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The Sea Shell.

JOSEPH M. TOTH, '11.

O TELL me, thou pearléd thing,
The purport of thy song,
If song it be:
Or is't the sea,—
The sea's own soul that, long
Imprisoned, fears to take to wing?

Tell me hast thou caught by chance
The whispered lispings of the sea
As the ev'ning breezes dance
And press a virgin kiss in glee
Upon its rhythmic lips?

O tell me, then, thy secret, that like thee,
I too may learn to sing
The joys of earth—and bring
Its sorrows in eclipse—
With heart full-tuned in mellow sympathy
With life, as thou art with the sea!

St. Francis of Assisi, Poet.

GEORGE J. FINNIGAN, LITT. B.

Prose could not satisfy this ardent soul, and he made poetry.—*Matthew Arnold.*



ANY men have endeavored in many ways to understand the manifold operations of nature. The problem is one of interest to all; but there are two classes of persons, the philosophers and the poets, who have, in a special way, studied these intricate workings in search of truth. The philosopher, if he believes in God, the first cause of all things, finds his study simplified; for he attributes to God, without further question, the miraculous ac-

tivities that he can not fathom. He sees the blade of grass, can not understand the forces that control its development, and immediately says: "It is the work of God." If, on the other hand, he does not believe in God, he finds that his power to reason is completely bewildered before the least fact in the problem of existence. Seeing the blade of grass, he too endeavors to understand its cause. His search carries him on until he pauses, confused at the limitations of his reason. It is not different with the poet. The theist sees in nature the expressions of God, and finds the philosophy of life comparatively simple. The more he studies, the more he understands that

Nature is the art of God.

The atheist, however, can not be in a true sense a poet, because not knowing the cause of all nature and truth and love, he can not really know nature and truth and love. He may describe, as indeed some have, in beautiful words what he sees and feels; but the truest realities and sublimest relations, because they are ethical, have no place in the field of his vision or emotion. There is something more to poetry than delicate expression and graceful rhythm; there must be behind these truth and substance.

And so it follows that "the pagans, however poetical were their conceptions of nature and nature's laws, never really understood them. The river-nymphs, the thunderbolts of the angry Jove, the music-loving Pan, are but the grotesque fashionings of their imaginations." It also follows that those who know God best, study His manifestations, and express their conceptions in beautiful language, are poets in the truest sense. Such a person was Christ, "the greatest poet of all times." He could speak of nature with an authoritative knowledge that no other being has ever possessed. Such a person, too, was Francis of Assisi, "The

Little Man of God," who is regarded to-day with a special affection by all the people of the world, regardless of sect or creed, as a saint and a reformer. It will be the purpose of this essay to claim for Francis the title of poet.

Of the writings which came from the hand of St. Francis we have but few—his rule, his will and his one great poem," "Cantico delle Creature." These are all that are authentic. Of the poems that have been ascribed to him, we will consider but one, which speaks of the conflict that took place between his soul and Christ, and which breathes so fully of Francis' spirit that it may easily be accepted as written by him. It is to his life that we must turn most particularly to see the marks of a poet. He was a saint—no man will deny this—and because he was a saint, he was a greater poet, for he more truly understood nature, and could speak from this knowledge. This comprehension of nature, this poetic faculty of Francis, in turn made him know God better, because one knows a thing by knowing its manifestations. And so it has rightly been said: "If Francis had been less a poet, he would have been less a saint."

In the criticism of a poet it is not sufficient to take what he has written, and from that alone to judge his worth. One must take into consideration the *milieu*, the environment in which he has been placed, because this *milieu* is no small factor in moulding the temperament that influences all the works of the poet. Let us look to Francis' surroundings.

"The Vale of Umbria is the place of poets." From its genial atmosphere Fra Guittone acquired the temperament that made him one of the fathers of the sonnet. There, too, Propertius composed his fine stanzas. Sunny Italy can boast of no more delightful places or natural scenery more beautiful than those of the Umbrian. There, if anywhere, is nature prodigal in the variation and brightness of her colorings. There the walls are trellised with roses such as the great Italian artists used to background their masterpieces. Flowers of almost infinite variety bloom everywhere; the mountains that surround this beautiful vale are crested with the dark oak and fir; the fertile slopes that undulate down to winding streams, are laden with vineyards and olive groves; and overhead, the crowning glory of it all, the wonderful Italian sky, nowhere more

beautiful than in the Vale of Umbria. Such a scene must Tennyson have beheld when he exclaimed,

Nothing in nature is unbeautiful.

Into such an earthly paradise of natural beauty the clear eyes of our poet first gazed. The little town of Assisi, quiet and unprogressive though it be, is known to all the world because it is the birthplace of Francis. His parents were wealthy and refined, one of the leading families of the town. And while riches and leisure are not necessarily helps to a poetic spirit, yet in the case of Francis they brought opportunity for song and pleasure, that proved of importance in the forming of that cultured temperament that gives to the writer's words and actions the coloring of environment.

While still a boy Francis showed a great love for music. When he went to school, he learned besides French, Provençal and Italian, the technique of the lute, and became quite proficient in this particular branch of his education. He sang sweetly, and such was his love for song, that he learned all the ballads of the Assisi Troubadours. These ballads were, for the most part, written in the sweet Provençal, the current language of poets. French was at that time used by merchants and business men, while the Italian, called then "the vulgar tongue," was confined to the simple peasants. A pretty legend has come to us which shows what a gifted voice Francis had and how passionately he longed for the pleasures of music. One evening as he sat in his chamber he heard the sweet notes of a nightingale coming from a tree near his window. He listened attentively, and his musical soul could not but respond to the influence of the song. When the bird ceased its singing, Francis began a soft Provençal song. So far from frightening his little visitor, he seemed to attract him, and the bird warbled once more. This sweet concert continued for hours until the youth, outrivaled by the bird, gave up the contest.

As Francis advanced in years he was launched by his parents into the best society that Assisi offered, the *Corti*. These were associations of young men that represented the cultured classes of Troubadours. Given over to poetry, music and gaiety, "they roamed about the streets singing romantic ballads and soft serenades." Handsome, refined and chivalrous to a marked degree, Francis soon became foremost among them. He was extremely fond of society,

costly clothes merry concerts and in general all pleasures. "Whatever gaiety was afloat, Francis was the ringleader." It must not be considered, however, that amidst all this abandonment to pleasure he forgot his duties to God. There is no record of the least disgraceful happening in his life. He was generous according to his means, which were abundant. It is said that no beggar ever appealed to him without relief. He had a deep interest in humanity, and was kind and charitable to all. He was, according to those that knew him, *liberalis et hilaris*.

The characteristics that are attributed to Francis in these words of his companions are worthy of consideration as marks of the poet. He was *liberalis*. Wordsworth says: "Deep in the nature of the poet there is an inexhaustible fount of sympathy," and "the mission of the poet is to console the afflicted." In Francis these requirements truly existed. This instinctive concern for human things brought him in touch with the material that the poet makes use of—the beautiful. Philosophy teaches that the beautiful is to be found in all things except the ignoble and the base. Francis, through his far-reaching sympathy, was able to see the beautiful in all things.

If Francis had done no more than become one of the Troubadours, he would be entitled to great consideration as a maker of Italy's literary history. Matthew Arnold says that the poetry of these Troubadours is important because of its effect on Italian literature, "the first literature of modern Europe to strike the true and grand note and bring forth classics." Francis entered heart and soul into the pleasures of this life. Music was his passion, and he composed many songs in the sweet Provençal tongue. Although fate has been unkind to us in not preserving these first attempts of the young Troubadour, still we can well suppose that they were not unlike the songs of the times, as Francis was not unlike the singers of the times in his pursuits and pleasures. Judging from the great love of nature that he showed in later life, he must have written of birds and flowers. As he led the *Corti* in chivalry, it is quite probable that he also wrote ballads of love.

In this manner, without notable change, Francis' life went on until he fell seriously ill at the age of twenty-five. The period of his long illness marks the turning-point in his

life. During that time he had looked into the face of death, and had seen there the vanities of earth. Mrs. Oliphant, Francis' Protestant English biographer, says that for the first time "a sense of the deeper seriousness, importance and use of life, blended with something of that ambition which belongs to manhood in its maturer form," had occurred to him. From this time a spiritual evolution began within the soul of Francis. Old pleasures no longer had that irresistible influence over him. He partook of them, but no longer with his one-time zest. The great channel of his life had turned in its course, and was carrying him from a realm of material joys into one of spiritual delights.

It is not necessary to go into detail concerning the conversion of Francis, except in so far as the forces that controlled the *milieu* from which he acquired his poetic temperament, were changed. Of course he came forth from this spiritual evolution a person different in many respects from the gay youth that had led the young Troubadours about Assisi. How did this change affect his character as a poet? In one very significant way: It transformed him from a Troubadour to a poet in reality.

At the beginning of this essay an argument was brought forth to show that the more perfectly a man knows God, the Author of all things, the more perfect will be his knowledge of God's manifestations, if he choose to study them. The change in Francis was a spiritual and an intellectual one. Far from losing his poetic temperament, he perfected it; because of the factor of spirituality that was added to the *milieu* in which he existed. "In him," says John Tullock, D. D., "the troubadour inspiration, dying out in its original seat was transmitted into a spiritual minstrelsy." Before, he had loved flowers and birds, because they were beautiful to the eye or because of their sweet voices; now he loved them far more, for he understood better the Cause of their beauty and harmonious tones. And so for music and song and poetry; they opened before him now new realms of beauty and love that he had never known before.

This change of life took place about the year 1207. From that time on he was the real poet, and became more and more imbued with the love for all creation, abstract as well as concrete, until one year before his death when he composed his great "Song of Creation" in which

this love is epitomized. The question must necessarily arise here, "Where is the poetry produced during these eighteen years?" The answer is: "In his life and in his sayings and in the almost certainty, which shall be mentioned later, that he composed verses." But is it correct to look upon the simple sayings of a man as poetry, and on Francis as a poet, for giving utterance to them? To answer this, some of the requisite qualifications of poetry must be considered as we advance.

It has been said that no two persons look at the same painting, because no two persons have the same capacities for appreciation. This is even more true of poetry, because while artistic beauty is one that appeals principally to the eye, poetic beauty is appreciated only by capacities of intellect. And the intellects of men are indeed widely diversified. On this account, probably no two thinking men have ever defined the requirements of poetry in the same way.

Many critics, especially those of the present time, insist on meter as an essential requisite for poetry. What reason had they for so insisting? Perhaps a very good one, in the fact that most great poets have expressed their sublime thoughts in metrical form. 'This is true; and yet who will deny that there is poetry, and that of no mean kind, in Dickens' "Child's Dream of a Star," or in some of the beautiful passages of John Ruskin's works? Who will say that there is no poetry in the Psalms? And yet none of these works are written with any purpose towards metrical composition. There is poetry in them nevertheless, and though one may not be able perfectly to define it, one can not but feel it. No one will deny that Christ was a poet, yet He never wrote a line of verse. The poetry of Christ and of the Royal David is that which comes from sublimest thoughts expressed in the simplest manner, from the greatest truths set forth in the most choice imagery, from exquisite figures and a deep knowledge of nature.

In this, too, consisted much of the poetry of Francis. If the poet is one "who sees deeper into things, and sees more of them than any one else," Francis was a poet. Few men have understood nature as he understood it. As all things came from a common source, God, and were all made in a certain way for the same end, God's glory, Francis perceived a common bond of fellowship among all created things.

Thus it was not in a figurative sense that he spoke to his "Sisters, the Birds, his Brother Wolf, Brother Sun, and Sister Death." It was with a full realization that they were as much God's creatures as he, though different in kind. Most poets have spoken about nature; he was among the few who could speak to nature.

Francis was a saint—all will admit this. nor does anyone—no matter what his creed—deny that to him was given the gift of miracles. These miracles were shown principally in the control that he exercised over nature. We can not but feel that his must have been a spirit, religious and poetic in a high degree, in that he became so acquainted with the things about him, that God gave to those unintellectual things a seeming appreciation of his attentions. Some people have been possessed of certain influences over irrational beings; for example, Madame Sand, the French writer, claimed for herself some power in attracting birds. A few illustrations of the influence that Francis had, can not but show that his attractions were not ordinary. These examples, taken originally from the life of St. Francis by Thomas of Celano, the lives of his three companions and others, were compiled about the middle of the fourteenth century. into an exquisite little volume known as the *Fioretti*, or "Little Flowers of St. Francis." The author is unknown, but for decades and decades these *Fioretti* were "the tenderest poems of the Italian peasants." Even to-day there are few books read more than this little volume.

One day as Francis was travelling with some companions through the woods he heard a great multitude of birds singing among the bushes. "Our sisters the birds," he said, "are praising their Maker. Let us join them." He and his brethren went into the midst of the birds, which did not move on their approach, and began their Office. The birds sang so loudly that the Brothers could not hear each other. Francis turned to the songsters and said: "Sisters, cease your song until we have rendered our bounden praise to God." At once they were silent, and after the canonical hymns were finished, resumed their song.

Francis was the "friend of everything that suffered or rejoiced; no emotion went beyond his sympathy; his heart rose to see the gladness of nature, and melted over the distresses of the smallest and meanest creature on the face of the earth. And by this divine right of nature

everything trusted in him." The magnetism that all have noticed in some persons, surrounded Francis as though by a special atmosphere. Not only were men attracted to him, but animals instinctively came to him for protection. This is well illustrated in the following incident. He happened one day at the town of Gubbio. A young leveret that had been caught alive was brought to him to be killed for food. When Francis saw the timid little creature he was moved to pity. "Little brother leveret," he said, "come here." The trembling animal immediately escaped from the Brother who held him, and running to Francis took refuge in the folds of his habit. The saint set the little leveret out on the ground, and bade him depart, but he returned to him as though loath to leave his friend. It was not until he had used gentle force that the leveret went away. Surely there was in Francis that "inexhaustible fount of sympathy" which has been named as an essential characteristic of the poet.

Is it any wonder to us that Francis loved the company of God's unintelligent creatures? He saw; as he went about preaching, strife and contention, oppression and bloodshed. With what a relief then must he have turned to the birds and the flowers! His poetic soul longed for harmony and peace and calm; he found them among these harmless creatures. He saw that men are fickle; they praise their Maker, and then fall away from Him, but that God's humbler creatures always praise Him by following the paths fixed for them. It is not meant to convey the idea here that the praise of the birds, to whom free action has not been given, is greater than that of men who have freedom. The figure is used to show the beautiful conception that Francis had of nature, and the exquisite imagery in which he expressed it. One day when passing along a road, he beheld a great number of birds. Going into their midst he began to preach to them. "My little sisters," he said, "you are much indebted to God, your Creator. He gives you liberty to fly from place to place. He preserved your race in the ark of Noah. Again you are indebted to Him for the elements of the air, which he has appointed for you; you neither sow nor reap, but God feeds you and gives you the brooks and fountains for your drink, the mountains and valleys for your refuge, and the tall trees wherein to make your nests. Wherefore He loves you very

much." As he finished speaking all the birds arose in the air with wonderful singing, and flew away. This sermon is a perfect little poem. The thought in itself is sublime in apprehension and beautiful in expression. His love for birds and flowers became so deep and absorbing that they seemed to return it. He could well have said, as did a later poet,

The birds know when the friend they love is nigh,
For I am known to them, both great and small.
The flower that on the lonely hillside grows
Expects me there.

(To be continued.)

If.

What might the idle lover do
If but to lie and dream were doing?
He'd got a wife
Without the strife
That comes when one must go a-wooing.

What might the politician do
If but to promise were fulfilling?
Then graft would cease
And bribes decrease;
Now, wouldn't such a state be killing?

What might the patent tonics do
If advertising were but curing?
Then sugared pills
Would drown all ills,
And do away with life insuring.

What might the weather prophets do
If rain would come when they foretold it?
Each drop would grow
So large, you know,
That half the country wouldn't hold it.

What might we all, the whole world, do
If promising was but performing?
Mankind would rise—
But why surmise?
Perhaps you too need some reforming.

T. A. L.

As the hero who refuses to recognize that he is beaten, wrings victory from defeat, so, in every sphere of action, battles are won by those, who, heedless of what discourages, keep hoping and struggling.—*Spalding*.

A Hard Fall.

C. L.

A goodly company of students were inhaling the crisp January air one afternoon on the ice at St. Joseph lake. Christmas vacation was no more. The last glimpse of it had passed behind time's horizon. The most tardy watcher of its glories turned reluctantly and retained but the memory. It was work now. Work, work, with no intermission till the bell sounded its last call in June. The prospect was not so bright to the freshman, for the freshman pines for freedom under blue or black or many-colored sky. Before all else it must be freedom. What cares he for sunny landscape who has sunshine in his heart? What cares he if the stars are hid of a night whose star of hope stands large before his vision? He loves freedom. But the freedom he loves finds expression in physical development, in wild leaps and dashes and shouts that bring back echoes; in laughter and snatches of song. His freedom is the freedom of which the old and the pleasure-sated and the young grown old too soon have grown weary. Happy the young heart that has never opened the book of age! Happy the boy from twelve to seventeen who spends long hours of vacation days watching for the fish to fall into temptation, and pulls an oar to see his white muscles harden, and swims till the billowy deep is a companion to him! He may not have all the graces of the parlor, nor half the knick-knacks of social gossip as he grows up, but he has square shoulders, and a chest that expands with every breath he takes. He tastes the joys of youth, when they are sweet to him, and he is blessed in not getting old too soon.

The ice was smooth that afternoon, and Phil and Joe McDermott cut graceful figures on its glassy surface. Moon took graceful strides too, and the blood mounted to his face from the bracing exercise. He looked positively pretty with the red glow on his cheeks. Berger stopped him, took an admiring look and gave to the ages the following bit of eulogy:

"Moon, and you were a girl back in my town, I'd consider you favorable."

"But suppose I wouldn't consider you, what then?"

"I hadn't thought of that, Moon, but I guess you'd like me all right."

The "lady's" answer is not recorded, for Joe McDermott blew up and scattered sentiment like sawdust.

"Like you!" exclaimed Joe. "Why you porpoise, you elephant, you sea lion, you mass of jelly, who'd like you?"

"Mr. McDermott," retorted Berger grandly, "it is quite in keeping with your manners, your brass, your cheek, your unheard of bumptiousness, your general misformity to thrust yourself in where you are not wanted."

"Ain't I wanted here, Moon?" Joe appealed to the "lady."

"Why of course, Mr. McDermott," answered Moon, who acted the part to a nicety.

"That means I'm to move," questioned the would-be wooer.

"Why not at all, Mr. Berger. Can not you both be my friends?"

"But I want you for myself!" cried Fritz dramatically.

"And you can't have 'her,'" Joe squared off.

"Am I to interpret your movement to mean fight?"

"Fight till the last-armed foe expires is just what I mean, Mr. Frederick Berger."

Fritz and Joe circled round each other waiting for a chance to get a good hold, while Moon looked calmly on. Phil and Donlan at some distance noticed the manœuvering and rushed to the scene. Phil decided to take sides with Joe, while Donlan was to join forces with Berger. As a matter of fact the purpose of both was to get Fritz lengthwise on the ice at any cost. All four caught at arm's-length and pushed and jostled, balancing themselves as best they could on the clear, slippery surface. They did not occasion attention or comment from the other students, for a fight to keep one's feet on the ice is of frequent occurrence. The struggle continued long enough to make it doubtful if either side could claim victory. Then came a critical moment when Phil gave a slight kick to Fritz's skate and for an instant got one foot in the air and one on the ice. Donlan, the traitor, gave a slight kick to the foot that remained on the ice during the fatal moment, and Fritz fell. It was a hard, high fall, harder than the lads had figured, and where Fritz's head struck was the proverbial star. Naturally the lads laughed, but somehow the laugh lacked the

ring of sincerity which follows a well-timed, well-executed, harmless trick. After all, Berger was a generous, fun-loving sort of boy, who had hosts of friends, with a heart in him as tender as a child's. It seemed more or less ill-timed and ill-natured to pitch the big lad with a trick of the foot flat on the ice. So their laugh wanted the ring of enjoyment, doubtless because its metal had the alloy of unkindness.

Fritz did not rise scratching the back of his head as they expected, the storm cloud on his forehead and the rumble of thunder in his voice. Moon was at his side in a moment kneeling on the ice. He raised the head between his hands and whispered to Fritz. The irrepressible Fritz for once gave back no answer, and the very contrast of the boy's silence was the more oppressive. Others gathered around, and a senior in science, who happened to join the group, assumed direction of the situation. This senior in science was supposed to know something about medicine; besides, the lads were thoroughly frightened and were glad enough to be told what to do.

"Joe, I'm a pig, a downright, four-footed pig," murmured Phil, while the man of science made a hasty examination.

"And I'm a two-legged ape without a heart or brains," was Joe's evolutionary utterance. John Donlan heard these remarks and conscience smote him. John lacked imagination though his head was full of mathematics.

"Fellows," he said, "I'm nothing but a plain fool, and everybody knows it." The man of science made a very brief examination indeed. Perhaps it was better so.

"To the Infirmary at once. Perhaps he'll get well, perhaps he won't."

They groaned and took their burden between them across the slippery surface to the south bank of the lake. Joe, Phil, John Doulan, and the other freshmen who helped them, looked like pall-bearers, and Moon walking a little to the side, holding up the head, seemed a chief mourner. A younger student walked behind carrying the skates which made mockery with their jangle. It was a long, slippery journey, but the lads would travel fifty times its length with a heavier burden could they undo their thoughtless act of a few minutes before.

Just as they got to the Infirmary Fritz became conscious and the lads sighed their relief. A Sister met them in the hallway and

they stopped, wondering with large, eager eyes.

"What has happened you?" she asked in a kindly way, addressing them all.

"Sister, this boy fell on the ice and hurt his head," Moon answered, speaking for them all.

"Bring him in here and let me look at him."

They obeyed, and blessed the Sister for not asking how it all came about.

She looked at Fritz for a moment. "Your head pains you?" Fritz nodded. "A sick stomach too?" Fritz nodded again. He was languid and all the light had gone out of his eyes. She spoke cheerfully and with the confidence of one who has seen sickness in all its forms. The lads had a ray of hope that Fritz might get well again.

"Bring him to the room here and help him to bed. Let me see how nicely you can do it. I'll be back again. When you have put him to bed, pull down the curtain and close the door."

It was a labor of love, if there ever was one, this of getting Fritz where he might find a moment's peace from ceaseless throbbing of his head. Moon was as handy as a nurse, and the others looked on in admiration at his skill in removing articles of clothing with a minimum of movements and pain. Fritz safely in bed, Phil pulled down the curtain and the lads quietly passed out. Moon took a lingering glance. Fritz's eyes were closed and his eyelids quivered. A moment later the Sister came and gave Fritz a small, mysterious dose from a spoon. She bound a white cloth about his head, moistened with some substance whose coolness penetrated, so it seemed, the most remote chambers of his brain. Then she looked at her work and seemed satisfied. "You'll feel much better to-morrow morning," she said as she closed the door and passed out.

After the lads had gone from the Infirmary they were solemn and silent. They walked toward their hall while the snow came down in soft white flakes from an unseen sky. They were passing by the winter chapel. Moon entered and the others followed. It was silent there and the little red watch light burned steadily through the gloom. They knelt and prayed—those happy-go-lucky lads full of frolic and fun,—prayed for a companion whom in a thoughtless moment they had hurt,—prayed and were sorry as for a wrong done, and begged Him who quickened with life palsied limbs to make well again their classmate and friend.

The Bruces in Ireland.

W. A. CAREY, '10.

In the early part of the fourteenth century the Irish chieftains began to recognize the fact that it was not the Norman colony in Ireland, but rather the oppressive English government which they would have to combat. English tyranny had become unbearable, and the Irish princes met and drew up a statement of their reasons for rising against the English government, and formally presented it to Pope John XXII. They were filled with enthusiasm and hope at the success of their Scottish neighbors under Bruce at Bannockburn. Their bravest clansmen had fought and died that Scotland might be free, and now they looked to Scotland in their need. Pope John's warning to King Edward III. was given in vain. Accordingly, Robert Bruce was invited to lead the Irish armies in their struggle for freedom.

There was a twofold reason for inviting Bruce to come to Ireland. He had proven himself to be a great general, and his presence would do away with jealousies in submitting to a national leader or king.

Bruce could not remain indifferent to the chieftains' appeal. He saw an opportunity to secure his own position at home; for his brother Edward had already begun to demand his share in the sovereignty of Scotland. Ireland would present a favorable field for the growing ambition and military genius of this young general. Robert therefore commissioned him to bring aid to the Irish.

On May 26, 1315, Edward Bruce with six thousand Scottish Highlanders, landed at Larne. He was met and reinforced by Donald O'Neill, one of the most noble, generous and self-sacrificing personages Ireland ever produced. In the hope of seeing a united and free Ireland, Donald sacrificed his rights as the descendant of the great Niall, and swore allegiance to Edward Bruce. The two armies then joined and marched southward, winning victories as they went.

Their first strong opponent appeared in the person of Richard de Burgo, the "Red Earl." He raised an army and set out from Athlone, and soon joined his forces with those of Lord Lieutenant Butler, whom he haughtily advised

to remain at home and tend to the affairs of government. Thus the combined forces of the "Red Earl" and Butler marched against the Scoto-Irish warriors. Acting on the advice of Donald O'Neill, Bruce led his men back, refraining from battle, till he could bring the enemy into hostile country and if possible separate their forces. When they came to the banks of the Bann, Felim O'Connor withdrew his clansmen from the Anglo-Norman army and weakened it considerably. Bruce then struck and decisively defeated the "Red Earl" on September 10, 1315. The victors next marched southward and entered winter quarters at Lough Seudy. The following spring, Bruce was crowned King of Ireland under the name of Edward I. Such imperial splendor as marked this occasion had not been witnessed in Ireland since the days of Brian Boru.

In the meantime, the Irish armies suffered a very severe defeat. Felim O'Connor returned to his province and met the well-trained and well-equipped forces of the brother of the "Red Earl" and Richard de Birmingham. The Irish clansmen, however, had nothing save indomitable courage and bravery with which to oppose the superior forces of the Anglo-Normans, and on the 10th of August, 1316, they suffered a crushing defeat on the field of Atherny. Eight thousand of them were slain, and among the dead were the brave young king of Connaught and many nobles and chieftains.

After leaving winter quarters at Lough Seudy Edward Bruce and Donald O'Neill met and defeated the army of Lord Lieutenant Butler at Ardscoil, and then turned toward the mighty army of Roger Mortimer. On the field of Kells, Kings County, Irish valor met and overcame the Anglo-Norman hosts, who fled from the field panic-stricken. The hope of a free Ireland now ran high.

In September, Robert Bruce arrived in Ireland with fresh recruits, while England prepared for the supreme struggle. The combined forces of Edward and Robert Bruce and Donald O'Neill marched toward Dublin in the spring of 1317, and after an unsuccessful attack on the city, retreated. Then came the death blow to Irish hopes. A great calamity befell the land. The crops failed and devastation and famine brought the Irish nation to the verge of ruin. The campaign had to be suspended till another harvest should supply the

necessary provisions for the soldiers. The story of this famine makes one of the saddest chapters in the whole history of Ireland. The gallant Irish armies were decimated or scattered by hardships and want, while the English armies were recruited at home. In the spring of 1318, both parties foresaw the supreme conflict was at hand. The army of Bruce marched south unopposed by the English, for they knew that attack was unnecessary. The Irish had nothing to encounter but a devastated and desolate country, and Robert Bruce, discouraged and disheartened, gave up the hope of leading the Irish to freedom, and returned to Scotland in May, with a promise to return with recruits. Donald and Edward were then left to oppose the greatly superior forces of the English:

When a comparatively fruitful harvest was gathered in 1318, the English armies fell upon Bruce before he had time to collect his scattered forces. Donald O'Neill and the Irish princes made frantic appeals to Bruce to delay any conflict till a national levy should be made or the English forces separated. But the overconfident Bruce could not be prevailed upon. He forgot that it was the counsel of this same Donald that had given him his first victory over the English on the banks of the Bann. With a mere handful of weak though courageous clansmen, he dared to meet the English forces near Dundalk. On the field of Faughard his army was completely beaten and he himself fell in the fight. True to his word, Robert Bruce arrived later, but upon hearing of his brother's fate, he embarked for Scotland with the few Scottish survivors. The head of Edward Bruce was sent to London as a trophy, and his body was interred near the field where it had fallen.

Thus ended the reign of the Bruces in Ireland. The fall of Edward was the decisive termination of a stubborn struggle. The first great national blow had been struck ineffectively. Famine and privation had turned the bright day of independence into a seemingly endless night of gloom. The Irish clansmen had, although beaten, clearly demonstrated their superiority over the English. Donald O'Neill's "Remonstrances" had showed Ireland, and the world through Rome, the extent of English oppression and tyranny. His noble sacrifice of his royal privileges was made in vain, and Donald died, an uncrowned king, in 1325. His mighty

influence upon Ireland had ceased, and once more the struggle against English power had to be waged by isolated princes and chieftains, each one fighting for himself alone. Nothing had been gained by the alliance with the Bruces, and much had been lost.

They're Ousting Joey Cannon in the Morning.

(Apologies to Rudyard Kipling.)

"O what is all this shouting for?" said Cannon, dignified.

"O woe to you, poor Uncle Joe," a hundred voices cried.

"What is it that you murmur, sirs?" said Cannon vexed with pride.

"We hate to see your finish, Joe," these hundred men replied.

O they're ousting Uncle Joey, don't you hear his funeral lay?

The insurgents are uniting, and they're canning him to-day.

For they've kicked the chair from under him, and cut his power away,
And they're ousting Joey Cannon in the morning.

"O wherefore such rejoicing?" whispered Cannon on the side.

"Your time has come at last," a hundred voices gladly cried.

"I'll die if I'm not Speaker," Cannon said, and then he sighed.

"Your goose is cooked; you're down and out," the hundred men replied.

O they're ousting Uncle Joey, these insurgents of renown.

They have sat on him and pulled and shoved until they have him down
They have tied his hands behind him, and, what's worse, they've snatched his crown.
And now they're going to oust him in the morning.

"I've ruled this House for many a year," Joe said, and they replied,
"The chair has grown too small and there are bigger ones outside."

"You may kill me, but don't can me," pleaded Joe, himself beside.

"You can be a king in Danville," the hundred voices wildly cried.

O they're ousting Uncle Joey, for they think he's had his share
Of the rule that comes with sitting in the Speaker's easy chair.
Now the ranks have closed about him and he'll have to sit elsewhere,
For they're ousting Joey Cannon in the morning.

G. J. F.

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—Elsewhere in these pages is chronicled the death of the parents of our Rev. President. Those of us who know Father Cavanaugh's large sympathy, which has gone out to us in helpfulness during every waking hour, will understand in some measure the meaning of his loss. It is not our purpose to thrust ourselves into the silence of his grief and with ill-measured words to offer assurances of sympathy. He knows without our telling that the members of his community, the Faculty and the students, old and new, feel for him and with him in his twofold loss. May He Who hath the power to give and to take away fortify and console and make light the cross which without His help must be heavy indeed.

—The Eucharistic Congress which took place at Montreal from the twelfth to the twenty-first of September surpassed in numbers and splendor of ceremonial observance any religious convention heretofore assembled in this Western continent. From the United States and Canada the hierarchy, clergy and laity reached far into the thousands. France, Germany, Italy, Ireland, Austria, England, Belgium and more remote missionary

lands were also represented by numerous delegates. The city of Montreal presented a setting of light and color worthy the numerous religious pageants that were crowded into the four days during which the Congress lasted. The streets through which the different processions passed, and far beyond them, out into the remote suburbs of the city, people vied with each other in decorating stores, public buildings, private residences and vast stretches of sloping lawns. In all, a million people were to all intents and purposes inhabitants of the Canadian city during the Congress week. And yet it was a matter of comment by newspaper men, officers of the law and railroad officials that nowhere could be found a more serious, a more orderly, a more obedient mass of people than the mighty gathering that met and mingled on the streets of Montreal. It was gathered for a highly spiritual purpose, in which mere crowding and noise had no part. Curiosity was tempered by reverence, and the correct manner of giving expression to that reverence necessarily moderated any natural curiosity for idle sight-seeing. Necessarily there were many inconveniences to be borne with. Where so many were gathered together with relatively so few to care for them, one had to expect certain shortcomings in the arrangement of details. But people understood this. In a city already taxed with a great population, trebled in size during the Eucharistic days, it was taken as a matter of course that visitors need not expect the comforts and attentions experienced at home. So the people who attended the Congress were reasonable, sympathetic, satisfied. They had come from far to witness the triumph of Christ in the Eucharist. They saw this triumph as it may not be seen again for many years on the broad acres of this mighty continent of possibilities. They saw, and their hearts were glad; and the memory of the triumph and the glory will long endure.

—After a long rest of three months we find ourselves face to face with the hard work of another year. THE SCHOLASTIC was awaiting our return, and already we have assumed the burden of this time-honored weekly. It is hard to begin. We have been idle so long, thought comes only after intervals of waiting and searching. It

will be necessary to cultivate patience with us for a month or so, and by that time we expect to be in a mood to furnish creditable "copy." We will do our best to keep THE SCHOLASTIC where our worthy predecessors have placed it, which, by the way, is a large responsibility to assume. It sounds like platitude to say that we can not do this work unaided. Everybody knows that—everybody has known it since the first copy of the paper appeared. But somehow, everyone does not act according to his light, and there results an unequal division of labor, as our economists call it.

But this is no time for pessimism. With an opening so full of promise the SCHOLASTIC scribes do not intend to send up a discordant wail. Rather they cultivate a sunny cheerfulness, a quiet hopefulness, that the paper will carry itself through this year as it has in the past; that all the editors will give their full measure of service to its pages, and that all the students will await it eargely from week to week to see, as in a glass, a just reflection of their spirit and life.

—The year 1910-11 is now under way. There are a few stragglers still to put in an appearance, but already the rank and file of the students are settled down to hard work. From the point of view of the student, much of the success of the year depends on the right start. Those of us who are versed in track athletics know that the man who best times himself to the crack of the pistol has a decided advantage over him who is slow getting away from the starting line. To lag at the beginning of the year is to court failure at the end. No student may hope to make up successfully by review that which he should have done during the first months of the school year. The time to form habits of study is at the very outset. And habits of study once formed are almost as hard to lose as habits of indolence. Experience is a universal teacher. But it is not necessary that experience be personal. It is not necessary, for instance, that one waste a month or so at the beginning of the year in order to find out later on, how hard it is to get down to solid work; it is not necessary to neglect fundamental principles to realize that more advance knowledge is out of the question without mastering

them. Since time began certain students lagged at the start, and the results in every case are substantially the same. All which seems a preaching of the obvious. But what is obvious on paper is not obvious in actual life. At least the failures and misfits seem to point that way. Old students, new students, college men and preparatory boys, those who have long courses and those who have short, must all learn the lesson of a good start. And since it must be learned, best learn it now when it costs less time and less energy.

—It seems good to be back again. But few of the old familiar faces are missing, and in the places of the absent ones there are many times their number of new boys. Freshman Ahoy. But it is remarkable how soon the new boy becomes an old boy. The freshman has stepped into his place almost mechanically, and his angelic mien and ready spirit have won for him a place in the hearts of his seniors. Far be it from us to offer advice to the willing but unsophisticated freshman; we are proud of our freshman days ourselves, and believe that there was nothing in them did us more good than the very consciousness that we were freshmen. We were a part of the University, and a very important part, for from the freshmen of this year must come the seniors of another year. We reeked with the oil of gladness and were proud of any opportunity to show our love for our fellow students and our loyalty to our school. Respectful almost to obsequiousness, generous to a fault, kind and thoughtful in our treatment of our superiors, we conducted ourselves along the most approved lines of freshmen etiquette. And it seems that things have not changed much since then. All the qualities, virtues, we might blushingly say, that adorned our freshman days, seem to be glowingly exemplified by the men of 1914. We congratulate them, and extend to them a hearty welcome. In the simple democracy of Notre Dame their initiation has already been accomplished, and with willing fingers they haste to loose the sandal of their older brother, even when their own shoestrings need attention. The finish should be worthy of the start, and consistent work will be necessary to make a name for the class in the history of Notre Dame. It will be worth the effort.

Bishop Corrigan's Visit.

The Right Rev. Owen Corrigan, D. D., bishop of Macra, auxiliary to His Eminence Cardinal Gibbons, was a most welcome visitor to the University during the week. Bishop Corrigan saw the different buildings in company with President Cavanaugh, and had words of high praise for Notre Dame and her work. On Tuesday the bishop spoke to the students of the east dining-room after the noon lunch, and his address was received with much enthusiasm. We look forward with pleasure to another visit from Bishop Corrigan.

 "A Great School."

The South Bend *News*, in last Wednesday's issue, sounds a cheering God-speed as we sail out to the open sea for another year's voyage. We are grateful for the kindly message, which we will keep in memory for long. Here it is:

The "S. R. O." sign has not been hung out at the University of Notre Dame, but reports sent in by the *News* correspondent at the big school indicate that the attendance this year will tax the capacity of the rooming and dormitory facilities of the institution. All previous records are likely to be beaten, not only in the return of old students but in the influx of new ones, and if all signs do not fail the school year now about to open will be one of the most successfully in the history of the University.

The University of Notre Dame has reached a point in its progress beyond the limitations of a strictly church school. It appeals to the people of the Catholic Church on the double ground of being conducted by their sect and of its excellence as a school, but it is stronger than that in its power to reach beyond the confines of the particular church it represents and draw to it young men regardless of religious affiliations who are seeking the best in educational advantages. It is fulfilling the expectations of its founder in the progress it is making along the broad and liberal lines laid down in the beginning, and which are being followed and elaborated in accordance with modern ideas. The school has a world-wide reputation and influence, and counts among its alumni many of the distinguished men of this and other countries.

Locally we have occasion to be very proud of a school that has aided materially in making South Bend "world-famed," and we are fortunate in having at our doors the facilities for a thorough education and training of the young. The opportunities afforded by the University to the youth of South Bend are enjoyed by few other cities in the country. The location of the institution on the borders of the city means for them a college experience at home, if they care to take advantage of it.

Obituary.

The vacation days witnessed the peaceful passing away of loved ones of four Holy Cross priests.

On August 16, the President of the University was called suddenly to the bedside of his mother, Mrs. Mary Cavanaugh. More than anyone else, Father Cavanaugh realized the singular sweetness, the unselfish devotion of his first teacher. To a large charity which was always mindful of the poor and went out in tender sympathy to the afflicted, Mrs. Cavanaugh united a rare Christian faith. She died at her home in Leetonia, Ohio, August 18, with Father Cavanaugh at her bedside, and was buried from St. Patrick's Church, Sunday, August 21. At her funeral were present a number of priests and a large congregation of mourning relatives, neighbors and friends. The poor whom she knew, cared for and loved so well followed her to her grave.

On August 31, Father Cavanaugh received another message announcing the death of his father, Mr. Patrick Cavanaugh. The summons of death in this instance was sudden, but those who knew the rare Christian life of Mr. Cavanaugh are well aware that it was in no sense unprovided. Mr. Cavanaugh's funeral took place on Friday, Sept. 2, at which Father Cavanaugh also officiated. We beg to assure our Rev. President of the sincere sympathy of the Faculty and students and of our earnest prayers for the repose of the souls of his departed parents. *May they rest in peace!*

Rev. William R. Connor, C. S. C., was called to his home in Providence, R. I., to assist at the funeral of his father who died August 28. The SCHOLASTIC, in behalf of all at the University, extends to Father Connor sincere sympathy in his bereavement and gives an assurance of heartfelt prayers for the repose of his departed father. *R. I. P.*

In far-away Oregon, where he had but recently arrived as pastor of Holy Cross church, Rev. Charles Finner, C. S. C., received the sad news of the death of his father, who was called to his reward during the month of August. Father Finner is well known to members of the Faculty and students as assistant pastor of St. Joseph's

Church, South Bend for the past two years. The SCHOLASTIC requests the prayers of all for the dear deceased. *R. I. P.*

The Rev. Eugene Burke, C. S. C. ('06), and Rev. Thomas Burke, C. S. C. ('07), have the sincere sympathy of all at the University on the loss of their beloved mother on August 19 at her home, Chicago, Ill. The singularly sweet character of Mrs. Burke was only surpassed by her exemplary christian life. THE SCHOLASTIC begs to assure Mr. Burke, her surviving husband, and his family that the dear deceased will be remembered before the altar by all at Notre Dame. *R. I. P.*

Every Notre Dame man will hear with regret of the death of James A. Browne '76, which took place at his home in Brownsville, Texas, August 18. Mr. Browne was a devoted alumnus of the University at which three other brothers attended in the early eighties. Mr. Browne held various important political positions in his state for a number of years and at the time of his death was President of the First National Bank of Brownsville. The funeral took place in the church of the Immaculate Conception, and the remains were laid away in the family tomb. To Mrs. Browne and her family THE SCHOLASTIC extends the sincere sympathy of the University with an assurance of prayers. *R. I. P.*

The students of the University will be grieved to learn of the tragic death of Carl Adolph Leonardt of 2 Chester Place, Los Angeles, Cal. On August 10th Adolph and a party of friends went for an automobile ride about the city. A front wheel of the machine suddenly broke from the axle, causing the automobile to turn a double somersault. Adolph sustained fracture of the skull and other injuries, but lived long enough to receive the last sacraments. Bishop Conaty preached the funeral sermon, and the obsequies showed how highly Adolph was regarded by those who knew him.

The SCHOLASTIC extends sincere condolence to the family of the lamented boy, and assures them that Adolph will be long remembered in the prayers of his old friends at Notre Dame. *R. I. P.*

The sad news of the death of James Cleary

of Grand Island, Nebraska (student 1902), has just been received at the University. Mr. Cleary met his death at Los Angeles in September, 1909. He was drowned while attempting to rescue a companion. The sympathy of all at the University goes out to his father and sorrowing relatives. *R. I. P.*

Personals.

—George P. Walsh (B. S., '10) dropped in to meet the old boys on his way to Chicago to take up architectural work.

—Sam O'Gorman, of Varsity pitching fame, happened in at the opening and talked old times with old friends. As present Sam is holding an important position with the 3d Ave. Railroad Co. of New York.

—Albert F. Gushurst (Litt. B., '09), Leed, South Dakota, visited his Alma Mater last week. Albert brought his brother Fred along to take up one of the regular courses in the University. That's the kind of spirit, Al!

—Mr. Joseph Byrne, whose last year at the University was 1878, is now one of the most successful business men in New York City. He is the senior member of the firm of Byrne and McDonald, No. 52 Broadway.

—On behalf of his friends at the University THE SCHOLASTIC expresses good wishes to Professor James F. Hines who on August 24th at Logansport, Indiana, was united in the holy bonds of matrimony to Miss Winifred McGreevey. Professor Hines returned to the University in September.

—Mr. William Murphy ('79) publisher of *Indianapolis Tribune* entered his sons Paul and Kingsley as students last week. Mr. Murphy is a most loyal alumnus of Notre Dame and always tries to keep in touch with her work. His visit was a source of genuine pleasure to his many friends.

—Two Notre Dame men are prominent in the recently organized Roman Catholic Insurance Company of America incorporated under the law of the state of Washington and having its headquarters at Spokane. Dr. H. B. Luhn is Medical Director and Mr. Thomas A. E. Lally is a trustee.

—John Kanaley (A. B., '09) and his brother James, and John McMahon (A. B., '09), gave

us a call last Saturday. Sunday evening neither of the '09 Johns could buy a ticket out of South Bend owing to crowded conditions. John K. blames John Mc. for the hard luck and vice-versa. There's much to be said on both sides, is what we say.

—Mr. and Mrs. Scully announced the marriage of their daughter Marie Shields Scully to Mr. Jacob Philip Young, Tuesday, August 23rd, at Wabash, Indiana. Mr. Young is a graduate of the Class '08 and has been for some years a teacher in the High Schools of Huntington, where he will make his future home. The SCHOLASTIC extends congratulations and good wishes.

—The friends of James Deery, whose serious illness prevented his completion of the law course with the class of 1910, will be pleased to hear of his complete recovery. "Jim" is looking better than ever and expects to visit the University soon. He has opened a real estate and law office at 1009 Law Building, Indianapolis, and is at present engaged with Leroy Keach (LL. B. 1908) in the trial of a murder case in the Marion County courts.

Local Items.

—Gentlemen, you are all welcome back!

—The college classes started Monday with a large attendance.

—It needs no prophet now to tell us we are to have a big year.

—The Oregon Colony has increased to a noticeable extent. And the end is not yet.

—The pilgrimage to Cartier Field is now on. Gentlemen desiring "dope" will please be around.

—LOST—A gold watch with initials "C. M. B." Finder will please leave same with Brother Alphonsus.

—The statue of Bernadette in the Grotto of Lourdes is one of the changes noticed by old students.

—The SCHOLASTIC Editors? No, we haven't correlated any of them so far. 'Spect they'll be around though.

—In regard to your room—oh, you couldn't get any! Then we'll take up the question of football for a change.

—Carroll Hall has a big increase this year,

and it looks as if Brownson will break records. Sorin, Corby, Walsh and St. Joseph have no berths left.

—Needless to say every student should become a regular subscriber for THE SCHOLASTIC. Call in at the office and subscribe now before you forget it.

—In order to insure the prompt delivery of mail, students will do well to advise their correspondents to write the residence hall on the envelope.

—Walsh Hall expects to lead all in the matter of Interhall athletics this year. Meantime everybody will cast cautious eyes at the Corby braves.

—Carroll and St. Edward Hall football fields have been put into shape for the opening of the season. Very soon teams will be out for regular practice.

—Old students returning have noticed the effect of the hot, dry summer on the lakes. The water in Lake St. Joseph is lower than it has been in several years.

—The band concerts for the benefit of the Preps during the opening week were a cure for homesickness. There are certain advantages that go to the first arrivals.

—To-morrow at 8 o'clock in the Sacred Heart Church the solemn religious opening of the school year will take place. The Rev. President will deliver the annual opening sermon.

The Staff held a meeting last Thursday and talked over a number of matters appertaining to the SCHOLASTIC. Within a week the five or six vacancies from last year will be filled.

—It would be interesting to find out just how many old boys returned with their brothers, cousins or friends this September. It looks as if every student of last year tried to bring another back with him.

—The loyalty of the old boys was probably never more manifest than this year. Students have come from all over the country and from all over the world, recommended to the University by the boys of other years.

—Last Sunday, Feast of the Seven Sorrows of the Blessed Virgin, Solemn Mass was sung in the Sacred Heart Church by Rev. Father Carroll, assisted by Rev. Father Walsh as deacon and by Rev. Father Irving as subdeacon.

—Coach Maris is back. Don't forget he

won a Western Championship too. Shake hands all around.

—"Cop" Lynch is assistant Coach and discusses questions of law with Cotter in leisure moments.

—"Jimmy" Hope is manager, and we may take it for granted that J. H. will work his hardest for the success of the Champions.

—Mr. William Murphy of the *Minneapolis Tribune* predicts that Notre Dame will have five thousand students within fifteen years.

—There is a six-o'clock daily mass said at the large altar of the church for the benefit of students who desire to assist at holy mass on week days.

—Whether or not Coach Longman retains the Western Championship this year, he is the kind of man that wins friends all around. He deserves all kinds of good luck.

—Next Monday Irish History Class will be taken up. Those who intend to follow this course should see the Director of Studies not later than to-morrow. It is to be hoped the successes of last year's class will be repeated this year.

—The Director of Studies has been handing out cards of study from dawn to sunset ever since school started. A few conditioned men came late and were given the glad hand and a word of cheer. The C. remains, however, till the next regular examination.

—The grounds of the University are in perfect condition. The skill and care of Brother Phillip and his corps of assistants have made the green grass greener and made the campus bloom with the fairest flowers of the season. The park in front of St. Edward's Hall, which has been carefully tended by the Minims during the summer, is one of the most beautiful spots about the University.

—A remarkable feature of this year's opening is that a very large number of the preparatory and freshmen students enrolled for the first time are above the average of former years in height and physical development. Six foot giants are quite as common as were Marathoners in the days of Johnny Hayes and Dorando. There should be plenty of good material for the class and interhall teams of this year and the varsity of future years.

—The attention of graduates of the University is called to a letter which has just been received

from the Buck Stove and Range Company of St. Louis. Several good positions are offered by this Company to graduates of the University who wish to take up commercial life. The sales department of the Buck Stove and Range Company has vacancies for traveling salesmen. Those who may be interested in this proposition can get direct information by writing to J. S. Templeton, Secretary of the Company.

—Slates for class organizations are already under consideration, and it is expected that this year will see a better class spirit than any year hitherto. The senior class will be by many the largest senior class of the University, and the number of freshmen bids fair to double the century mark. The other classes are proportionately large, and if solidly organized, can create a friendly rivalry which will awaken interest in new lines of student activities. The boat races between class crews last June showed the advantage of class rivalry, and it is to be hoped that other branches of athletics will be opened to contests of this sort.

—On Thursday evening the Carroll Hall boys assembled in their reading-room with the view of organizing their football team for the coming season. After the votes for the selection of manager had been counted it was found that the names of J. O'Malley, G. Lucas and E. Loeb were submitted to the athletic board. Very probably the board will announce its decision in a day or so, and one of these three young gentlemen will be given control of the finances and the schedule of the Carroll Hall team. Coach Longman was present, and gave the youngsters some sound advice which they roundly applauded. Father Carroll spoke on the staying qualities necessary to develop a team and Father Maguire urged the youngsters to avoid the spirit of complaint and unmanly criticism should they not be able to make the team. Ralph Dimmick has been chosen coach and will work his hardest to develop the youngsters into a team of winners.

Athletic Notes.

Another athletic season has rolled around, and with its coming the attention of the football enthusiasts is turned to Notre Dame, last year's Western Champions. The prospects for the gold and blue having a Championship team this year are problematic, as only

five of the old men have returned, and it takes time, much time, to bring the new men to champion class. There is still left one bit of encouragement and that is in the fact that for another year our hopes in the football way are to be intrusted to the care of "Shorty" Longman, the former Michigan star and our last year's coach.

Although the indications for a championship team are not so telling, we may rest assured that Longman will bring out the best possible machine with the material at hand.

At present there are about twenty-five candidates in the field with the probability that a few more will come out during the week.

"Billy" Ryan, last year's half-back, began work Wednesday. Billy is in tiptop shape, having spent his summer amid the bracing breezes of Lake Erie.

Joe Collins, last year's end, is out, but is somewhat handicapped at present by a crippled foot. Joe's case has been taken up by the medical department, and it is thought that he will be able to put forth his best efforts in a short time.

Ralph Dimmick, last year's tackle, is back from "out the west" and is as full of ginger as ever. "Dim" has spent his summer in Oregon, and found his work out there very conducive to the development of his gridiron capabilities.

Matthews, after a summer at Cedar Point, is ready for this year's fray in the same old "Mattie" way.

George Philbrook has as yet not returned, but is expected to make his appearance in the near future.

As for the new men it is at present a very hard matter to say who will be successful in securing the six positions on the team which are open.

Games have been arranged with Michigan, Wabash, Michigan. "Aggies," Marquette and Olivet.

BY WAY OF REMINISCENCE.

As one views the football squad at work these afternoons he can not help but allow himself to drift back to those days last year when the men who were to make Notre Dame proud Champions of the West were working away toward the completion of that powerful machine. You look in vain to see "Red" Miller darting back and forth across the field. Who is there

that will ever be able to fill his place as he did it? Never daunted, as quick as the maddened panther of the forest, always working—that was "Red."

No longer do we hear the stentorian voice of the giant-like Sam Dolan reverberating across the field. Sam worked for the greater part of four seasons to make a player who would take his place on the All-Western Eleven, and there was not a man on that honored team who was more deserving of his place than was this same "Sam" who hailed from far across the continent. While we have not "Cop" Lynch with us as a player, we still have the benefit of his services as the coach of the second team. There's not much of a chance for a man to make many spectacular plays at center, but when it came to being in every play, fighting all the time, Lynch was the man who was there.

"Cap" Edwards was a giant in size, and when it came to sheer strength he was always there. "Bill" Schmitt and "Pete" Dwyer too will be missed, although circumstances worked to keep these men from playing in all the games.

These men have gone forth to solve the intricacies of a greater game—the game of life—but let us hope that the memory of their achievements will lend itself as an inspiration to the men who are now working toward the completion of another team which too will make its bid for the same high honors won by that greatest of all Notre Dame Football teams—the team of 1909.

There is considerable speculation as to just what the Varsity of 1910 will do. Some are sceptical, some are hopeful. When the season is over, however, there will be but one opinion, that the men of the football team battled hard and constantly. Win or lose we can not expect any more.

TRACK WORK.

It is as yet a little early in the year to start fanning track athletics, but Coach Maris has started things moving by issuing a call for men to turn out for cross country work. The Coach has nothing to say at present regarding Notre Dame's chances for again winning the conference. He feels that the men representing the Varsity this year will give the best they have—and that is saying much. Philbrook, Wasson, Fletcher, Steers, Devine, Dimmick and Duffy of last year's Conference winning team are back and in fit shape for another season as strenuous as was the past.