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The Lesson of a Leaf.

S. E. TWINING, '13.

THE winds were hushed;
All nature was asleep,
And dreaming peaceful dreams;
But I was still awake.
There in the dim moonlight
I knelt beside the grave of my beloved.

I prayed, and bared
My sorrowing heart to her,
And as I prayed, behold
There fluttered gently down
A leaf, its veins yet charged with the blood of life.

You say we shall not know
Our loved ones in the life beyond the grave?
E'en as this leaf new-fallen
Will bloom again in other form
So we shall live
A newer life beyond, and know our own.

The Drama of Calderon.

JOHN F. O'HARA, '11.



HE child of the imagination clothes itself in the personality of the author. The poet's fire, the romance of the novelist, the tragic action of the dramatist, while their frame must be the conventional form left by tradition, take their chief value from the touch of self infused by the master-hand that moulds them. The characters of a drama act as the poet sees them act, as he would have them act, and it is his power to make them act as they should that pleases, and spells the success of the dramatist.

To the northern student of the Spanish drama two main difficulties are presented. In the first place, the form of the Elizabethan drama, to which we are prone unconsciously to refer all dramatic productions, was quite different in some essentials from the drama of Spain; in the second place, the English drama is above all a drama of character, while the Spanish masters bothered themselves little with character and concerned themselves chiefly with plot. Intrigue—the more intricate the better—was their principal aim. These points must be kept in mind in the study of a literature so foreign to our own, under pain of injustice to its makers.

Calderon, the greatest master of the Spanish drama, depended, like our own master, Shakespeare, on his own individuality to make his drama great. He undertook no great reform in drama; he introduced no new theories of art; he left the skeleton of the Spanish drama much as he had found it; his new forms of versification were but "variations of the strophes of Lope de Vega." He was content to use the instrument that offered, but he crowned it with the glories of a master-mind.

To understand the character of his work, it is well to pass in brief review the character of the man. Pedro Calderon de la Barca, like many another chivalrous Spaniard of the day, was a soldier, a man of letters and a priest. Born in Madrid in 1600, educated at Salamanca, he soon became known as a writer of graceful verses. Joining the army he spent some time in Italy and in Flanders, and in his wanderings he gleaned a great deal of knowledge that was afterwards made use of in his writings. The zenith of his literary career came during the middle portion of his life. In 1635 he attracted the attention of Philip IV, patron of arts and letters, who was himself both author

and critic. He was given the place left vacant by Lope de Vega, as dramatist of the court, and the expense of his productions was borne by the royal treasury. This accounts for the gorgeous settings of some of his pieces: those conventionalities which arise from the construction of the stage bothered him but little, for no expense was spared in the production of his dramas.

It was in 1651 that he took the step he had long been contemplating; he retired into a religious brotherhood and was not long after ordained a priest of the Congregation of St. Peter. This caused a decided change in the dramatic work of the author, for from that time on his work consisted chiefly of *autos sacramentales*, religious plays, produced at different intervals during the year, aiming to present some mystery connected with the Holy Eucharist.

It is impossible to place an exact estimate on the number of Calderon's dramas. Shortly before his death, in 1681, he drew up, at the request of the Duke of Veraguas, a list of his plays, in which there are mentioned one hundred and eleven dramas and seventy *autos*. So great was the reputation of Calderon that many spurious productions were put forth under his name to ensure their success, and it was almost an impossible task, even in his own time, to tell what really was the work of the author. Calderon himself, too, was averse, in the later years of his life, to claiming some of his earlier productions, for to his chastened wisdom they seemed to represent the frivolities of a thoughtless youth.

The *autos* do not concern us directly in a study of the dramatic work of Calderon, for they lie outside the province of the drama as we now consider it. Nor is a classification of species, with fine distinctions, necessary to show the merits of his drama, for such hair-splitting is not practical in a broad and general study of his work. It shall be our purpose rather to notice wherein his excellences lie and on what is based his right to the exalted position that he holds:

The Spanish, like the English drama, boldly threw aside the self-imposed conventions that cramped the French drama and regarded only the unity of action. From that point in common, however, they diverged widely. Shakespeare drew his characters from life, from all classes; Calderon's characters were not in-

dividuals, but types, and the same types can be seen in different dress in all his plays. There is the old man, typified by Basilio, in that most delightful of his comedies, *La Vida es Sueno*, "Life is a Dream," by the King Egerius, in "The Purgatory of Saint Patrick," and by the Moorish king in "The Constant Prince." Then there is the maiden and her lover who remains constant, though she is given to another, and the ever-present *gracioso*, who takes the part of the fool of Shakespeare; these and a few lovers constitute his stock-in-trade.

Shakespeare cared not a whit for plot; he selected his stories from legends and old tales, and did not bother his head with inventions. With Calderon the plot is everything. Invention is the great characteristic of Lope de Vega, and in this he is excelled by his successor. His plots are often so intricately woven that it is almost impossible for a cool northern mind to follow them. He possesses great power in the ability to throw his characters from one difficult situation into another.

It is probably in the form of versification that we notice the greatest divergence between the drama of Calderon and that of Shakespeare. Calderon was essentially a lyrist, and the free forms of Spanish dramatic composition gave him ample opportunity to indulge this strain. The Spanish drama has in it an element of the novel and of the epic; it has long passages in which are related events that have occurred out of sight of the hearers; it has long speeches in the ornate style of the times, and its settings, which are often Oriental, give place to enraptured bursts which would otherwise not be tolerated.

This was the framework found by Calderon, into which he was to infuse the vital force of his genius. Of his power to do this, Bouterweck says: "With regard to all that may be called refinement, whether in conception or execution, but more particularly in style, Calderon formed for himself an entirely new sphere. The delicate art with which he gave the last polish to the Spanish drama, without changing its nature, carries with it an ennobling dignity in some of his historical, or, as they are styled, heroic comedies. In his comedies of intrigue this delicacy is conspicuous in his manner of portraying the general forms of character, which have now become naturalized on the Spanish stage, and which usurped the place of individuality."

His conception of the character of woman,

and his fine observation of women, have marked him off from his contemporaries. He treads the mazes of the female mind, follows fickleness and constancy with patient pen, and marks the subtle reasonings of a woman's love that will surmount all obstacles to gain the object of its affection.

His own love of heroic deeds, and the chivalrous spirit of the times are reflected in the heroic characters that abound in his works. His love of honor, preserved at any sacrifice, forms the motive for the majority of his plays. His love of the Christian faith, which is frequently contrasted with the belief of the Moors, pervades all his writings, and many and beautiful lessons are taught in them, though it should be remembered that he never wrote to teach, but always to amuse and entertain.

(To be continued.)

Old Friends Meet.

ALBERT A. HILKERT, '11.

It was a golden autumn evening. A gentle breeze playfully stirred the many-colored leaves that hedged in the trail at the foot of a sunlit mountain in the southern part of Nevada. The thickly wooded mountain slope, as far as the eye could see, was one vast ocean of leaves. The rays of the setting sun falling upon this mass of richly colored leaves gave the whole an appearance of a sea of gold. Father O'Brien was slowly riding along this trail, apparently oblivious of all the beauty with which nature had surrounded him. His horse walked leisurely on plucking a leaf here and nibbling a branch there, evidently enjoying the freedom allowed him by his master. It was not customary for Father O'Brien to ride in this fashion. He was a good horseman, and his animal was a fine specimen of a western pony. This was an exceptional occasion for him. He had just received word from a traveler, who passed through Silverpeak, that a member of his flock thirty miles up the trail was dying and wished him to bring the consolations of religion to assist his departing soul on its journey to heaven. Father O'Brien, zealous priest that he was, started immediately, with Christ as his companion, to fulfil his priestly duties. He was fifteen miles under way when, overcome by the beauty of the scenery, he lost sight of earthly things and sank into deep meditation on Him

whom he carried and the beauties that must surround Him in heaven. His horse rambled on in this leisurely fashion for over an hour before Father O'Brien, brought to his senses by the rapidly setting sun, made him aware that he had a master. Knowing that darkness would soon overtake them he plied the spurs to his sturdy animal which bounded forward with new life and vigor. The hour Father O'Brien spent in meditation had benefited not only himself but his pony as well. It galloped nimbly along the trail tossing the grass and moss high into the air behind it. Awakened from his revery, Father O'Brien's thoughts rambled with intense vigor from what he had been contemplating to his own home, friends and loved ones in the East. Strive as he would to think only of Him whom he was carrying, his thoughts persisted in wandering back to the comforts and luxuries he had abandoned to work Christ's vineyard in this lonesome country. He atoned for these distracting thoughts by offering all to Christ for the salvation of the souls of the scattered flock entrusted to his care.

The light of day was nearly spent and already the shadows of night were thickly gathering beneath the trees as Father O'Brien approached an abrupt turn in the trail. He reined in his horse and slowly rounded the corner of the projecting rocks only to find some one obstructing his path. Before he had time to take in the situation a pistol was leveled at him and he was requested to dismount. As he did so four sturdy villains sprang out from the neighboring underbrush and surrounded him. The command "Hands up," rang out mingled with many an imprecation.

"Search him, men, and see what he's got," shouted one, Jack Smith, who was apparently the leader.

"I have no earthly possessions. The few cents that I have about my person I'll give you without troubling you to search me." While saying these words Father O'Brien's hand instinctively sought the pocket in which he was carrying the Blessed Sacrament.

"The devil you will," said Jack. "We'll take no chances. Search him, men."

"In the name of God, I command you to let me pass. I am a priest of God."

"What, a priest!" shouted Jack. Grasping the lantern carried by one of the gang he thrust it into Father O'Brien's face. A crash was

heard; the lantern lay on the ground broken; the silence that followed struck terror into every heart. One of the bandits regaining courage struck a match only to reveal Jack Smith prostrate upon the ground. Father O'Brien stooped over him to discover what had happened. Another lantern was soon lighted and what was the amazement of Jack's companions when they saw him clinging to Father O'Brien's knees, weeping like a child.

"Don't look at me, Father, don't look at me," he wailed.

"Why, what's the matter, man?"

"I am a sinner, yes, a very devil. Oh, help me, help me. You used to be so kind to me. Don't be cruel to me now."

"What do you mean, man? Arise and explain yourself." Jack arose.

"Don't you know me, Father? I am Dick McKenny, your old chum at St. Mary's years ago. Oh God, how I have changed! God have mercy on me!"

"Why, Dick, sure enough, I know you. Shake hands. I hardly expected to meet an old friend out here. Don't you think you had better come along with me? I have a short call to make ten miles further up the trail, and then I shall return to Silverhead, where I now live. I want you to come and spend some time with me."

"I can't. I am not worthy even to speak to you. Leave me, Father, to seek some lonely cave in which to bury myself and my sins."

"Come, come, Dick, courage. Tell your companions that you'll see them in the morning. I want you to accompany me on this sick call. I have the Blessed Sacrament with me and I want you to act as acolyte."

At these words Richard McKenny, alias Jack Smith, fell upon his knees in fervent prayer. Father O'Brien raised him, told him to mount his horse and both proceeded silently on their way. Father O'Brien thanked God, who was at that moment so near them, for the mercy He had shown to a poor sinner.

Richard McKenny did return to his companions on the following day, but only to bring them to Father O'Brien, to penance and to a better life.

"LIFE is only bright when it proceedeth
Towards a truer, deeper, life above;
Human love is sweetest when it leadeth
To a more divine and perfect love."

Varsity Verse.

SONNET TO A DEPARTED FRIEND.

SWEET soul at rest, thine eyes are closed at last
To all earth's troubles, and to earthly woe.
That mystic line, thy risen soul has passed
Across which, lo! each mortal's soul must go.
The arm of death, by God's own will, has stretched,
And smote thee with the sceptre of His power,
Yet, thank sto God, that dreaded arm has fetched
A wand'rer homeward at a timely hour

For who could wish thee back when thou hadst fled
Without the stain of sin upon thy soul?
Oh could I wish to call thee from the dead
When thou hadst safely reached the sought-for goal?
Not death is thine, for death like thine is life
In realms of love, that know not earthly strife.

A. H. W.

THE UNKNOWN DEAD.

I walked along the sandy shore
And heard the gentle wash of waves,
The liquid sod of unknown graves,
The charnel house of endless war.

Their shapely forms the food for prey,
Their ears deaf to the battle cry;
Their place no more to dare or die,
Unwept, great nations' heroes lay.

No marble traced with classic lore
Tell what their life-day glories be;
While, sailing on eternally,
The fleets of ocean pass them o'er.

H. O

NAMELESS.

Out of the cold, dreary winter of life
Springeth the Summer of beauty
Out of the sadness and sorrow and strife,
Cometh our true sense of duty.

Out of the mire of things that stain
Groweth the purity-living;
Out of poverty's sorrow and pain,
Springeth the sweetness of giving.

Out of the stillness and darkness of night,
Blossoms the radiant morning;
Out of the glorious gospel of light
Cometh God's promise and warning.

Out of the summer heat, burning and still
Cometh the winter so hoary;
Out of the grave so lifeless and chill
Riseth the soul to its glory

A. M.

Lincoln: Freshman-Class Symposium.

THE MARTYR.

We are about to celebrate the one hundred and second birthday of the savior of this country, Abraham Lincoln. Like nearly all other great men of this nation he was of humble and obscure birth, but rose to his exalted position on the wings of fame. He won his goal by a hard and fair struggle and was not found wanting when he attained it. He served his country well, and in the darkest hours of her career, he was like the star of Bethlehem, guiding this nation safely to her splendid destiny. It seems a mockery of fate that in return for his very valuable services rendered to his country he was shot down at the moment when he was about to witness the fruition of his anxiety and toil.

F. N. JOHNSON.

HIS DEVOTION TO DUTY.

It is the time of the year when it is proper for us to review the life of the man who has left a golden page for American history. Coming as he did at a time when the country was passing through her greatest ordeal, when secession, fathered by dissensions, seemed about to make two countries where nature had intended but one, we can well pause to honor this man, who guided us unerringly through this period of trial and brought us safely to the light. Lincoln had a lofty idea of duty, and seeing the right did not fail to follow it. Few presidents measured up to his high office so well and performed its duties so conscientiously. Nature made him with a strong physique and heaven endowed him with a phenomenal mind and an honest heart. All his life is one of rugged honesty and devotion to duty. As a politician and statesman he will stand tall for all the years.

W. I. ZINC.

HIS SINCERITY.

The approaching birthday of Lincoln brings to mind the stirring events of fifty years ago. At this day we look back, having emerged from the mists of sectional prejudice and bitterness, with calmness and survey the facts impartially. The question comes to our minds: Was Lincoln sincere, or did he plunge the nation into a costly war merely to satisfy his own prejudice?

No one can ever accuse Lincoln of insincerity

or bad faith. He witnessed the conditions of the Southern slave markets, and his soul revolted at the extreme cruelty practised there. It became his life ambition then to abolish this blot on American civilization, which he accomplished after much bloodshed and many bitter tears, and in the end gave up his own life in payment.

D. R. SHOVLIN.

HIS HONESTY AND JUSTICE.

The anniversary of the birth of Lincoln brings to us thoughts of what our country owes to him. From a poor boy he rose to be president of this country. As a man he was honest and fair in his dealings. The story of his long walk to restore two cents to their owner indicates his idea of honesty and how he followed it.

As a politician he was incorruptible and won offices by his personal worth. His strong devotion to the cause of the people won for him the presidency. As president he was stern but just. He saw his duty to the country and did his best to perform it. He became the executive at a crisis, but carried the Union through where many men would have weakened and dropped the burden. He struggled bravely all through the war, and did all in his power to hold together the Union. After more than four years of bloody warfare he saw his efforts crowned with success, and when the assassin's bullet ended his life, he was satisfied that he had done his duty to his country.

HIS SENSE OF HUMOR.

Nowhere is the advantage of contrast better exemplified than in human character. This is plainly seen in the case of Lincoln. No one who knew him can forget how that sad face lit up as some humorous incident appealed to him. And what a contrast it was! This man, with the life of a nation resting upon him—in the middle of the most weighty conferences this continent has ever seen—would calmly and smilingly relate some funny incident or characteristic story. A man whose life work was the salvation of a great people to have that heavenly calm, that philosophic spirit, which could appreciate the humorous amid such vital and soul-stirring tasks! A redeeming quality in any man. In Lincoln's case the sense of humor saved the man of many sorrows from insanity.

R. E. SKELLEY.

Ocean Song.

W. A. CAREY, '11.

CANST thou not pause, oh restless sea,
From ever singing sad refrains?
Hast thou no song of mirth? Were strains
Of gladness never hummed to thee?

Ah no! for foamy wreaths bedeck
The topmost crest of every wave,
To mark beneath its roll a grave—
The ocean's toll from some past wreck.

A spacious sepulchre thou art,
And hence the tempest-troubled surge
Must chant a never-ending dirge—
The sighing of the wide sea-heart.

Lemonade for Two.

THOMAS A. LAHEY, '11.

"Any lemons in the house, Liz?" Will flicked his cigar ashes into the little china shoe on the centre table, and looked enquiringly at his sister.

"There are, if you'll promise to—"

"Oh hang that matinee! the stage will be the death of you yet." He would have said more, but the threatening look of his older brother silenced him. Stage life had always held a peculiar attraction for Elizabeth, and although Tom had never encouraged her liking, it was the one thing upon which he would not allow her to be teased. Probably it was because he realized the great possibilities for doing good that awaited her in that walk of life. At any rate he was determined that she should see the matinee,—that is if the lemonade was served.

"You just make the lemonade, Liz, and we'll discuss about who is going to buy the tickets. Won't we, Will?" Will grinned. He liked lemonade, and after all he dearly loved his little sister, though of course she was not quite so important as the former, in his present thirsty state of existence.

"Come on, Liz, I'll take it all back. That's a good girl."

"Teasing again, are you? Well, smarty, you won't get any lemonade until you pay the nickel you owe me into the bargain." Elizabeth hadn't been studying her two older

brothers during all her young years for nothing, and no one knew it better than herself.

"Come on pay me!" and she held out her hand. Will couldn't resist.

"Here's your nickel, and say," as she turned to go, "here's another if you'll hurry. I feel like a blotter."

"And the matinee?"

"Yes, that too,—tomorrow,—only hurry."

"Yes, please do," Tom's eyes twinkled as he spoke, for here was a half promise already on the part of Will to pay for the tickets. And yet he knew that Will was considering the same vital question, though outwardly that worthy appeared deeply immersed in the latest sporting sheet. Suddenly the tinkling of glasses ceased in the kitchen, and Elizabeth rushed to the doorway, her pretty blue eyes sparkling with anger.

"Which one of you two fellows took those lemons? Why there's only one left." Elizabeth's voice told only too plainly that her hopes of attending the matinee were fast disappearing.

"Only one left? Oh shucks, Tom, let's go to bed. We'll go to the Sox game tomorrow." At that word Elizabeth's eyes twinkled dangerously. In a flash the storm had disappeared and she was smiling.

"Say, can't you fellows take a joke? Now don't get anxious, Will! I was only teasing you. You'll get your lemonade in a jiffy."

"Well, I prefer mine in a glass," yawned Tom endeavoring to fathom the mischievous look Elizabeth had darted in his direction, as she hurried back again into the kitchen. "Never mind the trimmings."

"Just a minute now, smarty, till I get the ice. Again the tinkle of glasses sounded in the kitchen, and the rattle of the sporting sheet in the parlor. The question as to who was going to purchase the matinee tickets was still being silently discussed. Another minute and the welcome step sounded at the doorway.

"At last!" Will whispered in mock tragedy as Elizabeth appeared, a pitcher in one hand and Tom's favorite glass in the other, filled to the brim with the tempting liquid.

"It's the best ever, boys. I know Tom will like his." Elizabeth smiled again that peculiar smile, and Tom wondered what she meant, as he took the glass from her hand.

"That large tumbler please, Liz." Will evidently had a favorite glass too. Elizabeth

obeyed with alacrity. Over on the other side of the table various appreciative smacks gave evidence of Tom's complete absorption.

"Here's yours now, Will." Elizabeth hurried away to the kitchen, where her father attracted from his evening smoke by the smell of lemons was ordering at intervals of every half second for his share of the newly made drink. Suddenly a voice sounded from the parlor:

"Well, if that's your idea of a joke, it's a mighty poor one." Elizabeth hurried into the room, her whole demeanor the picture of astonishment and persecuted innocence. There Will sat, with his glass only half empty and a look of supreme disgust upon his face.

"Lemonade!—say, did you introduce the pump to a lemon peel?"

"Aw, quit your kickin', Bill, this is the best lemonade I've tasted in a month." Elizabeth shot a thankful glance in the direction of her brother Tom. "Gee, but it's good! Give me another, Liz."

"No, there's only one more and I have to give this to mother."

"Please don't unless you want to strangle her. Here take mine too; perhaps she'll die easier." Will was angry. Elizabeth escaped however, amidst a shower of abuse on the one hand, and an equally appreciative shower of compliments from her older brother on the other. A whispered conversation followed in the adjoining room and then another voice was added to the conflict.

"Will, you leave Liz alone. This lemonade is all right." Elizabeth's mother had come to the rescue as she had often done before, and accordingly the subject of all their discussion returned in triumph, carrying the empty glass in her hand.

"There now Mr. Hard-to-please, ma and Tom are satisfied. I don't see what reason you have to kick about."

"I asked you for lemonade, Liz, not for water." Elizabeth's father appeared in the doorway at this juncture with a look of disgust upon his face, which if anything, outdid the expression which had greeted her a few moments before. Elizabeth tried to smile but could not. A moment before she had hoped to silence Will by the mere force of numbers. Now her father had spoiled it all.

"Well, I did the best I could. The next time you boys can make your own lemonade."

"Pump our own water you mean," Will

interjected, pushing his half empty glass away with a gesture of disgust that would have done credit to a tragedian.

"Water nothing!" Tom suddenly defended. "If all the pumps in the city gave water like what I've just been drinking, there wouldn't be any lemonade stands, I'll tell you. That lemonade was as good as any I've ever tasted."

"I guess you'd say that anyway to please Liz. You two are always bucking me anyway."

"Well I wouldn't say it if it wasn't on the square and you know it. I wanted good lemonade and I got it. So did you. What are you kicking about. You're just sore 'cause Liz gave me a larger glass, that's all."

"Well, if that's your idea of lemonade, just excuse me."

"Boys, boys do be quiet. You'll give me a headache."

"Well, it's all Will's fault, mother. I'd bet anything that his lemonade is all right, only he wants something to kick about."

"You're willing to bet, are you," exclaimed Will, excitedly leaping to his feet. "Well, then, I'll bet you the matinee tickets for tomorrow, that your so-called lemonade isn't a bit better than that diluted water over there in my glass."

"Certainly," Tom replied, but in a tone which ill concealed his eagerness. "The loser buys the tickets, that suits me all right. Put up your money. Here's mine."

"I think that covers it," Will exclaimed with a smile, as he placed the remainder of his week's pocket money on the table. "Liz can be the stake holder,—I'll trust her that far anyway."

"Yes, and she'll be the judge too," the crafty little politician exclaimed as she covered the money with her hands. "Now listen to the decision! *You—both—lose!*"

"*Both lose!*"

"Yes, both! and to save trouble I'll buy the tickets with Tom's money tomorrow, and with Will's the next day."

"What do you mean?" Tom exclaimed, his former triumphant expression slowly disappearing from his face.

"I mean, Tom, that your lemonade was a heap sight better than Will's, and his,—well his wasn't lemonade at all, only water and sugar, and a few lemon rinds thrown in."

"Yes, but—"

"Now just a minute please," Elizabeth exclaimed as she took the money and backed

cautiously towards the door. "You remember how mean you were about that paltry little nickel I won? Well I started to tell you that there was only one lemon, when I remembered that you'd been mighty slow and groutchy about paying me, so I thought I'd get even with you, and at the same time reward Tom for always taking my part. Ma stuck up for me when she knew pa wanted a glass,—she knew he'd kick when he sampled my lemonade. But golly, boys, I never expected this much out of it. Two matinees in succession. Just think of it!" And with a ringing laugh she slammed the door just in time to escape the sofa cushion that Tom threw after her from the parlor.

"Well, if she isn't the—" Will started to leave the room, "but say Tom" he suddenly exclaimed as he reached the door, "both of us were wrong about the other's lemonade. She's beaten us bad, so let's be game." And they were.

EDUCATION is little else than the continuous methodical suggestion of what is true, useful and good, to the end that the pupil be brought under its influence and permit it to mould his life. It is by means of suggestion that the teacher is able to make him feel that he is a free agent, that it lies in his power to become other and nobler than he is, and that it is his duty as it is his privilege to develop in himself a diviner kind of consciousness which alone makes truer knowledge and purer love possible. Persuade him that he has ability, and he will labor to justify your opinion of him; but if the master discourage him he loses self-confidence and ceases to make effort.

OF the many opportunities now offered the young, that of owning the best books is most precious. For a few cents the youth can buy almost any one of the vital books. Let him begin early to collect a library. When the volumes are his own he may mark the passages that most impress him, and live with them until he learns to prize them, as one prizes old familiar things which he associates with gentle emotions and noble thoughts. Let him take what he affects, striving all the while to improve his taste, until he make himself capable of knowing and loving the best. If he make himself master of one vital book, he will not become a commonplace man, for the virtue of a higher life will have been infused into his own.—*Spalding.*

Little Tom.

BERNARD B. MULLOY, '11.

As officer James Murray was nearing the south limit of his beat, he saw his little friend Tom Burns, the newsboy, standing near the lamp-post on the northwest corner of State and Madison streets. It was a cold December night, and from the light of the lamp which seemed to pick its way through the flakes of snow, the officer could see the shivering boy, now kicking his heels together and again blowing his breath on his fingers in order to keep warm.

"It's a wonder this government wouldn't wake up and do something for the likes of this little lad," murmured the officer to himself. "Now wouldn't it be better for Congress to take some of the millions of dollars which it wastes every year by printing useless matter and in the numerous other ways, and build homes for the orphans and the poor of this country? And sure wouldn't it be far better for Andrew Carnegie just to take a little of the money with which he is building so many libraries and give it to some charitable institution for the poor? The Mayor and the other high officials of the city see this poverty day after day and still they build subways, city halls and other buildings, but never a cent for the homes of the needy. Their hearts must be made of stone." By this time the officer came within speaking distance of the boy.

"Hello there, Officer Jim," said the little fellow, "ain't you kind a late getting around tonight?"

"Yes, I am, rather late," replied Murray. "I walked up to Lake street with the sergeant. We stood there some time; he was telling me about some changes that were made in the police department today. But what keeps you here? Sure you always left before this."

"I know," replied Tom, "but you see I didn't want to get 'stuck' on these 'extras.' I wanted to make a little extra money before Christmas to buy my mother a little present. I saw a shawl in a window down the street, I forget what store, it was marked down from seventy-five to thirty cents. I know mamma would like it. I was going to leave an hour ago and try to sell these on my way home, but I wanted to tell you about the trouble

we had here this evening. I suppose you know something about it?"

"Not a word," said Murray with surprise.

"Well," continued Tom, "there was a strike called in Burke's café just at supper time when everything was busy. One of the waiters threw a brick through the front window and smashed it into a thousand pieces. The policemen chased him, but he got away. I heard the day officer remark to another policeman, 'I'll bet there will be trouble here tonight. Murray will have his hands full.'"

"It's funny the sergeant didn't say something about this?" said Murray impatiently.

"Perhaps he didn't know anything about it?" interrupted Tom. "It only happened around five-thirty."

The officer looked in the direction of the café. Tom blew his breath on his cold fingers again, and looking up at the officer with a pitiful voice said:

"You know that's the place where the cook always gave me the scraps of food that were left over. Last night he handed me two sandwiches. I ate one and brought the other home to mamma. I always save half for her. But she did not eat it. She said she was sick. I laid it on the table thinking she would eat it in the morning. When I kissed her I could see she was crying and when I asked her what was the trouble, she said, 'Nothing, my son, I'm not feeling just well.' Gee, I wish that strike didn't happen," and his head hung low.

There was a serious look in the officer's rough face. He slipped his glove off and taking from his pocket a silver coin placed it in the boy's hand and said:

"Go home at once, Tom. You're almost frozen. And meet me here tomorrow night. I'll have something for you. Don't worry about that present for your mother."

"Oh thanks, thanks, Officer Jim. I hope I will be able some day to do something for you."

"That's all right, my boy. May God bless you!"

It was nine o'clock when Tom turned his steps homeward. The snow was falling faster and faster, and the roaring wind blew cold against his uncovered hands. He ran down Madison street until he came to Fifth avenue. He stepped into a lunch room and bought a few buns for his mother. He stopped at the

Union depot for a while to warm himself but he did not tarry long. At last he came to the alley which led to his home. It was so dark he could hardly find his way. When within a few doors from his home, he slipped and fell. His head struck against a rough stone and he lay on the snow, with the blood oozing from the wound. Presently he was unconscious. An hour later he came to himself. Dazed from the shock he did not know which way to turn. All at once he thought of his mother and ran his hands through the snow to find the buns but all in vain. He was covered with blood. The snow blinded him and it was only after much difficulty that he found the door to his home. He staggered up the broken steps. When he entered he could see his mother lying on a rough bed in the corner.

"Maybe she ain't feeling well," he said to himself. "I guess I won't disturb her, but I'm awful weak."

Taking off his coat he wrapped it around his head so as to stop the blood from flowing so freely and he threw himself on his own bed and tried to sleep. The night seemed like eternity. He could not sleep and the pain from his head was terrible. He became weaker and weaker and his sobs became fainter and fainter. At last morning came. The little fellow turned on his side and in a weak and most pitiful tone called:

"Mamma, mamma," but she did not answer. He touched her, but she did not move. He rose to his knees and with his little strength broken with sobs cried: "O Good Lady in Heaven, do not leave me alone. I have always prayed that you would watch over my mamma and me. O Virgin Lady! do not take my mamma away, do not take my mamma from me."

He had not long to wait. Four days later his little body was laid away in the earth beside a newly covered grave. A tall, well-built policeman stood hatless and silent while the coffin was lowered into its bed of yellow clay.

"THE growth of the higher self leads to self-denial and self-conquest. The more really one becomes a person, the more clearly does he perceive that the end of life is union with the divine Person. The more perfectly he fulfils the moral law, the less his conceit."

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Calendar.

Sunday, Feb. 12—Basketball. Corby vs. Sorin.
 " Band Practice after mass.
 " St. Joseph Literary Society.
 " Brownson Literary Society.
 " Corby Literary Society.
 " Dome Board Meeting.
 Monday, Feb. 13—Band Practice 12:30.
 " Orchestra Practice.
 " Rifle Practice, Co. C, 12:30.
 Tuesday, Feb. 14—Glee Club Practice 7 P. M.
 " Rifle Practice, Co. D, 12:30.
 Wednesday, Feb. 15—Civil Engineering Society.
 " Philopatrian Society.
 " Drill 4:30 P. M.
 " Rifle Practice, Co. A, 12:30.
 Thursday, Feb. 16—Basketball St. Joseph vs. Sorin.
 " Band Practice after mass.
 Friday, Feb. 17—Band Practice at 12:30.
 " Drill 1:30 P. M.
 " Rifle Practice, Co. B, 12:30.
 Baseball practice daily at 3 P. M. Thursday at 9:45.
 Track practice daily at 3:45 P. M. Thursday after mass.

—It has been said that the character of a people may be judged by the character of its public holidays. This is quite true to a great extent; but on the other hand, set the frequent assertion that ingratitude is the most prevalent vice of republics, and you have the exception. There are certain qualities in the American people that are represented by certain heroes whom they choose to honor; but they are not true

to themselves in refusing to Abraham Lincoln the honor that is justly due him as a patriot, a martyr and a man. There is not in all American history a figure more expressive of the highest and best in the national character. Abraham Lincoln was as stern and unyielding a despot as any czar, and yet he was as tender as a child. When he saw that the safety of the country demanded it, he took to himself powers that the framers of the Constitution would never have dreamed of granting. He was in a position where he had to be a law unto himself for the salvation of his country, and he was equal to the occasion. Patience and unselfishness were crowning virtues of his life, and in carrying both his private and the public burdens they were equally manifest. As an example of the highest ideals of the American people, Lincoln should be cherished by them, and his name should be honored with the best.

—Walsh and Brownson halls have fathered two most enjoyable social evenings in their respective reading-rooms during the present year. The young men of Walsh Hall Social were hosts shortly before Christmas and proved first-class entertainers. Last Sunday evening the Brownson boys transformed their reading-room into a sort of fairyland and gave their guests a delightful hour-and-a-half's informal program, and, like the Walsh boys, finished the session by serving refreshments. Evenings of this kind are all too few. We have general programs, lectures, concerts, interhall contests of various kinds, all which serve to get us together in a general way. But of these special social programs we have not enough. The item of expense should not be advanced as a serious argument against entertainments of this kind. The small sum of twenty-five, thirty or fifty cents from every member of any given hall will entertain all the members of that hall and such friends as they may care to invite. The immediate good resulting from such evenings will be the cultivation of the home spirit within the University and the bringing to light of young men quite well able to entertain who are not, and very generally can not, be taken up in public entertainments. They will serve to create interhall fellowship which is quite as important as interhall rivalry; because necessarily a few representatives will be present

from every hall. It does seem that we ought to find more time for one another and possibly less for those beyond us. School years run swiftly and we will have a long time to meet and mingle in the society of the outer world. There is some good in all of us, and all of us ought to seek and find it. These informal gatherings, where we can meet in a social way, will go far towards proving that all brilliancy, light and superexcellence are not three miles south of us.

—The College Bulletin recently brought out by Antioch College has for a title "Historical Sketch of the Intercollegiate Peace Association."

In view of the fact that colleges are taking so much interest in this movement, it is very gratifying to have the history of the association given in such brief form. We note, however, one inaccuracy in the Bulletin to which we think it proper to draw attention. On page 7 of the Bulletin we read that the fourth annual convention of the Intercollegiate Peace Association was held at De Pauw University and that the first prize was won by Glenn P. Wishard, of Northwestern University, and that the second prize went to Fred R. McArthur of Dennison University. The second prize that year was won by William P. Lennartz, of the University of Notre Dame, and not by the representative of Dennison University. We are sure that this was simply an oversight, but we think it well in the interest of historical accuracy to make this correction.

Mr. Newman's Final Lecture.

The last of the series of lectures by Mr. Newman was delivered before the student body on Wednesday afternoon, February 8. India, the land of fanaticism, mysticism and every other kind of "ism," was the theme, and the repeated and prolonged applause proved that it was treated to the entire satisfaction of the large audience. The lecture was, perhaps, the best of the series, and this is saying much when we consider the splendid descriptions and illustrations of chief points of interest to be found both in Europe and in Asia. The series, as a whole, will live long in our memories as being among the best we have ever seen.

Mr. Hammond on the "Panama Canal."

Mr. A. J. Hammond, former City Engineer of South Bend and a member of the Merriam Commission of the city of Chicago, delivered a lecture to the students last Saturday evening on the government work in the Panama canal. The lecture was illustrated with a fine set of lantern slides showing the progress and the magnitude of the work, but the text of the lecture, which was extemporaneous, was of too technical a nature to be enjoyed by any except engineering students. Several besides the engineers attended the lecture.

Wright in Stereopticon Views.

On Thursday afternoon of last week, Mr. A. G. Wright appeared in Washington hall where for an hour and a half he presented views of China. Mr. Wright did not prove a very interesting lecturer nor were his views anything out of the ordinary. Perhaps the contrast between them and the exceptionally high-class exhibitions of the preceding lecturer detracts from our appreciation. It is just possible Mr. Newman may have spoiled us for all future lecturers who illustrate what they have seen in stereopticon views.

P. Rice in "The Servant in the House."

Mr. P. Rice gave an interpretative reading of "The Servant in the House" to the collegiate students on Tuesday last. The play was reduced to four acts for purposes of convenience. While we do not agree entirely with the reader's views of the literary and artistic merits of the drama, we cordially admire his impersonations. In presenting a play like "The Servant in the House," the danger of becoming monotonous is always eminent, but the reader avoided the danger, and gave us a strong, forcible characterization of the various roles. Mr. Rice's scheduled engagement took place on Monday evening when he read "David Garrick." Owing, however, to the late arrival of the lecturer only a fair house was present at the excellent interpretation. The fact that so many were disappointed in not hearing Mr. Rice induced him to give his reading of "The Servant in the House" on Tuesday.

Personals.

—Benjamin Roe (student '04-'07) is in the clothing business with his father in Chicago.

—John Frechtl law (student '07-'09) is employed by a florist, 1016 Ashland Blk., Chicago.

—Albert Munsch (Ph. G. '04) is now the proprietor of a drug store in Pittsburg, Pa.

—Claude Sack (student '06-'09 is) studying medicine at the Physicians and Surgeons College in Chicago.

—Stewart M. Graham (student '06-'08) is city salesman for the Waverly Electric Motor Car Co., Chicago, Ill.

—Leo J. Hogan (Ph. B. '09) and Lawrence M. Stokes (E. E. '10) are with the Bell Telephone Company in Pittsburg, Pa.

—Mr. Phil E. Warren (student '84) gives proof of uninterrupted loyalty to Alma Mater. His address is 201 West End Avenue, New York, N. Y.

—G. L. Devine (C. E. '07) and Albert A. Kotte (C. E. '06), both of Alliance, Ohio, spent a day at the University recently on their way home from the Barsaloux-Kenefick wedding where the former acted as best man.

—The marriage of Miss Grace E. Barsaloux of Chicago and Matthew J. Kenefick (Ph. B. '07) of Michigan City, Indiana; took place January 21st at St. Clara's Church, Chicago. The bride is a sister of Paul Barsaloux of the Class of '11. Mr. Kenefick, one of the most popular members of the '07 class, is engaged in real estate and law business in Michigan City, where the happy couple will be at home following the wedding-trip. The best wishes of the SCHOLASTIC and of the many friends of both go to "Matt" and his bride.

—We congratulate Prof. F. W. Kervick on an important compliment that was recently paid to his work in architecture. The Building Trades Employers' Ass'n. of New York City announced a contest open to all the architects of America for plans of small houses to cost \$4500 and \$2500 exclusive of plumbing, lighting, water supply and heating. Of the competitors in the \$4500 class, five were awarded prizes and premiums, and among this number was Professor Kervick. In view of the large number of competitors and the character of the work submitted, this is a notable acknowledgment of Professor Kervick's skill.

Apostolate of Religious Reading.

The following are the names of the students that distribute books in the different halls: J. Maloney, Sorin Hall; P. Meersman, Corby Hall; P. Byrne, Brownson hall; F. Boos, Walsh hall; T. Ford, St. Joseph Hall; J. McCarthy, Main Building; T. Havican, Old College; L. Cox, Carroll Hall; J. Miner, Holy Cross Hall.

Society Notes.

BROWNSON LITERARY AND DEBATING.

The Brownson Society held its thirteenth regular meeting last Monday evening. No program was given, for the time was taken up by the election of officers for the second term. The following members were elected: G. Marshall, president; J. McCarthy, vice-president; C. Derrick, secretary; J. Devlin, treasurer; J. Doherty, sergeant-at-arms; J. Robins, reporter.

The society held a smoker in the Brownson reading room last Sunday evening, Feb. 5. The gathering was well attended, over a hundred being present. Rev. Father Cavanaugh called in for a wee bit and consented to say kindly, helpful, appreciative words about the Brownson boys before he left. The Brownson glee club sang "Old Kentucky Home." The Brownson orchestra, consisting of T. Mahoney, R. Schindler, R. Scott, I. Gordon and O. Daly showed good taste in their selections. Mr. R. Halligan recited "Shamus O'Brien." Mr. Williams entertained the company with "In Old Kentucky." The subject of Mr. Taylor's recitation was, "Brownson Spirit." After a few selections by a picked orchestra of talented young men, consisting of Messrs. W. Ely, N. Hickey, L. Grieger and W. Hicks, luncheon was served and during the brief moments of "strenuous endeavor" the orchestra played and Messrs. Cecil Birder and J. McDermott sang. The selections were highly appreciated and were followed by short talks from Fathers Irving and O'Donnell. Brother Alphonsus was called upon and responded with a delightful recitation, which was warmly applauded. Bro. Hugh made a few remarks including a hint about the hour. The latter suggestion did not receive thunderous applause. Messrs. Sherlock and O'Hara made brief talks also. The Walsh

cheer-leader, Mr. Wheeler, instilled spirit into the assembly by leading all in a few lusty cheers for Brownson. Mr. Wheeler is a son of Brownson by what Mr. O'Hara calls "ejection and adoption." The closing address was made by Father Burke, after which the company dispersed. Great credit is due to Messrs. Cotter and Marshall who engineered the affair and to the young men of the glee club and orchestra who devoted their energies to make the program successful.

KNIGHTS OF COLUMBUS.

The regular meeting of Notre Dame Council Knights of Columbus, was held in the club rooms in Walsh hall Tuesday night. There was a good attendance and the meeting was brief. Several applications were read, and eleven candidates elected to membership. Nothing further developed as to the date of initiation; it is expected, it seems, to hold the initiation into the first degree before Lent, and the rest of the initiation later. A bowling team was formally organized, and a South Bend Knights of Columbus team will be invited to compete with it for alley honors.

WALSH LITERARY AND DEBATING.

The Walsh Literary and Debating Society held its regular bi-weekly meeting Sunday, Feb. 5. A very interesting program was rendered. Messrs. Hicks, Ely, Hickey and Creger, generously contributed their services in furnishing the music. Messrs. C. Birder and McDermott rendered vocal selections. Mr. C. Potter delivered a brief address, and Mr. D. McNichol gave an impromptu talk on the admirable showing of the Walsh hall basketball team. A debate followed on the excellence of a law over a literary course. The affirmative was upheld by Messrs. Daly and Canning, while the negative was upheld by Messrs. Shaughnessy and O'Rorke.

CIVIL ENGINEERING.

Last Wednesday evening was marked by another successful meeting of the Civil Engineering Society. Mr. Derrick discussed the civil engineer as a professional man and in a most logical manner deduced enough well-founded conclusions to clearly prove that the civil engineer is as much deserving of the professional stamp as doctors and lawyers and other professional men are. Mr. Shannon compared the efficiencies of a literary compared with a

technical education. That education is the most efficient which trains a man's mind so that he may contribute in the highest degree towards the welfare of mankind. Mr. Shannon declared the technical education more efficient since it is more practical and therefore a greater contributor to the general welfare. In a paper upon "Highway Engineering," Mr. Mahoney showed that its advancement is at all times dependent upon the nature of conveyances used during certain periods. In the early days, before the era of railroads, highway engineering reached quite a high stage of development and then receded with the entry of the railroad. Progress in this line again started with the use of the bicycle, and now in the automobile age is probably reaching its greatest advancement. The "Phenomena of Latent Heat in Its Connection with the Change of Water to Ice" was exceptionally well elucidated by Mr. J. Romana. "Senior" Romana has during the pursuance of his regular course at the University made a lengthy and advanced study of the many molecular phenomena and commands great information upon the subject. The very novel and interesting methods of explanation used by Mr. Romana helped greatly to firmly fix facts concerning the subject in the minds of the members.

Local Items.

—Found—Two umbrellas. Inquire at Students' Office.

—Found—A Compass. Owner may obtain same from Brother Alphonsus.

—Lost—A pocket-book containing five dollars. Finder please leave with Brother Alphonsus.

—Brownson beat Corby Sunday morning in the first of the inter-hall bowling series in Walsh hall.

—Let us be prepared for the worst. The ground hog saw his shadow Candlemas day. It looks like six more weeks of winter.

—St. Joseph hall reports that everything would be quiet and peaceful there were it not for Chester McGrath and his sliding trombone.

—The day students' dancing party Wednesday evening in La Salle hall was well attended, and all those present report a happy time.

—The sad news of the severe illness of the father of Glenn Smith, Corby, caused him to

leave for home immediately. The sympathy and prayers of the student body go out to him in his trouble.

—All society reports should be handed in no later than Wednesday 6 p. m. As all meetings are held on Sunday this gives ample time to reporters to do their full duty.

—Corby again commands our attention from the society point of view, this time with a Bridge League composed of five teams. The winning team is to be dined at the Oliver at the expense of the losers.

—Because of the regretted illness of Captain Stogsdall the usual Wednesday military drill was called off. In its stead Mr. Newman delivered his "Travels through India," the last of his series, during the 4:30 period.

—Sorin has heard the "call" and many of her assiduous "grinds" have laid aside the well-thumbed pages to don a track suit. From the spirit shown in the first response Corby will do well to look sharp to her laurels in the coming meet.

—Many of the social lions of the University have received invitations to the Charity Ball for the benefit of the Poor Handmaids (Sisters) to be given Feb. 15 in Place Hall. Elaborate preparations have been made to have this function very successful.

—The Minims choir enjoyed a "spread" Wednesday evening in room 19, St. Edward's hall. There were lots of good things to eat and the singers did full justice to the occasion. After the lunch, there was an informal musical program. Everybody reported a good time.

—The President of the University has been asked to recommend a teacher of Algebra, Geometry, Physics and Chemistry, and perhaps Elementary half year courses in Botany and Physiology. Salary one thousand dollars for the school year. Man must be available immediately.

—A new reference room in connection with the law library will soon be opened. It will be used chiefly for the government reports and statistics of which this University is the repository. This added improvement will greatly facilitate the research work of the economists and lawyers.

The Department of Electrical Engineering is indebted to the Pelouze Electric Heating Company of Chicago for a new model electric stove recently donated by that company for

laboratory purposes. The stove, which by the way is one of the neatest on the market, will be used by the juniors in their study of the relation of heat and electricity.

—The library presents a pleasing sight to the lover of industry these days. Our coming debaters may be found there almost any time poring over the dusty volumes of tariff authorities. By the zeal shown at this stage, one may be assured that the University will have many capable defenders in the coming debates.

—The noble example shown by Judge Howard on Monday last can not but have a lasting influence upon the student body. This venerable teacher in his zeal to do good to others, despite the lack of car service, the great depth of the unbroken snow banks, worked his way from the city to the University to give his class the benefit of his services. No wonder Judge Howard has won the affection and admiration of his boys.

—Last Sunday St. Edward's hall chapel was the scene of the beautiful ceremony of the opening of the Eucharistic League. An explanation of the League and its excellence in promoting devotion to the Holy Eucharist furnished the theme of the instruction before the services. Mass of exposition followed, of which Father Carroll was the celebrant. The choir did itself proud in rendering a very acceptable program. Young Master Nestor accompanied the singers with his violin and proved a clever performer. Benediction followed the mass of exposition and the ceremonies were brought to a close by the singing of the *Te Deum*. The altar decorations were in keeping with the ceremonies.

—The cast for the modern three-act comedy "A Letter and a Fog," to be given in March for the benefit of the Athletic Association, has been announced. Among the members of the cast will be found many of those who starred in "The Treasure." Those who know predict that they will even surpass the success of President's day. The cast is as follows:

Rev. John Smith.....	John O'Hara
John Smith.....	William Ryan
Dick Desmond.....	George Lynch
Colonel Duncan Smith.....	Claude Sorg
Sergeant Duffell.....	Jefferson Wheeler
Mabel.....	Cecil Birder
Nora.....	Paul Rush
Miss Fotheringay.....	William Corcoran
Mrs. Ponting.....	Harry Zimmer

Athletic Notes.**—
VARSITY MEET.**

Coach Maris furnished the local track fans with their first opportunity of seeing the Varsity men in action in a real meet last Saturday afternoon. The fact that Notre Dame took a most prominent part in this branch of collegiate sport last year has raised local interest in this year's team to the highest pitch. When it is considered that we have the very men on our team this year that won the Western Conference meet last spring very high hopes are to be entertained regarding this season's success. The recruits that will come to the Varsity team this season from last year's freshman representation were watched by the fans with the greatest of interest, and it may well be said that there was absolutely no reason for anyone to feel discouraged. The fact of the matter is that two of these men furnished the best offering of the day when Martin and Fischer, after a terrific race, finished the quarter in a dead heat, negotiating the distance in :53 3-5 seconds.

Fletcher has made it a custom to come away in these local meets with the high-man honors stowed away in his possession and as yet he has not seen fit to change the order of things. After winning first place in both hurdles and the dash and tying for first place in the high jump, the nineteen points thus gained again gave him individual honors for the day.

Philbrook tied with Fletcher in the high jump and took premier honors in the shot put. In the high hurdles he finished in third place. "Phil" and Williams tied for second honors in the meet, gaining ten points each. Jimmie Wasson cleared twenty-two feet two inches in the broad jump, thereby winning in the event which placed him on the All-American track team the past season. The mile and half-mile events proved interesting, but the time made was not by any means a measure of the ability of the contestants. Plant and Hogan battled for the honors in the former event, and after a very pretty race the freshman succeeded in winning first honors in the time of 4:54. In the half, Devine pulled down the prize with Mahoney close behind. The pole vault was marred by the injury of Henahan who fell in clearing the bar at ten feet in such a way as to dislocate his elbow. Rochne took

first place in the event with a leap of ten feet six inches.

The meet in general was warmly contested and ample proof was given that, barring accidents, Notre Dame will have a better-balanced team to send to the Conference this year than was the case last. This afternoon the team will meet Ohio State in the local gym.

WALSH TRIMS SORIN.

With the same spirit that characterized her work throughout the football season, Walsh administered a severe drubbing to Sorin's basketball hopefuls, as the score of 45 to 13 will plainly indicate. At no time in the game did the Bookies have a look in. Their good team work will be mentioned later in the season. Barnhart, O'Malley and Hug of Walsh carried off the honors of the day for their team. Barsaloux was probably the king bee of the Sorin bunch. It probably should be mentioned here that Paul Rush had a nose bleed which occasioned a hiatus in the contest. Also there was some talk of protest, but the wiser and more conservative heads among the Bookies decided that a second operation might prove fatal.

CORBY SMOTHERS THE SAINTS.

After having lost to Brownson by a rather large score, the boys from St. Joseph tried conclusions with the Corby Braves Sunday afternoon, but did not "come back." The hope of the west siders just couldn't get going, so they had to content themselves with the short end of the 50 to 16 score. Dana seemed to have the eagle eye for Corby at shooting baskets and Howard had the fewest optical illusions for St. Joseph.

NOTRE DAME MAN ON ALL-AMERICAN TRACK TEAM.

It was with much pleasure that Notre Dame men learned that President Sullivan of the A. A. U. in picking the All-American Track team for 1910 confided to our own Jim Wasson the duties of defending the honors in the broad jump against all comers. Notre Dame was one of the seven western colleges to be represented on the list, there being only seven eastern institutions represented. "Jimmie's" performance in the University of Pennsylvania meet held at Philadelphia April 30th, last spring, in which he cleared 23 feet 3 1-2 inches was the means of bringing to him the attention of eastern critics.

Safety Valve.

The following bit of verse was read before the Konnoisseur's Korrekt Klothos Klub of Sorin Hall at the last meeting:

HANK'S HARD HIT.

You have heard of his neatness, Hank Uhle
Who'd a passion for dress quite unruly,
He would primp and he'd primp
Till his waist was quite slim,
"Sure he's nate as a pin," ventured Gooley.

Now one day in a neighboring city,
Came a sweet little note to Miss Kitty,—
"I can't see you today,
For I just broke a stay,
Of my form fitting vest, what a pity!"

Now Miss Kate when she heard this strange tale,
Threw a fit, with a sob and a wail,
And she begged 'em to wake her,
When her loved Nature Faker,
Had purchased a new coat of mail.

Clara—Do you think you can learn to love me dearest?"

Joe Heurcamp—I don't know. I might. I learned Greek while at Notre Dame.

Just to remind you: Seven months ago last Sunday the thermometer registered ninety-eight in the shade.

"Quaker Oats or The Smile That Won't Come Off," is the title of a new CEREAL story of Don Juan Romana of international fame. We hope to dish up the first instalment for you in our next issue.

We noticed Doc Powers coming across the campus in company with Doc Halter the other day. Could you call them a paradox? Why of course not! Very well then.

OUR STREET CAR AD.

That bull-headed Mr. Skiver! I use the cars every day. Why doesn't he use the cars? Some men are—well, I'll get him yet. A. Prefect.

Wednesday night Art Hughes took a photograph of the senior class at work. The picture is so rare there is talk of securing it for the memorial hall.

TO PARENTS AND GUARDIANS.

When addressing mail to students of the University, do not forget to add the name of the hall, like "Museum," "Bulla," "Cartier Field," etc.

If Chubby Corcoran is going to be the lady in the

play, better start right now to squeeze him in a bit. You'll have to squeeze too, believe me.

However, the Fourth (of July) was a huge fiasco.

PERSONAL.

The many friends of Euripides will be pleased to learn from last week's issue of the SCHOLASTIC that he was a Romanticist. Coming as it does, at this time, we may consider the announcement a personal triumph. Congratulations and good luck to "Euri."

IN CONSTANT USE.

"Have you an order from home?"

"I just missed the last car."

"Classes will resume at one o'clock."

TO STAMMERING DEBATERS.

Fill your mouth with Bozezinski and work Demosthenes' stunt on the billowy.

THEIR STORY RUNNETH IN THIS WAY.

Nemo had a red, red rose

And Flip, he had a white.

They visited the town one day,

Their faces shining bright.

Now Nemo met a coy young lass

As pretty as could be,

And Flip he met another one

And ditto too was she.

Each gave his rose and smiled a bit,

At maids so fair to see.

"Me gusta mucho," whispered Flip,

And Nemo said,—“Si, si.”

Said Flip, “Their English is so nice

I think you can no beat.

The boys they speak so rough like dat,

The girls, ah, so sweet!”

And this explains the reason why—

I trust I speak discreetly—

That Flip and Nemo went to town,

To learn the English sweetly.

BILL CALLS 'EM OFF AN' ON.

President Cotter—We was intending to have a program tonight, but the printers was busy, so I'll just call off the fellows as they come on.

Susen, Susen,

When I'm choosin'

'Deed I'll think of you.

You're so bright, dear,

With hair so white, dear

Susen, Susen,

Guess you'll do.