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The Rose Girl.

SHE struggles about in the crowded places
Pauses a moment and proffers one;
She heeds not the stare of a thousand faces,
But calls out roses till all are gone.

Homeward at last when the hot day closes,
Her young face clouded with child regret:
Sorrow not, maiden, though gone thy roses,
Their fragrance lingers about thee yet!

C. I.

Modern Irish Poetry.

THOMAS A. LAHEY, '11.



THAT the germs of poetry have ever found a sanctuary within the heart of the Irish people, is a proved fact. Otherwise, how explain the sudden swarming of poetic tongues which history records upon all national occasions; how get away from the romantic beliefs, the tales, the songs, the customs of the people? It has been said that, since the beginning of the revival movement until the present, Ireland has produced more real poets for its size, than any other nation in the world. Be that as it may, it will only concern this paper to examine into a very few of what we consider characteristic products of the revival period, leaving the reader to judge as to their real poetic value from the standpoint of Irish literature.

There is one characteristic which, we dare say, is not generally looked for in the Irish poetry of today, especially if one be an admirer of Moore's verses,—“faultless to a fault” as they are in smoothness,—and that is the peculiar suggestiveness of the rugged phrase,

which makes Carlyle's picturesque prose so poetic. Yet, a single verse from Paudraig Colum's “Plougher” gives us just such an example as, we think, the “Literary Savage” himself could not imitate.

Sunset and silence; a man; around him earth savage,
earth broken:

Beside him two horses, a plough!

Earth savage, earth broken, the brutes, the dawn-
man there in the sunset!

And the plough that is twin to the sword, that is
founder of cities.

Brute-tamer, plough-maker, earth-breaker! Canst
hear? There are ages between us;

Is it praying you are as you stand there alone in the
sunset?

There is undoubtedly a strange and unfamiliar music in these lines, but is it the less beautiful because we can not fully comprehend it? “And the plough that is twin to the sword, that is founder of cities!” Surely one must recognize the master-hand behind this line. Or to proceed to another thought, suggested by the lines:

Sunset and silence; a man; around him earth savage,
earth broken:

Beside him two horses, a plough!

Is it praying you are as you stand there alone in
the sunset?

Doubtless if ever Millet deserved the immortality he won from his “Man and the Hoe,” this unpretentious Irish poet, unknown though he be to all but his own simple world, has herein proved himself as much a master of the pen as the renowned painter was of the brush. In Paudraig Colum, Ireland certainly possesses a poet who paints in that bold, almost careless stroke of the one who feels himself master of the materials he uses.

Let us take the second verse of yet another piece, which takes its breath, Millet-like from the soil. Its subject, “The Man Child,”

seems not altogether appropriate to the matter contained, but the verse itself will be found to present no such defect to the enquiring critic.

Up horses, now!
And straight and true
Let every broken furrow run;
The strength you sweat
Shall blossom yet
In golden glory to the sun.

The form of this particular verse is apt to lead one away from the little thought-gem contained under its modest, if peculiar exterior. Still forgetting all this, which is only exterior form, where have we in all English literature a more beautifully poetic expression for the mere prose of the field than the last three lines wherein the ploughman exhorts his straining horses with the hope of the coming harvest:

The strength you sweat
Shall blossom yet
In golden glory to the sun.

Another book which has found its way into the hearts of the Irish people with almost magic quickness, is the "Four Winds of Erin," by the late lamented Ethna Carberry. Were we to quote the following poem anonymously, with no hint as to the sex of the writer, we venture to assert that not a single one of our readers would ascribe its production to the tender and sympathetic heart of a woman. And yet so strong, so vibrant of a fierce hate of the Saxon is this outburst of an Irish woman's heart, that for the moment it seems almost verging upon the blasphemous. Nevertheless we can find some degree of palliation for this young singer, for feeling, as only a poet can feel, the wrongs, the persecutions, yea even the cruelties with which the Saxons had afflicted her beloved Ireland during entire centuries.

I look on our smoking valleys,
I gaze on our wasted lands,
I stand by our grass-grown thresholds
And curse their ruffian bands,

I curse them in dark and daylight—
I curse them in hours between
The gray dawn and shadowy night time,
For the sights my eyes have seen.

Yet Ethna Carberry was not always a poet of this order. True to her sex she preferred to sing of love and tenderness, but like to the mother who leaves the cradle and the little trundle-bed to fight in the battle at the side of her husband, this timid woman likewise carried within her breast the Amazon-spirit of Irish womanhood.

Speaking about love of country recalls to mind another of the young Irish poets who has won for himself the honor and love of his own people chiefly, it might be said, on account of the way in which he has typified them in song. Alfred Percival Graves is the one poet, if there is any particular individual, who has given us the true Irish countryman as he really is, "merry-making, love-making, cutting capers, joking, lamenting, telling stories of the good people, getting married and dying, against the background of Irish hills and lakes, rivers and woods." For brevity's sake we can only quote one verse from his "Irish Spinning Wheel," but it will quite illustrate that peculiar elusive quality of Irish song which the present-day poets are striving so faithfully to represent.

Show me a sight
Bates for delight,
An ould Irish wheel with a young Irish girl at it.
Oh no!
Nothing you'll show
Aequals her sittin' an' takin' a whirl at it.

Even with the temptation to quote one of the folk-songs for which Mr. Graves is so universally renowned, we can not resist passing them over in silence in order to give a stanza of his "Irish Lullaby." The Gaelic mother and her child have been celebrated time and again in the poetry of that nation, but never has the sweetness of song come nearer doing justice to its subject than this identical piece, which has been styled the finest "lullaby of modern times."

I'd rock my own childie to rest in a cradle of gold
in a bough of the willow,
To the *shoheen* ho of the wind of the west and the
lullalo of the soft sea billow.
Sleep, baby dear,
Sleep without fear,
Mother is here at your pillow.

The first thoughts which this admirable song suggests to a lover of the beautiful and tender in poetry, is its sympathetic note with that other masterpiece of its class,—Tennyson's "Sweet and Low."

Sleep, baby dear,
Sleep without fear,
Mother is here at your pillow.

Only the little children, who feel what that heavenly presence at the pillow means, ever could express the truth and beauty of these lines,—but alas, the little flowers of love can not speak; only their angels know.

We do not know why it is that the woman-poets are so able to approach the true Irish nature with such little effort, except that it be the mother feeling which they possess towards the nation and all that is of the nation. Mrs. W. Chesson, or, as she is popularly known, "Nora Hopper," is an example in point, being as she is above all things else thoroughly Irish. Her "Fairly Fiddler" will appeal in its native power to anyone who is acquainted with the Irish temperament.

'Tis I go fiddling, fiddling,
By weedy ways forlorn;
I wake the blackbird's music
Ere in his breast 'tis born;
'Twixt the midnight and the morn.

None of my fairy kinsmen
Make music with me now;
Alone the rathe I wander,
Or ride the white thorn bough,
But the wild swans they know me,
And the horse that draws the plough!

Another of these "eye to eye and heart to heart" women-poets of the Gael is Katherine Tynan-Hinkson, popularly renowned as having caught her notes from the birds in the Irish trees. And indeed what wonder if the birds should endow her with their very song-notes, since she herself sings of them so beautifully, especially in this little master-piece—the "Larks."

All day in exquisite air
The song clomb an invisible stair,
Flight on flight, story on story,
Into the dazzling glory.

There was no bird,—only a singing,
Up in the glory, climbing and singing,
Like a small golden cloud at even,
Trembling 'twixt earth and heaven.

I saw no staircase winding, winding,
Up in the dazzle, sapphire and blinding,
Yet round by round, in exquisite air,
The song went up the stair.

There can be no doubt but that the above song may claim an intimate kinship with that wonderful "Ode to the Skylark," by which Shelley has endowed literature forever. Even Keats is suggested in such lines as "the song clomb an invisible stair" and the one following it, but the Irish note is not wanting either,—somewhere we should say about the line,

I saw no staircase winding, winding,
and its very faintness charms us into complete captivity.

Another of those marvelous women-poets

in which Ireland seems to be so happily productive, is Moira O'Neil (Mrs. W. Skrine). "Tender, wistful, hovering on the borderland between tears and laughter," she appeals to the whole Irish people; who indeed can not feel a personal interest in her poetry after reading that most pathetic of all Irish songs,— "Corrymeela." Humble though it is in pretensions, the words of this little song are known today the world over.

Over here in England I'm helpin' wi' the hay,
An' I wisht I was in Ireland the livelong day;
Weary on the English hay, and sorra take the wheat!
Och! Corrymeela an' the blue sky over it.

The people that's in England is richer nor the Jews,
There's not the smallest gossoon but thravels in his shoes!

I'd give the pipe between me teeth to see a barefoot child,

Och! Corrymeela an' the low south wind.

We now come to probably the four greatest powers of the entire Irish revival—Russel, Lady Gregory, Yeats, and Hyde. To treat any one of these in an adequate manner would certainly tax the limits of a good-sized volume. We can, however, give a sort of flashlight idea concerning the great work which they are doing, even in that one narrow phase of the movement,—the revival of the Irish song lyric. Among the four there is none outside of Yeats himself who is better deserving of the title "Prince of Mystic Poets," than the first of these. (A. E. as he is popularly called.) People who know Mr. Russel, tell us that he sees wonderful visions and beautiful beings in his day-dreams; we have it, too, that the walls of his home are decorated with the figures of these children of his imagination. Certain it is that his book "The Memory of Earth," from which we here give only two typical verses, stamps Mr. Russel as a "Dreamer of Dreams," in the highest and noblest sense of the term.

While I passed the Valley's gloom,
Where the rabbits pattered near,
Shone a temple and a tomb
With the legend carven clear:

Time put by a myriad fates
That her day might dawn in glory;
Death made void a million gates
So to close her tragic story.

The last four lines, we do not hesitate to say, might startle even a Dante into the despair of imitation. Its giant-impress of power may perhaps be lacking in "the Gates of Dream-

land," from which we clip a quotation, but the genius of the man is certainly not less in evidence. As a matter of strict fact, it is by just such an "airy-fairy" lilt as the following, that we get the true idea of this poet's genius in mystic dreaming.

It's a lonely road through bogland to the lakes at Carrowmore,
And a sleeper there lies dreaming where the water laps the shore.
Though the moth-wings of the twilight in their purple are unfurled
Yet his sleep is filled with gold light by the masters of the world.

.....
There's a hand as white as silver that is fondling with his hair,
There are glimmering feet of sunshine that are dancing by him there:
And half open lips of faerys that were dyed to richest red
In their revels where the hazel tree its holy clusters shed.

.....
Oh, the mountain gates of dreamland have opened once again,
And the sound of song and dancing falls upon the ears of men.
And the Land of Youth lies gleaming flushed with opal light and mirth
And the old enchantment lingers in the honey heart of earth.

Notwithstanding the great power and extent of her own original work, we like to think of Lady Gregory in the rôle of an Irish translator, and in this we do her honor. The following is a stanza from that superb translation, "A Sorrowful Lament for Ireland," The original is taken from an old manuscript supposedly written by an Irish priest, but no date or information being given, nothing can be asserted as authoritative.

Our feasts are without any voice of priests,
And we at them but women lamenting,
Tearing their hair with troubled minds,
Keening pitifully after the Fenians.
The pipes of our organs are broken,
Our harps have lost their strings that we tuned,
That might have made the great lament of Ireland;
Until the strong men come back across the sea
There is no help for us but bitter crying,
Screams, and beating of hands, and calling out.

We come now to probably Ireland's greatest living revival poet; after the selections already quoted, one must begin to realize what that word *greatest* means, among so many who who are truly great. A writer certainly feels that while "speech is silver, silence is golden," when approaching the poetry of Wm. Butler

Yeats. It will not be necessary to quote more than this one beautiful little home-picture to show the genius of the man. It is entitled "The Lake Isle of Innisfree."

I will arise and go now, and go to Innisfree,
And a small cabin build there, of clay and wattles made;
Nine bean rows will I have there, a vine for the honey bee,
And live alone in the bee-loud glade.

And I shall have some peace there, for peace comes dropping slow,
Dropping from the veils of the morning to where the cricket sings;
There midnight's all a-glimmer, and moon a purple glow,
And evening full of linnet's wings.

I will arise and go now, for always night and day
I hear lake water lapping with low sound by the shore;
While I stand on the roadway, or on the pavements gray,
I hear it in the deep heart's core.

When Yeats has been mentioned there is but one more name which one would dare to utter in connection with the revival of Irish song and poetry. Need one suggest it to the true Irish heart? Truly the father of the Irish revival movement possesses all those instincts of love towards the people of his native Isle, which that character represents. Like a father he has labored that his children the Irish people, might come by the inheritance which is rightly theirs; like a father he has watched over their progress, and equally like a father has he rejoiced at their successes and mourned at their misfortunes. Not a little of Dr. Hyde's work has been done in the original Gaelic, but he has also given to the Irish people a number of beautiful translations, of which the following is typical:

O were you on the mountain, and saw you my love?
And saw you my own one, my queen and my dove?
And saw you the maiden with step firm and free?
I say, was she pining in sorrow for me?

I was, upon the mountain and saw there your love,
I saw there your own one, your queen and your dove;
I saw there the maiden with step firm and free;
I saw she was not pining in sorrow like thee.

Probably the best work of the learned Doctor is his book of songs and poems, entitled "Ubhla de'n Craoibh"—(Translated "Apples from the Branch"). And does it not speak well for the tender regard of his people, in Gaelic-speaking Ireland especially that they should have lovingly crowned him with the title, "An-

Craoib hin Aoibhinn?" ("The delightful little branch.") Since, however, it is impossible to quote from what he has done in the books devoted to his mother-tongue, let us close with a portion from one of his translations which appears in the "New Songs," by A. E.

Little child, I call thee fair,
Clad in hair of golden hue,
Every lock in ringlets falling

Down, to almost kiss the dew.
Slow grey eye and languid mien,
Brow as thin as stroke of quill,

Cheeks of white with scarlet through them,
Och! it's through them I am ill.

As must be evident, no adequately correct idea of a nation's productions can be given by mere partial quotation from individual authors, nor can any idea of the extent of a literature be so obtained. The fragments heretofore quoted, however, are representative, and if ever given a hearing by the world will place Irish literature upon a newer and a higher basis than that upon which it is generally viewed. At any rate, we can not believe that a people which gave to modern poetry its system of rhyme, and to modern music the perfect form and the delicate strains of the harp, can long remain unrecognized in the world of song.

Forget-Me-Not.

CARLOS A. DUQUE, '12.

During the summer, my little sisters and I were always sent to spend Thursdays and Sundays at the house of Miss Bertrand. She lived a few miles from Lyon, in a small country house, which the neighbors called "Nantuël." This property was not very extensive, and it only had a little house with green windows; which was nearly covered with vines of various kinds. A small garden was in front, and there grew the greatest variety of flowers imaginable—the tropic itself in miniature. This little garden was closed in from the road by a very neatly cut hedge. On one side of the road was a small pasture with maples around it, where the oxen would protect themselves from the hot summer sun.

There was always a little group of girls and boys at the house of Miss Bertrand. When we went to visit her we would generally go through the fields, followed by our parents,

who would almost every time sit down by the wayside very tired and fatigued from following us in our runs. We would then go to the road which they called "Forget-me-not," because there these little emblematic flowers grew in abundance. We would pick these pretty flowers and give them to the girls, who would receive them with that grace and coquetry so natural in them even in their childhood.

On one side of this road was a cross made of black wood. At the foot of it was a wreath of roses, which always looked very fresh as if picked the same day. On top of the cross was a label with a name written on it. We would pass by it indifferently, and it did not occur to our young minds to ask about it. Youth does not like sad things.

Our aunt, Miss Bertrand, was a little woman of about sixty. She dressed very plainly, and wore a little white bonnet that covered her very beautiful gray hair. She was always smiling playfully, and in her eyes you could see the expression of her whole character, and her manners so sweet and so captivating. She was always waiting for us with some little gift or other.

She always joined us in our games and would run around as much as any of us. Our parents, younger, but not so lively, were always telling us to take some rest, and not to be running around so much, but Aunt Margaret would always stand by us and tell our parents not to mind us. She would always tell them to let us play a little longer. Sometimes in the midst of some game, she would stop, sigh and say, "Poor children!" She would look at us with sad eyes, but then she would quickly come back to her usual playful manner.

One day,—I remember it very well,—we were playing hide and seek and I had found all my playmates. Aunt Margaret was the only one left to find. I looked for her everywhere, but in vain. I went into the house, and up to the second floor. My heart was beating, because we were never allowed to play except in the first floor. I was in the corridor which led to the dormitories. I opened one door, and without making any noise, I went into the room. The furniture was very neatly arranged and the whole room had the appearance of being well taken care of. On one side there was a bed and at the head of it a picture of our Lord. I pushed the second door, it was empty. I stuck my head out of the

next door, and there was Aunt Margaret! I was going to speak to her, but I suddenly stopped.

My aunt was sitting close to a window which was shaded by a large maple. Before her on a little table she had a box from which, no doubt, she had taken out some letters which she was very reverently kissing. It was not my joyous aunt Margaret, so playful and so merry whom I saw before me.

After taking out and kissing the last letter with tears in her eyes she became very pensive, all the time looking upwards. Without doubt she was giving her soul to sweet remembrances.

After an instant she took the box and pressed a little button on the side of it. A small secret box came out and from this she took a picture. I was unable to see the picture, but with what a look so sweet and full of love did she look at that face again and again and pressed it to her heart.

I could wait no longer, and calling her I ran to her arms. She gave a little cry and tried to hide the letters and the picture from me. It was the photograph of a young man, very handsome and very thoughtful.

Carried away by my curiosity, I asked:

"Are you crying for that man?" She answered me:

"There is nothing to cry about, my boy."

"But who is that man?" I asked with childish obstinacy.

"You are too small yet," she slowly answered me, "and you can not understand. Listen, I was engaged to be married, like your mother and all those ladies that come here. I was going to marry—that's forty years ago. My future husband—the one you see in that picture—was coming back from the hunt when he was basely robbed and murdered by robbers, down there by the road of the 'Forget-me-nots.' there where you see a black cross."

As she was pronouncing these words large tears were coming out of her eyes, and you could see them like pearls running down her cheeks. Then I knew who it was that put the wreath of roses at the foot of the cross.

I also knew that Aunt Margaret, so playful and so full of mirth and our companion at the games, was hiding a deep wound, a dark sorrow, which was the secret of her heart, like the picture; the secret of the little box which I found her with. As I was yet a child, I did not know how to console my aunt, except to throw myself into her arms and weep with her.

The Organ's Anger.

CYRIL J. CURRAN, '12.

Lent was drawing to a close. The magnificent cathedral of St. Nestor was being prepared for the solemn rites of Eastertide. The beautiful images of the saints and the wonderfully carved bronze figure of the crucified Saviour surmounting the marble altar were being covered with the penitential purple by quiet nuns. Dr. Roget, the rector of the church, stood talking with the leader of the choir, every now and then giving some low-voiced direction to those who were at work.

"I am afraid there is nothing to be done, Father," the choir-master was saying. "It looks as if we will have to do without music this Easter. The choir has practised earnestly for weeks, and I am sure that their singing on Easter Sunday would surpass all their efforts in the past; but without an organist, they can do nothing."

"The doctor holds out no hopes for Mr. Rivard? You are sure that he will be unable to play?" the priest asked.

"Certain; and there is not another man available in New York to take his place. He and old Remsen are the only two men I have ever seen who can play that organ, and you know how impossible it is to obtain Remsen."

"If we could only induce the old man to play. Poor old Remsen, his heart was broken when he had to give up the organ here. It was his only love. When he lost that, he believed that he had lost his last reason for living."

"Why not call on him, Father? It is our only chance. Perhaps he will consent to come."

"No, I am afraid not. The last time I saw him, when he left us over a year ago, he told me he would never come into this church again. I wanted him to remain, but our trustees insisted that he was too old. I can at least see him. Where is he living now?"

"Over on the East Side, some place. I will find out tonight and let you know in the morning. I feel sure that he thinks of his old organ still, and perhaps the temptation to commune with her again will be too much for his stubbornness."

At first the old man refused.

"Why have you come for me who am so old?" he said sadly. "New York is full of young men. I am old. You do not want me."

After a while, Dr. Roget was surprised to see him giving in. A strong, almost youthful light kindled in his pensive old eyes, and he said:

"I will come,—just this once. Never ask me again. It will be my farewell to my organ, to my music, even as soon I must bid farewell to life."

The priest thanked him, and spoke a few words of encouragement, but Remsen did not seem to hear. His thoughts were far away and he dreamed of running his supple fingers once more over the blackened ivory key-board, which was worn thin by his own long years of service.

During the short time that was to elapse before Easter, Remsen scarcely left the dingy bare room that was his abode. He ate but little and he slept not more than an hour out of the twenty-four. He sat by his little window in the daytime, dreaming, with his eyes fixed on the unfathomable depths of the sky. At night he watched the stars, and when they were hidden by the clouds, he turned his eyes over the vaunting glare of the city.

Always he dreamed. Musician that he was—heart, body and soul—his thoughts took the form of beautiful symphonies that kept in attune with his changing moods. Gradually there took shape in his mind a sullen feeling of anger, that he who had once been admired of all New York should now be forgotten, and only dragged again from oblivion because another could not fill his place. The music that he was constantly singing within himself grew hard and discordant. Terrible music was this, coarse, full of harsh chords that set his mind afire and killed all the beautiful melody that he had dreamed before.

Easter came. The church was thronged with people. The venerable archbishop officiated at the mass. Never before had the choir sung so well. Never before had they been so beautifully accompanied.

"Old Remsen is doing his best," the people whispered among themselves, for they all had heard that the aged organist was again with his beloved. Then immediately their hearts were lifted heavenward by some glorious swell of music.

At last the mass was over. The clergy had retired from the sanctuary, and the people were preparing to leave.

Suddenly there burst forth from the organ-loft a wonderful harmony of sound. Remsen was playing his last symphony. The congregation listened. A few left; most of them stayed. They were caught, held spellbound by the most beautiful music that they had ever heard.

The old organist was telling his organ the story of his life; his youthful ambitions, his disappointments, his triumphs, his failures. On and on he played, forgetful of all save only his music.

Then he remembered. This was his farewell. His organ knew it not. He would tell her. He swung into an easy melody, typical of his long years of contentment by her side. Suddenly he stopped. Then only one chord stole out of the old organ. It was low, and plaintive, and mournful, and expressive of his feeling when first he had been told over a year before that he must leave his organ. Then came anger. A horrible chord roared out; dissonant; yet harmonic, pregnant with meaning, yet indescribable. The whole church shook. Never before had such music profaned its walls. It was the awful harmony of unrestrained anger.

There was a crash, and then all was still.

Next day, the *Sun* told the story. Old Remsen was dead, crushed beneath the weight of his beloved organ. He had died with her. Professor Newell of Columbia was quoted as saying that the last prolonged chord the old organist had played was probably in attune with the natural vibration rate of the organ as a whole, and that its persistence had caused such strong vibration in the organ that it had fallen in ruins.

APATHY is imbecility. The measure of the emotion of which one is capable is the measure of the power of thought and self-devotion to which he may attain. In the highest and most energetic natures feeling is most profound.

AN educated man knows things, and he knows also to reason and write of them. The first is the more important, but it is the business of a lifetime: the second is also necessary, and if it is not learned at school, it will hardly be acquired at all.—*Spalding*.

The Mansion.

E. J. HOWARD, '12.

Tom Willoughby threw himself into an arm-chair by the breakfast table, weary from the night's toil at the card mill. Before him on the stove sputtered the meat which Alice, his wife, was preparing for the morning meal.

"This wood," she broke out, "is about the worst we have yet got from Phelps. It is advertised as dry wood and excellent for burning, but it is as green as grass and wouldn't burn in a smelting furnace."

"That's the way," Tom rejoined. "Such firms get a reputation and then honest dealing in most cases goes to the winds. No use of kicking either, for they have too much business to bother with complaints. You look tired, Alice dear," he continued as he saw her draw a soiled apron across her pale face. "You must not overwork yourself."

"You are tired, too, papa, but turn around and have a bite to eat. There goes the bell. I'll be back in a minute."

Tom's eyes scanned the walls of the room, bare to some extent, but fairly respectable under the constant cleaning of Mrs. Willoughby. Their existence thus far had been hard enough, even though Tom received moderate wages, for with the prices of food soaring, there was little left to save. His thoughts were interrupted by the sudden entrance of his wife.

"O papa, do look at this. It is from lawyer Hornbeck and says—"

He took the letter from her hand and read: "Mr. Thomas Willoughby will do well to call at this office as soon as possible."

"What can that mean," he mused. A thousand explanations rose at once, but nothing could justify the letter. "I'll go though," he added, "and I hope that something good may come of it."

"Who knows but what somebody has answered your advertisement," commented his wife. "If that's the case, your new job may be more helpful."

"Let us hope for the best," said Tom fervently.

So absorbed had they been in the contents of the letter that they did not notice the entrance of Lillie Brown, who, having heard all the conversation, now asked if mother could borrow

the flat irons. She hastened back and the quiet little street was soon full of gossips doting on the possible explanation of the letter. When Tom stepped out and walked down the street many were the glances cast at him, for such a bit of news was never heard before in the neighborhood.

Hardly greater was the excitement next day when Mrs. Willoughby modestly declared in Sarah Brown's kitchen that her husband had come into possession of a large mansion near the town of Bellows Falls, through the will of an eccentric cousin whom he had never seen or heard of before. There was only one condition, and that the keeping of an old servant there who had formerly worked for the dead cousin. They intended to move immediately and Tom had gone to see about the transportation.

"'Twas no more than you deserved," asserted Mrs. Clancy, "for you are as good a young couple as has ever moved into this place."

"Yes, and I told my husband," answered Mrs. Corcoran, "that it was the likes of you as deserved the blessing of God."

Everyone present agreed, and many were the wishes for good luck from the hearts of the neighbors who felt a strange lonesomeness in the departure of Mr. and Mrs. Willoughby.

.....
Three years had passed. The young couple thoroughly enjoyed their new home from whose spacious veranda an excellent view could be had.

"I've often wondered, Tom, how our neighbors in Kewanna are getting along. Wouldn't it make Mrs. Clancy envious to come out here, take a drive around the spacious grounds, see our immense orchard, inspect our beautiful home and gaze around the country from this porch?"

"Yes, dear, it would, and to see Jerry serving the meals. When I consider, it seems a fairy tale. Just on the verge of going to despair when Cousin Harry, the good soul, unexpectedly comes forth with this offer binding only on the keeping of Jerry."

"It is true, Tom, but this servant has sometimes wellnigh exhausted my patience. He is so headstrong that I get terribly provoked. In his hurry yesterday he fell and broke a costly vase; upon chiding him, he said it was an accident but I would call it sheer carelessness."

"We must not mind him, for it is by a small

effort on our part that we enjoy this. He is a little aged of course and has eccentricities which are peculiar to all old people. but—"

"The idea!" broke in Mrs. Willoughby. "He will have to go, for I will never stand it."

"Have a little patience," said Tom, "this is only a small sacrifice and we can bear it."

The mansion was the scene of many social gatherings. Tea parties followed close upon one another, but his wife proved equal to the occasion while he looked on with no little contempt. Indeed she had far outgrown her simple tastes, and nothing modest or humble would satisfy her social ambition. Despite the frequent admonitions of her husband she insisted upon being allowed to do as she pleased. Jerry was a special object of her attacks and more than once received a sound rating. He had not the grace of other servants nor their alacrity; moreover, he was too forward. At a recent dinner party, after being instructed where to place the visitors' wraps, they were found thrown on the chairs about the hall. She could hardly restrain her anger, but upon the departure of the visitors, she openly told him that he would be no longer needed, to which declaration he paid no attention. After a debate with her husband which was much one-sided, Jerry was saved, but the frequent scoldings never ceased.

Finally one day the climax came. A gathering of the social lights for the furthering of some project was arranged for at the Willoughby mansion. Jerry never seemed so indisposed as today. Nothing was done for the visitors. Having been sent to the parlor to arrange things, Mrs. Willoughby found him a few minutes later in his room smoking away unconcernedly. Unable to control herself she exclaimed:

"Go now and Tom will not save you. I am determined not to be imposed upon by any such creature as you. The very thought of it!"

"There you go again," angrily shouted Mr. Willoughby, attracted to the room by the evident haranguing of his wife.

"I shall have my way, Tom. This creature shall tempt me no more."

"But, Alice, remember our home. Its possession depends upon the maintenance of Jerry. What! would you violate the trust given me?"

"My friends will care for me," hotly retorted his wife. "Miss Kirber told me that

it was a shame to be so imposed upon when one move would end all. I'll tell the lawyers why he had to go, and if, in their judgment, I did not have enough provocation, then Mrs. Conger does not know the law. There is no more use arguing, Tom Willoughby, I will have my way. Now Jerry, gather your belongings and leave as soon as possible."

"I will m'am, and that soon enough to satisfy you. Mr. Tom, you have been good to me, and I must thank you. As for your wife, I am sorry to say that were she as reasonable as you, things would be more in your favor. My nephew will be here tomorrow and I'll bother you no more."

The morrow broke clear and sunny, but not so was Tom's frame of mind. He hated to break his trust, but after all, perhaps, Jerry did not know the terms of the will. Yes, that was it. Mrs. Willoughby must not be imposed upon and he would give Jerry enough money to get him well started. But that will. Yes, he was wilfully breaking an oath-sealed promise. His wife's counsel must be cast aside and he would keep Jerry.

The door bell rang and he heard Alice answering the call. His rent thoughts were fairly consuming him.

"O Tom, do come here," his wife was calling and her tone was one of despair. Hastening down he found her in a ghastly pallor.

"What does this mean?" he hurriedly asked.

"Mr. Willoughby," quietly uttered a voice at his side, "this home is no longer yours. I am Harry Kahn, and by the terms of my supposed will you lose this property upon the discharging of an old servant. I am that servant and owner of this mansion." His voice forsook him as he gazed into the eyes of Lawyer Hornbeck. "My wife," he began as he walked toward the tottering lady "we must go—from here."

Thus is it with many people. Reared from humble ranks and possessed with riches unexpectedly given them, they scorn and abuse those whose society they once embraced.

"EDUCATION is the most difficult of arts—*ars arrium regimen animarum*—and so long as men imagine that a little knowledge, a little skill, is all that is required to make a teacher so long shall our schools fail to contribute in any real way to our progress."

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—Ash Wednesday brought forcibly to our minds the thought—"Remember man, because thou art dust and to dust shalt thou return."

The Lenten Resolution. It is a good Lenten thought, this reminder of the lowliness of our origin. It keeps one humble, and humility cools the hot blood of youth. Most of us who are still in the forenoon of life, live only in the present. We eat well, sleep well, have a capacity for enjoyment, and to a great extent are concerned with the ease and comforts of the body. We act on the assumption that this will last: at least we do not often stop long enough to ask ourselves if when we are old, we will have the same physical strength, the same endurance, the same capacity to enjoy that we have now. The limbs that are swift now will have to slow down with time, the stomach that works automatically will have to be coaxed to perform its functions after years of wear and tear. All this seems platitude. But what time has hammered down to axiom for the old is still unrefined ore for the young. Therefore it is not wholly platitude.

Apart from any consideration of virtue, every young man and boy should learn the lesson of moderation. The human organism may be considered a machine which has to perform many functions. In youth and early

manhood it is new and can stand the wear and tear. The more and the harder the wear and tear the sooner will the machinery give out. The dissipation and the sin may not tell today, but there is a morrow ahead. And the more frequent and the more vicious the dissipation the nearer the morrow of disability. Except in rare cases, arising from peculiar physical conditions, the young man who cultivates correct habits in youth is saving the experience of a sour, sorrowful, remedy-seeking old age.

The season of Lent is the time for the good resolution. And those of us who are disposed to taste of forbidden sweets are now due for the good resolution. In making the good resolution we need not fancy it is God alone we are serving. We are serving ourselves, too, in so far as we are working for a serene old age, the result of well-spent youth.

—For the past three or four weeks we have been greeted every morning with exactly opposite accounts by two leading Chicago dailies of the trial of a senator **"Our Glorious and Free"** conducted in the upper house at Washington. One **Free Press.** may readily understand wide differences of opinion in editorial comment. But in the news columns where, as is boasted by American newspapers, life is mirrored as it is, one finds it difficult to find so wide a divergence. May it not be true, after all, that many of our leading papers, as was said recently, are simply money-getting corporations. They have no policy except the policy of self-interest, no sense of justice except to expose an enemy right or wrong and to hide the evil practices of those who are their puppets. They stand for no moral uplift except it be in the way of advertisement; they do not work for any charity unless it swells the list of subscribers. Freedom of the press is a fine boon theoretically, no doubt; but in practice it has vitiated the tastes and the morals of the young; it has aired the ill-smelling domestic relations of the so-called high society people; it has given notoriety-seeking men or women an opportunity to exploit every kind of irreligious, immoral doctrine which else had died an immature death in the brain that conceived it; it has saved wrong-doers from just punishment by repression, and has hounded decent men

out of public life who would have made worthy public servants. Like free schools, free libraries, free books, free thought, free soup and free silver, there is a whole lot of red fire and "glorious-free-republic" in the free press.

—Now that free-for-all opinion in the press regarding the defects of "the Church in our town" has apparently exhausted itself—and, by the way, with little

The School Question. good to its credit—

we are introduced to a new phase of criticism under the equally attractive title of "The School in our Town." Were we to judge the entire series from the first instalment, we should say that it will contain much sound criticism of existing defects, more free advertising of modern fads and faddists, a few good suggestions for the perfection of proper details, but no solution of the really big problems in education. One "Plan for an Ideal School" whose professed purpose is "to train up healthy, moral citizens and home-makers," is to devote two-fifths of the students' time to study, an equal amount to manual labor, and the remainder to recreation. The three R's are to be well mastered. Music and drawing are to be compulsory for all. In addition, the boys are to learn truck gardening, the girls domestic science and the art of poultry raising. No examinations, and instructors guaranteed to possess "grace of manner and magnetism of person," along with their other accomplishments. In the matter of religion, nothing is to be taught, "but mutual tolerance and respect," encouraged. Candidly we admire many of the ideas herein contained, but, leaving out, or at least subordinating, as it does, the moral and religious side of education, the plan is not complete and therefore far from perfect. The one big problem in American public school education is the proper method of religious instruction, and this very problem the proposed system sidesteps.

—It may seem the admission of a deplorable state of affairs, or it may present a normal and perfectly sound condition, but the newest discovery of the philosopher of college life

Cherish Your Ideas. will probably startle if it does nothing else. The latest pronounce-

ment of this sage is that an idea is the rarest thing to be met with in the mind of a college student. Of course, the term is limited in its meaning; otherwise it would pass as obviously absurd. The point is that an original idea, an idea that has its inception and development in the brain of a thinker, or even in the cobwebbed brain of the idler, is so rare that its father is not apt to live through a college course. Just how much exaggeration is there in this statement? To find the answer, an examination of conscience is about all that is necessary. A code of questions might be rigged up to suit each individual case; a few general interrogatories may be of some purpose. Let each one ask himself: Where did I get the *material* for my last essay? Where am I going to *read up* for the next one? How long is it since I took my last plan from the encyclopedia? Where did I get the plot for my last short story? When did I ever sit down and figure out something entirely new and work it up all by myself? What do I mean when I say "I think"? But then perhaps all this leads to nothing. Perhaps the aim of a college education is merely the acquisition of a certain set number of facts, alphabetically arranged and card-indexed for future reference. This may be so. In which event it seems to be a matter for the further examination of conscience. Whatever the result of the examination may be, there is one suggestion to add that may be of some practical benefit. The next time an essay is assigned, sit down and think about it, and think about it a long time, before beginning to write. Form an opinion without reading the opinion of a master on the subject. Who knows but what you may be a master if you only give your mind half a chance to develop by independent thinking. Don't read! think; and if you run across an idea cherish it as a priceless possession.

The Forty Hours.

Last Sunday at 8 o'clock the devotion of the forty hours exposition of the Blessed Sacrament was begun with solemn high mass, sung by the Rev. President, assisted by Fathers Crumley and O'Donnell. The celebrant explained the meaning of the devotion and suggested certain very practical resolutions for the students to make as a fruit of the forty

hours exposition. At the conclusion of the mass Right Rev. Bishop Maes of Covington bore the Blessed Sacrament around the church. The clergy, surplined choir, acolytes and ministers of the mass formed the line of procession. Following the procession the Litany of the Saints was chanted with the regular prayers prescribed by the ritual.

All during Sunday, Monday and Tuesday, the large church was never without a number of worshippers. All the Catholic students attended in a body during the Christian Doctrine period and made a half hour's adoration in common. Hymns were sung and a number of beautiful prayers were read aloud. It is gratifying to add that all day long students paid special personal visits to the Blessed Sacrament.

Tuesday evening at 7:30 the closing exercises were held. A procession like that of Sunday moved around the church, while the choir sang the beautiful Eucharistic hymn, "Pange Lingua." The Litany of the Saints was again chanted and the exercises were concluded with benediction of the Blessed Sacrament. Coming at this time, the Forty hours proved a fitting preparation for the holy season of Lent.

Ash Wednesday.

At eight o'clock Wednesday morning the season of Lent was begun with the celebration of solemn high mass. The ministers were: celebrant, Rev. Father Cavanaugh; deacon, Rev. Father Crumley; subdeacon, Rev. Father Walsh. The celebrant explained briefly the significance of the blessing and distribution of ashes and pointed out that though students were excused from the obligation of fasting they were not, and could not be dispensed from doing penance. He suggested a number of practical ways by which students might perform most meritorious acts of mortification during the Lenten season. The ashes were blessed and distributed before the celebration of mass.

Recital.

Saturday evening, February 26, a recital was given in Washington hall by Mr. Edward J. Freund and Mr. Patrick O'Sullivan. Whether it was the character of the music or whether

it was a lack of personality in the rendition, anyhow, for some reason a part of the audience was disposed to be restless. Mr. Freund, the violinist, rendered a number of selections which were highly technical and a like statement will apply to Mr. O'Sullivan's piano numbers. A tendency was noticed at this concert to inject certain of the modes of appreciation that obtain in less strictly academic centres. There are very few, happily, who hanker for the aforesaid "modes." As a body we can tell a creditable performance and we can appreciate it as well as any audience in the country. We have shown this over and over again. At times an inferior concert or lecture may happen in, as it does everywhere. Our obvious course, then, is courtesy,—the courtesy that listens and waits patiently till the performance is over.

The Chicago Operatic Company.

The concert by the Chicago Operatic Company proved to be the musical treat of the year. The company consists of five performers, four vocalists and a pianist. The program was made up exclusively of selections from the great operas, practically the only exception being "Annie Laurie" sung by Mrs. Downing after repeated encores. In a program of such genuine merit as that rendered by the Operatic Company, it is difficult to name numbers of special excellence. But, perhaps, the "Tower Duet" by Miss Allen and Mr. Middleton, the "Friendship Duet" from "Martha," and Mr. Miller's rendition of an aria from Balfe deserves special mention. Miss Allen's soprano is of premier excellence and her interpretation is flawless. Mrs. Downing's voice is a contralto of much sweetness and, at the same time, considerable strength. Mr. Nelson, pianist, rendered the "Wedding Day" by Grieg. He has fine technique and plays with rare expression. It is hardly too much to say that the concert was the best offering of the year on the local stage.

State Oratorical Contest.

Francis J. Wenninger, representing Notre Dame with his oration "Poverty and Crime," was ranked third by the judges in the contest of the State Oratorical Association, held last week in Indianapolis. First place was

awarded to Mr. Byron Price, of Wabash College, and second to Mr. Harvey Hartsock, of DePauw University. The contest, which was held at Tomlinson Hall on Friday, February 24th, was one of the most successful ever conducted by the association.

There seemed to be universal surprise that the Notre Dame representative was not awarded a higher place. Mr. Wenninger's delivery was as good as usual, which means that it had an easy naturalness, force and polish that is seldom met with in the college orator, and his manuscript was judged by those who had read it to be quite an acceptable production. However, the manuscript failed to meet the approval of the judges on thought and composition, and it was awarded last place by them. It is at least a source of gratification to us here at Notre Dame that the wisdom of the judgment was questioned by prominent persons who were in the audience, even, indeed, by the professor of oratory from a rival school.

There can be no doubt as to the worth of the manuscript of the winning orator, Price of Wabash. Ranked first by the three judges, and with a grade of one hundred per cent from one of them, it must stand in a class by itself as a college oration. More training in delivery will be needed, however, before the laurels of an interstate victory will be added. It is interesting to note that the peace question, which was the subject of the winning oration in both the state and interstate contests last year, was the theme of Mr. Price's oration.

The total of ranks received entitled the Butler College representative, Mr. Schortemeier, to a tie with Wenninger, but by the constitutional provision that delivery grades rank higher than grades on thought and composition, his rank was reduced to fourth.

PROGRAM.

| | |
|------------------------------------------------------|-----------------------------------|
| "The White Slave Traffic" | T. E. Jones.....Earlham. |
| "Natural Forces and the Development of World Peace." | Byron Price.....Wabash. |
| "The Problem of Economic Equity" | Fred E. Schortemeier.....Butler. |
| "The American Minotaur" | Harvey Hartsock.....DePauw. |
| "The New Puritan" | Fred C. Mills.....Hanover. |
| "The Alien Invasion" | Ralph Dobbins.....Franklin |
| "Poverty and Crime" | Francis J. Wenninger..Notre Dame. |

Following is the summary of markings:

JUDGES

| CONTESTANTS | MANUSCRIPT | | | DELIVERY | | | Final rank |
|-------------|------------|---------|--------|----------|---------|---------|------------|
| | Halliday | Reinsch | Fetter | Oates | Van Wye | Veneman | |
| Earlham | 81 6 | 88 3 | 95 2 | 80 3 | 92 4 | 87 5 | 5 |
| Wabash | 90 1 | 92 1 | 100 1 | 60 7 | 93 3 | 90 4 | 1 |
| Butler | 86 3 | 86 4 | 90 3 | 79 4 | 86 6 | 94 2 | 4 |
| Hanover | 89 2 | 84 5 | 89 4 | 74 5 | 91 5 | 87 5 | 6 |
| De Pauw | 78 7 | 90 2 | 85 5 | 83 2 | 97 1 | 93 3 | 2 |
| Franklin | 85 4 | 80 7 | 79 6 | 65 6 | 85 7 | 85 7 | 7 |
| Notre Dame | 82 5 | 82 6 | 75 7 | 92 1 | 94 2 | 96 1 | 3 |

Personals.

—Mr. Richard Henry Little, who has written so many clever articles for the *Chicago Tribune*, was a guest of the University during the week.

—Mr. James D. Jordan (A. B. '07) has opened an office for the general practice of the Law at 314 Connell Building, Scranton, Pennsylvania. Mr. Jordan was one of the most promising men of his time. He will make good.

—The Right Rev. Camillus Maes, bishop of Covington, left last Monday for his home. The bishop was not able to remain long enough to satisfy us. Those of us who were present in the Brownson refectory last Sunday noon when he addressed the students there count ourselves particularly fortunate.

—Mr. George W. Kuppler (LL. B. '01) is now United States Commissioner at Sel-dovia, Alaska. He is also interested in the mining industries and salmon fisheries of Alaska. He writes: "I am happy to state that I have never lost a case in court up here, thanks to Colonel Hoynes and my training at Notre Dame."

—The track meet last Saturday with the I. A. C. of Chicago was an attraction which brought several old N. D. men back to their Alma Mater. Jesse H. Roth (A. B. '10), who was a member of the N. D. track team while a student here, competed with the visitors. Mr. Martin Herbert, a well-known N. D. man, was an official at the meet. Chester A. Freeze (student '07-'10), member of the football and basketball teams and captain of the '09 basketball team, was also present at the meet.

Bishop MacSherry at Notre Dame.

The Right Rev. Hugh MacSherry, Titular Bishop of Justinianopolis, Vicar Apostolic of Eastern Cape Province, arrived at the University this afternoon. His Lordship has been making an extensive visit in the United States.

Dr. MacSherry was present at the unveiling of the Corby Monument at Gettysburg, and his visit is the result of an invitation extended by the President of the University at that time. We need not assure the Bishop he is cordially welcome.

Calendar.

Sunday, March 5—First Sunday in Lent.

Tuesday, March 7—Glee Club, 7 o'clock.

Wednesday, March 8—Lenten devotions, 7:30.

Thursday, March 9—Interhall triangular meet.

Friday, March 10—Lenten devotions, 7:30.

" Wallace Bruce Ansberry.

Saturday, March 11—A. A. U. Championship at

" Chicago. N. D. entered.

" St. Patrick's Day annual banquet, Class '12.

Local Items.

—Walsh hall Literary Society has completed the furnishings of their club-room. The appointments are elaborate.

—The number of students who assist at early mass during Lent is a source of edification. The number should increase every day, as good example is contagious.

—The interhall bowling league will hold its last contest Sunday when Brownson and Walsh meet. At this writing Brownson is in the lead and looks the winner.

—Walsh hall basketball team lost an exciting game to Berrien Springs Saturday night. The score at the end was 18-16. The local team blame their defeat to the aggressiveness of the referee.

—The Dome board is busy collecting material for this year's edition. Already the photographers are booking sittings from the different celebrities of the University. Local state clubs will soon be organized.

—The Varsity basketball team had their pictures taken at MacDonald's Thursday. The successful season closed Feb. 23rd. The last game with Wabash, in which Notre Dame won, was the most notable game of the season.

—The Lenten resolution has taken hold of nearly every student. One has put aside his pipe, another "cuts" the city, and very many are seen at daily mass.

—The interhall track games will soon be in order. The first meet between Brownson, Walsh and St. Joseph promises to be an exciting one. The track men from each of the halls may be seen getting into shape almost daily.

—The two unknown who were responsible for the loss of that horse Wednesday afternoon deserve to be treated as they treated the poor beast. It seems a pity that the most sensible of the three animals should pay the penalty for the foolishness of the other two.

—On January 28, a story entitled "Bill's Getaway" appeared in these pages which the writer copied from one of the popular magazines. The young man "got by" for the time being simply because it is impossible to keep up with the short stories in the monthlies.

—Co. B, Corby hall, entertained at dinner in the Mishawaka hotel Sunday evening. The menu was elaborate and the management used every effort for the young men's enjoyment. After dinner the Company's orchestra gave a concert in the foyer of the hotel. The uniforms attracted a great deal of interest.

—Probably the most interesting number in the lecture and concert course this year will come this Saturday evening, March 4th, when the Paulist Choristers of Chicago, under the direction of Rev. W. J. Finn, C. S. P., will sing in Washington hall at 7:30 p. m. Besides the soloists there is a chorus of forty voices. This organization is considered the best boys' choir that has ever been heard in America.

—The following from the *Indianapolis Star* in connection with the State Oratorical contest is a well-deserved tribute to Father Moloney:

We should like to see Notre Dame win on one account, and that is for the pleasure it would give some faithful elocution teacher up there who sends these boys down every year with the splendid poise and impressive delivery upon the rostrum that distinguishes them.

We who know the tireless patience which Father Moloney exercises in preparing his students for any public appearance are in full agreement with the *Star*.

—During the lenten season there will be devotions on Wednesday and Friday evenings. On Wednesday evenings there will be a short

instruction followed by Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament. On Friday evenings there will be the Way of the Cross followed by Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament. The devotions will be held at 7:30 p. m., and while attendance on the part of the student-body is optional, it is hoped that a large number will have the time and the inclination to be present at these religious exercises.

Athletic Notes.

VARSITY ENTERTAINS I. A. C.

The "invincible" I. A. C., winners of the Regiment meet held in Chicago some weeks ago, proved ridiculously vincible in the hands of the Varsity last Saturday. The final score of 86-15 carries with it a reasonable inference of much yawning and shuffling of feet, and the said inference would hold good when applied to certain portions of the afternoon's contest. But there were times in Saturday's meet when the excitement and interest made one forget the lassitude and the heat.

All praise is due for the bright spots in the day's offerings to John Devine, for his remarkable showing in the half, and to Dana and Hogan for the interest they aroused in the two-mile event. This event was the centre of interest for the fans, since it was felt the first man to breast the tape would do so only after a terrific battle. Such was the case. Dana and Hogan entered for Notre Dame. The visitors started three gentlemen, two of whom in the eighth lap shied off the track into the inviting haven of the dressing room. The third man raced resolutely on, pacing the way for Dana and Hogan who were running in second and third positions respectively. In the twenty-second lap Dana broke the rhythm of his stride and took the lead from the I. A. C. runner. Hogan at once followed the cue and took second place in the line, and from this point on until a half a lap from the finish the two Notre Dame men struggled for the honors. Dana exhibited his old-time endurance, and by a burst of speed finished first.

Another episode of the afternoon was brought about when John Devine joined in the festivities long enough to break a world's record in the half mile. In Saturday's exhibition he tore off the first two laps in great speed, and in the last two laps again broke into a clip which sent him

over the line with a record of 1:57 3-5.

Williams next essayed to do the unexpected by taking home first place in the broad jump with a leap of 22 feet 3 1-2 inches. Jimmie Wasson was handicapped in this event by an injured ankle. A feature of the broad jump was the appearance of Jesse Roth, a graduate of last year's class and track monogram man, who now wears the colors of the I. A. C. Steers won the mile after a hard race and a classy finish. Plant led the way for five laps when Steers took the pacemaker's position, holding it to the end. Fletcher succeeded in winning the high point position for the day. Fisher had an easy time of it with Moses of the visiting team in the quarter-mile, winning by a comfortable margin.

Summaries:

49-yard high hurdles—Fletcher, N. D., first; Case I. A. C., second. Time, :5.2.

40-yard dash—First heat, Fletcher, N. D., first; Martin, N. D., second. Time, :4.3.

Second heat, Wasson, N. D., first; Bergman, N. D., second. Time, :4.3.

One-mile run—Steers, N. D., first; Plant, N. D., second. Time, 4:43.4.

440-yard run—Fisher, N. D., first; Moses, I. A. C., second. Time, 55.2.

220-yard dash—Martin, N. D., first; Bergman, N. D., second. Time, :24.

40-yard low hurdles—Fletcher, N. D., first; Burgess, I. A. C., and Case, I. A. C., tied for second. Time, :5.

Half-mile run—Devine, N. D., first; Holden, I. A. C., second. Time, 1:57 3-5.

Two-mile run—Dana, N. D., first; Hogan, N. D., second. Time, 10:20.2.

Pole vault—Rochne, N. D., first; O'Neill, N. D., second. Height, 10 feet 6 inches.

Shot put—Philbrook, N. D., first; Larsen, I. A. C., second. Distance, 44 feet 7 1-2 inches.

High jump—Philbrook, N. D., first; Fletcher, N. D., second. Height, 5 feet 10 3-8 inches.

Broad jump—Williams, N. D., first; Wasson, N. D., second. Distance, 22 feet 3 1-2 inches.

One mile relay—Notre Dame first (Martin, Fisher, Rochne, Bergman.)

WALSH BEATS THE SAINTS.

In a mediocre game of basketball Walsh put on the finishing touches for her final championship clash with Corby; and incidentally trimmed St. Joseph 23 to 9. At no time did the game border on the sensational. It was due to the heroic efforts of the wind and rain outside that the mad throng remained to see the finish. With this game as a criterion, the odds are a supper at the Oliver against a ham sandwich at Kable's restaurant, that the Braves will win the final game.

Safety Valve.

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NO. 1

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CALENDAR.

Monday, March 6—Bi-monthly reading of marks by Profs.

Tuesday, March 7—Bi-monthly kick on marks by students.

Wednesday, March 8—One week of lid.

Thursday, March 9—Day after Civil Engineers' meeting. No classes.

Friday, March 10—Just one week from St. Patrick's Day. Irish history class will ask for rec. Won't get same.

Saturday, March 11—Our visiting day.

—If we are to believe our debaters, to abolish the tariff would mean two things: first

HONG KONG that within a year American manufacturers would own and operate the solar system, and, secondly, that within the same period of time, all the learned professions in America from dentistry down would be in the hands of the Chinese. The issue stares us in the face. Not to go forward is to back up, and to stand pat is to balk. *Sapientibus sat* and *de gustibus*, etc.

PIANO-VIOLIN CONCERT.

A large and enthusiastic audience witnessed the Piano-Violin concert in the recent past. The assemblage was in a receptive mood and enjoyed the repertoire excessively. The abandon and ensemble were beyond criticism, especially the abandon. The "Rondo in G Major" put the house into a furor and the "Concerto in E Minor" was just the thing we needed. It was a fine tonic. Speaking of E Minor reminds one to remark that there were a number of minors present in the audience. We hope to hear, etc., etc.

BROWNSON LITERARY AND DEBATING.

The Brownson L. and D. held its regular meeting Sunday night. The subject for debate was: Resolved, that Co-education should be suppressed. Messrs. E. Taylor and F. O'Connell nobly upheld the affirmative, while Messrs. J. Scott and R. Schindler battled for the negative. Mr. Scott's dramatic plea won the judges, and "Scotty" was obliged to acknowledge a tumultuous ovation. After a few wise saws by the critic, who commended the young men on their brilliant showing, etc., etc., the meeting adjourned.

CORBY LITERARY.

Last Sunday the Corby Literary Society had its usual small house. Madden called the members form pool to prayer. The society voted the secretary a notebook and a cuspidor. Program was the same old dope. Cuning in a thrilling recitation stabbed the critic. The debate was a great chewing match. Durbin gave an asbestos piano solo. The society adjourned immediately after one of Walsh's jokes.

LOCAL ITEMS.

—Lost—A pocketbook containing two pawn checks. Finder may use his judgment in the matter.

—The battalion is being pushed to perfection right along.

—The K. Cs had a great meeting last week. The proceedings were secret, but we have two bits to bet we can guess who did most of the talking.

—The library presents a pleasing scene these days. Our debaters are peering into dusty tomes, while the English and Law students are transcribing. It presents a busy scene we repeat.

—Several of our boys attended the obsequies of Mr. Horse who died last Wednesday as a result of injuries out near our gym. Files of mourners acted as a guard of honor all afternoon. Classes were held as usual.

—The Valve has resolved to retire within itself during Lent and do penance for its quips and cranks and the SCHOLASTIC will appear in Lenten solemnity.

PERSONALS.

—A recent visitor at the University was John Harrison Scrump (Commer. Dep't. '96) who is now in business for himself grinding scissors. The Valve wishes you all success, John!

—Our congratulations are certainly due to J. Francis Milkow (Boarder '92-'02) who was lately appointed city surveyor of his home town, Mishawaka. While here, Francis was a great fisherman, and we always knew he would ultimately land something big.

—Old students will be glad to know that Harold Riggs (flunked A. B. '99) is again to be married. No details of the other party at this writing.

—Last month's visitors included Thomas and Mrs. Mulvanity. Tom will be remembered by us all as short-stop on the Sorin team '07 and Mrs. Tom as the blonde cashier in the Five and Ten Cent Store.

—Harry Hopscotch (day-dodger '09) is with "The Kissing Girl." Just like Harry!

—Ring out wild bells! On Feb. 29, Frank Sapliovich was united in marriage to Hanislana Borska (co-ed '04-'06). Prosit!

—Mr. Louie, formerly of the Main Building, is now forgetting things in Corby.

—Law Japton (1892-1921) recently entered his young son in the minims. History repeats itself.

—Blank University recently conferred the degree of Litt. D. on our old friend, Mr. O'Skelley, whose Shakespearean lecture here will so long stick in our craw.

—Elmure Focquay (LL. B. 1921) will, we are sure, be an ornament to the bar. He's just naturally ornamental, you know.