "ies" become a relic once the classic walls of a college are entered—got settled he began to look around for a chance to use his ability as an orator or elocutionist. It was hard at first. But the years wore on and Tom became the official orator of the college student body. Whenever there was any occasion for this kind of work it was assigned to Tom. In addition to this he gave further vent to his histrionic abilities by becoming the leading figure in college dramatics. Again a great future was predicted for him. By this time Tom became as strongly possessed with the idea of his abilities as an actor as he did back in his younger days when his cuteness was remarked by all.

In time he was graduated. Some months later his folks informed the neighbors that Tom had gone on the stage. He had, it seemed, made a very favorable impression and his becoming a shining light was only a matter of the manager getting around to it. All in all, they said, Tom was making a lot of the older men feel slightly ticklish. The neighbors took this in good faith and made a mental note to the effect that the next time they had occasion to visit the city they should see Tom act.

The Fat Stock Show came that Fall, and a lot of the folks got ready and journeyed to the metropolis to see the horses and the cattle and the hogs, and incidentally to do a little shopping. They all were forced to stop at hotels, for it happened they could claim no friends or relatives in the city by which to bridge this expense. This being the case they all decided to stay at the same hostelry, under the belief, I suppose, that in union there is strength. It has come to be an instinct in the make-up of the inhabitants of the rural districts to fear the city and its "bands of crooks and sharpers."

The leader of the party suggested one evening, after they had returned from the stock-yards and had dined, that they all should go to the theatre and see the play in which their fellow townsman was doing so well. This proved just the thing, for there were

some among the crowd who took a little pleasure in the suspicion that, maybe, Tom was not so big a hit as his paternal press agents had made him out to be.

A block of seats was secured, and at eight o'clock all were waiting anxiously for the rise of the curtain. Everyone who happened to be seated near a stranger talked knowingly of Tom whether they liked him or not. They failed in no instance to remark the close friendship which existed in the old town, back home, in the days when Tom was just a "young codger." The strangers evinced no great amount of interest in the matter, and a few volunteered the information that to the best of their knowledge there was no person in the cast bearing the name of O'Dea. The programs were referred to, and this proved to be the case. An usher was called, and after several widely different descriptions were given it was learned that a person by the name of Ashley Ainslee might be the one commonly known as Tom O'Dea.

They found Ashley's name in the program, sandwiched in between a mineral water Ad for a lower crust and a café sign for a frosting. Where the other characters of the cast had been assigned parts of special personages in the play it simply read "Man" after the name of Ashley Ainslee. This was a good thing for the people from "down state," for it settled one thing, that was that Ashley was a man. They would have had some difficulty with that name had it been otherwise.

The curtain went up in due time, but it failed to disclose Ashley. The "home folks" missed the action of the play in their anxiety to see their hero, but they were to be disappointed in the first act, for he did not appear. The second act was likewise. Not until the third act did the "down state" aggregation come unto its own. The leading lady received a letter which did not altogether agree with her and she heaved a large sigh and rang a bell. In rushed a liveried servant. He delivered himself of the following, "Did you ring, Miss Donaldson?"

This and a gracious bow comprised the activities of Ashley, and he was gone. The "down state" folks all looked at each other with a sly twinkle in their eyes, and it seemed as if they smiled in unison.

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.

April 2, 1910

No. 25.

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—The coming of Easter reminds us that another scholastic year will soon be spent. We are now on the home stretch. Spring has already been ushered in, and with it the usual quota of spring poets have appeared. There is, however, an accompanying evil to the joy of the young season. Its presence among us is to be read in the tired yawn of the "overworked" student and seen from the decreased size of the bundle of exercises deposited on the professors' desks. There are at best only about ten weeks of school left before Commencement. They should be weeks of work, if the student wishes to complete his year's program and to be conscious that he is deserving a rest when vacation comes.

—Those young men who walked from the University to Chicago last week received some free advertisement from the local papers; and no one will grudge them that passing attention from the press. What one fears is the development of the talking fever. We concede to these enterprising young athletes the right to walk to

Chicago or to any other part of the globe. They may carry watches and keep a record of every step taken, of every foot of earth covered, of any and all experiences met with during the long and perilous journey. Only let them not develop the hobby of delivering open air lectures on records made to anyone who has the patience to listen. Bear in mind, that a man's pleasures and hobbies are, like his rheumatism and household furniture, purely personal, of no concern to the rest of the world. How or when or why he walks, runs, shaves or feeds his horses will not prove interesting after-dinner talk to any except himself and perhaps an admiring parent. The crime of the age is not centred in people with hobbies, but in people who have hobbies and talk us to death. Club women, society leaders, bad poets, microbe hunters, lecturers with theories, after-dinner orators with a madness for stories that illustrate nothing, crusaders against crime whose work is mostly done through the headlines of the penny paper—all these must exist to the crack of doom. If only they could be hypnotized into silence, or stored away in some place apart, where they could talk of themselves to themselves forever and a day! In which event the rest of mankind would enjoy such brief happiness as this poor world gives with a degree of outward calm.

—The anti-American tendency that has been growing in many of the Latin republics recently manifested itself in a very disagreeable way. From Colombia comes the news that two English girls were mobbed on the street by a crowd "who mistook them for Americans." It is hard to tell just how much of this is newspaper sensationalism, but it certainly has a basis of truth. If such a thing did happen, it is more the duty of the United States than of Great Britain to take action in the matter and demand a substantial apology from the Colombian government. There has always been, among a certain class, an attitude of hostility to the United States manifested in South American circles, but this hostility was considerably mollified by the complimentary visit paid by ex-Secretary Root to that continent in 1906.

The good effects of this visit have been almost completely undone, however, by the more recent attitude of the State Department. The United States is ridiculed by all South America through its failure to carry out the strong threats entered against Zelaya for his mistreatment of a couple of soldiers of fortune who were in his domain for the sole purpose of stirring up strife. No such policy as this will ever do in South American affairs, for it is a policy of misunderstandings. There is one great misunderstanding at the bottom of our South American relations, the mistaken interpretation of the Monroe Doctrine by our Southern neighbors. To feed this with blind and ill-advised actions will lead to a final estrangement and possibly warfare. What should be borne in mind first of all by the State Department and the American people in general is that the South Americans are not a race of savages and negroes, and that they are not living in swampy death-traps of coast towns or wild jungles of the interior. Our diplomatic relations with them should be conducted with a full realization of these facts.

—Once more the time-honored notice has made its appearance on the quadrangle and on our scattered lawns. Of course it is only meant for **Keep Off the Grass.** Irrational creatures who have no regard for law and order. Human beings are far too considerate and thoughtful to be guilty of such an offense as beating down on the grass. We are all content to follow the straight and narrow path laid out by those who have gone before us,—except when we happen to be in a hurry. Then the thought occurs to us, that a straight line is the shortest distance between two points. And with the simplicity and innocence of a child we cut across the grass, regardless of signs or flower-beds. Some one else does the same thing, and where the grass once grew is soon an arid desert. Then we are horrified on looking from our window to see the desolation wrought by many feet upon the front lawn, and become indignant with the landscape gardener for not keeping the grounds in good condition. The signs of the

time are abroad. They refer to you, not to your room-mate.

—Writing of the track team which competed in Milwaukee recently, our friend, that popular alumnus, Chauncey W. Yockey, has this to say: "Notre Dame **This from Yockey.** may well be proud of the men she sends out to represent her. On every hand it has been my good fortune, upon representatives of Notre Dame leaving the city, to hear the very favorable impressions made by the 'very manly gentlemen from Notre Dame,' which surely shows the high degree of honor and respect in which their *Alma Mater* is held in the eyes of the world." Needless to say we appreciate this rare praise from our whole-souled Yockey of the Cream City. And with this appreciation goes out the implied wish now and always, that every man who represents the University in any capacity anywhere may deserve the same honest commendation which the "very manly gentlemen from Notre Dame" received when recently upholding the gold and blue in track athletics.

—From all sides comes the report that the senior ball was a dream of music, motion and color. The reporter who transcribed its dazzling effects into **The Senior Ball.** the English of our time was enthusiastic to white heat. All which is gratifying. For if the members of the senior class elect to do the social act, it is quite proper to go about it in true society fashion. Full dress suit, tasteful decoration, good music, dignity, exclusiveness, attention to those details of etiquette that are a part of measured functions—all should be in evidence at the Easter event. Of course we can eat our meals without orchestral accompaniment and a dress suit. Indeed we can even recollect having done so. But that is neither here nor there. Let the senior ball be dignified, one to dream about,—a memory and a hope. Let it be exclusive, formal—the more formal the better. We can tolerate the stale wit of the freshman, the after dinner oratory of the sophomore and the junior "hop." From the seniors we expect dignity,—even if the dignity is expensive.

The Senior Play.

Following an established custom at the University, the members of the Senior Class presented a play on Easter Monday afternoon. This year, the three-act comedy, "A Pair of Spectacles," was chosen, and the members of the cast well deserved the compliments which they received from the large audience that witnessed the performance.

Notre Dame has a number of talented men in the histrionic line. But it was the work of the entire cast,—the naturalness of acting, the splendid facial expression and the absence of any ranting and mouthing only too frequently met in amateur performers—that made the play thoroughly enjoyable. It might be said, however, that the first act of the play was lacking in action and a trifle tedious.

Mr. Claud Sorg, as we should expect, played the part of old Goldfinch in an acceptable manner. Mr. Joseph Murphy as Uncle Gregory kept the audience in good humor by his clever interpretation of the character: His acting was true to life, something usually wanting in amateurs. Messrs. Donovan and Redding gave an intelligent interpretation to their characters. Harry Miller showed an easy grace in the handling of Lorimer, and Bartholomew did not suffer at the hands of Mr. Morrison. Mr. George Sands gave a strong and natural treatment to the character of Mrs. Goldfinch. He has an excellent stage manner, and played his part so well that he deserves special praise. Mr. Leo McElroy has been the "leading lady" for the past three years, and his performances have always been of the highest order. Of course critics differ, but the writer does not feel that Lucy looked her best in the arrangement of her hair. Mr. McElroy has voice, form, carriage. But the voice was low—too low for the audience to hear comfortably. The supporting players did their full share in making the production a success. Considering the very short time at his disposal in which to get the actors into form, Father Moloney is deserving the gratitude of the Senior Class for his devoted work. The work of the Orchestra was excellent. Prof. Petersen is to be congratulated on the standard of efficiency reached by his musicians.

The cast of characters was as follows:

Mr. Benjamin Goldfinch.....	Claude A. Sorg
Uncle Gregory, his brother.....	Joseph B. Murphy
Paul, his son.....	Paul J. Donovan
Dick, his nephew.....	James F. Redding
Lorimer, his friend.....	Martin H. Miller
Bartholomew, his shoemaker.....	Denis A. Morrison
Joyce, his butler.....	Jesse H. Roth
Samuel, his servant.....	Charles W. Murphy
Another shoemaker.....	Jesse E. Vera
Mrs. Goldfinch, his wife.....	George W. Sands
Lucy, Lorimer's daughter.....	Leo C. McElroy

The musical program was as follows:

Selection.....	The Kissing Girl
March.....	Up the Street
March.....	Prince of India
March.....	Master-stroke
March.....	Horse-Marines

The Senior Easter Ball.

Beginning in 1904, the graduating class of each year has given a promenade on Easter Monday, each succeeding function rivalling in a measure the one before. The '10 class gave the touch of perfection to their entertainment by making it a formal banquet and dance at the Oliver Hotel on last Monday evening. The banquet, the music and the decorations indicated general excellence throughout. Nearly three hundred pennants were hung around the walls and between the chandeliers of the banquet hall; the orchestra in an adjoining room was screened off with palms. Across the front of the hall were fastened large Notre Dame and St. Mary's blankets, while between them hung a pretty K. of C. pennant. The tables were lighted with pink shaded candles; at the table where sat the committee was a basket of Easter lilies, the gift of Max Adler to the class. The menu was a triumph of the chef's art.

During the short intermission which followed the banquet, the programs were filled, and at nine o'clock Mattes' orchestra opened the dance with a grand march led by Samuel Dolan, president of the senior class, and Miss Ann DuShane of South Bend. The ball-room of the hotel was tastefully decorated with college pennants, blankets and leather seals and with streamers of smilax hung from the center to the corners. The room was lighted by a large monogram of red and yellow lights at one end and the class numerals in

white lights on a background of blue and gold at the other end and directly in front of the musicians' balcony. The electrical effects were the design of Mr. L. Stoakes. The dance program and menu, interspersed with clever literary gems, was bound with dark blue suede with the numerals 1910 stamped in gold on one corner.

It was the unanimous verdict of disinterested authorities that no finer group of young men or exquisitely gowned young ladies had ever graced the Oliver ball-room with their presence; and the entire evening's entertainment proved a credit to those who had put so much of their time upon the undertaking. To Sam Dolan, for his untiring zeal in this enterprise, special credit is given.

The members of the committee were: Sam Dolan, chairman; Leo J. Cleary, secretary; Darney Kelly, treasurer; Harry Miller, Myles Sinnott, Harry McDonough, J. A. Cooke.

The patrons and patronesses were Mr. and Mrs. F. H. Wurzer, Mr. and Mrs. Walter J. McNerny and Dr. and Mrs. J. B. Berteling.

The guests included: Misses Nell Turner, Leota Leeper, Winifrid Clarke, Besse Bucher, Katherine Tong, Helen Rulo, Anita Pfifer, Agnes Pfifer, Irene Martin, Helen Sheekey, Flora Pollock, Adelle Wills, Marjorie Berteling and Ann DuShane of South Bend; Lillian Keating and Helen Keating, Woodstock, Illinois; Marie McDonough, Loreto Graham, Daisy Goodman, Genevieve Hollearn, Grace Barsaloux, Florence Summers, Mary Egan, Mary Lavin, L. Adeline Washburn, Angela Mudd, Florence Falke, Alice Attley of Chicago; Gertrude E. Powers, Grand Rapids, Mich.; Emily Adelsperger, Notre Dame; Cecile Bechs and Katherine Christner of Michigan City; Marie Prahl of Mishawaka; Mrs. W. H. Kenefick and Mat Kenefick of Michigan City; Dr. R. F. Lucas and Dr. R. L. Sensenick of South Bend; Messrs. J. Augustin Mudd, Stewart M. Graham, Joseph J. Herbert, Ralph Eberhardt and Anthony C. Stephan of Chicago.

Lecture by John Corley.

On Tuesday afternoon Mr. John Corley, known to last year's students as the creator of the "Missouri Mule," lectured in Washington Hall. The subject of Mr.

Corley's talk this year was "The Rich Poor." He reconciled the apparent paradox by several well-chosen examples of the riches of poverty, and talked earnestly against the evils of race suicide. He drove home his point when he drew a striking picture of a child's welcome for the poor father and contrasted it with the desolation of the rich man's home.

K. of C. Charter Granted.

After considerable delay necessitated by the passage through many hands, the petition of the local Knights of Columbus for a charter under which to operate a separate council, has finally received favorable recognition by the national committee on charters. Word was received during the week that the petition had been granted. The duties necessary to the establishment of a council at the University can now be dispatched by the local officials without delay. It will be some little time, however, before everything is arranged and it is now believed that the initiation can be held on May 1st.

Personals.

—George A. McGee is attorney and counselor at law in Minot, North Dakota.

—Henry E. Weis (old student) is in the employ of the Allis-Chalmers Co., Milwaukee, in the Testing and Erecting Dept.

—William Perce (LL. B. '06, LL. M., '07) has entered into partnership with C. H. Fisher, Elgin, Ill. Will is city attorney of Elgin.

—The present address of G. A. Landenurch (student 1883-87) is 113 W. Jefferson St., Louisville, Ky.

—Friends wishing to address James D. Barry, A. B. 1897, may send their letters to 905 K St., N. W. Washington, D. C.

—During his trip to the South, Provincial Morrissey met Eugene Orrick (B. S. 1882; M. S. 1884) of Fort Worth. Eugene is a prominent K. of C. and a warm supporter of *Alma Mater*.

—E. C. Smith, the first graduate in the short E. E. program, is chief electrician in

the large steel works of Harrisburg, Penn. He is about to make some important additions to their electrical plant, which he always keeps up to the latest and best standards of efficiency and economy.

—Friends of Eustace Cullinan, A. B., '95, will regret to hear that for the present he has been compelled to drop his work and run away to San Diego, Cal., for a little rest. Eustace is a power in San Francisco, being chief editorial writer for the *Bulletin*. He sends affectionate greetings to old friends.

—We clip the following from the *Indianapolis Star*:

The marriage of Miss Florence Omogene Mattler, daughter of Mrs. Margaret Mattler, and Dr. James Francis Dinnén, (LL. B. 1902,) of Fort Wayne, will be quietly solemnized in SS. Peter and Paul's Cathedral Thursday, April 14.

B. G. Habing announces the engagement of his daughter, Miss Elsa Marie Habing, to Edward Francis O'Flynn, (Ph. B. 1907,) of Butte, Mont. The wedding will take place in June.

—P. L. Burke (LL. B., '88; A. B. '89) was recently elected to the responsible and very honorable position of President of the Hibernia Insurance Co., New Orleans. *The Daily Picayune* gives a very flattering account of Mr. Burke's work in New Orleans. He is a true Notre Dame man of whom the University is justly proud.

Calendar.

- Sunday 3—Brownson Literary Society.
 " Walsh Literary Society.
 " St. Joseph Literary Society.
 Monday 4—Band practice.
 " Orchestra practice.
 " Glee Club practice.
 Tuesday 5—Mandolin practice.
 " Donald Robertson Company of
 Players.
 " Wrestling class.
 Wednesday 6—Boxing class.
 " Band practice.
 " Civil Engineering Society.
 " Philopatrian Society.
 Thursday 7—Ex-Carrolls' banquet.
 Friday 8—Mandolin club practice.
 Saturday 9—Oberlin-Varsity track meet.
 Baseball practice, daily at 3:00 P. M.
 Sunday and Thursday at 9:00 A. M.
 Track practice, daily at 3:45 P. M.

Local Items.

—Home, home, sweet, sweet home! Subscribe for the Dome! Subscribe for the Dome!

—Probably you have met him. The man who says this weather won't last.

—Yesterday, First Friday, the usual large number went to Holy Communion.

—The new K. C. Council is, Notre Dame 1477.

—The setting for the "Pair of Spectacles" was rich and rare. The light effects were especially good.

—It has been a rather dull week, but our good friend the Count has come to the rescue and saved the situation with a moving picture-show.

—The law debate will be held some time in May. The date is not yet fixed but it is a settled fact that our opponents will be the Detroit Law School.

—Don't forget to read carefully the new rulings on absences from class. They have been posted on the bulletin boards in each hall and in the Director of Studies' office.

—The senior ball was a record breaker both for the beauty and charm of the out-of-town guests and for the princely bearing of the upper classmen. Hands across the sea!

—The SCHOLASTIC Staff which is really doing more work than most organizations round here will enjoy the distinction of not having any banquet to commemorate the present year.

—The Philopatians who performed in "The Prince and the Pauper" had their annual spread at the Oliver last Thursday. "Grand time" is the phrase brought home by the young actors.

The electricians are now busy installing a new system of lights in the Lemonnier library. Good lights in the library have been badly needed and every studious person will rejoice at the improvement.

—The bulletin board in every hall has the information that in future excuses for absence must be secured from the Rector of the hall. This excuse must have the signature of the Director of Studies before it is presented to the teacher.

—Forty thousand "foots" of moving picture films was the bill announced on the bulletin boards Wednesday for the Aero Club. Two performances were given by DeLunden's new cinematograph, the Baron furnishing assistance when necessary.

—Along with the "Keep off the Grass" sign another one might be placed reading: "Save your waste-paper for the waste-paper basket." The workmen are trying hard to beautify the lawn of the quadrangle and it is fair that students should do their part.

—The Pedestrian Club which started to walk to Chicago last Saturday reached the metropolis without resorting to any conveyance whatever, returning by train. They report an all-around good time. It seems that the journey had its aftermath of sorrow as several of the travellers complain of sore feet.

—The ceremonies and music on Easter Sunday were quite in keeping with the day and were a fitting close to the exercises of Holy Week. The Very Reverend Provincial was celebrant, Rev. W. R. Connor deacon, and Rev. George O'Connor, subdeacon. Rev. Thomas Crumley, Vice-President, preached the sermon.

—Dome work is progressing rapidly and there is every indication that students may look forward to a year-book of surpassing excellence. Practically all pictures of state clubs and university organizations are now in the hands of the art editor and the college artists and contributors to the literary departments are working overtime to fulfil the expectations of waiting patrons. The best artists, the foremost littérateurs and the funniest of the funny joke-smiths are devoting their best efforts to the task. Hence the public is assured an up-to-date, original, and attractive production.

—Lack of space has heretofore prevented us from publishing the names of officers elected by the "Suckers," "Badgers," and "Smoky State" men but we now hasten to make amends by appending the names of those gentlemen who were last shoved into the limelight. For Illinois: President, Albert M. Kelly, Morris; Vice-President, George F. Huford, Chicago; Secretary Leo J. Cleary, El Paso; Treasurer, John C. Tully, El Paso. For Pennsylvania: President, Laurence M.

Stoakes, Pittsburg; Vice-President, Wm. A. Heyl, Pittsburg; Secretary, T. A. Havican, Holmstead; Treasurer, W. H. Rice, Pittsburg; Sergeant-at-arms, Henry Zimmer, Pittsburg; Baseball manager, Thos. Hughes, Pittsburg. For Wisconsin: John Duffy, President; Fred Dana, Vice-President; Secretary, P. O'Mara; Treasurer, P. Michaud.

—The Brownson Literary and Debating Society held its weekly meeting Sunday night. The question of debate for the evening was: "Resolved, That the 'Freshman Rule' is a detriment to the best interests of college athletics." The affirmative was supported by Messrs. Brengartner, Meersman and Scott, and the negative by Messrs. O'Shea, Fischer and Jennings. The debate was very interesting and both sides elicited much applause. The decision was given to the negative. Other numbers on the program were: "A Pilgrimage to Oberammergau" by R. Fischer, "Fabiola" by W. Cotter, "Lisheen" by P. Byrne. The suggestion of the critic that a special program be rendered just before the society disbands for the year, was received with much enthusiasm and no doubt will be acted on.

—During the calm of the early morning handball enthusiasts gather together out by the Big "Gym" and go through a strenuous work-out. Raymond Skelley has been selected to captain the forces and Gerard Degan, who is well acquainted with all the angles and curves of the sport, has been obtained at a moderate salary to coach the amateur athletes. Coach Degan declares that it is a little early in the season to prophesy results but is confident that he will be able to develop a strong team. A regular schedule will be arranged with different teams about the grounds. The St. Joseph team will prove the strongest adversary of Degan's team as William Zink of the former squad has shown such speed and headwork in practice games that he is regarded in a class all by himself.

—The Oseola Club held a star session in the recent past at which the provincial kings and cow-chiefs were present clad in their robes of office. Wisdom Cotter swayed the rod of empire as usual. The event was marked red in the calendar because of the notable cluster of ceremonies that circle

round the installation of Oseola's honored officials. The aforementioned Wisdom Cotter was inaugurated as chief active high-president. William Downing was presented with the red cap symbolic of the grind-organist. Mike Morrissey was made Chief Lounger and Carlos White, Knight of the Hounds. Jemmy Redding and Shorthand Carrico were given the important offices of Door Keeper and Keep Quiet respectively. Father Murphy was inducted into the high position of Peace Guardian, Father Schumacher, 1st Inactive Vice-President, with several assistants, Father Carroll, Governor of Pardons, Father Irving, Chief Moderator. Wisdom Cotter read a thrilling criticism of Fabiola, which, coupled with Carlos White's disquisition on handball, brought on a blizzard of controversy.

Athletic Notes.

BLUES VS. REDS IN TRACK.

In marked contrast to the noisy meet last seen in the big "gym" was that between the "Red" and "Blue" teams Thursday. The change dished out by the weather man made it just comfortable for the rooters to sit inside and fail to root. Then there wasn't any necessity of rooting anyway, for Coach Maris had things doped out just about right, so close in fact that when the score stood 40 to 40 at the beginning of the relay, everybody took it for granted that it should be so and failed to get the least excited. The affair was rather listless all the way through, although occasionally there was a gurgle of applause when some favorite breasted the tape in advance of a less fortunate opponent.

The audience expected to see something more thrilling in the mile, but "Rabbit" couldn't hold the pace and lost by quite a margin. Steers finished strong, incidentally clipping off four-fifths of a second from the "gym" record held by Captain Dana. In the 220 it is quite probable that Martin surprised a few by taking the event from Wasson and Duffy. If "Bill" could only "reduce" a little more he would no doubt do some startling things in the dash events. People expected to see something like a race in the quarter mile, but whatever may

have been the cause, they failed to realize their expectations apparently through the behavior of John Duffy, the famous quarter-horse. In the half there was about the same difference between "Long John" Devine and Fisher, the former finding no trouble at all in getting a lead and holding to it until the end. Fletcher was in good form in the high jump and took first place without a miss. In the broad jump, however, Wasson failed to get going and did not come anywhere near equalling his record.

SUMMARY:

40-yard dash—Wasson, Red; Fletcher, Blue. Time, :04 3-5.

High jump—Fletcher, Blue; Philbrook, Red. Height, 5,8 $\frac{3}{4}$.

220-yard dash—Martin, Blue; Duffy, Blue. Time, :24 2-5.

Mile run—Steers, Blue; Dana, Red. Time, 2:36 1-5.

Quarter Mile—Cox, Red; Duffy, Blue. Time :56 3-5.

40-yard low hurdles—Fletcher, Blue; Wasson, Blue. Time, :05.

Half mile—Devine, Red; Fisher, Blue. Time, 2:06 3-5.

40-yard high hurdles—Fletcher, Blue; Philbrook, Red. Time, :05 4-5.

Broad Jump—Wasson, Red; Williams, Red. Distance, 21 feet, 7 3-4 inches.

Relay Race, won by Blues—Steers, Fletcher, Duffy, Martin.

BASEBALL.

With the opportunity for practice afforded by the mild weather, the baseball men are rounding into form quite rapidly. Although it is not safe to venture any predictions before having seen a few practice games, it seems safe to say that a much better team than that of last year is assured. The men are fielding in mid-season form already, and are hitting at least as heavily as could be expected thus early. Another week's work will land the squad in fine trim for the training games against Grand Rapids, and these in turn should lead to a condition surpassing that which most previous teams have had at this season. The most important change of the week was the shifting of Captain Kelly from his position in left field to second base, where a long-continued struggle has been waged between Fish and Maloney. Williams has been stationed in Kelly's place in the garden and is well able to cover the necessary ground. A pleasant surprise was given by the appearance of Gene Connolly, who has recovered from his illness and is rapidly gaining strength.