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Peace.

THOMAS A. LAHEY, '11.

HE chose him the banners of pleasure
That flaunt o'er the sons of mirth,
And his song caught their wild, free measure,—
But it echoed the sob of earth.

He delved into worlds of beauty
And courted the noonday glare,
But a phantom he knew not,—duty,—
Seamed his brow with the lines of care.

Too weak were the pearly pinions
Of the poet and painter's art,
And void were the world's dominions,—
What he sought was at home in his heart.

The Force of Public Opinion.

GEORGE J. FINNIGAN, '10.



HERE is no more potent force at work in the political and social world to-day than public opinion. It rules with an unconquerable absolutism. Stronger than government, it can direct the every move of the legislator; capable of the highest good, it can elevate the moral and social conditions of the down-trodden; able to do irretrievable harm, it can defame the worthy, or throw the country into the hardships of an unjust war. Whatever it undertakes, it accomplishes.

When Christ entered Jerusalem on Palm Sunday, what a beautiful picture the Jews presented as they walked before Him, singing psalms and spreading their very garments lest the feet of the beast on which He rode should come in contact with the ground. The whole city came to Him; they wanted Him

to be their King. Public opinion was at the root of their actions. They were not urged on by deep convictions with regard to His divinity. The populace had suddenly conceived the wonderful desire of crowning Christ, and the desire waxed strong and became almost irresistible in its intensity. But how fickle was that strong opinion! A few days later that same populace crowned their intended King with thorns, and crucified Him as a malefactor. No better example can be found in all history to show the awful strength, together with the ephemeral adherence to purpose that characterizes public opinion, than the action of the Jews toward Christ.

To-day public opinion is the same. It has not changed either in intensity or fickleness. It is unceasingly showing its wonderful power for good and evil. Our government, founded to do the will of the people, never fails to cater to their whims. As the people choose to look on a man or a cause, so must that man or that cause stand. A few years ago public opinion grasped the true idea of the character of Leo XIII., and made him beloved of all nations and creeds. Not long after, it forced America into a war that was unnecessary, undiplomatic, and distasteful to the wisest men in our government. It set the slave free, but it also took the side of Japan in her war with Russia when America owed Russia a long friendship. It is working now just as irresistibly against the evils of drink, and we can not measure the good that it will accomplish. But it is using its most potent forces against Christianity by its tendencies toward agnosticism.

If such is the power of public opinion it is worthy of the greatest concern of the American people to look closely into the forces that mould and guide it, to endeavor

to increase the powers that tend to good, and to lessen evil influences.

The chief moulder of the nation's opinion to-day is the press. The newspaper, that most widespread expression of the press, from a sheet designed to give statements of the happenings of the times, has developed into a dictator, which holds indisputable sway over men's minds. The reason is obvious, for the newspaper is the school of the multitude. To the press people go for knowledge, and from it they take as truths whatever the influential controllers wish to pour forth.

In the early stages of press development, we find that the masters of papers adhered to certain principles which made the press perform its work under the influence of a conscience. This conscience so influenced it that it refused to distribute broadcast ideas that went contrary to these principles of truth and justice. But that age has passed. Modern development has bent toward irreligion, or at least toward an elimination of everything religious as unnecessary and therefore to be discarded. The result has been a materialistic press, which has in turn spread the irreligion that made it materialistic, and the real outcome of it all is almost incredible, for America has arrived at a stage in which statistics show that the great majority of her people live professing absolutely no religion whatever.

What can our civilization amount to if it teaches the expulsion of God from men's lives? In so far as people believe in God, just so far are they just and moral. Are they to believe that the press in forming the public opinion is to be the cause of their downfall? Just so long as the people are willing to accept the press in its present condition they can hope for no betterment. How long will this be?

The solution lies in the school. America leads the world in her attention to learning. She spends more money *per capita* on education than all European countries together. But America, whose very Constitution shows a dependence on God, has discarded from the schools all idea of God, so that her education has of necessity become materialistic. Together with the idea of God has gone the careful training of the will to hold man to what he knows to be duty. How can this be remedied? The vast number of

sects forbids the adoption of any one of them as a school religion.

There is one thing that may be done. The idea of God, of dependence on Providence for everything, of the necessity of considering a Supreme Being in connection with every act can and should be introduced into every study. No professor, whether in state or private school, should be allowed to teach a class without blending dependence on God with instruction in secular branches. Education to fulfil its proper mission must tend toward the foundation of all knowledge. In the study of economics, the ethical should be held up as the soul of the study. In literature Christian works should be studied as well as pagan. In art the student should be taught the love of truth that inspired the masters. In every branch without exception the ethical should be a real working principle. Moreover, along with this should go the training of the mind to arrive at a clear perception of what is right and wrong, and to glory in the power of living up to good strong conviction.

But how will this influence the press? In this way. Let the schools undertake instruction in right living, let them give to America a class educated to the idea of God and strong in conviction: such a class will refuse absolutely to accept the teachings of a materialistic press, and as they will be the most influential of all classes they will force on the press their principles—the return to the all-necessary conventions that have been cast aside. As a consequence, a public opinion will be formed diametrically opposed to that found to-day. This force will in its turn further influence the press, and these two powers, working into each other, will bring this country to a stage of moral culture unknown before.

The public conscience will become more sensitive in proportion to the increase in its strength of conviction. It will not allow itself to be unduly influenced for evil. It will seek justice always, whim never. It will not glory in too great a national pride at the cost of human blood; it will forever stop the flood of obscene literature that goes so far to ruin American youth. It will, in a word, insist at all times on the idea of God, and returning to the old conventions will be an irresistible force, bearing always the stamp of a higher Hand.

Varsity Verse.

TO APRIL.

Fair daughter of the swift-receding year,
 Gay clad, from sunlit realms with joy imbued,
 Arise!—A world thy coming yearns. Soft-hued
 By touch of maiden spring e'en now a-near
 Thy car awaits; wild elfin cheer
 Rings from the wooded haunts; the sky that viewed
 Us long with sullen frown, old grace renewed,
 Looks down where lately-wakened blooms appear.

Joy sends a greeting to the earth and thee.
 See how the airy sprites in glad array
 Yonder dance forth upon the glinting green!
 And Naiads too from winter's cold now free
 Tread by the streamlet's edge. Glad month, you may
 Find welcome here nor will soft showers demean.

T. C.

HER RETORT.

'Twas a bright summer's morning, a year last Maytide
 That happy Kilcullen led home his new bride.
 With such merriment-dancing and feasting galore
 The walls of Duncannon ne'er echoed before.

The colleen and lad were as pretty a pair
 As ever attended a Donnybrook fair;
 But alas, for all lovers when love can decay
 That's seen 'mong such couples as merry as they!

Now they both had a great inclination to pun,
 And each made a vow to be never outdone.
 Ah, tell me not true love will always be sound
 Wherever the same kind of natures are found!

"When the thought of our marriage, Miranda, arose
 An indolent suitor to you did propose;
 Great Zeus! if that laggard with you were content
 'Twould only be right had you given assent."

"Ah, Kilcullen, smile not at your cynical wit;
 Your little Miranda's not ruffled a bit."
 She views for a moment her marital knave,
 And quietly answers, "That's just what I gave."

P. P. F.

DOWN AND OUT.

In these days, sir, our modern divorce
 Have become such a national force
 That the old boy himself
 Has been placed on the shelf
 As a pacer too slow for the course.

A CATASTROPHE.

A gent and his lady, Miss Clark
 In an auto went out for a lark,
 But the gasoline exploded
 And to smithereens "blowed" it,
 When they started to spark in the dark.

A TALEBEARER.

No wonder that people are pale
 Since the comet has got in our trail,
 For a smash-up they fear
 Will demolish our sphere,
 And the planet,—thereby hangs a—. T. A.

A Sudden Disappearance.

C. L.

The freshman were gathered in solemn session for the election of officers. At his desk, elevated some feet from the floor, where the rank and file were assembled, sat the temporary chairman. And what an assemblage was that which this temporary chairman held in momentary vassalage! A few were in a meditative mood rounding out pointed paragraphs in nominating speeches, while others made merry with banter and repartee till the gavel signalled silence. Teddy Bare was discussing his future policies with Fritz Berger, and certain new features to be introduced into the freshman banquet.

"Teddy," said Fritz, "popularity is your long suit. Just think, John Donlan and Joe McDermott are old-timers here. And yet you outshine them and carry off the day."

Teddy could afford to be modest. "Well, Fritz, the fellows want me, and I don't think I should refuse."

"Don't mention the word. They're all so wild about you, they wouldn't hear of refusal."

"Do you think it will be unanimous?" That would break all precedents, but Teddy was sanguine.

"Well"—Fritz hesitated a little—"the thing has never happened that I know of, but the fellows like you, and—well, it's quite possible."

"There doesn't seem to be any other candidate."

"Teddy," Fritz spoke very solemnly, "no man likes defeat: and your name spells defeat to the man that runs against you."

Bang! went the gavel, and silence is man and master for a little. The temporary chairman made a brief speech and wound up by saying: "Gentlemen, the first and most important business of this meeting is the election of officers. Are you ready for nominations?" Yes, they were ready.

"The first nomination is for that of president."

"Mr. Chairman!"

"Mr. Donnelly!" Phil at once began his

measured talk over which he had been laboring for four days:

"Mr. Chairman and members of the Freshman Class: I realize the importance of the position to be filled by the president of our honored class. It numbers one hundred and seventy-five members, all of whom are anxious that this high and responsible position go to the best man. *Finis coronat opus* [here Joe McDermott winked at John Donlan because of Phil's classic turn] will prove an appropriate tribute to this night's work if we immortalize ourselves by giving honor to whom honor is due. [An unusual pause here, for Phil can't recall the next sentence] When—now—we—O yes—When we consider the many worthy freshmen who reside at this University and will at some future time be a glory to this renowned home of learning in every walk of life, it would be difficult to make a selection were it not for one all-important reason. We have in our midst an illustrious member who towers so high above all the others that we may well apply to him the words of Shakespeare:

"What a piece of work is man! how noble in reason! how infinite in faculty! in form and movement, how express and admirable!"

He is a popular star that outshines the brightest [applause and "nice work Phil!"] He is the man of the hour whom to know is to love and to name is to praise. I take great pleasure in presenting to you in nomination the name of the renowned, illustrious and heroic Theodore Bare, Three Corners, Indiana." [Tremendous cheering.]

"Mr. Chairman and Gentlemen," spoke Joe McDermott, when the ovation had passed into silence, "After the sublime tribute of my friend, Mr. Philip Donnelly, words fail me. What shall I say of this man of renown—I who am no orator as Brutus is. [Here the speaker waved to Phil.] To think of Theodore Bare is to recall the words of the poet: 'Worth makes the man and want of it makes the fellow.' Now the gentleman from Three Corners has worth. He has a whole lot of worth. Stand him beside any other man in this room and he is to that other man what St. Peter's is to one of your little red schoolhouses for which this great state is famous. Theodore Bare [great applause] stands for progress [applause continued]

for style, culture, wit, emancipation of the masses, individual rights, woman suffrage, honest administration, night permissions up-[roarious ovation] general leave of absence, shorter class hours and longer rec hours, relaxation of discipline, universal freedom and the brotherhood of man. I second the nomination."

Talk of a stampede at a Democratic convention! It would not prove the far-off wail of a Scotch piper beside this. Theodore Bare had carried the house and no doubt about it now, for every freshman cheered till Corby Hall vibrated from roof to basement. Those of the household who were not members of this historic convention shrugged their shoulders and murmured with the resignation of despair,—“Freshman elections.”

Fritz Berger made the next seconding speech. Oratory was not Fritz's forte, but the occasion inspired him and he covered himself with glory. He called Teddy an angel, then canonized him a saint, and stored him away in the third heaven among the elect. "It is my glory, my crowning glory, to have the honor to pronounce this evening the name of Theodore Bare."

"Any further nominations, gentlemen?" asked the chairman. Teddy looked at Phil and his eyes said: "Let it be unanimous." But sad to say this supreme honor was withheld, for mankind in general is tenacious of tradition, and these freshmen proved no exception. At the far end of the hall rose John Donlan.

"Mr. Chairman and gentlemen: I am no orator, but there are times when silence is golden. I place in nomination the noblest Roman of them all—Moon Face."

Skive Maxman seconded the nomination without a solitary comment. Even Teddy felt pained at the complete absence of applause, that meant crushing defeat for the one-time favorite.

Moon Face rose. The same frail, calm Moon Face whom all Corby loved; the Moon Face that never looked for or invited a single rag of honor, who liked the shaded places of the valley with a few friends in quiet converse, and wished for others the sunlit hilltops and the glory of the freshman world—which is the world in miniature. Moon of the white face was now of the hue of alabaster in the electric splendor of the

room. His voice had the nervous tremor of sincerity as he said:

"Mr. Chairman. While I affectionately thank the freshman class for the mention of my name in connection with this great honor, I wish to withdraw in favor of a physically stronger and a more capable man. Kindly consider this final. I withdraw." There was a buzz of suppressed excitement. Donlan was again on his feet.

"Mr. Chairman. When I nominated Moon, I didn't ask his permission. And now that he wants to withdraw I don't accept his dictation. As one of our Irish forefathers said: 'Moon Face is the name and Moon Face is the Man.' John Donlan never surrenders. The name of Moon Face stands." Moon never had a chance to reply. The chairman banged a big bang on the desk and cried—"It is so decreed!" Whether or not this was right ruling is a matter for a parliamentary law class to decide. It was for the freshmen, anyhow, which removes the responsibility from me.

The voting began. Religiously each member wrote the name of his candidate on the slip of paper furnished him by a teller, who really had nothing to tell—for they all knew. Teddy's face was aglow with pleasure. Some seats back of him Fritz Berger embraced Phil and called him his poodle dog. Phil retorted with a solar plexus which threw Fritz full force on Joe who sat to his immediate right. Of course Fritz was delighted and fell like so much dead meat on the wirey, fiery quarter-miler.

"Say, you big camel, do you think I'm here for you to fall on?"

"That's it,—now blame me, as if I did it!" Fritz felt sorely wounded. He wasn't sensitive and he wasn't innocent, but he felt sorely wounded.

"Well," whispered Joe, "give this to the man who did." He landed handsomely on Fritz's person.

I know not what complications might have followed, but the tellers were ready and everybody settled down to listen. One man examined, a second man read aloud, a third man verified and a fourth man kept count.

The first name announced was Moon! "Himself," thought Teddy. "The little hypocrite."

The second was Moon! "Some kid fresh-

man, no doubt, who wanted a weakling. The fool!"

The third was "Moon." "Donlan who nominated him. The dub!"

The fourth was "Moon!" "Skive Maxman who barely opened his mouth in seconding. The block!"

"Moon" it was! The fifth, sixth, seventh, eighth, ninth, tenth, and so on, and so on, and so on, in a long line, like that row of kings Macbeth saw rising from the witches' cauldron. Everybody laughed and cheered and waved greeting to everybody else, while "Moon!" "Moon!" was rung out with endless regularity—a veritable clock stroke, beating the life and the hope out of Theodore Bare. One—No. 93 to be exact—read "Theodore Bare."

"That's Moon's vote," whispered Phil to Berger. "No one else would write 'Theodore.'"

"No. 102," read "Teddy."

"To go back to Donlan's Irish ancestor," said Fritz to Joe, "Teddy is the name and Teddy is the man who wrote that vote all right, all right."

"Just as I said," answered Joe with reflection, "two for Teddy—his own and Moon's." And prophet or no prophet, two it was.

The votes were recounted as a matter of form, while everybody laughed in glorious good-nature at the fall of a fictitious idol. The chairman rose: "I hereby declare Moon Face duly elected president of the Freshman class." The ovation that followed was the spontaneous expression of loyal devotion to a real favorite. Somebody yelled, "Speech!" Everybody else took it up.

But there was no speech, for there was no Moon. Then suddenly it dawned on them that Moon was gone, and Teddy's desk was vacant. Yes, Teddy was gone too! A thought struck Phil. Thought was action in this case, for he left the room, followed by Joe, with all manner of strange suspicions running riot across his brain.

First both boys ran up to Moon's room. It was dark. The door was open, for no one ever turned order into chaos where Moon lived, so he was never particular in the matter of springing the lock. They entered, saw no one. The little clock ticked the seconds and the lace curtain fluttered in the velvet wind. There was his hat on the table, and his Fall overcoat hung from its

accustomed hook. Everything was neat and orderly—just like Moon.

Next they ran to Teddy's room. Dark there too; then to Father Devine's. No, he hadn't seen Moon since three o'clock. Within the freshmen continued their elections and were finished by half-past eight. Still Joe and Phil continued their search. Fritz, John Donlan and "Skive" Maxman joined them.

Phil felt bound to speak. "Fellows, something has happened, I know it."

"What?" they asked in one breath.

"Teddy has played foul with Moon."

"Go 'way!"

"As sure as I stand here! You don't know Teddy."

Where they did not search that long evening is easier to tell than where they did. They didn't drag the lakes, for they didn't have time, and they didn't climb to the top of the dome because they couldn't. I can't remember any other place at this writing. They were footsore and weary,—Phil, Joe, Fritz, John Donlan and "Skive" Maxman. They were filled with wild dread and sorrow and burning rage.

"Fellows," said Joe, "if Teddy has done Moon harm I'll kill him!" The strange light was in his eye again.

They were now at the ice-house and just ready to take a boat to drag the lake. Then said Fritz:

"Fellows, I have an idea. Before we try the lake follow me." He turned his face toward Corby and the others followed, silent through the grey night.

In the Wake of the Comet.

We have passed it, breathe more freely;
For it used us quite genteely.

Why we didn't even see its tail as we went whirling
through.

No one swooned; no one perspired,
Nor from gaseous smells expired,
And the earth looks green as ever, and the sky still
looks as blue.

There was not much extra piling
Up of grinning and of smiling,
As McCutcheon said the laughing gas in Halley's tail
would bring.

Though it hit us we are living;
Let us be somewhat forgiving,
To old Halley and his comet,—glarey, scarey, fairy
thing.

G. J. F.

"Maud": A Review.

JEREMIAH A. MCCARTHY.

"Maud" is a lyrical poem written by Lord Alfred Tennyson. Tennyson's literary career did not begin until 1830 when he published a volume called, "Poems, Chiefly Lyrical." It was not received with great favor by the public; but it contained pieces which in no indistinct manner announced the advent of a true poet. In 1832 appeared a second volume which included "The Lady of Shallot," "The Palace of Art," "The Miller's Daughter" and the "Dream of Fair Women." Owing to criticism Tennyson now remained silent for ten years. He read, and thought, and observed. Medieval romances, especially the legends of King Arthur of Brittany, he studied with delight.

During this interval he became fired with the romantic spirit of freedom which possessed Keats and Byron in their early youth, and all aglow with adventure he joined in a conspiracy against the rule of Spain and started off to the Pyrenees to carry money to the insurgent allies, who had raised the standard of revolt against the Inquisition and the tyranny of the King of Spain. Like Byron's Grecian expedition, this project turned out to be a mere poetical fancy.

However, Tennyson's works created a profound impression, and his reputation slowly and surely extended itself. On his second appearance as a poet in 1842 he at once took the highest place when appeared two volumes, entitled Poems. These raised him to the position of absolute supremacy which he has ever since continued to occupy by almost universal consent. They contained the "Idyls of the King," "The Morte d'Arthur." The Idyls which form the bulwark of his fame cost him the labor of twenty-five years, and was the noblest creation of his genius.

He produced other poems throughout his career, but none excelled the Idyls. Of his later works, Maud, written in 1855, is considered among the best. It consists of three parts of twenty-eight cantos. Twenty-two cantos to the first part, five to the second and one to the third. The first canto, which is the longest in part one, is written in

iambic hexameter measure of four lines to each stanza with alternating rhymes. Throughout the rest of the poem the rhyme and meter vary. This is a peculiar method of Tennyson. The passion of the first canto is given in a sort of rushing recitative, and makes a splendid introductory.

The poem opens with a description of the death of the suitor's father because a vast speculation had failed. Maud, the heroine of the story, is the daughter of a lord who lives but a short distance from her suitor. When children they romped and played together, and were promised to each other in marriage by their fathers.

Maud's father is travelling abroad when her mother dies, the daughter and son are alone at the dying bedside. The father returns home, but does not live very long. He passes away leaving his estate and title to his son.

The brother of Maud, now called lord, leads the life of a nomad. After extensive travels he returns home and settles down. The courtship of the lovers continue, amid the dislike of the brother. He forbids his sister to speak with the friend of her childhood, and in order to break up the attachment invites a pale, baby-faced lord to the castle.

As was the custom each year the lord gave a banquet and ball to the gentry of the town. Maud's lover was not invited, but managed to send her word that he would be in the garden at midnight. These are the words in which he welcomed her:

Come into the garden, Maud,
For the black bat, night, has flown,
Come into the garden, Maud,
I am here at the gate alone;
And the woodbine spices are wafted abroad,
And the musk of the rose is blown.

At the appointed time she steals out to the garden gate followed by her brother. As she extends her hand to the wooer her brother appears from behind and intervenes. Words follow, anger ensues, the suitor is grossly insulted and struck in the face by the lord. This leads to a duel.

The baby-faced lord acts as a second to the "Sultan," as Maud's brother was called, while the outraged lover procures a friend to act for him. They meet in a hollow which is situated between the farms of the two men. After some minutes of fighting the lord is killed and dies exclaiming: "The fault was mine, fly!" The sister appears

on the scene, the wounded man is carried away, but the cries of anguish ring in his ears all his life. The scene is described thus:

For front to front in an hour we stood,
And a million horrible bellowing echoes broke
From the red-ribbed hollow behind the wood.
And thunder'd up into Heaven the Christless code,
That must have life for a blow.
Ever and ever afresh they seem'd to glow.
Was it he lay there with a fading eye?
"The fault was mine," he whispered, "fly!"
Then glided out of the joyous wood
The ghastly Wraith of one that I know;
And there rang on a sudden a passionate cry,
A cry for a brother's blood:
It will ring in my heart and my ears, till I die,
till I die.

He crosses the seas, tries to forget his love but can not. Afterwards he hears of the death of his beloved and accuses himself of her sudden death. Filled with sorrow he returns to his own country and leads a melancholy life.

Maud was one of Tennyson's favorite poems despite the fact that it received more unfavorable criticism than any of the others. This might be due to the obscurity of the principal events of the story, though like the skilled artist who by a few strokes of the crayon portrays a beautiful picture which is seen and appreciated only by the trained mind. He liked to entertain his friends by reading his poems to them, and Maud was his specialty. He called it "A Little Hamlet," and was wont to read it many times. It abounds with beautiful, poetic descriptions, and in order to appreciate it fully one must read it a second time.

A Pointed Reply.

Busy little honey bee
Flying over yonder lea,
Sipping nectar here and there,
Thriving on thy dainty fare,
Come and rest upon my hand.
See? I knew you'd understand.
Listen, while I talk to thee,
Merry little honey bee.
What a tiny elf thou art!
Hast thou too a tiny heart,
Little fairy wingéd thief?
Does it ever throb with grief?
Art thou bubbling o'er with joy
Like the sun-burned country boy,
Pilot of the summer gale?
What a funny little tail!
Ouch! The wicked little thing!
Who would think that it could sting? T. A. L.

"Childe Harold": A Study.

B. J. KAISER.

"Childe Harold's Pilgrimage" is the masterpiece of Byron's voluminous literary productions. It is divided into four cantos which comprise four hundred and ninety-five Spenserian stanzas and a few isolated selections and songs, of which "To Inez" is the most beautiful and also the most pathetic.

The first two cantos of this great poem appeared on the 29th of February, 1812. It was the result of his travels through Spain, Albania, Greece, Turkey and Asia Minor. The book at once became so popular that it ran through seven editions in a single month. Previous to its publication Byron was in a measure occupied with politics but the publication of "Childe Harold" put an end to his parliamentary occupations. "When Childe Harold was published," he said, "nobody thought of my prose afterwards, nor indeed did I."

It has often been asked what was the cause of "Childe Harold's" widespread popularity which Byron so well expressed in one line, "I awoke one morning and found myself famous." The chief cause was the warm sympathy between the poet and his readers; also the direct interest of his theme for the time. In spring 1812 England was in the very crisis of struggle for existence. An English army was defending Portugal and with difficulty held its own dominions; the dreaded Bonaparte's next movement was uncertain; it was feared that it might be against England, and all through the country men were arming for self-defense. All England was beating with high patriotic resolutions. The other poets of the day, Scott, Coleridge, Wordsworth, Campbell, Moore and others, were all treating subjects inconsistent with the spirit of the time, and it is no wonder that when Byron appeared with his poem "whose impulses were not merely literary, who felt in what century he was living, whose artistic creations were throbbing with the life of his own age, that a crowd at once gathered to hear the new singer."

The poem "Childe Harold" begins with a beautiful selection, consisting of nine

Spenserian stanzas, addressed "To Ianthe," who was Lady Charlotte Harley, later Lady Bacon, the second daughter of the Earl of Oxford.

In the first canto, Byron pictures with flowing phrases, a wretched, dissipated youth who lived in Albion Isle and lived a wretched, reckless life—Harold he was called. The pleasure and luxury of the day were his sole objects in life; the future concerned him not in the least. He soon grew tired of this idolatry, and when scarcely out of his boyhood days left his native country in search of pleasure in distant lands. He went to Turkey where, as the language of the author suggests, he enjoyed a luxurious sultanic life; but amidst all the pleasures of the land he was not happy. He lacked something which could make true happiness possible. True friends he had not, though he was liberal and extremely social. A mother and sister he left behind without any parting words; if friends he had he bade none farewell before he parted for the distant lands. Accompanied by a yeoman and a young page he left his country, his friends, his dear mother and sister, his all, even without a sigh or sob. After four days of travel they approached the coast of Portugal, and landed at Lisbon. After ten days' residence in Lisbon, Harold, tired of the town, started on a journey on horseback to Seville. Here he enjoyed the gay life of the people, the bull-fights, the lovely scenery. All these beauties and pleasures of Cadiz, however, were not sufficient to suppress entirely the element of sadness and despair deeply rooted in his heart.

Byron strongly objects to Childe Harold as a character typifying himself. "The vagrant Childe," says he, "whom, notwithstanding many hints to the contrary, I still maintain to be a fictitious personage introduced for the sake of giving some connection to the piece." In spite of this statement, the character and incidents, though greatly exaggerated, conform in most parts to the life of the poet. Judging from this point of view we must not accept too literally, Lord Byron's testimony against himself. "He took a morbid pleasure in darkening every shadow of his self-portraiture." His life at Newstead had been loose and irregular enough, but it certainly did not exhibit any-

thing like the profuse and satanic luxury indicated by the text.

Byron's pathos found its outlet in the selection "To Inez," written January 25, 1810, at Athens, which contains, as Moore says, "some of the dreariest touches of sadness that ever Byron's pen let fall."

In the second canto of "Childe Harold's Pilgrimage," Byron leads his hero from the battlefields of Spain to the "August Athena," "ancient of days" and the "vanquished hero's lofty mound." The canto begins with the Hero's approach of Athens. At the sight of the ancient ruins he lifts his mournful eye to the heavens, and seating himself upon a heap of ruins he laments over its fate in verses, the grandest, most picturesque in our language; scorning the modern nations, England in particular, for riving "what Goth and Turk and Time hath spared." Wandering among the mountains and admiring the splendor of noble Greece, Harold then set out on a journey to Turkey. He reached the Sultan's land in the season of Ramazam's fast or the Turkish Lent. Through the entire month the strictest abstinence is observed in daytime; with the setting sun the feasting commences. Nevertheless, Harold was kindly received at Ali Pacha's court, where he observed the customs of the luxurious tribes, took trips through their woods and mountains accompanied by the native guides.

The propriety of theme in this second canto can not be questioned. In that terrible time of change in Europe, when every state was shaken to its foundation, there was a deep and weighty meaning in placing before the people's eyes the departed greatness of Greece.

The third and fourth cantos of "Childe Harold" placed Byron on a still higher platform in the literary world. These cantos, separated from their predecessors by a gulf of four years, had the advantage of the development of his knowledge of life and nature fostered by kind association with Wordsworth and Shelley. His descriptions perpetually rise from base rhetoric to a real height of poetry.

The third canto opens with a few stanzas addressed to his only daughter Ada. In these few stanzas Byron reflects upon his past miserable life; he contrasts his life with that of his only child, and sees, as in a mirror,

his past vanity,—his success unattainable. His "Vagrant Self-Exiled Harold" wanders forth again. Tired of the stilted society life he wanders to his original and only true friends, the sea and the mountains, with less hope but also with less gloom. Upon the field of Waterloo, he gives a beautiful description of the evening which succeeded the battle of the "Quatre Bras." "I am not sure," says Walter Scott, "that any verses in our language surpass, in vigor and in feeling, this most beautiful description." The poet goes on in pointing out the faults of the French and in particular those of Napoleon. He next turns to the Rhine. His beautiful descriptions "flow as the Rhine itself in a stream of exulting and abounding stanzas."

The poem continues with descriptions of beautiful scenery and personal reflections of the poet. The descriptions are grand and picturesque; the following, describing a thunderstorm, is, no doubt, one of the most picturesque in our language.

And this is in the night!—most glorious night!

Thou wert not sent for slumber! let me be
A sharer in thy fierce and far delight.—

A portion of the tempest and of thee!

How the lit lake shines, a phosphoric sea,
And the big rain comes dancing to the earth!

And now again 'tis black,—and now the glee
Of the loud hills shakes with its mountains' mirth,
As if they did rejoice o'er a young earthquake's birth.

This canto ends with a few stanzas addressed to his daughter in which he expresses his deep love and desire to see her, and laments over the bitter fortune in which she has been placed.

In the fourth and last canto of *Childe Harold*, Byron's descriptive powers are best displayed. "The whole of this canto is rich in description of nature. The love of nature now appears a distinct passion in Lord Byron's mind. It is a love that does not rest in beholding, nor is satisfied with describing what is before him. It has a power and being, blending itself with the poet's very life. Though Lord Byron had, with his real eyes perhaps, seen more of nature than ever was before permitted to any great poet, yet he never before seemed to open his whole heart to her genial impulses. But in this he changed: and in this canto of *Childe Harold*, he will stand a comparison with the best descriptive poets, in this age of descriptive poetry."

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—One finds it difficult to understand how a people so boastful of their religious tolerance, so proud of their system of government as the English, show such political stupidity as to insist that their king shall take an oath, the content of which, aside from depriving him of all freedom of conscience, directly and wantonly insults so many millions of his subjects. The position of the king of England as a mere political figurehead has long been proverbial, but little as he may have of civil authority, he has less of religious freedom. His case is thus cogently put in an editorial in the *Freeman's Journal*: "King George V. is the first man—the highest man in rank—in the British Empire, yet in the most important concern of man's life he has less freedom than the poorest day laborer in his wide dominions. The laborer has full freedom of conscience.... Not so with the King of England; he has no freedom of conscience in the matter of religion." It is not so much the fact that the king must swear allegiance to the state church that is objectionable to Catholics, but that the oath asserts that the "invocation or adoration of the Virgin Mary or any other saint and the Sacrifice

of the Mass as used by the Church of Rome are superstitious and idolatrous." Such an assertion, to anyone claiming the least of impartial religious information, is absurd on its face. It is to this stupidity one objects, because it is a falsehood and an offence against the elementary rules of common courtesy.

—What progress have we made during the past year? A glance over the work for the last eight months ought to furnish the answer. If efforts from day to day have been honest and persistent, then there is a reward in the pleasure and satisfaction which come from a consciousness of work well done. If, on the other hand, there has been the habit of shirking tasks or performing them in a negligent manner, the individual who fails is alone to be blamed. There may be few of us who escape being placed in this latter category in some way or other, but the difference lies between those who wisely discover their mistakes and profit by them, and those who give way to discouragement and failure. If at the end of the year we have not advanced any further than when we started, there is nothing to be done but make every failure a starting-point for new successes. Determination and steady, energetic application to the work in hand is necessary if one wishes to make any progress at all.

—Already they are counting the days till the bell is sounded that announces the end, and there is a long row of them. What is needed just at present is another long row to make use of the remaining weeks before Commencement in order that the end may be a fitting crown to the year. Many a race is won or lost in the last lap. The final examinations are as important as the mid-winter, and a condition at the close means just as much as a condition at any other time. It seems a bad policy to lag just because the weather is warm or because the schedules of commencement excursion trains happen in, or because the robin is singing "Home, sweet home" care-free in shady places. Calling out the days for the benefit of those who know already will not

wing the seconds swifter on their flight, nor will dreaming lazy dreams of summer sun on placid water wear away those ugly realities that stand large in the near distance—the final examinations. Loved ones at home, etc., will be silent for the very joy of seeing us no doubt; the automobile will stand ready panting its life away to speed us through highways and byways far from chalk dust and the infamous necessity of study; the watch dog will wag his tail and bark us welcome, and street urchins will stand with a stare of wonder. Meantime forget all this and live in the present. Let the end crown the work. Let it be a complete crown with not a single gem marred or missed in the complete setting.

—At last the inevitable has come. Reports from abroad tell us that within a few months a line of dirigibles for passengers will

The Higher and Nobler Pioneers be established between Berlin and Dusseldorf. Truly this is a progressive old world after all. Indeed our imagination runs riot when we attempt to measure the accomplishments of the coming century by what has taken place during the past. Electricity, the automobile, wireless telegraphy! Man, what a wonderful storehouse of power is that wee little brain of thine! And yet the sad fact must always confront one,—why all this conquering of the earth, the waters, the very air, on the part of man, since so often he knows neither himself nor his neighbor. It is really a great achievement, this winging of the heavens; but why do not more of our wealthy and influential exploiters of civilization take to teaching their less fortunate brethren the great end of spurning this vulgar earth for the higher and nobler realms of the soul's true home? Why do not more of our explorers and our scholars discover the invaluable possessions which lie hidden in the very midst of our large cities,—the poor but aspiring youth of America,—looking and yearning for culture and enlightenment? Why must the barren wastes of arctic and antarctic regions be answered with money and labor and lives, while the poor child laborer calls in vain upon his fellowman for the assistance which is not forthcoming? America is ever in the forefront with her inventions, her skill and

her enthusiasm, but only too often is it to the material and baser side of our humanity that her attention is devoted. Those who have labored faithfully, and are to-day laboring, in the interest of a better manhood and womanhood, must be contented to stand in the shadows of our Edisons and our Wrights. All honor to these latter lights of civilization, but by all means give us more of the higher and nobler pioneers in other fields of labor.

—In a recent issue of a current newspaper a professor in one of our Western colleges, criticised most adversely under the caption of "Student Activities," such

Practice in Public Speaking. organizations as glee clubs, dramatic and debating societies, and all forms of

athletics. His cry was that there should be nothing to occupy the mind of the student but his classes; that nothing was ever gained by participating in the other branches of college life. What a narrow and erroneous way of viewing things! There are many advantages accruing to the youth who partakes in these activities. College dramatics develop confidence in one's powers to talk to good advantage in public; and the ability to speak in public is often a most necessary qualification. A man may wish to give his ideas on some important issue to a body of his fellowmen. Though his views be right, and he most anxious to have them accepted by others, his inability to express himself easily and freely seriously handicaps him. Not that it is the best of policy for a young man to take the platform and make himself heard too often. But when the occasion arises, he who can lucidly and forcibly declare himself, is a man whom others are going to admire if only for this one quality. All statesmen are not born orators and all orators are not wise statesmen. If the Western professor's wishes in this matter were law, we fear that our diplomatic corps would suffer much in comparison with those of other nations, and our congresses might often be unable to transact business for want of a quorum. Practice in public speaking has much to commend it to the young man who is ambitious to succeed, and surely every young man worthy the name wishes that.

Our Intercollegiate Debates.

Next Saturday evening the debating team representing our College of Law will meet the team of the Detroit College of Law in Washington Hall. The question to be discussed is: "Resolved, That Federal legislation should be enacted establishing a Central Bank." Detroit has the affirmative side of the question, and will be represented by Messrs. Brewer, Lippman and Entenza. For Notre Dame, Messrs. Donovan, Hope and Sands will speak.

This is the only intercollegiate debate for Notre Dame this year. Two others had been arranged—one with Bucknell University for April 27 and another with Denison University for May 27. Choice of sides had been made and all arrangements agreed on, but both universities cancelled the debates for reasons given in the following letters:

BUCKNELL UNIVERSITY,
March 20, 1910.

DEAR SIR:—Interest in debating here seems to have waned. One tryout for the Western trip was held, but the judges did not pick a team. They thought we had better abandon the idea since the subject agreed on was such a deep one and one upon which there is very little material. Besides the professor who has charge of debating here leaves for a European trip the beginning of next term, so we would be left without a coach and we could not get a team to correspond with yours.

Yours very respectfully,
PAUL J. ABRAHAM,
Pres. Debating League.

*
* *

DENISON UNIVERSITY,
April 16, 1910.

DEAR SIR:—I am very sorry that the debate with Notre Dame must be cancelled. The inability of one member of the team to participate makes the debate impossible.

Yours very truly,
HARRY L. DIEBEL,
Chairman Debating Committee.

Correspondence.

—The following letter from "Dell" Saviers will be read with interest:

COLUMBUS, OHIO,

TO THE EDITORS OF THE SCHOLASTIC,

DEAR SIR:—In your April 30 SCHOLASTIC, under the title "Lest You Forget," you strike a note of

discord to the traditions of Notre Dame. Is it possible that boating is on the decline? Why, in my days there (81 to 86), to be an oarsman in the winning crew was to stand on the pinnacle of fame, and "anchors" were the evidence of brawn and muscle. My anchors were of more importance to me than the elocution or oratorical medals, and to-day when meeting some of the old boys, it's the races and the crews of years ago that we discuss. It was the best physical training I received while there, and but few of the old boys, who were active oarsmen, have passed away. Students "who doze in the May sun from three o'clock till evening class-bell," will never realize the pleasure they have missed, but we who struggled with an oar during that time, now know that, though years have passed, we are still strong and hearty and enjoy fighting over again the old battles, when the "Minnehaha" and "Evangeline" were the Queens of the Lake, when "Anchors" were the coveted Commencement prizes and the winning crews the beau-ideal of all the athletic sports. Anybody can be a mud turtle and bask in the sun, but the boys of the old Club fought for an opportunity to practise—from the day the ice was off the Lake. I am not much on attending Commencements, but I will say that your article has certainly taken out of me any and all desire to be there Commencement Day, for one without a boat race would be equal to plum pudding without any plums. I wonder what the other old boys will say when they learn that boating has declined? Respectfully,

C. D. SAVIERS.

Nevertheless we hope "Dell" will come for Commencement and see some extra fine boat races. He will be well repaid for the trip, and besides he will see a lot of old fellows.

*
* *

The following note is self-explanatory:

DEAR FATHER CAVANAUGH:—The Faculty and Students of the South Bend High School by a unanimous vote desire to express their appreciation of your kindness in permitting us the use of the University Athletic Field for the meet of last Saturday, and for the service rendered in making the meet the great success which it was.

ISAAC E. NEFF, Principal,
ERNEST I. KIZER, Pres. B'd of Control,
South Bend High School.

Civil Engineering.

At the weekly meeting of the Civil Engineering Society M. De Landero explained the methods of dividing and describing the Public Lands of Mexico. Owing to the unsettled conditions in many sections of the country, due to the changing forms of government, the systems adopted for divid-

ing the public lands are greatly confused and irregular. In those parts of Mexico where order prevails the methods have been very similar to that used in the United States. In his dissertation on the subject, City Surveying, Mr. McSweeney showed the necessity of securing precision in doing surveying in the cities. Many of the methods used in country districts are totally inapplicable in the city, due to the fact of the immense difference of the value of the property as situated in the former compared with that of the latter. Mr. Bracho read a paper in which he discussed the subject of Public Water Supply and Public Health. He pointed out the great necessity of securing wholesome water supply for thickly populated districts; for upon the purity of the water depends to a great extent the security of every individual residing in the community. Mr. Sanches presented the History of the Metric System, the one most used in scientific work, from the time of its origin in France in about 1890. The question of farm roads which has been greatly agitated in this country during late years was developed by Mr. Holff. The well-kept, beautiful roads in certain countries of Europe, especially France, owe their condition to the government. Mr. Romana outlined the development of the street railway in the United States since 1832, when the first one was experimented with in New York City, and described the different systems of each. Mr. E. Cortazor gave a clear explanation of sensible heat and latent heat, and also told how the atmosphere is heated. In proving that air has weight Mr. Kane cited a number of experiments.

Brownson Literary and Debating.

The Brownson Literary and Debating Society held its weekly meeting Sunday evening. The second series of debates constituted the program of the evening. The first question for debate was: "Resolved, That Labor and Capital should settle their differences by Arbitration." The affirmative was supported by Messrs. Clark, Cotter and Downing, and the negative by Messrs. McCarthy, Fischer and White. After an interesting discussion

the decision was given to the affirmative. The question for the second debate was: "Resolved That United States Senators should be elected by popular vote." The affirmative was upheld by Messrs. O'Brien, B. Soisson and Sippel, and the negative by Messrs. Marshall, Scott and Marcille. This question also produced a lively discussion, and the decision was given to the negative. It was decided to hold a special meeting, one week from Saturday night in honor of the Brownson Debating Team and render a special program. After remarks by the critic, in which the higher qualities of the debate and improvement in the debaters were commented upon, the meeting adjourned.

Obituary.

Mr. Lawrence Rebillot (Prep) has the sympathy of the faculty and students on the death of his sister at Louisville, Ohio, May 14th. *R. I. P.*

* *

It is with great sorrow that we record the death of the mother of Mr. Michael Moriarty (Litt. B., '10), which occurred Tuesday morning. For several years, since the death of Mr. Moriarty's father, his mother had been very ill, and yet it was fondly hoped by all that she would recover. The editors of the SCHOLASTIC extend to Mr. Moriarty and his brothers and sisters their sincerest sympathy, and ask the prayers of the student body for the dear departed.

* *

News reached the University this week of the death of Ray McVean's mother at her home in Youngstown, Ohio. Mrs. McVean had been ill for some time. The University through the SCHOLASTIC assures the bereaved family of profound sympathy. May she rest in peace!

* *

Mr. L. M. Stoakes (C. E., 10) was called to his home in Pittsburg last Sunday evening by the death of his father. Though the elder Mr. Stoakes had been ill for some time his death was entirely unexpected. The SCHOLASTIC offers to the bereaved family assurance of sincere condolence.

Personals.

—The obsequies of the Rev. Father Roche, pastor of the Cathedral, Fort Wayne, were performed on Wednesday morning. The sermon was preached by the Rev. P. J. Carroll, C. S. C., Professor of Irish History in the University.

—The Rev. Father Cushnahan, Ogden, Utah, was a most welcome visitor at the University during the week. On Saturday he saw the Varsity down Rose Poly and enjoyed the game very much. We hope he will favor us with another visit in the near future.

—Robert P. Brown, alias "Bob" and "Red," is President-Treasurer of the Vancouver Baseball Team, with offices Corner Homer & Smyth Sts., Vancouver, British Columbia. The Seattle Sunday Times thus writes of him:

"Red Robert," the tobacco leader of the Vancouver baseball club, is the kind of a ball player that Charley Comiskey said Dick Padden was. He can't bat; he can't field much; he is only an ordinary thrower—but he is a mighty good ball player. Bob is always in shape and he is always popping with pepper. He has the controlling interest in the Vancouver club, and as he will keep his bunch up there fighting all the time, he will make all the money any reasonable man should want this year.

—The Hon. Timothy T. Ansberry (LL. B. '93), member of Congress from Ohio, made a remarkable argument in the House recently in favor of an increase of pensions for the soldier of the Civil War. The address has attracted considerable attention. In the course of his argument Congressman Ansberry introduced a learned, eloquent and forcible paper on this subject from the pen of the genial Dean of the Law Department, Col. William Hoynes, who is known and loved by every Notre Dame man of the last quarter of a century. In introducing the Dean's paper Congressman Ansberry said with fine discrimination:

I have here an article written by Col. Wm. Hoynes, Dean of the law school of my University, on this question, and as Col. Hoynes is himself a veteran of the Civil War and a soldier of experience since that time in border warfare, and as he is a careful, conservative gentleman, with high aims and ideals, and is possessed of a competence won at the bar in the practice of his chosen profession, his views, disinterested except for his soldier comrades, will be of interest and instructive, and I desire to ask leave to have them printed in connection with my remarks.

Calendar.

- Sunday 22—Brownson Literary Society.
 " Walsh Literary Society.
 " St. Joseph Literary Society.
 " St. Joseph vs. Brownson baseball.
 Monday 23—Band Practice
 " Orchestra practice.
 " Glee Club practice.
 Tuesday 24—Mandolin Club practice.
 " Knights of Columbus meeting
 Wednesday 25—Civil Engineering Society.
 Thursday 26—Corpus Christi
 " Wabash vs. N. D. baseball
 " Sorin vs. Walsh baseball
 Friday 27—Wabash vs. N. D. baseball
 " Mandolin Club practice
 Saturday 28—Triangular Meet. Michigan
 " Aggies, Armour Institute, Notre
 " Dame. Cartier Field.

Local Items.

- The Junior orations are due next Friday.
 —"Mush ball" has invaded high intellectual circles.
 —The Indiana University track team has disbanded.
 —Found.—A fountain pen. Owner apply to Bro. Raphael, Press room.
 —Delinquent slips have proved very popular passports during the week.
 —A large portion of the juvenile population attended the circus last Monday.
 —Slide rules were in evidence during the passing of the comet Wednesday.
 —The SCHOLASTIC has distinguished itself by not having an editorial on the Comet.
 —A freshman smoker and a sophomore ball are the latest ideas in the social world.
 —"Little Nemo" Rush and his Liliputian team have scheduled a few practise games.
 —The theses are rolling in gradually, and some of the seniors are assuming a more hopeful air.
 —A number of local Knights of Columbus will be initiated in the Fourth Degree on May 30th at Indianapolis.
 —Swimmers and others will confer a favor by not removing the buoys which were

placed in position for the Commencement regatta.

—There will be a meeting of the Knights of Columbus next Tuesday evening in Walsh Hall after night prayer.

—The choir is to be commended for the excellent quality of the music rendered last Sunday, the feast of Pentecost.

—Bills secured at the office will be good at Adler's store until Monday evening. The store will be open all day Monday.

—The committee on arrangements is making preparations for the junior banquet to be held the latter part of this month.

—The *Dome* is to appear early in June. Those who know, say it is the best ever. Don't fail to subscribe and thereby get direct information.

—In the account of the Mexican banquet in last week's SCHOLASTIC Mr. Portillo was incorrectly mentioned instead of Mr. Pimentel as a speaker at the banquet.

—The Philopatrians enjoyed their annual picnic on last Thursday. They ate and made merry, played baseball, pitched the Umps in the river and got home thoroughly tired and happy.

—All patrons of the library having books overdue are asked to return them as soon as possible. Whoever wishes to keep a book longer than two weeks should see the librarian and have the book renewed.

—John O'Hara attended the oratorical contest and the business convention held last week at Omaha, Neb. The oratorical contest was held Thursday night under the auspices of Creighton, and the convention took place the following evening.

—The Holy Cross team defeated Mishawaka team by a substantial score last Sunday afternoon, and will take on Corby tomorrow. Havican held up the Mishawaka delegation on its way to the game Sunday, and arranged a game for two weeks from to-morrow.

—The Minims are now drilling daily for the medals awarded for proficiency in this department. By means of a series of daily drills the most skilful will be selected and these will be put through a final competitive test. The privates are divided into two sections according to age, and a medal will

be given to one of each section. For the officers a special medal is offered.

—The justly famous ex-Carrolls are still carrying off the honors of the diamond. The last to fall were the South Bend Eagles, Lodge 435. Cahill, Newton and Sexton appear to have pulled off the stellar stunts. Cotter, with becoming modesty, has requested that he be not mentioned in this connection. The ex-Carrolls' picnic is scheduled for May 26. A motley assortment of races, including a three-legged sprint, adorns the program. There will be a classical ball game, not to mention a game of mush-ball. Prizes are being prepared, and all merit will be suitably recognized.

Athletic Notes.

NOTRE DAME TOO MUCH FOR ROSE POLY.

In the fastest game played at Notre Dame this year the Varsity defeated Rose Poly to the tune of 4-0. Because of the fact that the Inter-Scholastic track meet was being held on Cartier Field the game was played on the Brownson diamond. Several times during the contest plays were pulled off which won the applause of the assembled. In the sixth Ulatowski went back in the crowd along the third base line and gobbled up a high one which looked as good as gone. O'Connell, who was making his debut with the Varsity, put through the classiest play of the day when he raced back of second and scooped up a liner from Bradford's bat, getting his man at first by the smallest kind of a margin. In the same sixth Hoffner went back to Chemistry Hall for a long one by Ulatowski and robbed the "talking back-stop" of a two bagger. Ryan, next man up, shot one over the second baseman's head, and again Hoffner, after making a grand race, succeeded in pinching the hit off of his shoes. Ryan pitched his usual good game, holding the engineers to four scattered hits, without issuing a pass. The locals bagged nine hits, and would have got away with several more had not the outfield for the visitors been working like big leaguers. These same outfielders made eleven put-outs. Kelley led in the hitting with three singles. Ryan and Quigley made the long hits of the game when they smashed three baggers over the gardeners' heads. The score:

NOTRE DAME	AB	R	H	PO	A	E					
Connolly, 3b.....	4	0	0	0	2	0					
Quigley, c. f.....	2	1	2	0	0	0					
Maloney, c. f.....	2	0	0	0	0	0					
Hamilton, r. f.....	3	1	0	0	1	0					
Kelley, 2b.....	4	1	3	2	4	0					
Williams, l. f.....	3	0	0	1	0	0					
Phillips, 1b.....	4	0	2	13	0	2					
O'Connell, ss.....	3	0	0	1	2	1					
Ulatowski, c.....	3	1	1	9	1	0					
Ryan, p.....	3	0	1	1	3	0					
Total	31	4	9	27	13	3					
Rose Poly.....	AB	R	H	PO	A	E					
Bradford, 2b.....	4	0	0	0	2	0					
Lawlor, c.....	4	0	0	5	0	0					
Buckner, l. f.....	4	0	1	4	0	2					
Wyeth, c. f.....	4	0	1	5	0	0					
Shook, p.....	3	0	1	0	3	0					
Barrett, 3b.....	3	0	0	0	0	0					
Nicholson, 1b.....	3	0	0	8	0	0					
Hoffner, r. f.....	3	0	1	2	0	1					
Fichback, ss.....	3	0	0	0	2	0					
Total	31	0	4	26	7	3					
Notre Dame.....	1	1	0	0	1	0	0	1	*=4	9	3
Rose Poly.....	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0=0	4	3

Three-base hits—Ryan, Quigley. Sacrifice hits—Hamilton, 1; Williams, 1; O'Connell, 1. Struck out—By Ryan, 8; by Shook, 5. Bases on balls—Off Shook, 1. Stolen bases—Hamilton, 1; Kelley, 2; Hoffner, 1. Umpire—Cooke.

* *

Varsity Takes First Game on Trip.

The Varsity defeated St. Viateur's at Kankakee, Ill., last Monday 6-4 in the first game of the week's trip which will be made at this time. Ulatowski led in the hitting, getting three singles. Connolly was next with two. Kelley's work around the second station was the feature of the game. Heyl pitching for the Varsity held the Illinois men to six hits. Score:

NOTRE DAME	R	H	O	A	E						
Connolly, 3b.....	1	2	1	1	0						
Quigley, c. f.....	2	1	2	0	0						
Hamilton, r. f.....	3	0	1	0	0						
Kelley, 2b.....	0	1	2	2	0						
Williams, l. f.....	0	1	2	0	0						
Phillips, 1b.....	0	1	9	0	0						
Foley, ss.....	0	0	2	2	0						
Ulatowski, c.....	0	3	8	2	0						
Heyl, p.....	0	0	0	2	0						
Total	6	9	27	9	0						
ST. VIATEUR'S	R	H	O	A	E						
Conway, lf.....	2	2	1	0	0						
Scanlon, ss.....	0	2	4	2	1						
Nourie, 3b.....	0	0	2	1	0						
B. O'Connell, 1b.....	0	0	8	0	1						
Berry, 2b.....	0	1	3	1	0						
Colbert, rf.....	0	0	1	1	0						
Morse, cf.....	0	1	1	0	0						
D. O'Connell, c.....	0	0	7	1	0						
Coss, p.....	1	0	0	2	0						
* Harrison.....	1	0	0	0	0						
Total	4	6	27	8	2						
Notre Dame.....	3	0	0	0	2	0	1	0	0=6	9	0
St. Viateur's.....	2	0	0	0	0	0	2	0	0=4	6	2

Two base hits—Kelley, Scanlon. Sacrifice hit—Colbert. Sacrifice fly—Kelley. Stolen bases—Conway, 2; Scanlon,

Ulatowski. Struck out—By Heyl, 6; by Coss, 7. Bases on balls—Off Heyl, 6; off Coss, 2. Umpire—Fitzpatrick.

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Michigan Aggies Track Meet Cancelled.

The track meet which was to have been held between the Varsity track team and the Michigan Aggies at Lansing, Mich., last Thursday, was cancelled by the latter team. The action of the Aggies proved a disappointment to Coach Maris as he had his team in the best of condition for the meet and looked to this contest as a means of further developing his men for the Conference to be held in Champaign in June. The men were given a tryout this week and all showed up well. Duffy surprised the Coach by running the quarter in 51 2-5, this being the best time he ever made in the event. Dana, who is now training for the two mile, ran the event in 10:29 with ease. Devine made the half in 2:02, and it is expected that he will be under the two-minute mark by June.

The next meet will be the triangular affair to be held at Notre Dame May 28th. Notre Dame, Michigan Aggies and Armour Institute will make up the three teams.

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With the Crews.

For the first time since the "olden" days St. Joseph Lake makes its appearance in the Athletic columns. Every morning as the sun breaks over the eastern horizon, the melodious hallowings of the coxswains can be heard reverberating across its waters. All four of the college classes and two prep crews are training daily for the big races which will be held on Commencement day. Interest in the affair has reached a high pitch, and it is little wonder that the many candidates are willing to forego the pleasure of an hour's snooze in order that they may be chosen as the representatives of their respective classes when the big day comes around. Great indeed will be the honor for the winning crew when they step forth from their boat and march up to the judges to receive the golden anchors, the reward for the many days of hard training and for the final terrific struggle which it takes to be the first to breast the tape. As the different crews are yet in the making it is impossible to say who will be the ones finally to be chosen.