

The Notre Dame Scholastic

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

VOL. XLIV.

NOTRE DAME, INDIANA, FEBRUARY 4, 1911.

No. 17.

The Dream of Dreams.

JOHN T. BURNS, '13.

DRAWN from the heart aches and the sighs
Of many years: a precious pearl
Whose light is never spent, but forth
Its beauty sends to gladden hearts
And souls that, wearied by life's trials,
Bid haste to make an end of all:
The joy of youth, to age a comfort true;
The rarest gift of heaven to heaven's dearest sent.

"Their Story Runneth Thus."

PETER P. FORRESTAL, '11.



FROM early youth they had loved each other with that tender affection of which children alone are capable. The same sun had ushered both into life and they were bound still more closely by a distant tie of kinship. Ethel, or Ullainee, as he was wont to call her, was as fair as the fallen snow and her rippling laughter resembled the tinkling of an altar bell. Indeed, had it not, it would have belied her lofty thoughts which were ever directed towards the perennial Font—and Merlin was the channel through which they flowed. He, too, was beautiful. But his physical endowments were crowned by that moral virtue which renders its possessor so attractive to his fellowmen. Furthermore, Ullainee ever dwelt upon the ravishing scenes of Tabor, while Merlin would often ponder over the bitter sorrows of Calvary. And thus, when she would leave him at eventide the bright visions disappeared and he would seek anew the vale of sorrow.

Such were the loves of Merlin and Ullainee. Day after day they played and sported among the garden flowers, until one May evening, when Merlin was about to depart for his home, the young girl culled a crimson rose from one of the surrounding bushes and gave it to him. The boy was deeply touched, and approaching another bush he stole one of its white blossoms which he placed in her flowing locks. Ullainee wondered why he gave her a white flower. But he left her to ponder his answer, "White dies first," and was lost in the dark shadows of the night.

Ten years have passed away. And a boy and girl—each about sixteen years—are again together beneath the wide canopy of heaven while innumerable stars peep down upon the last meeting of the two loving hearts. Ah, the sadness of this moment Ullainee had never contemplated! For, it is not the customary delights of Tabor which she is to find tonight. No, the scene must change. And it is with bitter tears that she listens when Merlin tells her that human love can never satisfy the longings of their spotless souls. But looking far into the future she beholds him—clad in sacred vestments—ascend the steps of sacrifice, and resolves that she, too, will participate in that holy oblation and become a spouse of Christ. Thus they separate—forever.

And in the heart of that last parting hour
Eternity was beating.

Many a weary year has rolled by, until one bleak afternoon in Autumn he wanders into a sequestered graveyard hard by a convent wall.

He passed each grave with reverential awe
As if he passed an altar, where the Host
Had left a memory of Its sacrifice.

As he reads upon each simple stone the name of the owner he wonders what strange stories are wrapt forever in those silent tombs. And

when about to leave that listless city of mortals
he beholds a grave lying apart from the rest,
and about it

The whitest of white roses twined their arms,
Roses cold as the snows and pure as songs
Of angels, and the pale leaflets and thorns
Hid e'en the very name of her who slept
Beneath.

An irresistible feeling of awe comes over him
and the unbidden tear trickles down his cheek
as he stoops to remove the leaves which con-
ceal the name. But he is filled with deepest
and holiest sorrow as he brushes the latter
aside and beholds upon the slab the word:

"ULLAINEE."

In childish revery he sits down beside that
little grave, until the *Matin* bell sounds in
the near-by convent. Following its silvery
summons along the flowery path which leads
to the sacred walls, he is admitted within the
gates by a nun whose downcast eyes

Were like a half-closed tabernacle, where
God's presence glowed.

The Mother is summoned to the humble room
where the stranger awaits her; and as she enters
she beholds him gazing fixedly upon a crucifix
whose carven face peculiarly resembles his own,
and at its foot is written

"ULLAINEE."

Soon his request is made known—the story
of the "White-Rose-Grave." He tells his own
from the very beginning and dwells at great
length upon the days he had spent with Ethel
among the garden flowers; and in pathetic
tones he narrates how he chanced upon the
little grave and found the name at the bottom
of the leaf-hidden slab. But no sooner has
the word "Ullainee" reached the Mother's
ears than she realizes the sweet tale of sacri-
fice that till now has been locked within his
breast. And, deeply touched, she bids him
return on the morrow, as no stranger must
remain within that sacred enclosure after
sunset. He seeks anew the lonely grave in that
silent city of the dead, and taking a white rose
that is hanging over the stone, he breathes a
prayer and is gone.

Next afternoon finds the good Mother and
the stranger seated once more in the little
room. And, as she looks into those holy eyes
which mirror the soul within, it is with tears
of joy that she narrates the story of the "White-
Rose-Grave." How one May morning in the
long ago a little girl sought admittance at the

novitiate, and how she eulogized the "youthful
Christ" who had sent her hither to don the veil
and to become a vestal virgin of the Lord; how
she wept when it was made known to her that
she must return to the world for a year of trial,
but came back to the convent at the completion
of the period and received the veil; how, finally
after weary years of sickness and sacrifice,
the King of kings came and took home the
"Angel of the Cloister," as the nuns were wont
to call her. The Mother gazed intently into the
soul-reflecting eyes of the stranger as she told
him Ethel's last request: that upon her simple
tombstone be engraved the name, "Ullainee"
around which should be planted the purest
of white roses; and that, if ever the "youth-
ful Christ" should chance to find her where-
abouts, he would be shown the crucifix which
she had carved and also the picture in the
chapel choir which she had painted.

When she has finished the sad tale the Mother
leads the way to the convent chapel. Along
its walls many a saintly picture hangs, and
among them is that of the "Angel of the Choir."
But, as he gazes upon the touching scene
portrayal his thoughts wander back to the days
of his childhood; to the days when he had
played with Ethel among the flowers; to the
coincidence of the white and the red rose;
and to the night of the sweet sacrifice. The
pictured scene is, indeed, one of sacrifice. There
is depicted Mount Calvary illumined by the
golden beams of Tabor, while upon its heights a
sorrowful Christ hangs from a cross; and on
each side of this is also figured a cross erected
on the rocks.

One of white roses—Ullainee
Was woven into it with buds of red,
And one of reddest roses—Merlin's name
Was woven into it with buds of white.

Such, in brief, is the touching story of Merlin
and Ullainee, wherein the Poet of the South
has shown what is noblest in man—tender
affection joined to generous sacrifice. Here
Father Ryan has excelled where a secular
poet would, in all probability have met with
failure. Indeed, the latter would have found him-
self in an unenviable predicament throughout,
for the delicate theme is such as requires a soul
in touch with the sublime, one that soars aloft
to things divine. But, the poet-priest was equal
to the task. True—as he would have us be-
lieve—he may not be as conversant as other
poets with the path leading up to the gifted

Castalian fount and to the mystic home of the muses; but in painting the hallowed road to Calvary and to Tabor he is far more skilful. Moreover, he never sought the enviable laurel branch, regarding himself as a mere writer of verses who would dash off a few stanzas whenever the whim came. But, how well he succeeded is shown by the fact that his poems may be found in nearly every Southern home and are widely known wherever the English language is spoken.

In "Their Story Runneth Thus" the use of sacred figures is particularly noteworthy, thus the happy simile in his referring to the angelic laughter of Ethel as ringing "like an altar-bell." Indeed, it is here we recognize the true ability of the poet-priest. He may not be as artistic and polished as other bards, but in the story of Merlin and Ethel, where the sacred and the lofty is treated, he is inimitable. And, although he has neither the powerful line of a Homer nor the finished style of a Milton, his beautiful and touching thoughts have found a place in every Southern heart, and were generously lauded by the critics of his time. The theme is woven together rather skilfully by the incident of the red and the white rose, and our minds are constantly borne back to this scene by allusions made to it throughout the poem. Thus, we note his reference to the reason of Merlin's wandering into the city of the dead as one when

Flowers were in their agony of death
And winds sang "De Profundis" over them.

In all Father Ryan's poems there is a touch of the tender, the pathetic. To what this may be attributed we do not know. Some have pointed to the story of Merlin in endeavoring to elucidate the problem; but that he is the one personally interested in the "White-Rose-Grave" is largely a matter of conjecture. To me, at least, it would seem that the knell of the "Lost Cause" is what reverberates throughout his works. The poet-priest was an ardent lover of the South and of the cause for which she suffered, and, when her hopes were shattered it is little wonder that the muse of happy song found no place in his sympathetic soul. Moreover, we must not forget that a severe blow came to this love of the Gray at the close of the bitter conflict when his own brother was numbered among the Southern slain. And, while there is no intention of countenancing the opinion of such as would identify him with the beautiful character of Merlin and thus explain his languid

measures, it is highly probable that the poet of nature drank in his sad inspirations as he listened to the mournful dirge of the breezes and the sigh of the streams that wept over many a Southern hero's grave.

Go list to the voices of air, earth and sea,
And the voices that sound in the sky;
Their songs may be joyful to some, but to me
There's a sigh in each chord and a sigh in each key,
And thousands of sounds swell the grand melody.
Ask them what ails them; they will not reply.
They sigh—sigh forever—but never tell why.
Why does your poetry sound like a sigh?
Their lips will not answer you; neither will I.

The Story of a Boy,

ANTHONY J. ROZEWICZ.

Generally speaking Jimmy was a bad boy. If ever he was good he was so for a purpose. Before Christmas, for instance, he was as good as he could be. Just before his birthday, he was good too. When the feast of his patron saint was at hand his mother talked of toys; then again Jimmie's expectations ran high, and he knew he could profit somewhat just by being virtuous. Somehow he did manage in all those seasons to play the darling of his mother's dreams; somehow he did become, for the time being, as meek as a little lamb and as innocent as an angel.

Well, Christmas was just two weeks off. Jimmie had visions of the nice things he would get if only he carried out the promises he made his mother. It was a hard task and it called for all his might. Two weeks was a long time to go about "strung up," as it were, and keep away from mischief and lose so much fun. Yes, each day of such rigor would seem like a week or more. Jimmie understood this well: but then what was he to do? He felt a want of things in general. He had torn the last wheel off his little cart long ago; his tricycle and many other things met a similar treatment; so that now he was destitute of all that he prized most highly. He needed a fresh supply, but then his mother told him he had to make an effort. What was left to him but to live for two full weeks a life of hardships and of sacrifice.

There were still a few days of school before the holidays. Jimmie got up all those mornings at the first call and reported in class on time. He quit tormenting his teacher, and mighty

glad the teacher was. She sent notes to Jimmie's mother and in them she spoke of the boy's phenomenal change; how he had left his evil ways and entered the path of virtue. At the dinner table Jimmie's heart beat like a hammer when his mother explained to the father very minutely all the teacher had to say, and when, thereupon, the father spoke of Santa Claus, how pleased that bearded old man would be and what a reward he surely would bring. Then Jimmie did feel he was succeeding; then his heart was filled with hope. Then he thought and dreamt of fairylands. In his dreams he saw new carts and new tricycles; he saw baseballs and bats; he saw masks and gloves made for boys; he saw games of various kinds; and when he did not dream he felt that all he dreamt would come to pass if only he would keep on being good for a little while longer.

He tried hard to persevere. On the way to school and back he attacked no one, threw no snow-balls at the girls or the smaller boys, nor rolled anyone in the snow, nor washed anybody's face. No longer crying children came to his home to complain of this and that. All this counted for Jimmie, for his mother began to think that he was just the loveliest little chap, and told him of it too. Then Jimmie was sure that he was succeeding; his courage grew stronger and he thought it would be easy to remain yet a while as good as he could be.

So after school he stayed at home and kept his mother company. He brought wood from the shed and smiled as he did it. He did not talk back nor did he frown when told to do this or that. He was just the little darling his mother would have him. He talked to her of things he had seen in down-town windows. He told her what things he liked and what things he would have. Then she told him what he was likely to get if only he would stay as good as he could be. Thereupon, Jimmie renewed his promises just as resolutely as ever.

At last the eve of Christmas came. Jimmie got all that he wanted. Still he felt he was somewhat meagrely paid, he thought, for two weeks of strenuous life; but he bore his grief in silence. The time had come, he thought, to be himself again. So he put off the garb of goodness and played the natural boy. Jimmie was good no more. Such is the story of Jimmie. But why call him Jimmie? Call him Dick or Joe or Will. It makes no difference. It still is the story of a boy.

Contrasts in "Richelieu."

FRANCIS L. MADDEN, '12.

Of the several plays written by Sir Edward Bulwer Lytton, "Richelieu" is perhaps the greatest. This five-act drama was produced for the first time at the Theatre Royal, Covent Garden, on the seventh of March 1839. Newspapers of that time tell us that the audience received it with great enthusiasm and pronounced it unusually successful.

The play is remarkable in that it is built around a very singular character. Cardinal Richelieu is the leading figure. This soldier, priest and statesman possessed a remarkable personality. It is said that a character such as Richelieu has never been repeated in history. He lived at a time when France needed a great mind like his, and his love for his country, coupled with unlimited devotion to her cause, won for him the title of 'her savior.' His was a singular character. He was proud and haughty, stern and resolute, shrewd in thought and keen in observation, crafty in his designs and never scrupulous as to the means he employed to accomplish his purposes. In his great love for France he forgot all else save that which was for her welfare. Thus his life presents a combination of qualities most difficult to reproduce.

Consider then the problem for an author who chooses such a character as the central figure for his play. The ultimate success or failure of his production will depend largely upon the extent of correctness with which he depicts the distinguishing qualities of that character. If he exaggerates or diminishes any of these he is violating that important dramatic convention, which is *truth*. He may, if he chooses, omit certain qualities which, in his judgment, have no bearing upon the plot or action of the play, but in no case may he add any phase of character which the original did not possess.

For the correct portrayal of character, there are two means at the author's disposal,—speech and action. These must serve as his constant guide; for as the speech is written for acting purposes only, it must be so constructed that the actor can readily unite it with his own personality in such a way that the personality of the character treated will be accurately exposed to the public. In the treatment of "Richelieu," our chief consideration will be the

extent to which the author has succeeded in the correct portrayal of character.

In the character of Richelieu the author finds difficulties which would not be encountered in any other character in history. The strength of his mind and the depth of his thought give rise to a difficulty in the arrangement of suitable speech; and the peculiar way in which he met the peculiar difficulties and conditions of his historic life makes the necessary conformity of speech to action and action to speech a very perplexing problem. The speech must necessarily be elevated and of a rather philosophic nature, and the speech and the action must combine in such a way as to bring out his patriotism, his pride, his self-consciousness, his resoluteness and his craftiness. After all this is done, it is a difficult matter to find a man who can execute the necessary action in a manner that approaches closely to perfection. The part is necessarily so intense that even the masters can scarcely do justice to it. This is a difficulty which no author could avoid, and we may safely say that Lytton disposed of this difficulty as far and as consistently as possible. The play, however, does not exactly portray the character of Richelieu. It gives us a *generally* correct idea of the kind of man he was, but shows a slight inconsistency in the combination. For instance, one gathers from the way events are presented in the play, that Richelieu neglected his duties towards the Church in his zeal for the welfare of France. This is not true; and yet I have never witnessed the production of the play without feeling how strongly it suggested this condition. This appeals as the one inconsistency all through the play. Other qualities of Richelieu, which are mentioned above, are very vividly shown in the course of the play. For instance, his strong patriotism is well shown in the following lines, which close the first act:

"France! I love thee! All earth shall never pluck thee from my heart! My mistress, France—my wedded wife,—sweet France, who shall proclaim divorce from thee and me!"

What a depth of feeling, what a wealth of noble sentiment, is conveyed by these passionate lines! In them Richelieu lays open his whole heart, and shows us how intensely deep is his love for France. Again, these lines serve to show that Richelieu, in spite of his stern nature, his love for France, his crafty ability as a statesman, and his unlimited service to the cause of his country, still cherished that kind of love in

his heart which most men in his circumstances are inclined to forget. He had just given the hand of his orphan ward in marriage to De Mauprat. She had just departed with her husband, and Richelieu sees how far she has been removed from him, and realizing this he turns with these words to France as the last thing left for him to love. These lines, I believe, show forth the finest qualities of his character.

His shrewdness is manifested throughout the entire action of the play, and it is upon this quality that the author bases his plot. The manner in which he deals with his enemies by negotiating with them in such a way as to make friends of them is strikingly brought forth in the play. For instance, he discovers the love of Julie and Mauprat for each other; Mauprat is his bitter enemy, yet a man of good qualities and suited to Richelieu's designs. Mauprat has been sentenced to death and is at the mercy of Richelieu. Julie begs the Cardinal to be merciful, and he, seeing where he would be benefited by Mauprat's friendship, grants him pardon and allows the wedding of Julie with him, whereupon Mauprat swears his allegiance to Richelieu. Mauprat is afterwards persuaded to believe that Richelieu has tricked him, and joins the conspirators against Richelieu. He finds Richelieu alone in his chamber and is about to slay him. Richelieu dares him to do so, tells him how Julie, being deserted by her husband, returns to him for protection, calls Julie forth from her chamber. They are reunited and Mauprat is once more on the side of Richelieu. Again the cunning of Richelieu is manifested in the manner in which he, with the aid of Mauprat, foils his enemies. They swarm the castle eager for his life. He casts himself upon the bed in his chamber and feigns death, while Mauprat informs the conspirators that with his own hands he strangled the Cardinal. Thus Mauprat, who sought Richelieu with the avowed purpose of taking his life, in the short space of a few minutes became his most valiant defender.

There is a striking incident in the second scene of the second act, where occurs that old familiar saying: "The pen is mightier than the sword," when Richelieu recalls his soldier days when he was young and strong. He commands a large sword which he then used to be brought to him. He is telling of his adventures at Rochelle, and while doing so attempts

to wield the sword, but falls back faint. Here he draws that striking comparison between the pen and the sword.

All through the play Richelieu never loses confidence in himself. He realizes his true greatness. It is his chief incentive to labor, because he is aware of his value to France. There is not one character in the play that does not at some time or another refer to him as essential to the well-being of France. Even the king is mindful of his influence when he says, after the supposed death of Richelieu: "Have our laws died with Richelieu?"

In general, the character of Richelieu is well portrayed in the play. Of course the portrayal may not be complete, and perhaps not exact in every detail, but it is sufficiently so to deserve a vast deal of credit. It exposes a character in a general way to a class of people who would not trouble themselves to study that character from history. For this reason it is a valuable work, for the character of Richelieu is one with which no one should be unfamiliar.

The play seems to harmonize exactly with the language, customs and conditions of the time of which it was written. The plot is well constructed and the story is well told. Nothing seems to have been omitted that was essential to the story, and nothing seems to have been introduced that was not essential. In no part of the play are the listeners burdened with uninteresting conversation or toilsome narrative. In the play we find excellent examples of characters serving as foils to each other; there is also a marked contrast of characters, as in the case of Louis the Thirteenth and Richelieu. The former is weak and changeable as may be seen from the following lines:

"The king is but the wax which Richelieu stamps—"
And again the strength of Richelieu's power and character is shown in the following line:

"Art thou not the cardinal king, the lord of life and death?—Art thou not Richelieu?"

Several places through the play these two characters are strikingly contrasted. This is especially true where the king admits his dependence upon Richelieu. Then again there is a strong contrast shown in the characters of Julie and of Marion de Lorme. This is manifested not so much by the actual wording of the play as by way of implication and suggestion. Julie shows herself to be a pure and innocent maiden, while Marion, though she is kept to a great extent in the background, impresses us as being

a very different character. Then there is the contrast between Mauprat and Baradas. Mauprat seems to be rather a victim of fortune, yet in spite of opposition to his progress he is brave, honest, sincere and truthful. Baradas, on the other hand, is a villain in character, plotting for his own interests and against the interests of his friends. The character of the monk is a simple, sincere type of the man whose life is given to God.

"Richelieu" is highly elevating. It shows us the character of him who is perhaps the greatest statesman that the world has ever seen. It gives us an idea of the conditions of France at that time, of the man who put forth his very interesting, peculiar and effective method of meeting the problems which beset him.

It is not a perfect play by any means, yet it is full of exciting incidents, stirring action and dramatic situations. It holds the listener in attention from beginning to end. The listeners watch with sympathy the decline of Richelieu's health until the last act, when they are delighted to see him rise almost from the grave when he sees that France is safe from harm. The play ends with him once more strong and healthy, and the audience is highly pleased with the general and sudden turn of affairs.

Varsity Verse.

APPRECIATION.

A word of thanks for kindness done
Gives greater joy than countless gold,
A word of praise is wages won
Far sweeter than can e'er be told.

To hear the words from grateful lips
That tell us of the joy we gave,
Makes dull the sting of fortune's quips
And lights the sorrow of the grave.

J. C. K.

THOUGHT AT DEATH.

Just one more chance in which I may
Prepare my soul to pass away:
Of sin repent.

But no. The Messenger is here,
And fills my soul with mighty fear;
My life is spent.

I thought to drain life's pleasures' cup,
Then, of remorse, just one short sup,
And gain the goal.

Just one more chance! A thousand gone
While I stepped all forgetting on

To lose my soul. W. Mc.

Euripides the Romanticist.

CHARLES J. MARSHALL, '11.



THE Gulf of Aegina is situated in the southeast portion of Greece; and in the northern portion of this gulf, separated from the mainland by a narrow span of water, lies the island of Salamis. It was here that the decisive battle for the Greeks, in the first Persian invasion, was fought, in the year 480 B. C. Athens lay but a short distance in on the mainland, and during these times of uncertainty and war, her citizens sought a refuge of safety for their women, their aged, their weak, and infirm upon the near-by island of Salamis. Here, while the Grecian victory was won hard by, Euripides, the Grecian Shakespeare, was brought into the world by Clito, the wife of Mnesarchus, a merchant of Athens.

At the end of the first Persian invasion, Euripides was probably taken back to Athens by his parents, and there he witnessed the growth of art; for up to the time of his birth, and, indeed, even until the end of the second Persian invasion, in 466, Athens was little more than several villages of mud huts. It was during the early life of Euripides that the city seemed to have received an impetus, as a result of the war; and temples, theatres and private dwellings sprang up as if by magic, reflecting a state of perfection in architecture to which the world had not yet attained.

As a youth he was noted for his "fair visage" and for being a "gentleman born." He was a torch-bearer at the festival of Apollo of Zoster, a village on the coast of Attica, where the young men clad in Theraic garments, danced around the altar. None but handsome and well-born youths were chosen for that office. His father educated him with the intention of making him an athlete, and in this his father was influenced by the sign in which Euripides was born, since it was said to indicate that he would be most successful in that profession. Either there was nothing in the omen, or the augurs who read it misinterpreted, because Euripides never succeeded as an athlete. Either he was too light, too young, or too old for any of the contests for which he was entered. Later, as a young man, he made himself noted by having collected a private library, which for that time

was a very rare thing, owing to the great value of the manuscripts, which had to be written on costly material. He had collected his library before he reached his twenty-sixth year.

He was married twice. By the first wife he had two sons. His married life, however, proved a failure; and this may have been because his wives could not agree. Still it is not known as a certainty whether Euripides was a bigamist or not, though bigamy was allowed at that time in Athens, owing to the great havoc plague and war had wrought upon the population.

In his prime he wore a bushy beard, and his face was covered with freckles. He was a kind of recluse, not mingling with the other citizens as much as the average Athenian of his day was wont to do. It is said he rarely smiled and never laughed. Friends, indeed, he had, but they were few in number. Socrates was a friend who never failed to be present at the first performance of Euripides' plays, and to criticize them, and had, it is said, once to implore him to cut out from a play certain offensive lines. Yet, even though they were such familiar friends, there is no trace left of Euripides having been present at any banquet or public gathering with Socrates.

It was the fashion of his time that everyone should dabble in politics, and he who refused to accept some office of the state, or at least have a hand in its running, was looked upon with the greatest disfavor. Euripides was contented to let others wrangle over state affairs, while he remained secluded, busy and happy, working on some new play. Again, he was not afraid to assert his disbelief in the gods of his nation; and though few of his time respected these gods, they knew that their forefathers had worshiped them and had, what is more, claimed to have descended from them. While the Athenians laughed at these gods when presented by Sophocles and Æschylus according to old mythology, they were unwilling that another should openly voice their own sentiments. These were the reasons on account of which the Athenians, both ignorant and educated, strove to make Euripides' life as unpleasant as possible. This they accomplished by circulating throughout the city all manner of false tales concerning him. They carried this on even to the extent of circulating a false story as to the manner in which he died, though he died in a strange land after an exile of two years.

Euripides was a philosopher; and it was because he was a philosopher that he had the courage to color his plays with his beliefs. To him is given the honor of having been the first to introduce philosophy on the stage. He reasoned that there is but one God, a supreme, all-knowing, all-wise Being and, though a pagan, he reasoned that this God must be a "spiritual and intangible" being, and "could not, like Neptune, Iris or Bacchus, be parodied on the stage." "Neptune and Hercules, in the comedy of the 'Birds' of Aristophanes, might be bribed by savory meats, or hide themselves under an umbrella; but the 'great gods' whom the pious Socrates and Euripides yearned to behold were beyond the reach, and perhaps the comprehension, of the satirist."

It was, then, the treatment of his plays in reference to their connection as drama with the religion of his day that made Euripides a romanticist. His contemporaries and his predecessors had written their plays in accordance with the laws which mythology and Athenian pagan belief dictated—even though faith in the myths and pagan religion were dead. Euripides, though treating the same subjects, handled them with little or practically no regard for these laws. He was of the opinion that it was the duty of the dramatist to teach the people rather than to be taught by them. This conviction he is said to have drastically emphasized. Once, when the spectators had become incensed at his play and had begun casting stones at the actors, Euripides was obliged to come on the stage himself and crave the spectators to keep their seats until the end of the performance. Another time when the whole house demanded that an offensive passage or sentiment in a tragedy be struck out, he said: "Good people, it is my business to teach you and not to be taught by you." How the "good people" took this curt rebuff is not recorded. Disapproval, however, could not discourage Euripides, for he continued to prepare play upon play.

The plays of Euripides are remarkable for the treatment of their women characters, and for the human feeling manifested towards slaves. "If Euripides were generally a woman-hater, he was at least not always consistent in his aversion. No one of the Athenian stage-poets has written more to the credit of good women, or more delicately or tenderly delineated female character." Some of his female characters "are braver and wiser than the men

above them." Indeed, his women characters are far too good to be classed with those drawn by his critic, Aristophanes.

The sentiment in Athens during his life towards slaves, is shown by the treatment they accorded these slaves; and this treatment was the same as that which they gave to dumb animals. One who looked upon a slave as being in any respect human, was himself looked upon as being of an unsound mind. Euripides even goes almost to an extreme in putting into the slave's mouth maxims and opinions meet for a philosopher. He perceived, and he strove to make others perceive, that servitude does not necessarily extinguish virtue or good sense. And yet Euripides, it was claimed, was of an austere disposition.

The tastes and the beliefs of Euripides did not correspond with those of his country during his life, and, though he fought and won his battles against all his adversaries for many years, his well-nigh indomitable spirit was at last willing to leave the field. His "Orestes" was the last play he exhibited at Athens, and shortly after, in his seventy-fourth year, having practically completely fought a single-handed combat both against his hostile contemporary writers and against the populace of Athens for almost fifty years, he withdrew undefeated and not forgotten. Having left Athens he spent some time in Magnesia. After a short time, however, he consented to enlarge by his presence the circle of intellectual lights around the table of Archelaus, king of Macedonia. There he found Agathon, Timotheus, the musical composer, and Choerilus, an epic poet,—all his old friends who had, like himself, tasted Athenian disfavor. Here Euripides, who most likely had nothing to do with the affairs of state to any extent, wrote two of his finest plays, "The Bacchanals" and "Iphigenia at Aulis." His pleasant life of voluntary exile did not long endure, for after having been with Archelaus for less than two years he died at the age of seventy-six.

Athens, which had gossiped about him, which had detracted him in life, continued to heap odium on him when the news of his death came, by circulating false and revolting stories as to the circumstances surrounding his death. But hate him as they might, their hatred could not last for long. Sophocles was the first to show signs of recantation by forbidding the player's crown and gaudy dress to be worn in the production of his plays after Euripides'

death, out of respect for him. It was not long before Athens, which was most slow in admitting that it had been wrong, sent envoys to Pella, the capital of Macedonia, to bring home the remains of Euripides. The Athenians were doomed to meet the disappointment they so well deserved, for Archelaus, who was able to appreciate Euripides in life, appreciated him likewise in death, and insisted upon burying his remains with great pomp and ceremony at Pella; while Athens, the place Euripides had loved so well and had admonished so wisely, was compelled to content itself with a cenotaph and a bust, which was placed in the Dionysic theatre.

His works are said to have consisted of ninety-two dramas, including eight satyr-plays, of which number only eighteen are extant. The principal of these are, "Alcestis," "Medea," the two "Iphigenias," "The Bacchanals," "Ion," "Hippolytus," "The Phoenician Women," "The Suppliants," "The Children of Hercules," "The Phrenzy of Hercules," "The Fate of Troy," "Hecuba," "The Trojan Women," and "The Cyclops." In his plays he was bound by certain restrictions which—though he, under the most severe criticism, broke from them to as great an extent as his times would permit—obliged him, nevertheless, to build his actions and his plots upon some old Greek myth, and not only to represent those myths as possible or probable, but rather as facts not to be doubted. The plots of nearly all of his plays, which, for his time, were of a romantic nature, would make excellent fairy tale plots for modern nursery stories.

The poet, it is said, is generally ahead of his time; and this seems to have been the case with Euripides. It is due to this fact, most likely, that he was so severely criticized and poorly appreciated both by his contemporary *littérateurs* and by his fellow-citizens. During his long literary life of almost fifty years, only four or five times was he awarded first prize for his plays, while Sophocles, who wrote no more copiously, and who possessed no romantic tendencies, received first prize twenty times for his plays during a literary career of practically the same length of time.

It was that same romantic tendency which made even the Greeks shortly after his death begin to acknowledge that his broad-minded views and his didactical, philosophical plays were more nearly right than their own ideals

of a play. It was the same tendency which made the great literary lights of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries eulogize Euripides and disregard his contemporaries.

In our own time we have, according to a certain system termed *histriometry*, a gage of Euripides' greatness as compared with that of Sophocles, his most noted contemporary. The estimate is obtained by comparing the number of references that certain great writers, such as Plato, Aristotle, Plutarch and Epictetus, make to the works of Sophocles and the number of references they make to the works of Euripides. It has been found that Euripides' works have been quoted over twice as many times as those of Sophocles have been. Again they compare quotations in dictionaries, and Euripides is quoted more than twice as frequently as is Sophocles. They compare the number of their extant plays and find that we possess more than two and a half times as many plays of Euripides' as we do of Sophocles'. They discover that we have two and a fourth times as many busts, which have come down from the past, of Euripides than we have of Sophocles. Finally they notice that historians have given almost three times as much space to Euripides as they have given to Sophocles. Then summing up they tell us that "Notwithstanding the overwhelming number of victories which Sophocles achieved over his rival for dramatic excellence, the verdict of mankind seems to be that, as far as eminence and fame are concerned, Euripides is over twice as renowned as Sophocles."

We have seen what favor Euripides was accorded by the few critics and fellow-citizens of Athens; we have seen what favor all educated Europe has for over two thousand years meted out to him. We are surely safe in saying that the Greeks did not realize the true greatness of Euripides, even after his death, when upon his Grecian cenotaph¹ they carved:

To Hellas' bard all Hellas gives a tomb:
On Macedon's far shores his relics sleep:
Athens, the pride of Greece, was erst his home,
Whom now all praise and all in common weep.

BETWEEN a dead conscience and a dying faith men amuse themselves with philosophical theories which reduce the Almighty to a vague abstraction, an insoluble problem, or to anything else which removes Him from the active government of the world.—*John R. G. Hassard.*

Notre Dame Scholastic

Entered as Second-Class Mail Matter

Published every Saturday during the School Term at the
University of Notre Dame

Terms: \$1.50 per Annum. Postpaid

Address: The Editor Notre Dame Scholastic
Notre Dame, Indiana

Vol. XLIV. February 4, 1911. No. 17.

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Calendar.

Sunday, Feb. 5—Band Practice after Mass.
St. Joseph Literary Society.
Brownson Literary Smoker
Corby Literary Society.

Monday, Feb. 6—Band Practice 12:30
Orchestra Practice
Rifle Practice. Co. C. 12:30

Tuesday, Feb. 7—Glee Club Practice 7:00 P. M.
Rifle Practice Co. D. 12:30

Wednesday, Feb. 8—N. D. vs. Turners, Basket-ball
at Toledo, Ohio
Prof. Newman at 2:15 P. M.
Philopatrian Society.
Civil Engineering Society.
Drill. 4:30 p. m.
Rifle Practice. Co. A. 12:30

Thursday, Feb. 9—N. D. vs. Y. M. O. at Detroit,
Michigan
Band Practice after mass.

Friday, Feb. 10—Band Practice at 12:30
Drill. 1:30 p. m.
Rifle practice Co. B. 12:30

Saturday, Feb. 11—Track Meet in big gym. N. D.
vs. Ohio State
Baseball practice daily at 3:00 p. m.
Thursday at 9:45.
Track Practice Daily at 3:45 p. m. Thurs-
day after mass.
Basketball Practice Daily, 3:00 p. m.
Thursday 10:30 a. m.

In the peculiar democracy of our institution there are certain things that are taken for granted. One of these dogmas is that honest labor is as honorable and ennobling as any virtue that is practised. This dictum is accepted by everybody, the sons of rich and poor alike. The snob who would attempt to deny it would find his words ringing false, for it is a part of the spirit of the institution. Theoretically, then, the proposition is accepted, but in its practice there is an abuse to be corrected. The student need not wait until he goes out into the world to test the dignity of labor; he can find out for himself, and he must discover for himself, that labor is the one thing that is required of him at all times. The student who lolls about in his room reading magazines, and goes to class without his duties performed and with his lesson unprepared, knows nothing of the dignity of labor, and will fail to make the proper use of his opportunities later. This question is not one of theory, but one of the utmost practical importance.

—The movement now on foot to set the inter-hall basket-ball league going should find support everywhere. Basket-ball is about the only sport that offers the opportunity of athletic contests during the dull winter season, and it would seem natural that the students display some interest in it.

The hall managers have exerted their best efforts to secure teams, but calls for practice have been issued time and again and halls with a score or more good players have sent two and three men to practise. It might be considered that basket-ball is an unpopular diversion, only that no other form of athletic activity is pursued in its place. Very few skaters have tested the ice on the lake and the bowling alleys have not attracted the crowds that they should. Exercise in the indoor season is just as necessary as at any other time and should not be neglected. January and February are the months that more than all others hang heavy. Usually outdoor sport of any kind is not to be thought of; and even walking, that mildest form of exercise, is frequently unpleasant. The managers of the different hall teams have put into concrete form a schedule to cover a playing period of eight or ten weeks. There should be no lack of interest as we know from the experience of football, baseball and track. Inter-

—In a recent sermon the Reverend President called attention to three virtues that are essential in the life of the student: the realization of the dignity of labor, obedience and purity. The first has a particular application here at Notre Dame.

hall basket-ball games for Thursday and Sunday afternoons should bring enthusiastic "rooters" to the gymnasium, and slow going hours should quicken their pace.

—It is pleasing to note that the students have taken kindly to the establishment of the People's Eucharistic League at the University, and that

The People's Eucharistic League among Us. the little gold and blue emblems are worn by so large a number. The pur-

pose of the league is highly praiseworthy, and it is to be hoped it will accomplish its end. The devotion to the Blessed Sacrament is one of the most beautiful and most consoling of those prescribed by the Church. Bishop Chartrand, of Indianapolis, who has done great work in establishing the practice of frequent Communion among the people recently said, in a sermon on frequent Communion, that this was the highest sign of predilection: that the person who was devoted to the Blessed Sacrament and approached the holy table frequently was sure of receiving the grace of a good death. It is hoped that more and more frequent visits to the Blessed Sacrament will be one of the fruits of the league.

—January is gone and with it we hope has gone the grippe and kindred evils. February is a short month, and tradition has given it some-

Work On and Be Patient. what of a reputation for reasonably good weather offerings.

Perhaps it will not live up to its reputation, but March follows and then the glories of spring are not so far ahead. The signs of preparation will be everywhere. Poets will be about of nights casting for inspiration among the stars, the boat crews will be looking after the well-being of the shell that is to carry them to victory, and the man who directs the planting of the flowers will look up at the sky for signs of the times. All told, the days will move apace and the Spring shower and budding leaf and warm sun will be upon us much sooner than we dream. A little patience, a great deal of hard work to keep the fancy from drifting with the swift, silent stream of musing, and the glory of the Springtime will come with great strides. Too much look "before and after" helps to tie lead to the heels of time.

Bishop McGolrick at the University.

The venerable Bishop McGolrick of Duluth was our guest for a few days during the week. He visited with the President and members of the Faculty, called on the minims, gave them knotty words to spell, difficult sentences to parse, and when he left had scores of friends among the little fellows. The Duluth boys called on him and enjoyed a pleasant half hour's visit. We will not soon forget Bishop McGolrick's charming personality and trust he will find time to come again soon. Rev. Father McDonnell of Longwood and Wm. J. Onahan of Chicago accompanied the bishop.

Seumas MacManus in Folk Lore.

Mr. Seumas MacManus told some wild and wonderful tales that tested the credulity of a rather slim audience Thursday evening, January 26. The Carrollites proved the best listeners and seemed to enjoy the tales very much. The older members of the audience were inclined to take the tales too literally, and appeared to question seriously a number of statements. As has been said before in these pages, we do not consider Mr. MacManus notably gifted as an entertainer.

Bishop Hickey's Visit.

On Saturday afternoon the University was honored by a visit from the Right Rev. Thomas F. Hickey, bishop of the important diocese of Rochester, N. Y. Bishop Hickey is no stranger at the University, owing in part to his active interest in our work. In coming to the University the bishop of Rochester was to all purposes coming to his own. There are enough graduates from his Cathedral High School now working for degrees at Notre Dame to give their distinguished prelate a royal reception.

Bishop Hickey sang pontifical high mass in the college chapel Sunday morning, assisted by Rev. Father Crumley as arch-priest, Rev. Father Schumacher as deacon and Rev. Father Maguire as sub-deacon. Rev. Father Connor acted as master of ceremonies. At the conclusion of mass the bishop preached a very thoughtful sermon suggested from the season of the Epiphany. He compared all real truth-seekers to the three kings and all teachers to

those who informed the wise men where the Christ-Child was born.

At noon Mr. Cyril J. Curran, '12, of Rochester, and one of the Cathedral high school graduates delivered an address of welcome to which Bishop Hickey responded. He went beyond the immediate subject of his response to touch upon other topics of vital interest to the students. At the conclusion of his address he was given a most appreciative greeting from all the boys of the East dining-room. We hope Bishop Hickey will favor us with another visit very soon.

Mr. Newman's Fourth Lecture.

Wednesday afternoon at 2:15 Mr. Newman took us through Norway, Sweden and Denmark in one of the most delightful trips of the series. Denmark farm life in moving pictures was most realistic. Mr. Roosevelt was shown in a graphic manner during his visit to Copenhagen. Our friend Minister Egan, former professor here, was noticed in the throng of distinguished diplomats and European potentates, and was given a vociferous greeting. We could almost see Dr. Egan bow his acknowledgments.

The Feast of the Purification.

Thursday morning, feast of the Purification, solemn high mass was sung at 8 o'clock by Rev. Vice-President Crumley assisted by Rev. Father O'Donnell as deacon and Father Maguire subdeacon. The celebrant explained the meaning of the feast before celebrating the holy sacrifice. The regular procession was held after the ceremony of blessing the candles.

Apostolate of Religious Reading.

The following books have been added to the library of the Apostolate; "Connor D'Arcy's Struggles" by Bertholds, "The Circus-Rider's Daughter" by Brackel, "The Necromancers," "The Conventionalists," "The Light Invisible" by Benson, "The Woman Who Never Did Wrong" by Conway, "Pioneer Priests in America" by Campbell (given by Father Cavanaugh), "Linked Lives" by Douglass, "Soggarth Aroon" by Guinan, "Not a Judgment," "When Love is Strong" by Keon, "The Thrall of Lief the Lucky" by Liljencrantz, "The Quest of the Yellow Pearl" by Macfarlane,

"The Other Miss Lisle," "Rose of the World" by Martin, "Idea of a University," "Apologia Pro Vita Sua," by Newman, "Pearl," "Black Slum Idyls" by Parr.

Obituary.

The sad news of the death of the mother of Mr. Pedro de Landero reached the University this week. Those who enjoyed the happiness of knowing this noble Catholic mother speak in enthusiastic terms of her strong and lovable character. To Mr. Pedro de Landero of Sorin Hall and to his sister of St. Mary's College, the SCHOLASTIC in behalf of the University, offers assurance of profoundest sympathy and prayerful remembrance. To the venerable Dr. de Landero whose charming personality has endeared him to many here at the University, and to the Mrs. de Landero of Guadalajara, Mexico, we offer sincere condolence. R. I. P.

Personals.

—Chester Freeze, student '06-'10 is in the sales department of the Western Electric Co., of Chicago, Ill.

—Daniel V. Casey, (Litt. B. '95), one of the best football men of his time, is Associate Editor of the System Magazine, Chicago.

—Jesse Roth (A. B. '10) is in the Circulation Department of the Chicago *Record-Herald*. Jesse is a member of the I. A. C. and is competing for them in track this season.

—Father Provincial and the President of the University assisted last week at the consecration of Bishop Kelley, auxiliary bishop of Detroit. The ceremony took place in Ann Arbor, Mich.

—Ladislaus Herman, student in '07-'08, is the attorney for the Landlords Association in Chicago. "Dutch" was a lusty rooter for the gold and blue men in the First Regiment Meet last Saturday.

—The marriage of Miss Harriet Biesen, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. P. F. Biesen of Chicago, to Mr. Gerald Fitzgibbon took place at the Church of the Holy Cross, Chicago, at nine o'clock last Tuesday morning. Mr. Fitzgibbon was a student at Notre Dame in '04-'06 and is well remembered by some of the older students. The SCHOLASTIC extends congratulations and best wishes.

Society Notes.

BROWNSON LITERARY AND DEBATING.

The Brownson Society held its twelfth regular meeting last Sunday evening. The first preliminary for the St. Joseph-Brownson debate was held, the subject for debate being: "Resolved, That cities with a population of over thirty thousand should adopt the commission form of government." There was no team work in the debate, the object being to select according to individual merit. Messrs. Cotter, Flanagan, Mahoney and Marshall spoke in favor of the question, while Messrs. Halligan and McCarthy opposed. The results were as follows: Mahoney (1), Halligan (2), Cotter (3), McCarthy (4). After the judge's decision was announced, Messrs. Halligan and Mahoney made short addresses. The retiring president, William Cotter, made a farewell speech and announced that the election of officers would take place on Feb. 5. The society also voted in favor of a smoker to be held next Sunday evening. After a few remarks by the critic the meeting adjourned with prayer.

WALSH LITERARY AND DEBATING.

The Walsh hall Literary and Debating Society held its regular meeting Sunday, Jan. 29, 1911. Nothing in the way of entertainment was rendered owing to the amount of business before the society. It was decided that a bi-weekly meeting was preferable to the present system. A program committee was appointed by the chair and it is expected that the next meeting will be very interesting because of the variety of the program. Before closing, the society was addressed by Father Quinlan on the merits of literary societies to the students. At the conclusion of Father Quinlan's very practical remarks the meeting adjourned.

CIVIL ENGINEERING.

At its last meeting the Civil Engineering Society had the opportunity of hearing Mr. Frank Enage, a native of the Philippine Islands discuss "Municipal Engineering in the Philippines." Mr. Enage showed that conditions have been materially improved with the advancement of municipal engineering in the islands, and that the once swampy lowlands are cleared up by good drainage systems. The distribution of water for domestic purposes is

effected in a manner much more consistent with sanitary conditions. A sketch of the life of Robert Stevenson along with some of his great works was well presented in a paper by Mr. Joseph Kelley. The most noted work of Stevenson was the construction of many important and gigantic bridges. The Victoria bridge over the St. Lawrence near Montreal is a fitting monument to the genius of Stevenson. This bridge is nearly two miles long and the heaviest piers weighed 12000 tons. Mr. Paul O'Brien answered questions upon the Principle of Archimedes with the firmness of one well informed and furnished the numerous inquirers with satisfactory information. The Principle brings forth many novel problems and as a result most interesting discussions arose. Mr. Marcielle failed to present the paper assigned to him.

At this meeting a committee was appointed to give expression, in the form of resolutions, of the profound sympathy felt for Mr. de Landero by the members of the society on the loss he has recently sustained in the death of his mother.

RESOLUTIONS.

WHEREAS: It pleased Almighty God in His infinite wisdom to deprive our esteemed fellow member, Mr. de Landero, of his beloved mother; and

WHEREAS; His family lost a kind and loving mother; and

WHEREAS; Mr. de Landero is a charter and active member of this society, be it therefore

RESOLVED; That we, the members of the Civil Engineering Society of the University of Notre Dame extend to Mr. de Landero our most sincere sympathy in his bereavement and sorrow; and be it further

RESOLVED: That a copy of these resolutions be sent to our bereaved fellow-member and that a copy of the same be printed in the NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC.

N. A. Gamboa

C. J. Derrick

J. Wolf

J. Romana

A. Sanchez

Committee.

St. JOSEPH LITERARY.

Last Sunday evening St. Joseph Literary Society offered but a short program owing to preparations for the coming debate with Brownson Literary Society. However, Mr. Zinc addressed the members on the subject of "Chinese Immigration," showing very decidedly that the Chinese should not be permitted to enter our country. Mr. W. Redden recited a comic poem and Mr. W. Galvin read an original story.

Local Items.

—What has happened to the inter-class basket-ball project?

—On Friday the feast of St. Blasius, all the students had their throats blessed.

—The Holy Eucharist devotions were very well attended Friday evening. Every hall was well represented.

—A Valentine Party given by the younger members of St. Patrick's Church was very well patronized by the local Beau Bummels.

—Alfred Bergman has been chosen captain of the Corby basket-ball team. He expects to bring together a strong aggregation.

—Carl Goetler tells us he has added a new member to the Pittsburg Club. Fine work Carl. Hope Mr. Miller will like the place.

—Mr. Newman's lectures are still drawing large crowds. Next week will be his last. Don't miss it. It will be worth the sacrifice.

—Eucharistic League badges are very much in evidence on the campus. Nearly every Catholic student in the University is now enrolled.

—The aspirants for inter-hall track honours are nightly holding forth in the gym. Coach Maris expects to find many worthy recruits for his Varsity from this crowd.

—The Knights of Columbus are busy preparing for the initiation of new members. The local order is doing good work and deserves the support of every student.

—Walsh hall basket-ball team suffered defeat at the hands of Mishawaka High School Saturday night. It was a closely contested game, M. H. S. winning 18-17.

—About forty men responded to Coach Kelley's call for candidates for baseball Monday afternoon. There seems to be a good bunch of material for the coach to work on this year and the competition for places on the team should be keen.

—The Varsity Glee Club had its first try out Saturday night under Professor Petersen. This is indeed a worthy work and every man who has even the semblance of a voice should hand in his name immediately to the Professor. A Glee club in the University will fill a long felt want.

—A requiem mass was celebrated by Rev. Father Lavin in Sorin chapel on Wednesday

morning for the repose of the soul of Peter de Landero's mother who died recently. Sorin students attended in a body. A mass requested by the senior class was said by Father Walsh in the basement chapel the same morning.

—The schedule for the preliminary debates has been announced. They will be held the nights of Feb. 27th, Feb. 28th, March 1st and March 2nd. Six men will compete each night from whom four will be picked for the semi-finals.

—The natatorium presents a pleasing sight to all the followers of aquatic sports. Daily at three o'clock one can find the pool very much occupied by enthusiasts. A good many records should go when "Heb" and Johnnie Mehlem appear this spring.

—Alonzo J. Hammond, former City Engineer of South Bend, who has been a member of the Merriam Commission of Chicago, will deliver an illustrated lecture on the Panama Canal in Washington Hall this evening. Mr. Hammond was a member of President Taft's party when the latter visited the isthmus previous to his election and is especially well qualified to furnish an entertaining and instructive evening. The lecture is intended primarily for engineering students, but the world-wide importance of the Panama Canal makes it incumbent on every educated person to be acquainted with the progress of the work being done there.

—The Battalion is still forging ahead. Monday night parade formations were practised and presented a very pretty picture. Hereafter Monday night drill will be abandoned until such time as the weather will permit the men to drill outside, then this night will be given over to dress parade. The practice in the manual of arms is still going on. Rifle practice will be in order at 12:30 p.m. to 1:30 p.m. on Monday for Co. C, on Tuesday for Co. D; on Wednesday for Co. A; on Friday for Co. B. As soon as the men become proficient Captain Stogsdall intends to organize rifle teams from each company to compete for the championship of the companies.

Athletic Notes.

NOTRE DAME, 16; NORTHWESTERN, 9.

A contest which was expected to be mediocre in its offerings turned out to be a real live

basket-ball game when the Varsity met Northwestern College of Naperville, Ill., on the local field last Saturday afternoon. The fans had heard little of the prowess of the visitors but their departure left us much in admiration of their work. The game opened fast and it took only a few minutes of playing to make it evident that Captain Fish and his men were in for a hard struggle if victory was to be theirs. The short accurate passing of the visitors gave them the advantage for the team work during the earlier part of the game but they failed to cage the ball after repeatedly bringing it down in the vicinity of their goal. Captain Fish started the fans going by making the first field goal of the afternoon after several minutes of play. Granfield next caused a near panic by making a difficult shot from near the centre of the field. The latter part of the first half was all in the favor of the local men, the score standing 10 to 4 in their favor at the finish.

The second half opened fast and the visitors succeeded in holding the locals well in check throughout the period. Maloney contributed a field goal and two goals from fouls and O'Neill scored another field goal which ended the point making from the Notre Dame standpoint. Biester and Schrader were responsible for five of the points made by Northwestern. The playing being so fast proved to be of rather a rough order all through the second session and the clever work of both teams' guards prevented several excellent chances for scores. Ulatowski suffered an injury to his hand and was forced to leave the game. The substitutes were given a chance during the last few minutes of play and while they worked excellently on the defense their efforts on the offense failed to get on the score board.

Summary:

NOTRE DAME		NORTHWESTERN
Fish, McNicol	R. F.	Schrader
Maloney	L. F.	Frank
O'Neill	C.	Kastner
Walsh, Granfield	R. G.	Beister
Ulatowski, Feeney	L. G.	Lipt.

Field Goals—Maloney, 2; Fish, 2; Granfield, 2; O'Neill, 1; Schrader, 2; Beister, 1. Free Throws—Maloney, 2; Schrader, 3.

BASEBALL MEN DON TOGS.

A large number of candidates for the baseball team answered the call last Monday and appeared in the local gym for the first workout. The fortunes of Notre Dame's baseball laurels for the season of 1911 rest in the hands of Albert

Kelley, this year's coach. That "Red" is thoroughly capable to handle the team can best be judged by going over his record during the past two years since first he made his appearance at Notre Dame as a left fielder on the varsity. During the season of 1909 he led the team in hitting and proved a most consistent player in the other departments of the game. He was elected captain of last season's team and also acted as coach when Coach Smith left the team in May to join the South Bend club. On leaving school in June "Red" played with the White Sox team of the American league and also with the Des Moines team of the Western league. He is at present under control of the former team.

Several of the old men made their appearance. Among them were "Billy" Ryan of the pitching staff, Captain Connelly, "Bill" Heyl, Phillips, Williams and Quigley. Ulatowski will continue at basket-ball for a few weeks after which he will join the squad.

BROWNSON VS. ST. JOSEPH.

The inter-hall basket-ball curtain was raised Sunday afternoon. Brownson put a severe kink in the aspirations of the boys from the west side by beating them 26 to 8. The game was one of the roughest that has been played on the local floor, and reminded one more of an ordinary rough-house than a basket-ball game. Only for a short period in the first half did the St. Joseph team have a look-in with the Brownsonites. Morrissey starred for Brownson, and Nowers' work at guard was of a high character. Howard was probably the best in the St. Joseph line-up.

INTER-HALL SCHEDULES.

The managers of the different halls met and arranged the following track and basket-ball schedules: Basket-ball—Jan. 29th, St. Joseph vs. Brownson; Feb. 2nd, Sorin vs. Walsh; Feb. 5th, Corby vs. St. Joseph; Feb. 9th, Brownson vs. Walsh; Feb. 12th, Corby vs. Sorin; Feb. 16th, St. Joseph vs. Sorin; Feb. 19th, Brownson vs. Corby; Feb. 23rd, Brownson vs. Sorin; Feb. 26th, Walsh vs. St. Joseph; March 2nd, Corby vs. Walsh.

March 9, Triangular meet. Brownson, Walsh and St. Joseph. First and second qualifying for finals.

March 16, Dual meet, Corby vs. Sorin.

March 23, Finals. Triangular meet.

Safety Valve.

DEAR VALVE:—I am sorry to say that your over-ambitious reporter was mistaken. I am not writing an ode for Washington's birthday, as I do not wish to embarrass my room-mate by appearing on the stage with him on that day. However—as a matter of news—John Devine is writing an ode for Decoration day.

J. F. O'H.

AT THE GRAVE.

JOHN F. DEVINE, JR.

(After the manner of "In Memoriam.")

Out 'neath yon sheltering apple tree
Within whose arms the robins nest,
I laid his bones away to rest,
And gave myself to melancholy.

The warbling oriole's sweet note
Awakes no echo in my soul;
My heart is like a lump of coal
Since melancholy got my goat.

This Decoration day I think
I see thee with me, friend, again;
But no—ah, cruel acumen,
I fear my mind is on the blink.

Sweet Melancholy, of thee I sing:
I love you with Xantippe's love,
Come be my Socrates, my dove,
And sad reflections to me bring.

"A pen," says a man who should know, "must be pushed. A pencil must be lead." Use the U. N. D. pencil for your lines. Adv.

GARDEN HINTS.

The best way to raise cabbage is by means of a knife and fork.

If wild oats are sown in spring and early summer, they make a nasty crop for the autumn.

"I tell you Galveston had *did* it long before any other city in the United States." Pointed ¶ from Guy Marshall's great speech on Commission Government.

ABOUT THE TOWN.

—Just 'cause they didn't have to many of our boys went to Vespers last Sunday.

—Harry Hebner's picture was in the paper last week. Harry is right in the swim.

[Note to printer: A joke. Don't break. This side up.]

OUR WEEKLY PRIZE PUZZLE.

Madden was standing on the water line of the ice last week, when one of the workmen said,—“Boys, we always lose a mule 'bout this time every season.” Madden legged it like old Harry. Why?

A. A.

Cloistered Corby (Protested.)

Working Walsh. (Protested.)

Sleeping Sorin. (Admitted with eclat.)

Ed Cleary just dashed this off the other night:

DISTRESS.

Lonely is this day and deary,
Since my dearest queen has fled,
Since the one whose face so cheery,
With fond hopes, my heart has fed:

Ah, a thousand darts of anguish
Pierce my soul with bitter tears,
For thy visage sweet, I languish,
Moments seem unending years.

Gone thou art, my love, my fairest,
To the land of the unknown,
Like a rose whose blush thou wearest,
Torn by zephyrs, scattered blown.
*The party is deceased presumably.

MY CLINGING VINE.

Say you love me, Agnes Twining,
And your arms about me twine.
Sweetest speak, the stars are shining,
Won't you be my clinging vine?

I, the oak, am falling, falling,
Like to one well filled with wine.*
Sweetest, list, and hear me calling,
Won't you be my clinging vine?

I am lone without you, dearest,
Storms beset this life of mine.
Sweetest come! my own, my nearest!
Won't you be my clinging vine?

Quish, Quae, Quid.

To illustrate the very point I'm making, let us take up the Patron boys. There is Rizo Antenor Maximo Patron and Rizo Enrique Amador Patron and Rizo Gerardo Juan Patron. All which seems to justify our attitude in the matter.

Glee Club Director—What note follows G, Mr. Havican. Mr. Havican—I let me see—why—er—H.

(Tumult of citizens and swift exit.)

They stroll together
Every place
Tommy Reilly
Bobbie Case.

Bobbie is a blond,
Tommie a brunette.
I never saw one
Without the other yet.

A peculiar custom prevailed among the ancient Assyrians. When they went to church they wore shining colors and neck-ties, while when visiting their friends in the city of Nineveh they wore sweaters. What strides we have made since!

This going to class by tower time—which is fast—and getting out by Western Union makes a long stretch. Even the profs. get winded.