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Hours.

THOMAS A. LAHEY, '11.

JOYFUL hours that lie
In the light of my waking dream,
Like the bit of a golden gleam
On the dark of the days gone by;
Darksome hours that lie
Like the shade of a loved one's tomb,
As they scatter a cold grey gloom
On the light of the days gone by;
Hours that fitfully cast
Checkered mem'ries of sighs and tears,
And of hopes, and of silent fears,
On the dreams that I dream of the past.
Hours to smile or to mourn
In the dim of futurity,—
Who can tell what they'll bring to me,
In the light of the days unborn?

The Drama of Calderon.

JOHN F. O'HARA, '11.

(CONCLUSION.)



SPLENDID example of the art of Calderon is furnished by "the tragedy of Don Fernando, entitled *El Principe Constante*, which displays all the lustre of Calderon's genius. The unities of time and place are lost sight of in the unity of the heroic action, into which Calderon has infused the purest spirit of pathos without departing from the Spanish national style of heroic comedy." It is worth noting not only for its own beauty, but because it is a decidedly characteristic example of his style.

Don Fernando, Infante of Portugal, lands with his brother Don Enrique with an army

on the coast of Barbary in Morocco. In the first engagement he is successful, and captures the commander, Muléy, nephew of the king, who relates to him the story of his love for the king's daughter, who is promised to another. Don Fernando generously grants him his freedom. Muléy has scarcely departed when the king arrives with fresh troops, and the Portuguese are defeated. The royal commanders are taken captive, but the Moorish king treats them with every mark of respect. Don Fernando is retained captive, and Don Enrique is ordered to return and say that Fernando will be exchanged for the Portuguese town of Ceuta on the coast of Morocco. The royal prisoner scorns the offer, saying that he would die in the most degrading captivity rather than consent to buy his freedom by allowing a Christian town to fall into the hands of the infidel. Still, the envoy is sent and returns with the affirmative answer, which the king expected. Don Fernando, however, refuses to accept the terms and is subjected to humiliating servitude by the king. His long suffering ends with the noble sacrifice of his life. But the action does not end here. The wandering ghost seeks one of the many temples which the noble prince had erected, to be the resting-place of his body; and to save his corse from degradation, the spirit leads, with a flaming torch, the troops of King Alphonso, who have come too late to release him from captivity. The Portuguese army is completely successful, and the body is returned to the native soil of Portugal for burial in a temple there. The king is punished only by having his pride broken, and the faithful lover Muléy is rewarded with the daughter of the king.

The beauty of the story lies in the wonderful and heroic conduct of the prince. The motive supplied is a beautiful one: it is not the sense

of honor of the cavalier, nor love of empire, that sways the prince in his decision to refuse the terms of his freedom; he is animated with religious zeal and love of God's Mother. He says:

Is it right the sacred walls
Of their chapels become stables,
And their holy altars stalls?
Or if this should not so happen,
Turn to mosques! My cheek grows pale;

.....
For it was not the first time
Stalls and stables gave a lodging
Unto God. But oh! the crime
Of becoming mosques! It seemeth
Like an epitaph—a wide
Mark of infamy undying—
Saying, Here did God abide,
And the Christians now deny it,
Giving it a gift instead
To the demon!

.....
If there were no reason
But that Ceuta doth enfold
A divine church consecrated
To the eternal reverence
Of the Conception of Our Lady,
Queen of heaven and earth's events,
I would lose, so she be honored,
Myriad lives in her defense.

The character of Muléy supplies the part of the cavalier whose sense of honor finds conflicting duties. In the first part of the action Don Fernando liberates Muléy, whom he has captured, thus placing him in his debt. Muléy is anxious to repay him, even at the expense of the royal disfavor, and forms a plot to place him on board a vessel bound for Portugal. The king discovers them talking together, and suspecting their real intent, places Don Fernando under the custody of Muléy, who, by his double obligation, is restrained from carrying out his original plan. He serves as a foil to the king, and his part serves to complicate the action.

Perhaps nowhere than in this piece can be seen to better advantage the varied metrical composition of Calderon. The form varies with the sentiment expressed, and some eight or more different verse forms occur. Assonance or vowel rhymes are used throughout, and interspersed with them are found the romance, quintilla, the decima, a combination of two quintillas, the redondilla, the octava, the silva, and even the sonnet, which rarely finds its way into Calderon's dramas.

Long epic passages occur, especially in the first part, as in Muléy's relation to the king

of the ill success of his adventures. The change from pentameter to tetrameter and from tetrameter to trimeter, is effective in the description of a battle or a stirring scene. The beautiful scene between Don Fernando and Fénix, the lover of Muléy, when she, the daughter of the king, whose cruelty has reduced the prince, is overcome by pity, finds expression in the sonnet form. Here occur two of the finest sonnets that are to be met with in Calderon. They are concerted sonnets, the one spoken by Fernando and the other by Fénix. Denis Florence MacCarthy has given us a glimpse of the beauty of them in his translation of the play. They contain Calderon's favorite comparison of the flowers with the stars. Fernando says:

These flowers awoke in beauty and delight,
At early dawn, when stars began to set—

At eve they leave us but a fond regret,—
Locked in the cold embraces of the night.

These shades that shame the rainbow's arch of light,
Where gold and snow in purple pomp are met,
All give a warning man should not forget,
When one brief day can darken things so bright.

'Tis but to wither that the roses bloom—

'Tis to grow old they bear their beauteous flowers,
One crimson bud their cradle and their tomb.

Such are man's fortunes in this world of ours;
They live, they die, one day doth end their doom.
For ages past but seem to us like hours!

The reply is even more highly colored, and more given to the Oriental mode of expression:

These points of light, these sparkles of pure fire,
Their twinkling splendors boldly torn away
From the reluctant sun's departing ray,
Live when the beams in mournful gloom retire.
These are the flowers of night that glad heaven's choir,
And o'er the vault their transient odors play.
For if the life of flowers is but one day,
In one short night the brightest stars expire.

But still we ask the fortunes of our lives,

Even from this flattering spring-tide of the skies,
'Tis good or ill, as sun or star survives.

Oh! what duration is there? who relies
Upon a star? or hope from it derives,
That every night is born again and dies?

The picturesque beauty of the Oriental speech is again employed in the prayer of Fernando in reply to the revilings of the king, just before his death. Sismondi says of it: "The reply of Fernando is wholly in the Oriental style. It is not by arguments, nor, indeed, by sentiments of compassion, that he attempts to touch his master; but by that exuberance of poetical images which was regarded as real eloquence by the Arabians, and which was, perhaps, more likely to touch

a Moorish king than a discourse more appropriate to nature and circumstances."

Another peculiar construction which was invariably used by Calderon, was the double soliloquy; two soliloquies running in concert, generally one supplementing the other, but with different purpose. This is used in the quarrel scene between the Portuguese and Moorish ambassadors at the court of the King of Fez, and is used to good purpose in many comedies. A good example in the original Spanish is the concerted salutation of Estrella and Astolfo to the King Basilio, in "*La Vida es Sueno*:"

Estrella. Sabio Tales...

Astolfo. Docto Euclides...

Estrella. Que entre signos...

Astolfo. Que entre estrellas...

Estrella. Hoy gobiernas...

Astolfo. Hoy resides...

Estrella. Y sus caminos... :

Astolfo. Sus huellas...

Estrella. Describes...

Astolfo. Tasas y mides...

Estrella. Deja que en humildes lazos...

Astolfo. Deja que en tiernos abrazos...

Estrella. Hiedra dese tronco sea.

Astolfo. Rendido á tus pies me vea.

In general his style is lofty and elevated, and motives and action are in perfect harmony with the dignity of his style. Calderon professes no serious purpose in his drama, and is much less prone than Shakespeare to dally with individual foibles. The philosophy of his work is generally clearly stated, and he sometimes stops to make observations that are not unlike those of Shakespeare. The "All the world is a stage" finds its counterpart in Fernando's remark that Time

Oft acts these tragic scenes upon his stage sublime.

But a minute examination of the beauties of style and composition, or even of the forms of his art, is far beyond the province of so broad a study as this. In general, it may be said that the greatness of Calderon lies in his perfection of the national form of drama, in his delicate observation and beautiful lyric coloring. Schlegel says that his is the purest model of the romantic ideal, religious devotion, faithful love and noble heroism. He is almost universally conceded the highest place in the literature of Spain, while he is awarded a place beside Shakespeare in the world's literature. It would be equally unjust to place him below or above the English bard, for they had little in common, and can be judged only by their excellences in their respective forms.

"The Junior 'Prom.'"

FRANCIS L. MADDEN, '12.

Tom Harding seemed exceedingly happy as he hastened down the long corridor which led to his room, whistling a merry tune as he went. As he paused before his partly open door a bright smile spread over his face.

"Gee," he thought, "I wonder what Eddie will say when I tell him that I am going to ask Ethel to go with me to the 'Prom.' I'd like to keep it from him for a day or two, but—no, it's too good to keep. I might as well tell him now."

So he entered with an enthusiastic, "Say, Eddie, you can't guess who—" but the words died on his lips for Eddie was not there. The pleasant expression on his face changed to one of disgust. "This is the third time he has gone away and left this door open. It's confounded risky business in such a place as this; but he never will get next to himself until some one gets away with something, then perhaps he will remember what his key was made for."

His wrath being somewhat softened by these ejaculations, he lighted a cigarette, and throwing himself into an easy chair, fell into meditation upon the event which, of late, had been the chief object of his thoughts.

"Just two weeks from tonight," he mused, "is the 'Prom.' What a long time to wait; but I can rest easily in the meantime if only Ethel consents to go with me. I hardly think she will refuse—unless Morgan across the way has beaten me to her. She really has taken a great fancy to him; in fact, he is the only student who ever succeeded in making much of a hit with her. To think, too, that such a plain, commonplace, unpolished fellow as he is, should be privileged to so monopolize her attention! Why, she seems fairly in love with him. But I don't believe he is going to that dance. He hasn't the price, and if he had it he would be too cheap to spend it. I guess I'm safe all right. Oh, it will be all over with Morgan after the 'Prom.' Ah, I will make sure to impress upon her the fact that I am the son of a millionaire. This fact, along with my personal charms will be sure to win her."

Thus Harding continued to argue with him-

self until the sound of the steeple clock reminded him that he had no time to lose if he wished to see Miss Wagner that evening. So rising with a yawn, he flipped his cigarette into the grate and began to prepare himself for the occasion. It was an unusually particular job and fully an hour had elapsed before it was completed. When he had finished and was readjusting his tie for the fiftieth time, his room-mate entered.

"Ha, Tom, you look as though you were going out this evening."

"Yes, so I am," he said, trying to appear as unconcerned as possible. "I am going down to engage Miss Wagner for the dance."

"Well, I certainly wish you luck, old boy," said his room-mate in rather doubtful tones. "But I am afraid that Miss Wagner would much prefer the company of Morgan across the way. I thought you were aware of her attitude toward him."

"Oh, so I am; but he is easily disposed of. A little persuasion on my part is all that is needed. But it's time I should be going now, so I guess I'll get my overcoat and beat it. By the way, I forgot to tell you that you went away and left this door open again today. It would serve you right if some one would—By Jove! Where's my new overcoat? I hung it right here at noon and now it's gone. If some one has stolen it, I'll be tempted to heave you out that window. Don't sit there staring at me like a mummy. Can't you get up and help me find it. If it's gone it's your fault, and you should at least show a little concern, even if you don't feel it."

This reproof brought the desired effect, with the result that everything in the room was turned topsy-turvy, yet the missing article failed to show itself. At length Harding threw himself down upon a trunk, sore, disgusted and perplexed.

"Well, it's gone," he said, "and you're the cause of it. I can't imagine who could have stolen it, but I've got to find it right away or else I will have to postpone my visit to Miss Wagner's."

"Well," replied his room-mate, "I haven't the slightest idea who could have done it. I can scarcely believe that there is such a character in the college."

Harding was silent for a few moments, then a deceitful thought entered his mind—a thought prompted by jealousy and evil

desires, as he saw an opportunity to fasten the guilt upon his hated rival.

"There's just one fellow in this place," he said at length, "that I would suspect of such a thing, and that's Joe Morgan. He's probably on his way to some pawn shop with it now. He's looking for money for the 'Prom,' you know. The cur! We'll see about it." So saying, he walked across the hall and knocked at Morgan's door.

Upon entering he found Morgan busily engaged in arranging his scrap-book. The page upon which he was working was covered with a variety of labels such as are always found attached to different articles of clothing. Harding at once became interested, and glancing over his rival's shoulder, what was his surprise to discover in the upper corner of the book, a label identical with the one on the collar of his overcoat. This was too convincing a proof to demand caution, so without further ceremony, Harding made known his accusation.

"Mr. Morgan, I came over to ask you if you would be kind enough to lend me my overcoat for the evening."

"What do you mean, Tom? I don't quite catch the joke."

"I mean just what I say, that I have come for the coat which you took from my room this afternoon, and I am not going to leave here till I get it."

"Why, Tom, I took no coat from your room!"

"You're a liar!" said Tom, "and that label right there in your scrap-book proves that you are. You can't deny that you took that from the collar of my overcoat."

"Why, Tom! do you mean to accuse me of stealing? Why, I never could think of such a thing. I got that label from a smoking jacket which I purchased in Creola last fall."

At this moment Harding noticed a letter on the floor, which, to his astonishment, bore his address and, as he remembered, had been in his overcoat pocket. He picked it up and flourished it before the wondering Morgan with an oath.

"Confound you, can you deny it now! I put this letter in the pocket of that coat this morning."

The argument continued in this way for some time and ended with Morgan still proclaiming his innocence. Harding, firmly convinced of his guilt, could hardly wait until morning to

break the news to Miss Wagner and to report the theft to the University officials. He was pleased with the thought of how Miss Wagner would receive the news, for he was almost certain that she would immediately reject Morgan as a thief should be rejected. So he went to bed feeling that he had been highly compensated for the loss of his overcoat by being enabled more easily to win the favor of Miss Wagner.

Early the next morning Morgan was summoned to the President's office. He came breathless and trembling, and as he met the keen gaze of the President his eyes sought the floor in an effort to restrain the sobs of indignation which swelled within his breast.

"Mr. Morgan," said the President, "I suppose I need not tell you why I sent for you?"

"Owing to the presence of Mr. Harding, you need not," was the reply.

"You are accused of stealing Mr. Harding's overcoat."

"Yes, sir."

"And you deny the accusation?"

"I certainly do."

"You are aware of the evidence against you?"

"I am."

"A label resembling the one on the overcoat was found in your scrap-book, was it not?"

"Yes, sir, but I have already accounted for that."

"Yes, I know all about that," replied the President. "Such stories must be taken for what they are worth. This letter which had been in the pocket of the coat was also found in your room, was it not?"

"Yes, sir."

"How do you account for that?"

"I know nothing about it save that it is a piece of treachery on the part of some one. I can not imagine who would do such a thing, for, so far as I know, I haven't an enemy in the school."

"Well, Morgan" replied the President, "I find it difficult to believe that you could be guilty of such an act, but just now it seems like a clear case against you; however, I shall not condemn you until I have thoroughly investigated the matter. It may be, as you say, an act of treachery on the part of some one, in which case I am sure that the guilty will sooner or later be found out. You may go now, Mr. Morgan. I will send for you again."

There were hot tears in his eyes as he left

the President's office and stumbled slowly towards his room. It was hard for him to endure in silence, but he resolved to bear up bravely with the hope of finding some way to clear himself.

In the meantime Harding had made his way to the home of Miss Wagner and had put the story of the theft before her in the worst possible light. At first she positively refused to believe it and reprimanded him severely for suspecting Joe Morgan, whom she declared was no thief. At length, however, the arguments against him prevailed and she half admitted with a tear that it might be so, although she was not anxious to believe it. The interview ended with her promising him the pleasure of escorting her to the 'Prom,' and he left her, fully satisfied with the results of his call.

When he had gone Miss Wagner sat down and began to think.

"Poor Joe," she sobbed, "who would have thought he would steal? 'Tis hard for me to believe it, for I love him—yes, poor boy, I love him. Yet if he loved me would not his love have kept him from such an act? Oh! if I could only talk to him! I must, before he goes away."

Thus resolved, she rose and went to her room, where she found quiet to review the past. All day she thought on nothing else but Joe, and at night she threw herself exhausted on the bed and sobbed herself into a restless sleep.

The next morning Joe Morgan was sitting in his room vainly trying to conceive some means of clearing himself, when a message demanding his immediate appearance before the President, was brought to him. He hastened to answer the summons, wondering as he made his way to the office what new terror might await him there.

The President met him with an outstretched hand:

"My dear boy," said he, "I have good news for you. Mr. Harding's coat was returned to him this morning, and he tells me that it was taken from him merely as a joke, the object of those who took it being to prevent him from calling upon a certain young lady whom he had planned to visit that evening. The letter which was found in your room was thrown over your transom, they say, not with any malicious intent, but simply for the sake of mixing up matters a little, for they were sure

that you would return the letter as soon as you found it. He refused to mention any names, so I can not tell you whom to thank for the worry and trouble which this affair has caused you. I am glad, however, to know that you are innocent, and I will proceed immediately to set you right before the student body."

Morgan thanked him, and with a lighter heart than he had known for some time rose to go, but the President detained him with a gesture.

"By the way, Joe, I forgot to congratulate you on winning the oratorical contest last Thursday. You know a prize of fifty dollars is to be awarded at the Faculty meeting tomorrow evening, so don't fail to be present."

Assuring the President that he would be there he left the office. As he tripped lightly towards his room a happy thought struck him and he smiled gleefully as he mused half aloud, "Oh, joy! that fifty dollars is just the thing! Now I can afford to take Ethel to the 'Prom.' Gee! what a lucky fellow I am! I must go down and see her this afternoon."

He did see her that afternoon, and it was rather a joyous meeting for both of them,—for her, because it brought her the assurance of his innocence, for him, because in her joy at finding him guiltless she said many pretty things about him which he was pleased to interpret as unmistakable signs of her affection for him.

On the night of the 'Prom,' as Harding sat alone in his den fancying that he heard the music of the ball-room and saw the prize which he had hoped to win gliding away on the arm of the hated Morgan, his heart smote him as he thought how she had turned against him, yet he half acknowledged in the midst of his bitter thoughts that it was, after all, a fitting recompense for his evil designs.

Contentment.

The rain in torrents downward pours
From out the leaden sky;
I sit before the fire and smoke,
For not a care have I:

Now let it rain or hail or snow,
And let the wind rise higher,—
I have my pipe, my mug and my jug
And my feet near a cheerful fire.

F. B.

The Dramatic Elements in "Cato."

MICHAEL C. HAYES, '11.

The instinct for drama in some of its varied forms is universal. The child loves to act, to portray real or imaginary characters, to strut about his playroom even as the actor on the real stage of the playhouse. What child, boy or girl, has not at some time burned with a desire to go on the stage? What man or woman loves not to see the real actors depict life in its complexity?

To enter into a discussion of what this dramatic force is would be interesting but not to the purpose. Generally speaking, however, drama means rapid action on which depends life or death to the actor. The play that abounds most in this quality is the play that holds our attention for the longest time. Mere action without consequence is not what we demand; but action pregnant with abiding results must be in our play.

It is doubtless true that we who live in this ever hurrying world would demand more swing and movement in our dramatic productions than did our more leisurely forefathers. The plays that delighted them might not delight us.

While we do not wholly classify Addison's "Cato" under this list of plays that lack interest, yet we can not say that it stirs any real enthusiasm in us. The plot is simple enough to understand and the characters are historic. Cato, the noble Roman of the old type, virtuous to severity, holds his force at Utica and refuses to yield to Cæsar upon whom he looks with scorn. "Rome has its Cæsars," is the remark that most shows the contempt in which he holds this conquering general. The play opens with the conversation of Marcus and Portius. Here is the situation partly disclosed and the love interest begun. Marcus and Portius, brothers and friends, are both in love with Lucia. Marcus discloses his passion, but Portius is silent, urging his brother to wait for a more favorable season.

In addition to the love tangles, we find Juba, a young Numidian prince, in love with Marcia, the daughter of Cato. Marcia, like Portius, feels that this is no time for lovers, though she can not wholly subdue the passion.

The love interest, however, is not the central

point of interest. Syphax, the servant of Juba and Sempronius, conspire to raise sedition among Cato's followers. The plot succeeds to the point of bringing Cato before the leaders. Here the nobility of the man completely overcomes the villains and the plot fails.

At this turn of affairs Sempronius, the prime mover, after having secured the privilege of punishing his less wily comrades, decides to flee to the camp of Cæsar. He is determined to obtain the person of Marcia before leaving. Accordingly, on the advice of Syphax, he disguises himself as the Numidian prince and seeks entrance to her chamber. He is foiled in his scheme by the appearance of Juba himself who quickly puts an end to the villain's life. Marcia comes out when she hears the turmoil and laments bitterly at the sight of the dead man because she believes him to be Juba. The prince is not far away and discloses his identity, thus relieving the mind of Marcia and at the same time learning of her love for him.

Meanwhile the plot has been discovered. Syphax with a host of Numidians attempts to leave the city but is killed by Marcus, the younger of the sons of Cato. Marcus himself is killed in the affray, thus freeing the lovers, Lucia and Portius, from further embarrassment. At last Cato, despairing of victory and unwilling to yield to Cæsar, kills himself by his own sword. The death of Cato ends the tragedy.

Although the play contains a clearly defined story with a moral still more clearly pointed out, it lacks in vital interest as a drama. The foremost reason for the apparent dullness is a lack of action. In the first act there is absolutely no action whatever except the exit and entrance of characters. In the second act the same condition prevails. The plot is further unravelled, but only by the speeches which we shall consider later. Not until we get to the third act does the play begin to move at all. From the point where Cato bares his breast to the leaders of the sedition to the end of the play, the action is more or less shown. The failure of the first scheme of Sempronius and the attempted abduction of Marcia, the discovery and murder of Sempronius add interest and excitement to the tragedy.

Besides the slowness of the action, the element of suspense seems to be somewhat lacking. It has been said that suspense is

the nervous system of the drama. In some form or another it must exist throughout the entire progress of the story. If we consider the element of suspense in Cato from this point of view, we find that it is lacking. Everything is accomplished too quickly; the plot of the villains fails too soon; Juba appears to discover the disguise of Sempronius almost before we are aware of it ourselves; Marcus dies too easily without having won our sympathy for his failure in love. In short, we are not worked up to any degree of excitement by the uncertainty of affairs. The "nervous system" of this tragedy is not sensitive enough to accomplish its end.

Closely allied with this element of suspense are the climaxes. The great climax seems to come when Cato bares his breast to the leaders of the mutiny bidding them to strike.

Behold ungrateful men,

Behold my bosom naked to your swords, and let
the man that's injured strike the blow.

Here we are roused to admiration and keen interest, eagerly waiting for the blow which we know must not come for the sake of the play.

Yet though we fail to appreciate the tragedy as pure drama, we can not but admire the clear portrayal of character. As the name of the play implies, Cato is the central figure. He is the master thought of the whole story, to whom all others are subordinated. The brave, stoical Roman demands the admiration of his readers. Not only are we told of his virtues by others in the play, but the man himself is revealed to us by his words and deeds. Scorning fear, loving virtue, braving toils, he lives among his followers as their equal.

Which of you all suspects that he is wrong'd,

Or thinks he suffers greater ills than Cato?

Am I distinguished from you but by toils,

Superior toils, and heavier weight of cares?

Painful pre-eminence.

Indeed we admire the man and we know that it would be morally impossible for him to yield to Cæsar. Sempronius amply shows this when he says:

Thou hast seen Mount Atlas

Whilst storms and tempest thundered on its brows

And ocean break their billows at its feet

It stands unnerved and glories in its height.

Such is that haughty man, his towering soul

Midst all the rocks and injuries of fortune

Rises superior and looks down on Cæsar.

So it is that we might discourse to great

length on the character of Cato as shown by Addison. The entire play abounds in passages similar to those quoted, each bringing before the reader a clear picture of the man whose "life is grafted on the fate of Rome."

While the other men and women of the play are not so important as the hero, yet each one is so well characterized that we get a good idea of what they are like. Juba, the wholesome, knightly prince; Portius, the true, honest son; Marcus, the exact opposite of his brother, yet equally as true and sincere. Marcia with her "stubborn virtue," Lucia faint-hearted, somewhat weak but very womanly; Sempronius, the lying villain, and Syphax, the faithless servant. All these appear vividly before us.

Then, too, besides the character interest, we find poetical touches that win our attention such as these:

Have you forgotten Libya's burning waste
Its barren rocks, parch'd earth and hills of sand,
Its tainted air and all its broods of poison?

Or again:

And yet methinks a beam of light breaks in
On my departing soul.

Moreover, is there not a real Shakespearean touch in the soliloquy of Cato at the beginning of the fifth act?

It must be so—Plato, thou reason'st well,
Else whence this pleasing hope, this fond desire,
This longing after immortality?
Or whence this secret dread and inward horror
Of falling into naught? Why shrinks the soul
Back on herself and startles at destruction?
'Tis the divinity that stirs within us;
'Tis heaven itself that points out an hereafter,
And intimates eternity to man—
Eternity, thou pleasing, dreadful thought!

We note that when we have finished the reading of this tragedy, we feel that the author has some purpose aside from the purely dramatic, in spite of the fact that the action is slow and the suspense dull, yet we are glad to have read the play. It is clear that Addison intended to show the triumph of virtue over all her enemies.

Our Goblins.

When you are smoking in your room,
And having lots of fun,
A-laughing and a-jabbering,
As if your work was done.
You had better keep your door well locked,
And keep a-looking out,
For the prefect sure will get you,
If you don't watch out.

R. M.

"Following the Old Man."

RAYMOND E. SKELLEY, '11.

"You can't always tell what money'll do for a fellow. It may turn his head and it may not."

Half a dozen of us were seated around the store in the shanty after supper. Cap. Somers, the stable-boss, who wouldn't trade one good mule for the two best horses in the barn when it came to hard work, and who spoke with a Southern accent and had to have his eye-opener regularly; Harvey Fitzimmons, the biggest hearted Scotchman I ever met, one of the foremen; Dad Sawkins, the speaker who was the walking-boss, a powerful man of fifty-five who could still hold his own with anyone on the job if it came to a show-down, but, ordinarily, as mild a man as you'd want to meet; Lawler, the resident engineer, whose weak point was poker; and his assistant, generally referred to as "Miss" Thatcher, who knew more about the latest fashions than he did about men, manicured his nails and said "please" when he wanted the grub passed his way.

Chocolate, called "Choc" for short and then spelled "Chalk" because he was so black, was clearing away the remains of supper as Dad proceeded.

"Take L. I. for instance." "L. I." was short for L. I. McCann, the superintendent and son of the chief. "A regular chip off the old block. A little more varnish but the same grain underneath. See him go up in the air this morning over that driver licking his lame horse? That's the old man upset. He can fly off the handle the easiest, cuss the hottest, and cool off the quickest of any red-headed Irishman I ever knew and I've bumped up again a few in my time.

"You know the Old Man was anxious to have the boy well educated. Wanted to give him all the opportunities he's never had himself. Guess the Old Man had to leave school—if he was ever at one—as soon as he was big enough to carry a water-bucket.

"But L. I. couldn't see things the Old Man's way. Seemed like a waste of good time. So the time he was at school he spent pretty much in burning up the Old Man's money.

Guess he got kicked out of one school. Anyhow the Old Man signed him up at another.

"The Old Man was terrible fond of the boy. I can remember when he was just a little codger he was always traveling around with the Old Man and getting his good clothes all dirty. And as soon as he got big enough he spent all his summers on one of the jobs, and him with a fashionable cottage down on the ocean front and everything that goes with it. And this tickled the Old Man, though he was afraid to let on for fear of startin' trouble with the Missus. But just the same he had made up his mind that the boy should finish school. Or, perhaps, the Missus had made up his mind for him.

"When L. I. was twenty-one, he had got through two years of college, not by working, however, but because it came easy to him. That summer he came out on the Blacklick job which I was on at the time. We were putting in a reservoir. The farmer, on whose land the site was located, agreed to board a few of us. I often look back on those meals and try to imagine I have my feet under Mrs. Howard's table again.

"The farmer had a daughter, a young girl, a regular peaches-and-cream variety. All the youngsters on the job were falling over each other rushing her. Taylor, the engineer, was leading the race when L. I. landed in June. But it was all off then. She couldn't see the rest of them at all.

"Those two just naturally fell in love with each other. L. I. seemed to be the worse hit of the two. For Julia was a mighty sensible little girl and had a hunch that these young college chaps are pretty much triflers. Then I always kind o' thought that Taylor hinted to her the difference between hers and L. I's social positions.

"Well, anyhow, they had a big summer of it together, and when September came, L. I. decided he couldn't spare the time to go back to school. Of course he and the Old Man had it out between 'em, and in the course of the argument, he let it out about his going to marry the girl.

"Naturally the Old Man didn't fall on his neck congratulating him, for he'd set his mind on the boy finishing college, called him a d— little fool and a few other pet names. But the big noise came when the Missus got wind of what was going on. Guess she made

things right warm for a minute. Made it pretty clear that she had no room for any 'hay-seeds,' as she said, in her house. Seems she had social aspirations.

"Well, the Old Man finally coaxed the boy into keeping peace in the family by going back. He had been gone two weeks and we all felt mighty sorry for the little girl when one day he blows into the office with a grip. Says he's come back to get married while he's goin' to let the folks believe he's still at school.

"Seems he'd fixed it up for a chum at school to forward his mail and to send letters he would write home. Begged me to give him a job and before I knew it I'd agreed. Knew I'd have the Old Man on my neck, but I figured out it wasn't any of my business mixin' in family scrapes. The boy was of age and I needed a good man to take charge of the concrete gang and push it before cold weather set in. And then—I didn't want to see the little girl disappointed.

"Well, we had a quiet little wedding and everything was goin' lovely till one day, 'long towards spring, the Old Man dropped in unexpected. I knew something was going to happen as soon as I caught sight of 'im coming along the breast of the dam.

"That would bring him right onto the concrete gang, where L. I. was a hustlin'. Was wondering whether he'd stay and face it out when he caught sight of the Old Man or make himself scarce. But he stuck. Well, sir, it was worth the price of admission to see the Old Man's face when he discovered him. Could hardly believe his eyes for a minute. But then he let loose. And he surely heated up the atmosphere.

"And all the time the boy stood there with a smile on his face just as pleasant as if a lawyer was reading a will in his favor. The smile did the work. The Old Man had found in his son a man he couldn't bully and I think he was just about as proud of L. I. then as if he'd just been elected president.

"Without saying another word the Old Man took him by the arm and led him up to me. I expected to get mine, but all he said was:

"Give this fellow his time.' I caught the twinkle in his eye. 'I've got a tough job over on the Redstone I'm going to give him a chance at.'"

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Calendar.

Sunday, Feb. 19—Band practice after mass.
 " St. Joseph Literary Society.
 " Brownson Literary Society
 " Corby Literary Society
 " Basketball, Brownson vs. Corby.
 Monday, Feb. 20—Band practice 12:30
 " Orchestra practice
 " Rifle practice, Co. C, 12:30
 " Fred Emerson Brooks, Cartoonist.
 Tuesday, Feb. 21—Glee Club practice 7 p. m.
 " Rifle practice, Co. D, 12:30
 Wednesday, Feb. 22—Washington's birthday
 " Presentation of flag by Senior class.
 Thursday, Feb. 23—Basketball, Brownson vs. Sorin.
 Friday, Feb. 24—Band practice 12:30
 " Drill 1:30
 " Rifle practice Co. B, 12:30
 " O'Sullivan & Freundin concert.
 Saturday, Feb. 25—N. D. vs. I. A. C. in track at N. D.

—A noted figure in the American hierarchy, Archbishop Patrick John Ryan of Philadelphia, passed away from the scene of his labors last Saturday. He had

A Notable Churchman reached the venerable
Passes Away. age of eighty years
 and left life as he
 lived it, tranquilly and cheerfully. During
 his career many notable churchmen have
 risen to prominence in the American epis-

copacy. Either as orators, or as writers, or as leaders in great movements for the social or religious betterment, they have been in the foreground continually. Through them the vast non-Catholic world felt the quickening influence of the Church. They were her representatives—and she never lost in their representation. When any great question arose relating to Church or state, or any misunderstanding about position or policy, to them the Catholic and non-Catholic world looked for explanation, and always their utterances went far toward thoroughly righting a situation.

Archbishop Ryan was himself one such figure. Essentially a Churchman, his expressions of opinion on any Church subject were always heard with interest. He was a gifted orator and will always be remembered for a number of notable sermons which he preached. His disposition was kindly, fatherly. He had hosts of friends in Philadelphia and hosts of admirers all over the country. His last words,—“I desire to be dissolved and to be with Christ”—are a beautiful expression of his faith, resignation and joyousness of spirit,—qualities which shone so conspicuously in his life.

—By setting aside the birthday of Washington as a day on which to reverence the name of the first and noblest of American patriots, our states have
Personal Reverence shown themselves thoughtful
for Washington. ful of their own best interests. The national virtues which are the strength and the necessary support of our national life are found exemplified in the nation's heroes, and it is by continually holding up before the citizens of the republic the examples of these virtues that they are best impressed upon their minds. The state has done its homage to Washington; it remains for the individual to pay his tribute, and this is a thing that is most commonly neglected. The orator of Washington's birthday points out the noble lessons from his life, but how much of the application of his panegyric ever gets across the footlights? How many people are there who really take to heart the lessons of his life? The national consciousness of the debt to Washington is a fine thing and is worthy of the highest praise, but is it not false and empty without the personal response of the citizens? Washington

should not be merely a name to us; in our hearts we should cherish a personal reverence for the nobility of his character.

—The National Economic League, the home office of which is Boston, has just released a circular that is of interest to students of Economics. In order to

The National Economic League. determine what subjects are worthy of the attention and discussion of the

League, a periodical ballot on suggested subjects is taken, and the result is spread broadcast in an effort to interest economists in general in the matters for which preference is shown. Such a ballot has just been taken, with the result that the two subjects chosen as being of most vital interest at the present moment are: "Direct Legislation, including direct primary nominations, direct election of United States senators, initiative and referendum and recall," and, "Inefficiency and delay of the courts in the administration of justice." Among the other questions favorably considered by a large number of the voters are the tariff, the regulation of corporations, the centralization of federal power, conservation, taxation, etc. There can be no doubt that this ballot shows something of the drift of national opinion with regard to economic questions, but there is just a possibility that the result, if the ballots were placed in the hands of the people at large, might be different. The membership of the national council of the league consists of "presidents of universities, professors of political economy, judges, lawyers, bankers, merchants, manufacturers, etc." With all due credit to the judgment and ability of these men, it is possible that they may not be in close touch with the popular pulse in these matters, and economists of today may be spending their time with problems that are of little or no practical value. However, the purpose of the League is a good one, and there can be no doubt but that the result of the ballot will be a profitable one.

—There are some men, very well qualified to express opinions on various matters, who, nevertheless, refrain from doing so. There are others pitifully deficient in this

The Church in Our Town. knowledge of the same matters, who seize every opportunity to point out the weakness of

every social institution and to lecture the reading public upon its universal duties. Such particularly are those recent and current self-constituted philosophers who are telling the world "what is the matter with the Church in our town." Having fallen victims to the journalistic suggestion that there was something radically wrong with the Church they proceed to air their respective personal grievances in the public press. In some cases the Church according to these enlightened ones, is not performing its duty because, forsooth there are Church members who engage in immoral practices. In other instances because it is not keeping pace with modern "thinkers"—unprogressive, as it were! One ultra-radical tells us that the Church is having "too much preaching about things which, at present it is impossible for any human being to know." Among these "things" are death, judgment, heaven and hell. The inconsistency of these men is astonishing. In the same breath they ask us to forswear the authority of the Church of ages, to reject revelation and tradition, and to doubt the veracity of the ablest philosophers. And for what? For the miserable little *ipse dixit* of their withering mentality. There is nothing the "matter with the Church in our town." It is the same old Church, preaching the same old doctrines, with the same conscious authority and unmodified certainty as during the past twenty centuries. It is great, strong, all-embracing, active, flourishing and, needless to say, not in the least disturbed by this incessant demagogical rant.

The Orphean Musical Club.

The Orphean Quartette entertained us for an hour and a half last Saturday evening with a program of much variety. The musical numbers had the merit of originality, and though lacking in harmony and expression, were quite well rendered. We should have enjoyed the reader's effort more had he used better judgment in choosing his selection; the philosophy of life presented by the old Hoosier is not such as to merit our approval, much less our imitation. The instrumental music was good and there should have been more of it. Mr. Henry's cartoon was lacking in finish. All in all, the entertainment was enjoyable.

Dr. Douthat's Lecture on Gettysburg.

On Thursday, February 9, Dr. Robert W. Douthat, a Confederate veteran, told us the story of the greatest of the civil war battles. The Doctor's description of the battle was very vivid and impressive and will long be remembered by all who heard him. He has all the facts first hand and presents them with telling force. The circumstance that the lecturer succeeded in keeping the attention of the student body for a full hour and a half is, perhaps, the best indication of his worth as a story-teller and entertainer.

Apostolate of Religious Reading.

The Apostolate is now well organized in all the halls of the University. In each one a zealous promoter distributes books to some thirty or forty readers. Good fiction by Catholic authors is in constant demand, which shows that when the works of such authors are known they will be read. When we consider the pagan spirit of most modern literature, Catholics in general, and teachers and parents in particular, should bestir themselves to see that our young people are early introduced to our best Catholic authors. The most effective method to achieve this end is for some instructor in the school and some member of the family to make the fostering of a taste for good reading a real apostolate.

In our universities and colleges a splendid opportunity is afforded to make our Catholic authors known and read. The director of the Apostolate at Notre Dame has received evidence of the fact that our own writers will be esteemed when they are known. The works of Bishop Spalding, Marion Crawford, Robert Hugh Benson and others are highly appreciated, and the students sometimes purchase one or more of their books as presents for relatives or friends. Recently a student decided to send to a lady friend, instead of a valentine of the usual sort, a copy of "Education and the Higher Life" by Spalding.

Personals.

—Mr. Paul Rush (Class '12) is visiting friends at Lafayette, Ind., this week.

—Jesse Roth (Litt. B. '10) will compete for the

I. A. C. in their meet with us next Saturday.

—The Very Rev. Provincial left for his visitation of the Southern colleges of the Congregation of the Holy Cross last Monday.

—Edwin J. Lynch (LL. B. '10) is now law partner of Paul J. Ragan (A. B. '97, LL. B. '00). Their address is 751-2-3 Spitzer Bldg, Toledo, O.

—Mr. William P. Breen (A. B. '77), of Ft. Wayne, Ind., donor of the Breen Medal for oratory, was a visitor at the University this week. Accompanying him was Mr. Patrick Gorman, a prominent business man of Huntington, Ind. It was Mr. Breen's fifty-second birthday. The SCHOLASTIC hopes the distinguished alumnus has still many milestones ahead of him.

—The late Father Tim O'Sullivan (A. M. '88) of St. Bride's Church, Chicago, died intestate, but his worthy brother, Mr. Patrick O'Sullivan of Chicago, interpreted the wishes of the deceased and has turned over the library of Father Tim O'Sullivan to the University of Notre Dame, thus enlarging the number of books by about five hundred volumes. The University desires to express its gratitude for this fresh proof of the friendship and loyalty of Father Tim and his brother.

Obituary.

The death of Francis X. Beyerly took place in Cleveland, Ohio, February 9th. Mr. Beyerly was a member of a family intimately associated with the University, and his passing is a personal bereavement to many at Notre Dame. He had attained the ripe old age of eighty-five. He will be remembered by the earliest alumni as the first lay member of the faculty.

To Mrs. Patrick O'Brien of South Bend, a sister of the deceased, the University sends through the SCHOLASTIC, assurance of prayerful remembrance and heartfelt sympathy. *R. I. P.*

The profound condolence of all at the University is extended to Mr. Glenn Smith of Corby hall in the loss of his father, who passed away in Cleveland, Ohio, last week. Mr. Smith was bright and amiable and much beloved by his family to whom he was extremely devoted. He was a remarkably successful business man. His loss is the harder to bear because he passed away in his prime, but he left a fragrant memory behind him. *R. I. P.*

Mr. Gerard Voelkers, the father of John and Gerard Voelkers, students of the University, died of pneumonia at his home in South Bend, Feb. 8. To all that knew him his death, after a few days' illness, was a surprise, and caused genuine sorrow. He was a true father, a citizen active and respected, a man whose charity was felt by large numbers of the residents of South Bend, a Catholic whose life showed that to be practical in religious matters is no hindrance to success in business. To his wife and children we offer sincere sympathy and prayers in their great loss. *R. I. P.*

Society Notes.

KNIGHTS OF COLUMBUS.

A meeting of the Knights of Columbus was held in the council room in Walsh hall last Tuesday night. Several applicants were elected to membership and about twenty new applications were read. About thirty candidates have already reported and several more are expected to apply for membership before the first degree initiation, which will be held on Sunday, February 26. The committee on decorations reported on a plan for furnishing the room and was authorized to proceed at once with the work.

BROWNSON LITERARY AND DEBATING.

The Brownson Society held its fourteenth regular meeting last Sunday evening. A second preliminary to select a team for the St. Joseph-Brownson debate was held. The question discussed was "Resolved, That cities with a population of over thirty thousand should adopt the commission form of government." Messrs. T. Clark, E. Walters, O. Daly were the affirmative speakers; and Messrs. V. Ryan, H. Gefell, F. Mulcahy, R. O'Neill were the negative. The four that received the highest rating were in the following order: R. O'Neill, O. Daly, H. Gefell, V. Ryan. The critic spoke words of praise for the debaters, saying they showed better grasp of the subject than those who were in the first preliminary. The final contest, which will be held in March, bids fair to be very close.

CORBY LITERARY AND DEBATING.

The regular meeting of the Corby Literary and Debating Society was held on last Sunday evening. The committee on finance was

asked to report next meeting. A special Lincoln program was given in honor of the day. The first number was a paper on the Lincoln-Douglas debate read by Mr. Feeney. This was followed by Lincoln's Gettysburg address by Mr. Milroy. Mr. F. W. Durbin entertained us for a few minutes with a piano selection, "Meditation." "The Perfect Tribute" was read by Mr. P. Cunning. A number of stories connected with Lincoln were given by Mr. Arthur. A vocal solo by Mr. J. Mahoney was highly appreciated by everyone. Mr. Walsh read an Appeal to Lincoln. The closing number was a poem, "O Captain, My Captain," excellently read by Mr. Frank Madden.

WALSH LITERARY AND DEBATING.

The Walsh hall Literary and Debating Society held an extra meeting Sunday evening, February 12, for the purpose of organizing a permanent society. The following new officers were elected: Mr. Paul Murphy, president; Mr. Hugh Daly, vice-president; Mr. Jeff Wheeler, secretary and treasurer. A committee on arrangements was appointed to fit out and decorate the music room in Walsh hall which will be used in the future as a club room for the exclusive use of the society's members. An excellent program is promised for next Sunday evening.

THE CIVIL ENGINEERING.

The Civil Engineering Society met on Wednesday evening to make final arrangements for the trip to Gary and the cement show at Chicago. Assigned topics were discussed. Mr. Washburn read a paper giving the results of much research work upon "The durability of iron water pipes." Mr. Washburn, in a very thorough manner, showed that the life of iron pipes, whether cast iron or wrought iron, is dependent upon the quality of iron, its surroundings, its protection from corrosive influences and most of all upon the possibilities of chemical reaction. The three theories which seem to explain the reason for rusting and corrosion of iron were well explained by Mr. Washburn. In his paper upon the "Destruction of Niagara Falls" Mr. McSweeney pointed out the reason why the American Falls in particular were in immediate danger of destruction and gave two good reasons for this possibility. The first cause is a natural one and due to the eroding power of the falls themselves, the second cause is that of utilizing the water power that the falls are able to furnish

at the expense of their own destruction. The geological formations of the falls were fully explained as were also the possibilities of Niagara as a power developer. Mr. Funk showed the worth of the "Hydraulic Ram." This machine works upon the simple principle of employing a column of moving water to raise a part of this water to a higher level. The reason the hydraulic ram is not used to any extent in public waterworks is that certain suitable conditions must exist to warrant its usage, and that it has not received thorough consideration at the hands of scientific experimenters. The ram will, no doubt, in time become quite extensively used in view of its low cost, ease of operation and satisfactory efficiency. Mr. Gamboa introduced a proposition for discussion involving the principle of Conservation and Correlation of energy. The members became intensely interested in this topic as presented by Mr. Gamboa who dwelt at length on the bearing this important principle has in the physical world. His explanations in answer to many enquiries as to certain apparent difficulties clearly indicated that he has given this subject much thought and attention.

Local Items.

—At a meeting of the Junior class Tuesday evening Walter Duncan was chosen business manager for the 1912 Dome.

—Sorin hall basketball team was defeated by Laporte High School Monday night at Laporte. The score was 36-20.

—Among the pleasing features of the successful Charity ball held in the city Wednesday evening was the Colonial reel in which James Sherlock was a principal performer.

—A requiem mass for the repose of the soul of Glenn Smith's father was offered by Father Farley in the Corby Chapel last Thursday. The students of Corby attended in a body.

—The battalion officers and cadets received their full equipment on Thursday. From now until Washington's birthday, the time will be spent in practising for the dress parade on that day.

—Coach Maris announces a slight change in the basketball lineup: O'Neill has been taken from the team and is devoting all his

time to track, while Granfield has been placed at centre and Ulatowski and Feeney at guards.

—Co. C Walsh hall, dined at the Oliver hotel Saturday night. The full dress uniform was worn and presented a pleasing sight to those of South Bend seeing the Battalion for the first time.

—Kelly's All Stars, the local indoor baseball team, defeated the St. Florian Club of South Bend in the gym Wednesday night. The game was close and exciting as the score 16-11 indicates.

Athletic Notes.

VARSITY VICTORIOUS IN FIRST TRACK MEET.

With Ohio State University as the visiting party, the Varsity Track team engaged in its first dual meet of the season last Saturday afternoon. From the standpoint of warmly contested events the meet was of a mediocre character, and had it not been for the work of the Notre Dame men in several events which took on the nature of an exhibition affair, the afternoon would have been entirely devoid of interest. John Devine proved the sensation of the day when he finished the half mile in 1:59.2, thereby breaking the Western indoor record for that event. The difficulty of this feat must be appreciated when it is considered that at practically no stage of the race was he even approached by the Ohio man, and the finish found him nearly a whole lap in the lead. This time is remarkable on a twelve-lap track. Fisher came into his own and won his recognition as a real Varsity track man by grabbing the honors in the quarter-mile event. The freshman recruit ran the prettiest kind of a race, leading by four yards on his first two laps and finishing with, easily, ten yards to spare in the time of :53.1 the track record. Fletcher performed his usual feat of winning high honors in the point column for the day. First places in the 40-yard dash, high jump, 40-yard low hurdles, and 40-yard high hurdles gave him the necessary twenty points.

Steers had an easy time of it in the mile, allowing the Ohio State man to take the lead until the eighth lap when he forged ahead and by continued increase of speed from that time until he crossed the tape he left his opponent about a half a lap in the rear. In the two-

mile event Steers and Hogan were represented. Steers simply went in to pace Hogan and dropped out after he had him well up in the race in the seventeenth lap. Hogan continued strong, but the stellar Wikoff finished well in the lead, allowing Davis and Hogan to fight it out for second honors. Hogan after the gamest finish of the day succeeded in coralling the silver honors from Davis by a few yards' margin. The relay race was a fast affair, breaking the gym record for that event.

Martin won the 220-yard event in classy style with Bergman the looser of second honors to Cook of Ohio State by the smallest kind of a margin. Jimmie Wasson allowed his "roomie" to be the honor man in the 40-yard dash and as the ~~2~~ broad jump, Jimmie's event, was not on the program, he was not able to break another world's record or something like that in his line of endeavor. Summaries:

Forty-yard dash—Fletcher, N. D., first; Wasson, N. D., second. Time, :4.3

High Jump—Fletcher, N. D., first; Williams, N. D., second. Height, 5 feet 9 5-8 inches.

220-yard dash—Martin, N. D., first; Cook, Ohio State, second. Time, :23.4.

Mile run—Steers, N. D., first; Grimm, Ohio State, second. Time, 4:46.4.

Shot put—Barricklou, Ohio State, first; Cook, Ohio State, second. Distance, 38 feet 8 inches.

440-yard run—Fisher, N. D., first; Webb, Ohio State, second. Time, :53.1.

40-yard low hurdles—Fletcher, N. D., first; Baird, Ohio State, second. Time, :5.

880-yard run—Devine, N. D., first; Hawks, Ohio State, second. Time, 1:59.2.

Pole vault—Foss, Ohio State, first; Rush, N. D., second. Height, 10 feet.

40-yard high hurdles—Fletcher, N. D., first; Williams, N. D., second. Time, :5.3.

Two mile—Wikoff, Ohio State, first; Hogan, N. D., second. Time, 9:55.

Relay race—Notre Dame, first.

BASKETBALL TEAM VICTORIOUS AT DETROIT.

After playing in the hardest kind of luck during the first half the Varsity basketball team "came back" and defeated the Y. M. O. team of Detroit by the score of 30-24. The men fought desperately during the first section, but the luck was not with them. To quote the Detroit papers: "Time and again the ball shot with unerring aim would touch the back, roll tantalizingly about the hoop and then drop off." From the opening of the second half things were different, and a succession of short passes and grand team-work resulted in an addition of nineteen points to the eleven

scored earlier. Maloney was the star in the scoring line, making five field goals in addition to seven free throws. Fish proved a wizard in passing and receiving the ball, and was the stout factor in the rally which the men took in the second half.

Summaries:—Field goals—Maloney, 5; Fish, 3; O'Neill, 2; Ulatowski, 1; Guiney, 2; Monahan, 3; Hanrahan, 3. Free throws—Maloney, 7; Hanrahan, 8. Umpire, Grogan.

SORIN KEEPS DROPPING.

Sorin took another firm stand in the race for the cellar championship Sunday afternoon, and by heroic efforts succeeded in grabbing the small end of a 30 to 5 score. Sorin went into the game with a firm determination to become the guardian of the vegetable pile, and the score is probably the best evidence of success. Turk Oaas of Sorin made his début into mid-winter activities, and although his efforts were honest they resulted in many fouls against his team. Campbell played a good, consistent game for Sorin, but the clever work of Cahill and Bensburg, the Corby forwards, was probably the real feature of the performance. The championship now lies between Walsh and Corby with Brownson having a fighting chance for the rag.

THE SOUTH SIDERS BEAT BROWNSON.

It was only after the hardest kind of a tussle that Walsh was able to make the Brownson team take the count Thursday afternoon. The game was, by far, the best seen in the interhall league this season and was neither won nor lost until the closing moments of the contest. With the score standing 12 to 5 against them at the end of the first half it was only by a most persistent effort that Walsh was able to finish with the long end of the 28 to 21 argument. The work of the men on both teams was so good that it would be difficult to slip any one particular man the palm. Both teams displayed excellent team-work, and the game on the whole was a credit to Notre Dame's interhall league.

SORIN LEAVES SAINTS IN CELLAR.

Yes, the Bookies won a basketball game! The opponents were five young men of St. Joseph hall who, as a result of Thursday's contest are now conceded the cellar championship. The scrap was interesting and hard-fought as the score will indicate. The final count was 19 to 18 in Sorin's favor.

Safety Valve.

We herewith submit a chronic case of the recent
In Memoriam epidemic in English IV.

The clock struck ten; Fate bade me rise
And try a skive: I took my chance;
I saw her gold hair at the dance,
I drank the splendor of her eyes.

We parted, speaking long and low.
I kissed her,—she half said I might.
I vanished from her into night,
And walked the beaten path I know.

Next morn I heard the clarion call:
"Give up your key, vacate your room!"
And demons shrieked from out the gloom:
"To Brownson hall! To Brownson hall!"

A LESSON IN QUOTATION FOR ENG. D.

As a fitting expression of appreciation for Sunday
night's military banquet, Walsh hall will have no
more absentees from military drill. It is a con-
summation devoutly to be wished.

So this, then, is Fabian Johnson, the crack 440-
yarder of Sorin.

And this is Scotchy, the brilliant basketball player,
who is helping to make the Bookies the basketball
terrors of the town.

We notice that young Columbia of Portland, Oregon,
is threatened with ostracism by the elders of the athletic
synod out there. The spirit of our religious athletic
mid-West is *hic et ubique*.

OUR WEEKLY PRIZE PUZZLE.

Joe McDonnell accompanied our beloved Prefect
of Discipline to the city the other day. The con-
ductor, a loquacious* person, remarked: "Say, young
man, you come down on this car at this hour every
day." Joseph Patrick blushed beautifully. Why?

* Don't know any on Hill St. that isn't.

PAUL AND VIRGINIA: An Idyl.

1st strophe.

Paul and Carmodel
Walked together
Down the dell.

2d. strophe.

The moon was at her full,
The sea was at his swell,
When Paul and Carmodel
Walked together
Down the dell.

3d strophe.

Paul said: "All is well"
To Carmodel.
And the sea sobbed
And the moon shone.

4th strophe.

And Carmo said: "Paul,
Is that all?"
And Paul said: "Carmodel,
That's all I have to tell."
And the sea, etc.
And the moon, etc.

5th and last strophe.

They returned home in the gloaming
Tired but happy.
Carmo said: "Thanks, thanks,
My worthy friend
For the lesson thou hast taught!
Here in the moonlight
Soft and low.
Read me one of Twining's poems
Before we clasp and go."
And the sea, etc.
And the moon, etc.

OUR WEEKLY LATIN EXERCISE.

do	damus
das	damit
dat	Dant.

Teacher in Economics—Why not change our present
currency system, Mr. Havican?

Mr. Havican—We couldn't do that, because we
have had it from infantry up.

A swell derby hat on a Candee—
A crowd of rude Sorinites handee—
A volley of spheres
Icy cold, and three cheers—
All that's left of the hat is a bandee!

PALE PAULIE.

Paulie reads the Safety Valve,
Hurries down to town;—
Great the perturbation,
Hankie's won renown!
Monday bright and early
Paulie gets his mail;—
Back has come the Safety;
Now he's looking pale.

WE'D LIKE TO KNOW.

—From what creamy solution does Joe Martin
get his peachy complexion?

—Did John Mullen actually giggle in English IV.?

—Are we to be gratified by John O'H's two-mile
event for Sorin this year?

—How long that rotten cabbage field is going
to waste its sweetness right under our noses?

TOO GREAT A CHANCE.

"Too great a chance!" said Laura Jean
In her response to neighboring queen.
For if these lovers' notes were seen
They'd both be placed behind a screen
Which proves to us you've got some bean
O Laura Jean! O Laura Jean!