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What is Thy Secret?

GEORGE J. FINNIGAN, '10.

WHY dost thou laugh, O dancing wave?
Is thy life so gay,
And so fair thy way?
Is there no alloy
In thy song of joy?
Does the ocean such boundless mirth encave?
Tell me thy secret, thou restless wave.

Why dost thou weep, O sobbing wave?
Does thy heart o'erflow
With some hidden woe?
Is thy endless surge
The chanted dirge
Of the lives thou dost hold in a silent grave?
Tell me thy secret, thou gentle wave.

What is th' life, O pulsing wave?
What! only a leap,
Thou crest of the deep?
Hast thou no reply
Save that yearning sigh?
Thou dost laugh and sob at the suit I crave.
Then thy life is thy secret, thou restless wave.

The Character of Falstaff.

DENIS A. MORRISON, JR., '10.



GLANCE over the list of Shakespeare's principal character creations reveals in almost every instance a personality drawn to the life with the vigorous, incisive strokes of a master pen. Vivid, truthful characterization was one of the poets finest gifts, for it is that power more than any one other which goes to make the dramatist's equipment complete and effective. Various types of character do we find in the roster of Shakespeare's heroes

and heroines. Some are simple, possessing only one dominant trend or side; some display one influence now, and at other times seem to be ruled by motives altogether distinct. Their characters are, therefore, complex. Among the former, Iago, the all-absorbed villain with no sign of humor or pathos in him, and Brutus, whose one motive is ever before him, may be mentioned as plausible examples. Representing the other sort of character named, Falstaff, the jolly "Fat Knight" of the "Merry Wives" and "Henry IV." must immediately rise in mind. Here is a character whose many-sidedness has challenged the interest of every Shakespearean critic. Questions have never ceased to be asked about him, nor will they in time to come, for it is not going too far to assert that he is an enigma; that certain points of his character will never be thoroughly explained away, because as many arguments can be brought forward to deny their presence as to affirm it. This essay will concern itself mainly with the conduct of Falstaff in the first part of King Henry IV; part second will be referred to only for points regarding his subsequent misfortunes and downfall.

Falstaff fills an important part in the play of Henry IV. There are two well-defined currents of action—"threads," Snider calls them, namely, the serious and the comic. The broad contrast between these two elements is maintained throughout the action of the play. Falstaff is the character who lends all the life and interest that this thread holds for the spectator. There are furthermore, two large movements of deep significance in the play, the one of disruption in the state, the other of disruption in society. The former constitutes the main plot of the play; the latter, of which Falstaff is the main figure, controls

the secondary plot. Elaboration of this comparison reveals another. As disruption in the state is represented by the political confusion resultant upon Percy's rebellion, so Falstaff, in his capacity of the main character in the counterplot, typifies moral perversity. "Hotspur and Falstaff," writes Snider, "are types of the highest and the lowest and show two prevailing phases of corruption—rebellion and immorality."

So much for his importance in the play. He may be mentioned with the Prince and Hotspur as one of the leading characters, since the ethical significance of which he is a type with Hotspur forms the theme of the drama.

As to his character. "Who can say enough of him?" says Rolfe. "He is the incarnation of humor and lies, of wit and self-indulgence, of shrewdness and immorality, of self-possession and vice, without a spark of reverence, without self-respect, an adventurer playing upon the weaknesses of other men." A bit of good characterization, no doubt, but whither does the critic lead us? We have, I fear, no more than a hazy notion of what Falstaff really was from a perusal of the above sentence. Gervinus has gone deeper and has brought to light some of the ruling motives of our Knights' existence; has not only told what Falstaff was, but why and to what degree. "Falstaff," says Gervinus, "is the embodiment of sensual gratification; there is no moral subordination in him. His intellect is quick, but not deep; not great enough to make him a villain, but rapid."

Falstaff seems never to be satiated with fleshly pleasures, nor does the guilt incurred from them seem to weigh at all heavily upon his soul. "Thou seest," he says jocosely, "I have more flesh than another man, therefore more frailty." It is a crucial phrase, for it illustrates two well-marked features of his character—the quickest intelligence underlain by gross sensuality; a man in whom rationality is above the average but in whom higher nature is controlled and vilified by an even stronger animality. Of true moral principle he has none. He sees it in others; sometimes he wishes that he himself might possess it, but his only motive is personal aggrandizement, and he generally laughs openly at it. Indeed, his whole attitude towards morality or the ethical basis of things is that of a scoffer whose right sense has been blunted by indulgence. He

can be led to approve the good only by observing that it has brought temporal welfare to others; so far will he himself be guided, but no farther. He thus relies, as can be readily seen, wholly upon intellect and the senses. These are his life, in them the springs of his action, for Falstaff was never spontaneously good.

Perhaps the most mooted question arising out of a discussion of Falstaff is that of his courage. Was Falstaff a coward? If so, when and why? If not, why did he do certain things that are referred to in the play, as for instance, his feigning death at Shrewsbury and the later fraud which he attempted to foist upon the Prince. But few critics have come to any agreement on this subject, taking into consideration the question of motives as well as outward facts. "He's neither courageous nor a coward," wrote Rolfe. "He only asks which'll pay best, fighting or running away, and acts accordingly." As above, Rolfe has given his opinion in a vivid way but he has not pierced those finer shades of distinction by which the philosophical critic disentangles action from motive in his analysis of character. Bravery is beyond a doubt Falstaff's chief pretense to merit of any kind. But his bravery, like his other qualities, is not the result of noble impulse. His intellect has told him that is is a virtue which a man has got to possess if he would have the esteem of others. But no selfish person is ever truly courageous and Falstaff was abnormally selfish. Nor can any immoral person possess genuine courage, for moral stamina is its noblest type; Falstaff was a thoroughgoing reprobate. Yet at times he could make an outward display of real bravery. In act II., part two of *Henry IV* we have an instance of this. Falstaff drives the drunken Pistol from him at the point of the sword, but his motive is to appear great before his mistress and he really anticipates little danger from the encounter. My conclusion as to this point is that Falstaff is at heart a physical as well as a moral coward; that in the former as well as in the latter, when he does make a show of merit it is only for the moment. He holds to no guiding principle of courage that is the product of noble instinct. His bravery consists entirely in "grand-stand" plays.

Not even excepting Iago, Falstaff is the brazenest liar in Shakespeare; he is monstrous,

towering, not only in his mendacity, but in the audacity thereof. Why is this? "Is he conscious of his conduct?" asks Snider. One scarcely knows whether he lies from habit and is therefore unconscious of his failing, or his warped nature simply cannot resist the temptation and he is a liar and dissembler by inclination. "The key to the question," Snider continues, "is found in his spiritual principles." Falstaff is no intellectual pigmy beside the men about him, and his common sense must tell him that his lies will find him out. But a life of license and immorality has so warped his nature that he must lie; it is a monomania with him. His intellect itself, strong and nimble as it is, has become the prey of his immoral nature. So he indulges himself skillfully. He contrives to lie in such a way that people will laugh at him. Thus he will at once justify himself—not that he feels any need of justification—and have his vanity tickled by flattery at the same time. This hankering after flattery is the motive force of his humor throughout the play, if his continual merry quips be left out of consideration. He lies serenely—unconsciously, if one wishes to believe it—but there is always that subtle undercurrent that makes him do it, and this is self-pride. "Voluntary comedy," says a critic, "explains and harmonizes the divergent elements of his character." It is humor that he has recourse to as being the best palliation for his offenses against morality. Falstaff displays a knowledge of human nature in his coarsest humor, for his quick sense tells him that if he can but make men laugh there is small chance of their upbraiding him; should they do so, his two-edged wit would turn upon them and he would accuse them of as great guilt as himself in lending countenance to his actions.

Of Falstaff's idea of honor much has been written, but the most authentic document of all is his own "catechism," uttered by him on the eve of Shrewsbury. (Act V.—Sc. I.—L's 127—144.) Himself, coward and sensualist though he be, can not but note the mighty influence of this thing, honor, that seems to be the very life of Hotspur and the Prince. He sees the idea of honor reach its highest point in these two men; what a touch of artistic irony is it that Shakespeare should put the words of admiration into the mouth of a Falstaff. Yet the pursuit of honor is something that demands too much physical dis-

comfort; so Falstaff says, "Therefore I will none of it." His reasons are all such as would spring from a mind dead to all sense of the nobility of man's estate on earth. He is at all times a crawling animal, all the filthier because his real place is set even above the rest of men. And even when he does apparently attain some level of righteousness, when he appears to have a mind that acts like other men's and a heart that responds to the same emotions, his debasement is all the greater because his virtue is assumed. "There are two motives for the possession of honor," says Sharp in his "Shakespeare's Portrayal of the Moral Life": "First, a desire for the respect of others, secondly, a desire to possess that trait which is the object of admiration in others. Usually these two motives are intertwined but in Falstaff there is only one present. It is at honor in the exclusive sense of the admiration of his fellow men that Falstaff is girding his famous monologue on the eve of the battle of Shrewsbury.

Speaking of Falstaff's relations with the Infinite, which is the last point to be discussed in this essay, Snider says, "Falstaff believed in God—and trembled." The dash is significant but another phrase might have been added—"once in a while."

His conception of the divine was always fleeting, never philosophically calm. As in all other matters, he strove to throw off his responsibility here with a joke, and he generally did so. Note his reply to Doll Tearsheet in part 2, Act 2, Sc. 4. L. 253 "Peace, good Doll! Do not bid me remember mine end. Do not speak like a death's head." But this is only the expression of a transient mood. "In a different mood, when admonished in a straightforward manner of the need to repent, he thrusts the suggestion from him; there is a momentary pang of terror and the incident is ended." This passage would imply a belief in a moral side to Falstaff's nature, an opinion which I should not be inclined to accept without limitations. Beyond a doubt Falstaff is serious inasmuch as he sometimes speaks without jesting. But I have yet to find the utterance of his which would signify a terror of eternal things. All his outward expressions which bear on this phase are no more than flauntings in the face of Providence.

Falstaff is withal one of Shakespeare's most popular characters. His very incongruity is

ridiculously funny, for one does not often imagine the juxtaposition of such qualities as he possesses. The great popularity of the character is amply attested by the fact that one of the poet's best comedies, "The Merry Wives of Windsor," was written solely that he might be further exploited. True, this does not testify any lofty moral standard of public taste in the Elizabethan period, but it is also doubtless true that a character so outré, so bizarre, as Falstaff was, would make the people of any age laugh, if for no other reason, from the very contradictory nature of his physical and moral make-up. Though he will never be classed with the great and moving creations of Shakespeare, yet I think it is within proper limits to say that few are more extraordinary than he, and certainly none approaches him in his own way. The complexity of the elements composing his character and the surface contradictions that continually meet us combine to produce one of the few genuinely wonderful creations of a master-dramatist.

Heart-Sick for Home.

C. L.

Phil Donnelly, late of Westfield high school, was a homesick boy. The first day he spent at Notre Dame was pleasant enough. There was much to be seen, and Phil was wide awake and saw. But now the newness was fast disappearing. It was Phil's first experience away from home, and the homesick feeling was catching at his heart. There was his trunk, bright and new save for the few dents from rather rough handling on the trip West. It was all unpacked now and its contents were scattered around without any semblance of order. There was the mirror which his sister Marie had so carefully packed away in a corner; his stack of cuffs which Ethel had looked after; the baseball bat which Jack insisted he should carry. "For," said Jack, with rare insight, "a bat will kind of introduce you to the athletic element." And—ah, yes, there it was on the window-sill—the prayer-book "Key of Heaven," done in gold, which some years before he got as a prize at Sunday school. And near it the rosary beads which his mother took care he should

not forget. And then his old text-books and treasured photographs, pennants many and of various sizes, toothpowder, shoes, clothes, pictures, some more clothes, perfume, silk handkerchiefs, a pug dog done in wood, and clothes again. The trunk was open and empty now, but Phil's heart was full. He would miss Dad's "Hello Phil!" when Dad returned from office hours up town. He would miss Jack whose large eyes spelled honesty and whose young face spelled hope. And Marie the unselfish whom he loved with that rare love which a strong brother feels for a sweet sister. And Ethel—he would miss her; and he would miss his mother to whom he always had so much to say. And—and—strange and foolish as it may seem to us who are so much wiser—Phil almost had a spell of tears, as they say in story books.

Phil Donnelly was no baby, mind you, no Lady Jane with tapering fingers and a milk complexion. He was "one of the fellows" at Westfield, and made right half in the team that beat the proverbial time-honored rival at Thornton. He had a head of hair that assumed a color somewhere between black and fair. He had lots of hair, and lots of head. Neighbors who should know said he had his mother's eyes. And her eyes were blue, and full of the light which she got from her mother, who received it from the blue of the Wicklow skies. Phil was seventeen years, three months and four days, to be exact. He was five feet seven and three-fourth inches, and was still growing. He had a chest that gave no indications of tuberculosis in the family, and shoulders as wide as the door of his room. He was—well, he was homesick now. He shed one tear; a real, hot, salt tear, such as you and I may have shed, but don't care to admit at this period of our educational development. He forgot buildings, football, trunk, weather, room, students. He had caught the fever; it was in his blood. We all know it, for we've all had it—the heartache for home!

Then it is, fellow-students,—as our class orators and debaters say,—that the brightest sky that ever smiled on sunny landscape has an opaque hue, and never a bow of promise spans its vast, dreary space, and never a bird sings a cheery note, and never a

flower unloads its odors on the breezes. The heartache for home! Phil Donnelly had it this September afternoon even as he watched a sturdy son of Corby Hall directing spirals at his team-mates who received them into trembling arms with fond embrace—or dropped them. He had it, even as two men of Old College exchanged vacation experiences and graphophone records over there at the beehive. Dear old beehive! Busy, busy beehive! He had it even as a Sorin man rushed for and whistled at the long loved street car that never pulls out till somebody is coming. Yet do not repine man of Sorin,

She can not fade, though thou hast not thy bliss.
No. She goes too slow for that!

Phil Donnelly saw these several pictures, but only as so many blurs upon the landscape. He saw as one sees a skiver, faintly and as it were from far, even as the skiver would have it. His heart, like the captive in the song, was far away. It was home at Westfield. He was dreaming the long, lonesome, filmy dreams of the homesick heart. He saw Cherry Street corner where the old Italian handed out peanuts and cracker jack to passing customers at retail prices. He saw the policeman who brought order out of chaos at street corners, for Westfield was a city of some size and fame. He saw the pleasant grate fire and the bright lights of an evening, when the wind sang a song of its own about his home on Upper Seventh Street. He saw his father scanning the evening paper for a birds-eye view of business and politics. He saw his mother busy with some needlework, and betimes directing a quiet word of caution at Jack about scratching the centre table with his knife. Marie was finishing a letter and paused for a moment to set Ethel right on a problem in Arithmetic. Then there was a knock at the door, Phil came back from Westfield in an instant, turned, and gave the customary "Come in."

"This is Philip Donnelly from Westfield?" said the visitor, glancing for a moment on a sheet of paper.

"Yes, Father," said Phil removing his hat and picking his way toward the centre of the room. "My name is Philip, but everybody calls me Phil—at least everybody in Westfield."

"It will be Phil here too, I'm sure, when you get acquainted. When did you arrive?"

"Yesterday morning. You remember you gave me this room, Father, after I came from the office."

"Yes, I remember. But you see we've had no time for a talk. I always like to chat with new boys before they begin work. Besides a number of them get homesick. Have you caught the fever?"

"Yes, Father, I have, and it's the limit—I mean it's fierce—that is it's—it's—it's—I have a severe attack."

"Quite natural, Phil. Most boys get it—only you must work it out of your system by distraction. Let's walk in the open a little. It's pleasant out."

"By the way, Father, I must apologize for the condition of this room. You see, I've not had time to put things in shape, and the homesick feeling left me a little uncertain."

They passed out to where the Corby braves were making remote preparations for future struggles.

"Is this the University squad?" asked Phil.

"No, but the next best as we hope. This is Corby. We may win the interhall championship, but our backfield is weak? Ever played football?"

"Yes, I've played right-half in Westfield High School."

The Rector of the hall took a quick look at the young man, made a mental note and together they passed into the field and somewhat closer to the candidates in their preliminary practice. Phil was interested, for here he was in touch with his kind, in touch with the sport that pleased him best.

"This interhall championship, what does that mean, Father?"

"Mean! It means Brownson and Sorin and Corby and Walsh, different halls or dormitories where students of different years reside. It means training, discipline, struggle, grit and victory—or defeat. It means excitement, lots of it, and honor for the team that wins. Corby will be supreme,—*must* be,—this year anyhow. Next? Do you see that new building on which they are now putting the finishing touches? That's called Walsh Hall. That hall is Corby's coming rival. Perhaps that hall will take Corby's place. I hope not, but who knows?"

"Ever played the game, Father?"

"Well—yes—but you see that was long ago, and the game has changed so much since."

Then they walked on, priest and student. From football they passed to other subjects. Before he knew it Phil was telling of his father's hunting trip last Christmas when together they penetrated the mountain fastnesses in a small way and sought such game as happened within reasonable range. Why yes, in a way, his father was a good shot, but rather touchy on the subject of missing a rabbit especially if somebody else brought it down after he had failed. Yes, he went out with Dad, especially during the Christmas holidays when himself and Father Donovan, second assistant at St. Philip's, had their annual hunt. Yes, St. Philip's was quite a parish; three assistants; a large school. Father Donovan coached the kids at baseball and his team won the city school championship two years running.

They were at the post-office now. Forth issued a type that might do service on the advertising page to boost the college suit. The low shoe, the sock to strike one blind, the "raining in London" fold to the trousers, the hat tilted to the proper angle, and so forth till the mind is dizzy with details. College Suit was imbibing wisdom from the pages of *Three Corners Bee*—the home paper, no less. Phil was lost in admiration. So are we all.

"Permit me," said the Rector of Corby Hall, "permit me, Mr. Philip Donnelly, to present to you the Inevitable, Destiny itself, the A and the Z, Theodore Bare late of Duckville College, but now confided to our keeping by Denis A. Morrison."

"Delighted I'm sure," said Teddy with an outward calm that would have done credit to the Duke of Wellington. Then both boys laughed till the tears almost blinded them, and when the storm had died away to a murmur, they felt they were friends.

Then a bell rang. "Call on me, Phil," said Teddy, "when"—he smiled—"I'm not busy with my studies, and always"—a laugh this time—"with permission." Teddy was gone.

"By the way, Father," said Phil some moments later, as they followed the students into the dining-room, "I am writing home to-night and I want to tell the folks I met you. What name shall I give?"

"Donnelly."

"No?"

"Sure!"

"My Grandmother was from Wicklow."

"Mine from Wexford."

"Then we're cousins."

"Yes, first cousins." They both laughed.

The Economic Value of Birds.

FRANCIS J. WENNINGER, '11.

It is a matter of common observation that a great many of our birds are becoming more scarce each year,—so much so that a few species are even now on the verge of extinction. Each succeeding year brings with it a new crop of eager sportsmen, "anxious to kill and ambitious to make records." But the time has come when the small boy with his sling shot and the hunter with his gun must be taught that henceforth all birds must be protected or they will be exterminated.

At the request of the New York Zoölogical Society, Mr. Wm. T. Hornaday made a careful study of bird-life in the United States with special reference to its increase or decrease during the fifteen years ending with the year 1898. This was the result: only four states, Kansas, Wyoming, Utah, and Washington, showed a slight increase in bird-life; thirty states showed decreases varying from ten per cent to ninety per cent, the general average decrease being forty-six per cent. In Indiana the decrease of bird-life was found to be sixty per cent. That was in 1898. Since then another inquiry has been made and, according to this last report, the volume of bird-life has changed so slightly that in 1903, conditions were practically as they were in 1898. Indeed some investigators assert that during the past fifteen years the number of our common song birds has been reduced by one-fourth. Another author claims that "at the present rate, extermination of many species will occur during the lives of most of us. Already the passenger-pigeon and Carolina parakeet, only a few years ago abundant, are practically exterminated."

This alarming decrease in the number of birds is due to various causes such as winds, snow and wild or domestic animals. But by far the greatest number of birds is destroyed by man himself. Now, it is not the purpose of this article to arraign mankind for its barbarity towards birds but merely to show the importance of some of our common birds in the economy of nature and thus point out a few reasons for their preservation.

The great utility of birds lies in their capacity for destroying insects. From time immemorial, man has but feebly combated the insect pest,

and it is the birds alone that can check its ravages, hence destroy the birds, and insects will multiply enormously as history only too plainly proves. Much has been written about the destructiveness of insects and economic entomologists are constantly adding new species to the long lists of pests which devour our crops.

The first report of the state entomologist of New York, contains a list of 176 species of insects that destroy apple trees, while the species that destroy plum, pear, peach and cherry trees are hardly less numerous.

Kaltenbach gives an extensive list of insects that infest the trees of central Europe. According to this authority, the oak is a prey to 537 species of insects; the elm to 107; the poplar to 264; willows to 396; birches to 297; and beeches to 154.

While the forest destroying insects of our country have not been studied as long as those of Europe some very astonishing discoveries have been made. Dr. Packard lists over 400 species which are destroying our oaks and expresses his belief that this number represents, perhaps, only one half of the species actually in existence. He places the number of species that attack the hickory at 140; those that ravage the maple at 85; the poplar at 72; and those that live on the pine at over 100 different kinds.

The species of insects which feed on grasses, cereals, field and garden crops are enormous in numbers and each succeeding year adds new names to the list. The loss occasioned by these pests reaches far into the millions of dollars annually. Packard says that "We lose annually by the attacks of insects on agricultural products not far from one hundred million of dollars."

The Bulletin of the New York State Agricultural Society for the year 1854 shows a loss of fifteen million dollars through the ravages of the insignificant wheat midge (*Diplosis tritici*); two years later, in one county of the same state, two thousand acres that would have yielded 60,000 bushels of wheat were destroyed by the same insect.

The Hessian Fly (*Cecidomyia destructor*) has likewise caused great devastation in the wheat belt. On the valuation of the crop of 1904, according to statistics furnished by Dr. Marlott, the loss occasioned by this fly alone amounted to almost fifty million dollars, while four years previous to that date, the loss in the wheat

growing states from this tiny midge approached one hundred million dollars.

Another pest which destroys many of the staple crops in the Mississippi Valley is the cinch bug (*Blissus leucopterus*). The last report of Z. T. Sweeny, Commissioner of Fisheries and Game in Indiana, contains statistics on this insect compiled by Drs. Schimmer and Riley. According to this report, the loss caused by the cinch bug in one year, 1864, in the Mississippi Valley was one hundred million dollars, while the loss in Illinois for that year reached seventy-three millions.

The cotton industry has a powerful enemy in the ordinary cotton worm (*Alabama argillacea*) which has been known and feared for more than a century. The report of the Massachusetts Board of Agriculture for 1907 says in regard to this pest, "The average loss in the cotton states from this caterpillar for fourteen years following the Civil War was estimated at fifteen million dollars per year."

These are but a few of the striking examples of destruction occasioned by ordinary pests which our birds are destroying. The reports of our boards of agriculture are lined with cases of insect ravages, not as great as these perhaps, but still alarmingly large and calculated to make men consider the question of preserving the birds.

The common meadow lark (*Sturnella magna*) has been studied with reference to its capacity for destroying injurious insects and the results have been surprising. The investigation which furnished evidence for the bird's usefulness consisted of a laboratory examination of "two hundred and thirty-eight stomachs collected in twenty-four states, the District of Columbia and Canada." The insect food was found to be 71.7 per cent as compared with 26.5 per cent of vegetable food. In other words, almost three-fourths of this bird's food for the entire year consists of insects. Grasshoppers, locusts and crickets appear to be the usual diet of the lark, the average amount consumed during the year being about 29 per cent of all food. An interesting chapter might be written about the lark as a destroyer of injurious grasshoppers. Here is a calculation from Dr. Fisher. He states that the "weight of an average grasshopper is 15.4 grains and its daily consumption of food equal its own weight. It is safe to assume that fifty grasshoppers are eaten each day. Now if the number of birds breeding

in one square mile of meadow land is estimated at five pairs, and the number of young that reach maturity at only ten in all, there will be twenty birds on the square mile during the grasshopper season. On this basis the birds would destroy 30,000 grasshoppers in one month. Assuming that each grasshopper if let alone would have lived thirty days, one thousand grasshoppers eaten by the larks each day, represent a saving of sixty-six pounds of forage a month. If the value of this forage is estimated at ten dollars per ton the value of the crops saved by meadow larks on a township of thirty-six square miles each month during the grasshopper season, would be about three hundred and fifty-six dollars.

But grasshoppers are not the only insects eaten by the lark. Beetles constitute about 18 per cent of the annual food of this bird. Among the most important of these are the May beetles, (*Scarabaeidae*) a family which contains some of our most injurious insects. In the month of May, 21 per cent of all the food of the lark consists of these beetles.

Bugs, (*Hemipters*) and especially those belonging to the family of stink bugs (*Pentatomidae*) are eaten throughout the year, constituting about 4 per cent of all the food; yet, in May this percentage rises to 14. From the foregoing it will be seen that this bird is pre-eminently an insect-eater and hence an important factor in the economy of nature, and it should be protected.

The meadow-lark is only one of the great army of insect-destroyers; other birds are just as useful in this capacity. Even in the apparently destructive career of the crow there are compensations. It is a great feeder on May beetles the larvae of which, known as white grubs, burrow in the ground and devastate vast stretches of grass-lands and injure the roots of trees and plants. Robins feed largely on cut-worms as well as on the white grub of the May beetle. Blue Jays are extremely efficient caterpillar-hunters: warblers, titmice, and vireos are hardly less expert. And so on down the long list of birds, all are useful, none should be destroyed.

The question is, how can we protect the birds? The remedy lies in education. People must be educated to realize the economic importance of the birds. This knowledge, more than any thing else, will materially lessen the desire to destroy birds and will preserve one of our country's most important and valuable assets.

The Change.

PETER E. HEBERT, '10.

HOW it stirs your spinal column
Just to sit and hear the solemn
Breaking, groaning,
Hollow moaning
Of the ice down on the lake;
How it starts your pulse a-leaping
How it kindles in your keeping
Joy and gladness
Like to madness
That would every bondage break.
Oh! to feel that winter's flying,
And that spring will soon be spying
Through the pulsing
Meads convulsing
Their whole melancholy frames,
Is to summon from your system
Pent-up energies and twist 'em
Into muscle
For the tussle
Of the season's college games.

The Combat.

JAMES P. KEHOE, '11.

The night had far advanced, but the full moon still cast a pale radiance on the sleeping valley of Anahouc as two lonely travellers picked their way down the rugged slope of the Sierra De Ahuaho. One was young and full of youthful enthusiasm, the other, middle-aged and hardier. By their dress and language it was easy to see that they were Aztecs on their way to Tenochtitlon, the beautiful capital of the great Anahauc empire. On the morrow the whole world would assemble there to attend the games in honor of Guetzal, the god of peace. As they rested from their laborious descent the elder man turned to his companion and said:

"Ah, my lad, Hualpa! I fear you have undertaken too great a task for a child of your age."

"Fear not, Oh'Tzin. When the Cholulan and the Othumi learn that Gautamozin is to be my partner they will lose half their courage, and, as you have often said, with the loss of confidence goes the hope of victory. Even were it otherwise, think what the contest means; if I slay the

Othumi I will win the king's favor and become renowned."

"I am proud of you, my lad; such courage must of necessity win. Come, if we would reach the city before daybreak we must move. Yonder lies the boat to cross the lake."

The passage of the lake was uneventful except for an occasional obstruction by a Chinampa, afloat at anchor. As they neared the city those floating gardens multiplied until they covered nearly all the lake, leaving barely room for the passage of small canoes. From many of them poured the light of torches, from others the melody of flutes and mingled voices, while on them all fell the soft radiance of early dawn, revealing white pavilions, orange-trees, flowering shrubs and other varieties of unrivalled tropical vegetation. A ceaseless string of vessels like their own sped constantly by. At last they reached the wall and passing through an interval that formed the outlet of a canal, entered the city.

Instantly the water became waveless; houses encompassed them; the hum that hovered over them while out on the lake, realized itself into the voices of men in festal songs. As they passed up the canal the number of canoes increased. Here and there along the water's edge was a sidewalk of masonry with an occasional flight of steps leading to portal. The whole scene rivalled in appearance the grandeur of a Venetian masquerade.

The passage of the lake had consumed several hours during which the sun had risen far into the sky. Everywhere the people were flocking to the scene of combat. Tired and hungry the travellers brought their boat to shore and sought rest and refreshments in one of the many eating houses.

About an hour before the sun had reached the zenith the tambourin in the temple sounded the signal for assemblage; its ponderous tone penetrating every recess of the city and rushing across the lake, was heard in the villages on the distant shore. By midday the multitude had assembled and the massive theatre was filled to overflowing. The appearance of the royal party was the signal for the games to commence.

The Cholulan and the Othumi advanced

to the right of the arena. They were the challengers of the god. As the last wild note of the mineshots died away, a solitary figure advanced and took its place to the left. The people knew him not, yet, when he fastened his leather shield in place they greeted him with a thunderous applause, which increased to a mighty uproar as he was joined by a second combatant. The latter arrivals were Hualpa and the Oh'Tzin, the champions of the god.

The combatants waited in silence until the king gave the signal and then advanced to the contest. It was opened by an interchanging of arrows which glanced harmlessly from the leathern shields. It was but a prelude trial testing the skill of the opponents. Discarding their bows they seized their masquahuitls and began a hand to hand contest. The masquahuitl was the deadliest weapon known to the natives. Wielded by both hands and swung high over the head, its blade of glass was too much for the light shield. At the instant of contact the Cholulan brought a downward blow, well aimed at the head of the 'Tzin, which, though not fatal, left him senseless on the ground.

When the multitude saw their champion fall they gave a cry of anger and despair which was turned to a shout of joy as they saw the youthful Hualpa spring with lightning speed to his friend's assistance. Quick and dexterous he dodged the expected blow and brought his own weapon with telling effect upon the head of the powerful Cholulan. The contest between the two remaining combatants was fierce, but the great strength of the Othumi was too much for the frail youth, who was compelled to retreat steadily before the terrible onrush. Twice the enemy's weapon reached him the second time completely disabling his left arm. The strain of the great exertion soon told on the Othumi. While Hualpa was preserving his strength by the retreat the enemy had exerted every muscle until they could no longer withstand the constant exertion and the Othumi was compelled to slow up. For one brief moment he left his body unguarded. It was the chance that the youth had awaited and his weapon, wielded only by his right arm, buried itself in the enemy's skull. Hualpa had conquered for the god.

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—The newspaper discussion of Mr. Roosevelt's abandoned audience with the Pope was as long drawn out and as free in its range as we should expect. "Rudeness of Vatican diplomacy," "Religious warfare," "Bitter American Catholic feeling" are samples of big lettering to tell a brief and very simple story. The Vatican suggested a certain condition as acceptable while Mr. Roosevelt was in Rome in case he wished an audience with Pius X. Certain Methodists over there are acting in a manner directly offensive to the Holy See; and while this may not be the case with Methodists elsewhere it is found so of Methodists residing in Rome. It was intimated that an audience could not be granted if Mr. Roosevelt consented to address this Methodist body, as Mr. Fairbanks did. To Mr. Roosevelt this condition seemed a limitation of his personal liberty, and as he declined to comply, the audience with the Pope did not take place. Except as an item of news the affair does not affect in any manner Catholics in this country or elsewhere. Vatican etiquette is no direct concern of theirs, nor is the ex-President's concept of

personal liberty. No one will deny the right and expediency of the Vatican to insist on set forms and conditions for anyone desiring an audience with the Sovereign Pontiff. Those who do not care to accept these conditions or to live up to these forms are absolutely within their right, and the Vatican is equally within its right in refusing to grant the audience. Irate religious synods who draw up high-blown resolutions commending Mr. Roosevelt for crushing Papal tyranny and supporting "Our free institutions" are doing a notable service to the press these dull times while waiting for the great baseball struggle to begin. Meantime Mr. Roosevelt will continue on his journey with a secret respect for Vatican formalities, and the Vatican will remain where it is.

—The arrival of Rev. Dr. John Talbot Smith has marked a short respite in the regular English work of the class room, but it is a valuable one.

Lectures on Not the least among the American Literature. sad features of modern American life is the readiness with which people allow the book reviewer and the paid critic to do their thinking. This is not so much in evidence, perhaps, regarding the literature of the past, for the judgment of time has largely given us a true idea of those particular productions, both from a literary and a moral standpoint. It is, however, in the productions of our own century, and particularly in the literature of America that we are apt to be led astray through that spirit of false appreciation which so often disguises the subtle writings of the professional critic. In order to prepare us against these dangers which are daily threatening the existence of a great national literature, Dr. Smith has chosen this one field in preference to all others. His intention regarding our American literature of the past is not so much that we acquire a wider acquaintance with its productions, but rather that we obtain a more correct knowledge of its beauties and its defects. As regards the literature now produced or to be produced in the future, it will be his endeavor to give us a standard of true worth by which we may measure literature through other ideals than

mere popular opinion or the critical judgments of paid writers. How well Dr. Smith has thus far succeeded in his lectures can not be questioned. Probably in no line of activity is the man of education more native to leadership than in the field of letters. Whether one practises the avocation of a writer or not, the very fact that he has received a literary education naturally leads people to follow his ideals. And it is largely in the nature of these ideals, that the quality of our nation's output in literature will be determined. Though one were so extremely selfish as not to desire proper light upon the requirements of good literature for the uplifting of literature itself, the very fact of mere personal benefit alone should be sufficient incentive towards accepting the opportunities which these lectures afford.

—The appearance of the first box scores in the daily papers signals the entry of the baseball season. Within a few days the

Varsity team will inaugurate
Enter Baseball. what we hope will be one of
its most successful seasons.

In the meantime, around the campus and on the diamonds the youthful knights of the stick are twirling the magic sphere and going through the most approved gyrations in emulation of the honored sons of Notre Dame who have made baseball history in the big leagues. This activity is highly praiseworthy. Strenuous, healthful exercise makes the hours of recreation beneficial to prefects, professors and students, for the youthful energy that seeks a natural channel of escape finds an innocent outlet in this way. The interhall series in baseball will soon begin and indications point to a very evenly matched contest, much more interesting than have been the series in other branches of athletics this year. Steady practice will do more in baseball and football than will untrained strength or individual skill. The athletes in one of the halls at the University have already discovered this and have reaped the fruits of their discovery. The others should not be slow to follow their example, and should produce something more like a contest than the dual event of last year's baseball season. Six teams will enter the field this year,

and the six teams should be out practising every spare moment, and should train conscientiously and consistently in order to do something worth while. The interhall league is the incubator for Varsity material and the coaches should be given something to work on every year as a result of the series.

—It is a fact but too sadly realized by all American Catholic writers and readers that the death of Charles J. O'Malley took from their midst a distinguished poet, The Passing editor and critic, and to them of a all comes the painful realization Champion. that the void thus made will

be most difficult to fill. It has been said that what the good man does is often interred with his bones while the evil he has done lives on after him. Not so with Charles J. O'Malley. The history of his life is one long record of incessant toil for all that was beautiful and true and noble. From his earliest years the productions of his facile pen graced the pages of the most select publications. Whether by his editorials wherein he battled against the most formidable antagonists of social, political or religious integrity, or in the face of indifference or opposition, he established by the sheer force of his logic the necessity and beneficence of certain courses of action. In his articles and essays he pointed out the evils of current fads and false doctrine. In his poetry lighted up by the sunshine of his rich imagery and warm heart he was ever the seeker of truth, the lover of right, and he can not justly be accused of undue asperity in the former nor of insincerity in the latter. But it was particularly as a champion of Catholic truth that he was at his best, and no one with any sense of literary appreciation or common justice could have read his editorials in the *New World* without a thrill of pleasure over the one and a feeling of satisfaction over the other. His service to the Church in America was great, but perhaps in no way is this more manifest nor liable to have more beneficent results than in the movement for Catholic Federation which he so ably and successfully supported when it had scarcely become a matter of common interest. His work was good and his life was worthy of his work.

The Max Pam Prize Contest.

The faculty committee which has been at work on the details of the Max Pam Contest has completed its work. The following announcement is self-explanatory:

Mr. Max Pam has entrusted to the University of Notre Dame the sum of one thousand dollars to be offered as a prize for the best manuscript dealing practically with the vital question of religion in education.

The contest for this prize is open to all persons in all countries of the world and without regard to age, sex or creed. Manuscripts in foreign languages must be accompanied by an English translation.

The manuscript must contain not fewer than twenty thousand words.

The theme is—How May the Religious Element in the General Education of Children and Youths be Most Effectively Promoted? The term *religious* in this thesis is understood to involve a code of morals having a divine sanction.

Each contestant will sign his manuscript with a pen-name and will address it to the Max Pam Prize Contest, University of Notre Dame, Notre Dame, Indiana, U. S. A. Enclosed within the manuscript he will send a sealed envelope containing his correct name and address in full, together with his pen-name. This envelope is for the identification of the contestant and will be opened only after the prize has been awarded.

All manuscripts must be in the hands of the Committee of Award on January 1, 1911. The announcement of the award will be made at the commencement exercises of the University of Notre Dame, June, 1911.

The decision will be made after the following manner. A committee of seven members of the faculty of the University of Notre Dame will examine and exclude from the contest all manuscripts that are obviously unfit by reason of irrelevance, logical feebleness or defective style. (If desired the manuscripts will be returned to the contestants.)

The Committee of the Faculty will be composed of the following members:

- JOHN CAVANAUGH, D. D.
President of the University
WILLIAM HOYNES, LL. D.
Dean of the Law School
TIMOTHY EDWARD HOWARD, LL. D.
Formerly Chief Justice of Indiana
JAMES FARNHAM EDWARDS, LL. D.
Librarian of the University
MATTHEW ALOYSIUS SCHUMACHER, PH. D.
Director of Studies
MATTHEW ARNOLD WALSH, PH. D.
Professor of Economics
MICHAEL ALEXIS QUINLAN, PH. D.
Professor of English

The Committee of Award who will render the final decision is composed of the following members:

- THOMAS ALOYSIUS CRUMLEY, C. S. C.
*Vice-President and Professor of
Philosophy in the University of
Notre Dame*

- NICHOLAS MURRAY BUTLER, LL. D.
President of Columbia University
JACOB GOULD SCHURMAN, LL. D.
President of Cornell University
JOHN IRELAND, D. D.
Archbishop of St. Paul
JOHN TALBOT SMITH, LL. D.
Rector of Dobbs Ferry, New York
JULIAN W. MACK
*Judge of the Juvenile Court
Chicago, Illinois*
FRANCIS CLEMENT KELLY, LL. D.
*President of the Church Extension
Society*

Donald Robertson's Players.

Two playlets were presented by the Donald Robertson Players in Washington Hall on April 5th. The first, "The Postscript," a play in one act by Emile Augier, is a clever piece, with some fine lines and an extremely good situation, but it suffered at the hands of the interpreters. There are but two characters, a widow and a man whom she wants for her suitor. He seems unaware of this fact at first, but she manages skilfully to bring him around to the psychological point. The character of Mme. de Verliere by Barbara Hall was not badly done. Frederick J. Crowley, as M. de Lancy was unable to bring out the fineness and delicacy of the piece.

The second piece presented was Bjornstjerne Bjornson's two-act drama, "A Marriage." This was a revelation in dramatic art, and was extremely well done. It is a difficult piece to understand and tends to leave a debate in the minds of the audience. It is such an abrupt change from what we are accustomed to see to-day that it puzzles us. The story of the play is a common enough one in daily life: Axel is a young man who marries Laura the only daughter of a rich old couple, and goes to live with them. He finds that her love for him, if there is any at all, is subordinated to the love for her parents. He tries to have Matilde, Laura's friend who loves him, influence Laura and teach her true love for him. He finally claims his right to take her away; a storm of protest follows; then the old man with one of the finest touches in the play, steps forward and gives his consent, "For it is written: she shall leave her father and her mother." Matilde

then announces her intention of going with them. It is Ibsen all the way through except the Christian touch in the father's consent.

The second act shows Axel and Laura a year later. Apparently they are as estranged as ever. Then Matilde reads to Laura a book which tells of a marriage similar to theirs, and which ends in faithlessness on both sides; Axel reads the same book. It angers Laura, but appeals strongly to Axel. He discusses the book with Matilde and ends with a declaration of his love for her. She is exultant and exclaims "I have won!" The father and mother arrive unexpectedly at this juncture. The parents are anxious to know how they are progressing. Laura says that she loves Axel, and the mother asks how the change was brought about. Axel volunteers to tell her, and delineates the minute changes which have unconsciously been working in Laura's mind, and ends with a highly dramatic appeal to her to declare her love. Matilde, baffled, says that the next time she writes a book it will be a better one.—And there you are! It is Ibsen all the way through, only the finish is not Ibsen. But the audience, trapped and fooled, can not see it. The intensely dramatic situation at the last was well worked out, but not until it was finished could one tell which way the wind would blow, for it had the earmarks of its direct opposite. The play was well acted throughout and individual mention is superfluous.

Civil Engineering Society.

At the meeting of the Civil Engineering Society on March 30, Mr. Sanchez outlined the U. S. system of laying out public lands which was devised by Gen. Rufas Putnam. It was first used in the territory that is now known as the state of Ohio in 1786. Nearly all of our country north of the Ohio river and west of the Mississippi has been subdivided into rectangular tracts by this exact method and are as a result free from lawsuits which are not uncommon in the old colonial states, where different processes were employed in dividing the land. A paper on the magnetic needle was read by Mr. Howley. In it he explained the manner in which a piece of crude steel is made

available for the purpose of determining the direction of the magnetic meridian; the utility of the needle to the mariner in locating his course, and to the surveyor in finding the direction of any line. M. E. Cortazar told of the studies he imagined to be best suited for the training of the civil engineer. Mathematics, the backbone of an engineering course, drafting and sciences seemed to be his specialties. He enumerated a number of cases, which illustrated the necessity of a knowledge of these subjects that are necessary in order to know how to secure the most value from different sources that present themselves. The question of the relative temperatures of a piece of iron and a piece of wood after having been struck by a bullet was discussed by Mr. Shannon. A number of points were brought up in the argument, which, although not directly connected with it, aroused a few heated discussions.

At last week's meeting of the Civil Engineering Society Mr. Kane told of the many benefits derived by working with a surveying corps during the summer vacations after having secured an insight into the theory of the art. Such practice not only clears up a number of difficulties for the student civil engineer, but enables him to leave college with a credit of a few months of field work. This gives him a fairly practical foundation to enter into competition with men in this branch of the engineering world. The life and works of Robert Stevenson were presented by Mr. Hebenstreit. Robert and his father became famous for the invention of a steam locomotive made under competition for the Liverpool and Manchester Railway of England. The ability of these men seemed so great to this company that they were employed as chief engineers. In the line of Civil Engineering work a tubular bridge, which spans the St. Lawrence River at Montreal is their best monument. The structure is supported by twenty-four piers, has a length of two miles and is the largest of its kind. The question, Is Inertia Force? was discussed by Mr. Gutierrez. Since scientific men of worthy reputation are divided in their answers to this question, it was argued by the members from their own points of view.

Brownson Literary and Debating.

The Brownson Literary and Debating Society held its weekly meeting Sunday night. The program although short was well rendered and was as follows: "In the foot-prints of the Padres," R. Fischer; "Palm Sunday," W. Cotter; "Holy Thursday," P. Byrne, "Good Friday," W. O'Shea. A debate has been arranged between the societies of Brownson and St. Joseph Halls, and will take place in three weeks. The right of selecting the question was given to Brownson Hall, and of selecting the side to St. Joseph's. The question chosen was: "Resolved, That Labor Unions Are a Detriment to the Laboring Man." The question has been submitted but at this writing it is not known what side is selected. The preliminaries for the selection of debaters to represent Brownson will be held next Sunday night.

St. Joseph Literary.

The St. Joseph Hall Literary Society introduced a novelty into their work last Sunday evening by giving toasts to different states. Kentucky was honored by "Boss" Williams and his enthusiastic recital of a piece of verse entitled "Moonshine" showed that he was entirely in sympathy with the sentiments of the poet. Other numbers were "Ohio" Geiger, "Indiana" Elmo Funk, "Wisconsin" Burke, "New York" Donahue, "Montana" Balenciefer, "South Dakota" McGrath. Wade Brady was requested to discuss H_2O but declined and the society kindly spared him the embarrassment of talking on a subject so suggestive of his own experience.

The Ex-Carrolls in Feast.

The loyal ex-members of Carroll Hall who are variously located in the residence buildings of the University met in feast at the Oliver last Thursday evening. The gathering of so many celebrities reminded one of Johnson's circle of friends, only the Doctor's cronies didn't have so much fun. Any single one of the stars present would radiate a degree of splendor. All combined they made the New Centre dim by com-

parison. William Cotter, the scrap book artist, William Downing, the musician of some notes, John McPhee, the poet, Carlos White, the matinee idol, Eva Lester, the prima donna, Fred Mills, the student, Brud Armonstrong, the man of destiny, were among the notables. The affair began at six o'clock and lasted till eight. There was some oratory. Mr. Cotter, President of the club, was toastmaster and handed out some of the keenest wit heard in some time. Messrs. Cahill, Sippel, Hugg and Armonstrong responded to toasts in the order named. The speeches were short, but each had some note of distinction. The visiting members of the Oseola report the time of their lives and everybody else said ditto. The menu is copyrighted, hence we do not append.

Obituary.

The many friends of Coach Maris received a decided shock Saturday morning on learning of the death of his wife, Mrs. Bert Maris, at St. Joseph Hospital, South Bend. Though Mrs. Maris had been ailing for some time her death was none the less a surprise since there was always entertained a measure of hope for her recovery. Those who knew the deceased speak in highest terms of her unaffected goodness and quiet charm of manner. The SCHOLASTIC speaks for everybody at Notre Dame in extending to Coach Maris heartfelt sympathy in this hour of his loss. *R. I. P.*

* *

Mr. Daniel Monarch, who was a student of the University in 1892 passed away at his home, Owensboro, Ky., Monday April 4. To his brother Lamar Monarch (Litt. B., 1893) and to the other members of his family we extend a sincere message of sympathy and an assurance of our prayers. *R. I. P.*

* *

The many friends of Jesse Lantry (C. E. '97) and Joseph Lantry (C. E. '07) will be sorry to hear of the death of their father Mr. J. J. Lantry, Spearville, Kansas, March 25, 1910. Mr. Lantry is remembered as a loyal friend of Notre Dame. The University wishes to assure the family of its sympathy and prayers. *R. I. P.*

The prayers of SCHOLASTIC readers are requested for the repose of the soul of Paul Kirkpatrick, nephew of Bro. Florian. Paul died on April 1st at his home in Pittsburg.

* *

The SCHOLASTIC bespeaks the sympathy of students and faculty for Gilbert Marcille on the death of his mother.

Personals.

—Varnum Parish (Litt. B., 1908) of Momence visited his brother here last week.

—Carl Centliver, fielder of the 1908 Varsity, has signed up with Evansville in the Central League.

—Francis T. Collier (Ph. B., 1907, A. M., 1908) has opened law offices in the Gerlinger Building, Portland, Ore.

—Francis J. Lonergan (LL. B., 1904) is practicing law in Portland, Oregon. His offices are in the Couch Building.

—Oscar F. Fleischer was married to Miss Emma Dierssen on Feb. 26th, in Chicago. Mr. and Mrs. Fleischer have our sincere congratulations.

—Mr. Andrew J. Hanhauser (old student) was united in marriage to Miss Helen C. Nolan, Tuesday evening, March 29, at Philadelphia.

—John McKee (LL. B., 1909), Captain of last year's baseball team, was a recent visitor. John intends beginning the practice of law in Oakland, California.

—Leo F. Craig, student of engineering in 1900, is now at 331 South Phillip's Avenue, Sioux Falls, South Dakota, where he intends to continue his engineering work.

—Francis E. Munson (LL. B., 1908), of Mendota, Ill., was a visitor at the University last week. "Muns" has recently opened up his law offices in that enterprising city.

—Chauncey Dubuc, Varsity pitcher and basket-ball man, who went from here to the Cincinnati Nationals last year, is with Buffalo in the Eastern League this spring.

—Rufus W. Waldorf (M. E., 1908, E. E., 1909) captain of the 1906 Varsity, proprietor of the Western Garage at Mendota, has signed with the Streator (Ill.) team for this season. This information was secured from the "ByHek" column of the Chicago Tribune.

—James A. Toobey (E. E. short '06-8) is now holding a responsible position with an engineering and construction company in Rochester, N. Y. He tells engineering students they need plenty of drawing to prepare for their later work.

Local Items.

—Students of Carroll Hall are beginning to show proficiency in military drill.

—And still the exodus in the direction of Brownson continues.

—The Inter-hall teams have already got down to systematic baseball practice. Brownson Hall defeated South Bend High School yesterday.

—On account of conflicts with Dr. Smith's lectures the hours for History IV and the 4:30 Spanish class have been changed. History is held at 1:30 and Spanish at 12:45.

—The Indiana Club had their photos taken Thursday morning. The following officers have charge of the organization: President, Justin Maloney; Vice-President, Elmo Funk; Secretary and Treasurer, Leo Buckley.

—Lost—A pair of beads,—crucifix about one and one-half inch long, silver chain, grains perfectly round, color of grains, greyish black. A liberal reward will be given to the person who returns same to Gert Holden, St. Edward's Hall.

—At a meeting of the Knights of Columbus at Notre Dame, final arrangements were made for the initiation of the prospective brothers. The ceremonies will occur on Sunday May 1, and the Notre Dame Council will be organized in the meantime.

—The Peace Contest will be held at Wabash College, Crawfordsville, Ind., April 15. Besides Notre Dame the following Indiana Colleges will be represented: Earlham, Goshen, Oakland City, Taylor, Franklin, DePauw, State Normal and Vincennes.

—The Notre Dame Tennis Club was reorganized last Monday and the following officers elected: Miles Sinnot, President; Raymond Skelly, Vice-President; Albert Hilkert, Secretary and Treasurer; James Kramer, Court Marshall. Tournaments will be arranged with the South Bend Y. M. C. A. team and others. Sinnot and O'Mara appear to be the most skilful in handling the rackets and they will probably represent the club in the scheduled contests.

—The local Knights of Columbus' bowling team defeated the representatives of the South Bend Council by a comfortable margin. 2316 was the final score for the Notre Dame section as against 2084 for the South Bends. The contest took place in Walsh Hall on Monday night and attracted a number of interested spectators. A light lunch followed the game, and the general good cheer and sociability of the evening was further enhanced by the suavity of some of the college salve-artists.

Athletic Notes.

OBERLIN IN TRACK.

This afternoon Oberlin College comes for a meet, which will end the indoor season. With the men working as they have been there should be little difficulty in disposing of the visitors. The showing made in outdoor practice during the last few warm days leads to the opinion that Notre Dame is going to have one of the fastest teams in her history this year. Dimmick is getting his injured shoulder loosened up in good style and is already heaving the hammer to a distance which gives promise of more broken records before June, while Philbrook is showing the same kind of improvement in the discus and shot put.

An outdoor meet has been arranged with Michigan Agricultural College for May 7th. This is to be held at Lansing, and it is probable that the Varsity will go to Columbus for an outdoor meet with Ohio State, the contract for which is now pending. On May 28th a triangular meet will be held on Cartier Field between Armour Institute, Michigan Aggies and Notre Dame, and a team will also be sent to the conference meet, which is to be held this year in Champaign, Illinois on June 3d and 4th.

BASEBALL TO-DAY.

What a cheerful message is the above. The first robin fades away into oblivion as a harbinger of spring in comparison to it. The street cars never appear so romantic as when bearing these simple words. All through the long dreary months of winter we have seen our team moulded into its present make-up. We have witnessed the struggle for positions made by these men in their silent, determined way. To-day we may view the results. The machine is completed.

Under the leadership of Captain Kelley the Varsity opens up its season this afternoon with the South Bend team of the Central League. Beginning on next Tuesday an eleven game series with the Grand Rapids team of the same league will open up. After that the regular schedule, as published some weeks ago, will be followed out. The schedule arranged for this year is the heaviest in the history of the school.

The final line-up of the team has not been decided as yet but it is very probable that Phillips will be seen at 1st, Kelley at 2d, McCarty short, Connolly 3d, with Beechnoir and Ulatowski alternating behind the bat.

The outfield will be picked from Hamilton, Williams, Quigley, Maloney and Fish. W. Ryan, Reagan, Summers, Heyl and N. Ryan will make up the list of pitchers.

The men are showing up well in the outside practice games under the coaching of Eddie Smith of the South Bend team.

A. KELLEY, BASEBALL CAPTAIN.

At a meeting of the baseball men held this week Albert Kelley was elected captain of the team to fill the place made vacant by the failure of Bert Daniels to return to Notre Dame this year.

"Red" began his baseball career with a rubber ball and a willow bat on the back lots in Morris, Illinois. Morris never realized that "Red" was destined for the diamond until one balmy afternoon in June. It was in the ninth inning. The score was a tie. There were two out. "A barefoot boy of tan" adorned the running path leading from third to home. "Red" comes up with the willow bat. The bat was a half an inch taller than its fearless wielder but nothing daunting, he hit the rubber sphere on its first trip toward the plate sailing it across the continent through the window of a parson's study three blocks away. From that instant dates the beginning of "Red's" career. He's been pulling off that same trick ever since. Last year he was the heavy man on the Varsity in the hit column. He hits them hard and fast seldom failing to make the second base station on his clouts. His work in left field last season was faultless. This year he will in all probability be seen at second alternating around that sack with another man from Illinois, McCarty, who, by the way, is destined to become a shining light this year in Notre Dame baseballdom.

INTERHALL BASEBALL.

Already the hall teams are out in early practice to get their teams in shape for the coming championship. Very probably Corby, Sorin, Brownson, Walsh will be represented in the league. From what we know of interhall struggle the contest will be interesting.