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Abandonment.

JOHN F. O'HARA, '11.

OBLIVION is hell's supreme decree
Of punishment; to be forgot, to know
That empty: lonely, craving—aye, to grow
In dread of self, forsaken utterly.
The outcast knows no lord, nor bends a knee
In homage to a master; friend or foe
He has not; ever must he sow
The seeds of hope, their harvest ne'er to see.

Christ, thro' such suff'ring, raised our fallen state
By Judas sold, by Peter thrice denied;
Christ walked the sin-choked road to Calvary;
Deserted and alone He met His fate;
Thro' gasping sobs, with broken heart He cried:
"O Father! why hast Thou forsaken Me?"

Poverty and Crime.*

FRANCIS J. WENNINGER, '11.



NOT long ago an old man lay dying in an almshouse in one of our large cities. He had been brought there only a few days before, crippled with pain and almost starving, out of the wretched hovel which had been his home for many years. Just before death came, he raised his gnarled and shrivelled hands to heaven and muttered: "I die in a poorhouse, but thank God, I do not die in prison." The newspapers, if they noted the incident at all, tucked it away in a scant paragraph; but that unconsidered human derelict, when dying, put into concrete expression a tremendous problem. He emphasized the terrible struggle of the poor

against a career of vice. All his life had been a battle. Born in poverty, through long years of wearisome toil he had felt its sting. And when he came to die, his proudest achievement was that he had not yielded, as thousands of his fellows yielded, to the temptation to soften its bitterness by vicious means.

The great social problem of today is the problem of the poor. Climbing the craggy heights to lives of decency, of honor, of virtue, is the great multitude of the poor. Before them beckons temptation, most alluringly are vice and sin and crime portrayed. Beneath yawns the abyss,—pauperism, destitution, death. High above there gleams a ray of hope. Whither shall they turn? Some continue their upward journey, now hoping, now despairing, but always guided by the shining light. Some follow the easy way, preferring a life of shame to a life of endless toil. Others lose their grasp altogether and fall into the abyss.

It was but yesterday that our nation awoke to the fact that over eighty per cent of the vast army of her criminals are recruited from the ranks of the poor; that the tenements and slums of our large cities are positive nurseries of crime; that this seething mass of humanity throws off each year a scum of forty thousand human wrecks to the workhouses and asylums. And the end is not yet. From the captains of our police comes a cry for more men to wrestle with the increasing army of criminals; from the wardens of our penitentiaries there comes a demand for larger and stronger prisons. And this from every corner of the nation, till thinking men are forced to exclaim,—Whither are we tending?

This problem of crime is largely an outgrowth of the problem of the poor. It should

* Oration delivered at the State Oratorical Contest Feb. 24, Indianapolis.

be easy for the rich to attain civic virtue. From tenderest childhood they are brought up amidst surroundings that ennoble. They breathe the pure air, fragrant with fresh-smelling earth; they walk in field and wood; they revel in the simple splendor of the violet, and the stainless lily reflects her white innocence in their young souls. They have wealth and every advantage that wealth can procure. They have education, and that means training in right principles of morality. Guilty, indeed, is the man who with all these advantages goes wrong.

But how differently fares the child of poverty. The very morning of his life, which should be fresh and sweet, is embittered and staled by premature labor and by association with those whose ambitions have been stifled by adversity, and whose high aspirations have been deadened by failure. If you would see how the toilers live, go down into the tenement districts of our large cities. There, grimy, unpainted houses raise their weather-beaten frames against a smoky sky. All around lie the barren stretches of desolation—no tree, no flower, no blade of grass, relieves the monotony of this wilderness of brick and mortar. It is as though a blight had fallen upon a stricken people and left them nothing but a "mere tread-mill existence with no prospect other than more tread-mill." And this is the gray world in which men are reared who must climb to honor and virtue. Before dawn the heavy tramp of the workers resounds upon the high-road—not the tread of an army eager for the fray, but rather the shambling gait of a wasted soldiery making its last soulless attack. All day they labor, and when night has long since begun they stumble through filthy alleys and dark byways back to a feverish rest,—home at last! Home! A dingy, narrow, foul-smelling room,—home! And yet official records tell us that there are over three hundred and fifty thousand such homes in a single city of this country. Three hundred and fifty thousand,—where men are herded together to the number of two hundred and ninety thousand per square mile.

Overworked, underpaid, with a mere hovel for a home, these people are eking out a bare existence. It is little wonder that such men, breathing a polluted air, with faces always towards the earth, fail to see the light of promise and stumble from the path. Around them

they observe the lives of their fellowmen, lives of luxurious ease and refined comfort. Can you wonder that they envy the rich, they who are denied the necessities of life; that they covet purple and fine linen, they who have not rags to cover their nakedness; that they ask for sumptuous feasts, who are denied the beggar's crust? Is it any wonder that they sometimes forget that "To one man are given five talents, to another two, and to a third only one;"—any wonder that they fail to see that all men have not equal opportunities nor equal ability? They often condemn where they should approve; they revolt when they should submit. And why? Because they know that some there are among those to whom five talents were given who seek to gain, not other five, but other five times five, by making the necessity of their weaker fellows a stepping-stone to enormous wealth, by robbing others of their two and even one talent. Small wonder that the grim toiler becomes disheartened. Small wonder that he becomes embittered when he looks at the hollow cheek and the stony eye of his wife, for whom all his slaving can not procure the few necessities that mean health. Small wonder that his bitterness turns to desperation when he sees his child drooping day by day for trifling wants which he can not supply. God help the poor if they have not learned the lesson of patience! God pity the poor if they have not recognized in the inequalities of life the measure of reward hereafter! The mountain is always before them. They must go on. But the mill, the factory, the sweatshop, have done their work: they have dried the marrow in their bones and chilled the nerve of effort. Is it any wonder then, that the tired, brooding laborer wends his way to the gin-shop? The drink will quicken his stagnant energy, and by it he will work harder and longer; he will coax back the bloom to his wife's cheek; his child shall smile again and be happy as other children are happy. He returns to the saloon, not once but often, and soon we have another drunkard and, perhaps, another criminal. And the victim does not suffer alone.

That the sin of the parent shall be visited upon the child was said of old, and the life of the inebriate pauper exemplifies the proverb. The failure of the parent to provide for his family is responsible, in some measure at least,

for the child-slavery existing in the land. But this is not always the reason why children toil. Often the sole condition upon which the father gets a job is that he contract his children at the age of five and even four years to the factory in which he is employed. These children are compelled to labor under conditions perilous to life and limb, conditions that very often destroy whatever of natural goodness is in them. Some one has said with fearful truth: "Sad, indeed, is the poverty of age, but sadder far is the poverty that blights youth, for it robs the child of today and curses the man of tomorrow." And yet there are a million and a half of these little child-slaves in the country today. In the poison-vats of Northern dye-rooms and in the lint-laden atmosphere of Southern cotton mills; under great hills in Pennsylvania and in the hell of the glass-maker of Indiana,—child lives are being broken, child minds are being perverted, child consciences poisoned, child souls killed. Contact with men in whose nature there is only bitterness, blinds them to the higher, the sweeter things in life. They are today what they were in the days of Hugo and Shaftesbury,—“children who swear like convicts, haunt the wine-shops, know gay women, and sing obscene songs.” They are today beaten and cursed and cowed, but, worse than in the days of Hugo and Shaftesbury, they are compelled to slave long hours in mine and mill and work-shop, damning their young souls. Coal is a necessity, but it must not be bought at the cost of wrecked morals. Cotton is indispensable, but we dare not buy it at the price of manhood. We need glass, but we dare not allow that a single bright child soul shall add lustre to its polished surface.

Herein lies the problem. Crime is steadily on the increase. How shall we check its progress? The road to crime must be narrowed, that to virtue widened. How shall this be accomplished? We must make it easier for the poor to earn a comfortable living; we dare not take from the rich that which is rightfully theirs. There must be a reconstruction in our economic system,—a reconstruction based upon mutual rights and duties. Capital must recognize its responsibility to Labor, Labor its responsibility to Capital. The employer needs to learn that the worker is more than a mere cog in the mill that grinds out

his dollars. The laborer must recognize in his employer a co-worker upon whose welfare depends his own. Only by general interest can this be brought about. We need in our present danger the spirit that animated Paul Revere to set up his lanterns in Old North Church and ride wildly through the night to rouse our forefathers to battle. That spirit is needed in our country today. An infamy threatens our land as great as the danger to our liberties of old, and unless the public conscience be aroused, it will grow with overwhelming power. All the agencies of our civilization must co-operate to check the torrent. The pulpit, the press, the legislature, the school, the home, must work together for this end. Men must be taught that patriotism is something more than show of armies and battleships; that an enemy to social order is as dangerous as a foreign foe; that love of country is best shown by sacrifice which will secure the comfort and peace and happiness of all the people. There must be legislation, for reciprocal rights are involved. But laws are only cold reminders. No amount of legislation can ever make a people moral. Unless our laws are quickened with the spirit of the great Father of us all, unless they come from men inspired by love for one another, no good can be accomplished. Children must learn to lisp the Golden Rule, and their fathers and mothers in business dealings as well as in neighborly acts must “Do unto others as they would have others do unto them.” Only so shall peace descend upon our land. When labor shall have adjusted its difficulties with capital; when men shall regard one another as brothers; when their striving shall be for instead of against, one another; when rich and poor alike shall kneel to a common Father and obey His commands,—then shall we be on the threshold of the solution of this problem of poverty and crime.

To set the higher motives to work, the teacher must touch the soul of his pupil, must make him feel that he belongs to a divine order. Thus shall he awaken him to self-respect, and inspire him with a love of excellence: and when he perceives that his efforts give pleasure to the master, he is impelled to new exertions, especially if the master himself is noble and self-active.—*Spalding*.

Varsity Verse.

"THE KID"

O gee! but I'll be glad when I
 Get big like our Bill;
 I'll be a sport like him, and fly
 Around and dress to kill.

I'll be a college boy, you bet;
 No high school "dub" for me,
 'Cause Bill says high schools never yet
 Could any wheres near be

Like good old times with college chums
 Who know what real fun is.
 Bill says the sissie high school "rums"
 Are simply out of biz.

Of course you see, I'm just a kid,
 And I must wait to grow;
 But Pop said I'd sure get the bid
 To pack my books and go.

And then your uncle "Dud" will shine
 When he's a college boy;
 Will play football and buck the line,
 And have real baseball joy.

J. A. D.

QUALIBET.

Blank verse is a species of verse, you know,
 Very easy to write it may seem,
 But how is a fellow to write such verse
 When you don't know the rhyming scheme?

Then to write such verses to order
 In lines that are strong and weak,
 And others of various genders—
 Might as well quiz a fellow in Greek.

J. M. T.

A MISTAKE.

An rope, and at the end a man:
 I feel his pulse,—he is alive!
 He moves! he speaks! Just some poor lad
 Returning from a little skive.

D. F.

SILENT ELOQUENCE.

The silken swish of a gown new-made,
 The creak of an oxford shoe,
 Was all that told of the couple there,—
 I felt there were only two.

My soul was sad for the silent pair,
 To think of a broken heart;
 Perhaps the two were in deepest pain
 To know that they must part.

The silken swish of a new-made gown
 And the squeak of an oxford shoe,—
 "Oh, broken hearts," I exclaimed, "my heart
 Goes out in its grief to you."

"Full hearts," I said, as I rose to go,
 "With pain your hearts are numb,"
 I looked for the silent pair, and lo!
 They were talking in deaf and dumb.

P. E. H.

Her Fatal Fault.

CHARLES C. MILTNER, '11.

It was the consensus of opinion among the gossiping cronies of Riverville that Aristippus Bradford was and had always been a singularly eccentric person. That he was a selfish, sour-tempered, invincible old bachelor and would be quite content to pass the remainder of his life as such in his solitary but luxurious retreat, was likewise agreed upon. Indeed, some of the more sagacious maintained that he chose such a life not because of any innate timidity or bashfulness in the presence of ladies, but that he abhorred marriage from a strange and fanatical religious conviction. This latter contention they bolstered up, when pressed for evidence, by claiming certain "inside" information as to his character prior to his arrival in Riverville.

The feminine "eligibles," however, took this statement not at all seriously. In fact, they rather agreed with Miss Simpleton Bing, who, although far from being the eldest spinster in the village, nevertheless held a reputation for social insight and veracity of statement which made her opinion always respected. Hence, when she took occasion to remark before a gathering of the "Tea and Tennyson Society" that Mr. Bradford held no such views in regard to the conjugal state, that he was not even a bachelor but a widower, and not in the least anxious to remain such, all other opinions to the contrary vanished like a bursted bubble and the afore-mentioned gentleman suddenly acquired a new and intense interest for various members of that august circle.

"I tell you," continued Miss Bing, "that I am right. Else, why his recent appearance at the church fair? Why his sudden change of sombre attire for a smartly tailored suit of gray? Why his bright new auto, these frequent visits to the theatre, these contributions to the suffragette campaign fund? There is a meaning in all this, my sisters. We have misjudged the man. We have thought him selfish and eccentric, when he was merely observing a sincere season of mourning."

Little was said when the meeting adjourned, but as the members went their several ways, many were the longing glances cast toward Bradford Hall, and many were the hearts

that went pit-a-pat at the thoughts, nay the hopes, that crept in at sight of it and what it might mean, should they be so fortunate.

It was not strange there should be much excitement in the feminine circles of Riverville that week; that public places should contain an unwonted crowd of gaily attired pleasure-seekers; that so many sought the shady promenade leading by Bradford Hall. But it was unusual enough to cause a certain lounge at the Wayside Inn to remark:

"It looks as though there was hot competition in the man-market this week, doesn't it?"

Indeed, Bradford himself noticed it, though he was quite unconscious of his guilt.

Now, when two-men of entirely different tastes, dispositions, habits of life and convictions, each of whom is sure that his is the only proper method of thought and action, meet, one immediately tries to convince the other of his errors and to convert him to his view of life. It was not strange, therefore, that when a certain gentleman, the head of a family of eight and a strenuous advocate of home life,—no less a person than Mr. Josiah Bing,—called upon Mr. Bradford, he should, in the course of the conversation bluntly ask the sturdy bachelor this question:

"Mr. Bradford, why don't you marry?"

"Marry! Why man—"

But his objection was forestalled by the eloquence of the benedict.

"Now, just a moment, Bradford. You've been a bachelor all your life. I am a man of experience. I know the joys of married life and you don't—"

"No, nor I don't want to either."

"Let me explain. We are both in life to seek happiness, and—"

"I'm perfectly happy as I am."

"No, no, you're not. You are happy alone, but if you had a wife, you'd—"

"Be half as happy. Is that the point?"

"Decidedly not. Now you dine alone, drive alone, read alone, travel alone. Supposing you had a wife and children, how much pleasanter life would be. Some one to share your sorrows, to cheer your loneliness, childish laughter to fill this old house with music and a companion to fill your life with joy."

"Now, look here, Bing, I've heard that story before. You've told the first chapter. I could tell the second, but I won't. The subject is distasteful, pray drop it at once."

Being a discreet man, Bing did not press his point. Further conversation followed upon a more agreeable topic, and when Mr. Bradford showed his guest to the door, his daughter Simpleton, who awaited her father at the gate, heard him say:

"Yes, I guess you're right. It isn't good to be quite alone. A companion to talk with might be very enjoyable. In fact, Mr. Bing, I believe I'll accept your proposition. Now you look up one. But mind, she must be pretty, young, sweet-tempered, docile and able to converse better than the ordinary one. She must be perfect in every other accomplishment and endowment, but a more than commonly good speaker. If she have not this latter gift, I'll soon lose patience with her."

One thing Miss Simpleton knew, and that was that the conditions were too exacting to leave any chance for her. The news, however, spread with lightning rapidity and the better half of the town was in the greatest of excitement and curiosity as to who should be the lucky one.

Bing, himself would say nothing about the matter. He merely remarked:

"Wait, and you shall see."

A few days later, Mr. Bing entered the house evidently in a very perturbed state of mind. Feeling, perhaps, that expression would afford him relief, he said:

"Simpleton, I've been deceived, and made a bad mistake."

"Why dad, what is the matter?"

"When I brought Mr. Bradford his companion for examination today, I had been told that she could talk quite nicely. But when Mr. Bradford found out that she couldn't even utter a word he was so angry that he killed her."

"O killed a poor, innocent girl!"

"Girl! Why, no, child, the *dummy* parrot."

Miss Simpleton Bing took a prolonged vacation in the country. But the wise ones sagely remarked:

"I told you so."

Patience.

They bear the burden of the snow,

They bear it with a patient grace—

The drooping trees. Yet well they know

A melting hour comes on apace. R. N.

Memory.

THOMAS A. LAHEY, '11.

FROM out the past it spoke,—and wisps of hair
Fell on the shadows, and I knew the gleam;
And voices called me from the world of care,—
But tears dissolved the magic of my dream.

From out the past it spoke,—and trembling hands
Stretched forth to bless me as they did of yore;
And voices called me back to other lands,
But tears welled up,—alas! my dream was o'er.

Law and Literature.

RALPH C. DIMICK, '11.

To the lay mind law and literature are separated by an unfathomable chasm. On the one hand is seen the rigid science of legal principles and legal procedure, on the other the vast, unfolding vistas of literature. There is seemingly an incongruity existing between them, an incongruity which seems to be quite logical, but which upon careful thought, fades away as a fallacy before a skilled logician. To the legal profession, more than to any other, the world is indebted for the magnitude and splendor of its literature. History, biography, poetry, fiction, oratory, criticism, in fact every field of literary endeavor, has been enriched by the contributions of men who at one time or another were intimately connected with the legal profession.

The great mass of the people cherish the idea that the study of literature is at variance and inconsistent with the study of the law, that the more the former prevails the more will the latter decline. Their argument seems to be based on an adamant foundation, their proof seems to be the proof of experience, tested by example and history. They tell us that very few men have distinguished themselves in both avocations; that men of great literary attainments have seldom risen to eminence in the legal profession. But let us look closer and see.

As a fundamental principle we must assume, and I feel that all will concur in the belief, that the study of literature must have a beneficial effect upon the lawyer, provided it is

made subservient to the business of his profession. The successful lawyer is the lawyer who has a vast amount of general knowledge; he is versed in legal principles and precedents, such technical learning being coupled with a broad and general education. He must understand life and life's problems. He must understand men and men's conditions. He must be a man of liberal mind, a man with power to grasp the logic of a problem and unravel its intricate entanglements. He must be a man, who, after having learned the principles of his profession, is capable of applying them to the problems and questions which confront him in the great tide of the world's business. If he does not possess these liberal views, if he is ignorant of almost everything but the law, even though he may be an adept at legal rules and principles, he is like a man in the dark; he wanders at random, stumbling over everything that lies in his path, and ends, it may be, by falling into a ditch from which he vainly attempts to extricate himself—every attempt only causing him to sink deeper—and is at last compelled to call for help. The ideal lawyer, as far as education goes, is he who is possessed of much general and varied information together with the rules and principles of law. Such a man can always see his way, and if assistance is necessary, he knows where to seek for it.

Where, then, I ask, can the lawyer best secure this general knowledge? The answer is evident. He can, in fact he must, find it in literature. There he finds all the arts and sciences represented; there he finds the groundwork upon which he builds his legal structure. In the lawyer, at least the lawyer of the higher type, we expect to find ease, fluency and polish. We expect to find these qualities not only in his speech but also in his writings. We look to him as to a gentleman of the community, a gentleman in the highest sense of the term. We expect to find him a fluent talker, a polished, cultured citizen. We look to him as a moulder of public opinion, as an arbiter of our rights, as a protector of our liberties, as a defender of our honor and our government. We link his name with justice, we associate it with the most sacred institutions of our political fabric. In every phase of commercial endeavor, in every sphere of public life, the lawyer, to a very great extent, is the representative of the people. Where,

then, can he best secure the ease, the fluency and the polish so necessary to a man of his standing? The answer is, in the careful examination of these qualities as displayed in the writings and speeches of others, and in the frequent expression of his own thoughts, both in writing and in speech. Law treatises, it need scarcely be said, are not conspicuous as models of either ease, fluency or polish; and therefore the lawyer who aspires to these accomplishments must seek elsewhere for his models; he must find them in the literature of the world.

But I have stated that the lawyers of the world have contributed largely to the literature of the world. I have asserted that law and literature have a very close connection, that there is no incongruity in the terms. How, then, will we explain the fact that comparatively few lawyers have risen to eminence both in literature and in law? We might name some men who have rendered themselves conspicuous for their literary abilities and at the same time gained the highest honors of their profession. Yet we must admit that overwhelming evidence of a contrary nature may easily be adduced.

What I maintain, however, is that the one profession is not incompatible with the other, and that there is no incongruity in the two. The practice of the law eminently qualifies a man for attaining distinction in literature. It engenders rapidity of thought, systematic arrangement of arguments and ideas, and facility of expression. Lawyers in the enjoyment of any considerable practice are almost constantly called upon to form their opinion and to give it expression apparently without time even for the most superficial reflection. Continual exercise renders this easy to them. In setting forth their arguments both in written and in oral pleadings they are trained to habits of carefulness and clear reasoning, because they know very well that any inconsistencies or false reasoning will at once be discovered by the judges they are addressing, or by the opposite counsel. They are thus led to say what they wish to say in the clearest manner, and in the way which is most likely to succeed in gaining the object in view. As they are compelled to avoid false reasoning and inconsistencies themselves, so they are ever on the alert for them on the part of an opponent. Again, the various duties which they are called

upon to discharge enable them to pass from one subject to another with ease and readiness, and compel them to acquire a vast amount of general information which is carefully stored up for future use. The habits thus engendered and constantly exercised, either in written or in oral pleading or debate, are easily transferred to literature.

But literature is a broad field, it covers many subjects, and only occasionally do we find a man that is really eminent in any two. What particular lines or divisions of literature are especially represented by the lawyer? What branch or branches of this art has he particularly enriched by his contributions? The answer necessarily is that he has devoted his abilities to those literary subjects which are naturally kindred to the legal profession.

When we use the term literature in its general sense, that is, in its real, substantial acceptation, what idea do we intend to convey? Do we include that broad, comprehensive term which covers a great portion of the material read by the masses of today? Hardly. We exclude certainly much of what is called "amusing" literature.

History, biography, poetry, fiction, oratory, criticism and the drama comprise the real divisions of literature, and it is with these branches in mind that we are discussing the compatibility of literature and law. When we ascertain the requirements of a writer, when we analyze the underlying principles upon which literary works are fashioned, we find in the lawyer the peculiar cultivation of these requisites. Particularly is this so of history, biography, oratory and criticism. It is in these subjects that the perspicuity, arrangement and close reasoning, so invariably found in the mind of the master lawyer, are especially applicable.

There are two departments of literature to which the foregoing observations are applicable only to a limited extent—poetry and fiction. However true it may be that a poet is born, there can be no doubt that the development of the poetic faculty is quite as much a matter of hard study and practice as the development of any other inborn gift. The study of law is the opposite of poetical; but this very antagonism begets in the lawyer, by comparison, a keener relish for and appreciation of poetry, when he turns to it in

his hours of leisure. And if he is gifted with the "faculty divine" the delight taken in its cultivation will be greater, because it is to him a relief from the dry details of his ordinary pursuits. He sees, too, so much of human life—of character and passion—in the course of his professional career that he is enabled to delineate with truth, with strict adherence to reality, the feelings and emotions which he attempts to exhibit in the creatures of his imagination. These, combined with the habits of continuity of thought and forcible expression engendered by his professional studies, must contribute in no small degree to his success as a poet or a novelist. I do not mean to say that any lawyer may write a great novel or poem if he will only apply himself to the task. All I assert is that if he is gifted with the poetic faculty, his professional studies will contribute materially to his success as a poet or as a novelist.

The Dawn of Spring.

OUT of the earth a little tulip crept.
 Her heart throbbed warm; she oped her
 infant eye
 To gaze upon a blue and smiling sky.
 A cloud with joy unbounded o'er her wept,
 To call her from the womb wherein she slept.
 And then the crooning zephyrs 'gan to sigh
 And soothe the tender bud with lullaby.
 At eventide the stars their watches kept.

 Then joyfully we saw all nature wake,
 As gladly she received the sun's warm rays.
 In ecstasy we heard the skylark sing.
 The wintry winds their favored haunts forsake
 And all the world sings out a word of praise,
 For at this birth we see the dawn of spring.
 R. G. F.

THOUGH what we accept be true, it is a prejudice unless we ourselves have considered and understood why and how it is true. The fact that it is held by multitudes or by wise men is not a sufficient reason for holding it to be well-founded; nor are we justified in rejecting it because its adherents are few. Truth is true whether uttered by the learned or the ignorant, by millions or by a solitary speaking in the midst of a desert.—*Spalding*.

An Ideal.

To think the things that God desires,
 To do the things that Love inspires
 To keep the heart full of the fires
 Of youth,
 That's living.

J. C.

Romanticism in Poetry.

MAURICE J. NORCKAUER, '13.

When we take up any history, whether of art or science, we generally find that for convenience sake, or on account of some distinguishing feature, it is divided into periods or epochs. As a rule, no particular date can be given as the turning-point from one period to another, and the division is usually an arbitrary one. There is nearly always some place where they overlap each other; hence it is difficult to draw any dividing line.

If this is true of history, of art and science in general, it is likewise true in the various subdivisions of these. Music, sculpture, painting and especially literature show many different periods in their development and progress. But in no one of these subdivisions is there such a complexity of forces as in literature.

Literature is made up of prose and poetry. Both of these forms had their origin in the very dim past, and it is hard to tell which was first. But poetry has ever been the language of the heart, and it is even now one of the best loved of the arts. The student of civil history can not in justice claim to understand the spirit of an age unless he has read its poetry; for poetry is the very embodiment of the life of a people. In order to understand this better we must be specific.

We take, for instance, several histories of poetry and look to find under what heading the poetry of the nineteenth century is classed. One book says, "The Age of Romanticism," and another has "The Romantic Movement," while still a third styles it the "Rise of Romanticism." Clearly, then, to know how to appreciate the poetry of this century we must know what Romanticism is, and how the public mind is reflected in the poetry of the

age. To quote Long: "The essence of Romanticism was that literature must reflect all that is spontaneous and unaffected in nature and in man, and be free to follow its own fancy in its own way." So, then, the keynote to Romanticism is freedom. The poetry of the nineteenth century will thus embody freedom of thought and fancy and not be held down to the rules of the classical age.

English history during the nineteenth century embraces a multitude of events, but we find that very many of the leading events may be summed up under the heads: (1) progress towards democracy; (2) extension of the principle of religious equality; (3) England's relations with Ireland; and (4) the growth of the British colonial empire. During the latter part of the eighteenth century the divine right of kings was renounced because the people chafed under heavy restrictions and wished for liberty. As a result of the English Revolution in 1688 the authority of the king was placed in parliament, and another step was taken towards democracy. This idea of liberty became so strong in all English-speaking countries that freedom of thought and sentiment was demanded everywhere. Is it any wonder that the poetry of the age was impressed with the stamp of freedom?

Hardly had the revolution of 1688 cooled, when the largest and fairest of England's colonies declared her liberty in 1776. Struggle as she would, England could not again enslave the American colonists, for they had tasted freedom. So, as Long, in his "History of English Literature," says, "When on a foggy morning in November, 1783, King George entered the House of Lords and in a trembling voice recognized the independence of the United States of America, he unconsciously proclaimed the triumph of that free government by free men, which had been the ideal of English literature for more than a thousand years."

This affair was hardly settled, when in 1800 Ireland clamored for Home Rule. The history of Ireland had been, and was, and would continue for some time to be one of persecution and cruel restrictions. But Ireland longed for liberty, and was refused. At length a compromise was effected whereby representation in the English parliament was granted.

On every side we see the struggle towards a democracy and freedom. After a long

fight the Protestant Dissenters, as they were called, were admitted to hold office by an act passed in 1828. And in 1829 the Catholics were granted a similar concession. This act is known in history as the "Catholic Emancipation Act."

But the Magna Charta of England's political democracy was the reform bill of 1832. Previous to this date there was a very inefficient and unjust mode of representation in parliament. No change had been made in the manner of choosing candidates and representatives to parliament for over five hundred years. According to the original law for nominating and filling the seats each flourishing town had been allowed a certain representation. But in five hundred years most of these towns had become mere names. But the names still had the privilege of sending their allotted number of candidates. Many large cities had meanwhile sprung up, and these as yet had no voice in their country's administration. The reform bill of 1832 did away with this worn-out method, and as a result fifty-six nominal towns lost representation in parliament and thirty more were allowed but one member. What caused this radical change? Undoubtedly, the newly awakened spirit of freedom in the people.

Without doubt, Romanticism is a reflection of this spirit. The people clamored and insisted on their right to liberty of thought and equality one with another. Wordsworth, Coleridge and Southey were but reflecting the spirit of the age, and it is not to be wondered at that the literary productions of the age should be imbued with the same tendencies. In prose, Romanticism received great impetus through the work of Sir Walter Scott, Charles Lamb, Thomas De Quincey and Jane Austen. But in poetry, the highest point of Romanticism was reached in the poetry of Byron, Keats and Shelley. Sentiment and thought are certainly untrammelled in the poems of these men.

The nineteenth century was a century of poets, in contradistinction to the eighteenth century which was one of prose writers. The names of Scott, Byron, Shelley, Southey, Keats, Moore, Wordsworth and Coleridge will ever be remembered in history as the poets of the Romantic age who reflected its life and were typical of its spirit.

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—As announced elsewhere in this number, Corby hall has set about the work of erecting a statue to Father Corby in the college yard.

This is a work
Let us Join Willing Hands in which they de-
with Corby Hall. serve the support
of the whole school.

That support should be moral and financial—moral because the project surely is a laudable one, financial because it entails considerable expense. If this expense could be distributed over the whole school the individual share of it would be very slight, but resting on the members of one hall alone it might be no small burden.

Corby hall is undertaking this for the University as a whole. They have constituted themselves into a committee to raise the necessary funds, acting from motives of loyalty and pride. The placing of a statue of Father Corby in front of the hall that is named after him is a fitting tribute to the merits of a great soldier of the flag and of the cross. That statue, representing the venerable chaplain in the act of absolving the Irish Brigade in the engagement at Gettysburg, will be another shrine of beauty and place of pilgrimage for every visitor to Notre Dame. Let everybody at Notre Dame, then, support a good cause:

help the men of Corby hall to honor a great priest and add another glory to the University grounds.

—In the matter of disputes over the eligibility of hall athletics, it would seem the questions that arise could be settled more quickly and more satisfactorily

The Settlement of by persons who
Interhall Athletic Disputes. have no immediate concern with the

halls than by a board or committee of persons directly concerned. There is no disposition to call in question the fairness of the interhall athletic board; there is no issue raised as to its efficient work in promoting the interhall spirit. But it is manifest that where questions are to be decided that affect seriously the athletic work of any given hall those immediately friendly and those immediately rival can not be unbiased in their point of view. It would not be human nature if they were; neither would those concerned be working actively for the supremacy of their hall. What we want, that we cling to tenaciously. What affects one in business or in sentiment, of that one can not well be an unbiased judge. The SCHOLASTIC believes in hall athletics, in class athletics, in any form of physical development where the many will be helped physically. It has always striven to act with justice and fairness to all halls. And in recommending that a committee or an umpire outside the halls concerned be appointed or elected for the settlement of interhall disputes the SCHOLASTIC feels it is offering a suggestion that will remedy the present difficulty.

—The city of Chicago is remarkable in many ways. It is notable not only for its size, its wealth and its industries, but particularly for its unparalleled

Speaking of Growth. growth. No other city in the United States or, indeed, in the world can lay claim to greater distinction in this respect. Yet within this city itself the last three-quarters of a century has witnessed an even more astounding growth because it has been confined to one institution, the Catholic Church. Anent this fact the *Chicago Tribune* recently observed that: "No other Catholic city in the world ever rose from a single parish with a hundred communicants

lost in a primeval wilderness to an archdiocese of a million souls in seventy-five years." Rome may have her official representatives from every nation "but in Chicago German Catholics, Irish Catholics, Polish Catholics, French Catholics, Italian Catholics, Slavonic Catholics, Persian Catholics, Negro Catholics, Syrian Catholics, Hungarian Catholics, Belgian Catholics, Croatian Catholics, Swiss Catholics, Lithuanian Catholics reside in their hundreds of thousands, with their own churches, their own priests, their own parochial schools, their own sisterhoods, hospitals, asylums and colleges." These facts may well give assurance of two things. The first is, that though commercial and industrial development have made such rapid strides as to become the marvel of the world, they have not done and will not do so to the detriment of the growth and influence of the Church. The second is, that though in all of our large cities certain organized agencies of evil have grown alarmingly bold and powerful, they will always find in the increased spread of the Catholic faith and influence in those cities an active opposition in the interest of the moral welfare.

—The attitude of the United States government with regard to the Mexican situation will be watched with interest by the other powers as establish-

The Mexican Situation. ing a precedent in the relations of our government with unruly forces in neighboring republics. It is not a question of the extension of the Monroe Doctrine. The policy of Monroe, which has been explained and amplified at times by different presidents and statesmen, notably in recent years by Roosevelt and Root, has to do with the interference of foreign nations in American affairs; its inference is that Pan-America will take care of itself. This can not be used as a justification for the annexation of further territory by the United States. In the first place it does not provide for such a contingency, and in the second place, it has not been recognized by foreign powers. The justification of our action in this case will have to be found in the fact that our interests must not be allowed to suffer. The Mexican situation is admitted to be critical. The Diaz *system* has been all-powerful in Mexico, but it has shown itself unable to cope with the present

difficulty. If the abuses of the system are so great that it can no longer be supported, the system must fall with the man that built it. Reason and good judgment should guide the government in its action, and no act should be aided that will tend to perpetuate tyranny unless that act will prove of greater benefit in the end. Peace and order must be maintained for the security of the other nations.

Statue to Father Corby.

Last Sunday night a mass meeting was held in Corby hall for the purpose of talking up the project of erecting in front of the old hall a replica of the Father Corby statue recently unveiled on the field of Gettysburg. The meeting which was attended by the Rev. President, was a most enthusiastic one. Father Irving opened the fire with an explanation of the project itself. He showed the idea and purpose of the work, made plain the plan by which it was to be accomplished and concluded with a ringing appeal for every Corby man, past and present, to enter into the work with the old Corby spirit which has already left its mark on Notre Dame, notably in fitting out the finest private chapel in the University, and in other ways as well. The Rev. President, Father Cavanaugh, expressed himself as greatly gratified that the men of Corby of their own desire should take up this work of erecting a statue to Father Corby. He went on to tell of the celebration at Gettysburg when the original statue was unveiled a few months ago. That event, he said, attracted national attention, and Father Cavanaugh pledged himself to make the day when we should unveil our replica of that monument one of the most memorable in the history of this home of memorable celebrations.

Feeling was high and generous when the meeting came to an end. Each man understood that, apart from what he should personally contribute, he was to be a committee of one for the stirring up of interest in, and the securing of support for the Corby Hall Statute Fund. A superior committee got to work at once, and a considerable part of the fund needed, a fund of fifteen hundred dollars in all, was immediately subscribed. Let it be understood that while the men of Corby are the committee and bear the burden of

this work, their contribution list is open to any member of the school who wants to cut his initials into that rock from Gettysburg as the supporter of an eminently noble project. No doubt when the movement is brought to the attention of the students there will be evidenced on all sides a readiness to help along the good work.

One detail of the plan for raising necessary funds is to send an announcement of the work to every former student of Corby. To make possibly wider the scope of that appeal the letter sent to them is here reproduced:

NOTRE DAME, INDIANA,
March 10, 1911.

You are probably aware that a heroic bronze statue of the Very Rev. William Corby, C. S. C. has recently been set up on the field of Gettysburg, and on the identical spot on which he gave the historic general absolution to the Irish Brigade just before it went into the famous battle. Father Corby was a former president of the University and Corby hall at Notre Dame perpetuates his name.

It is now proposed that the Notre Dame men who are or have been in the past, associated with Corby hall, shall set up on the University campus a replica of the Gettysburg statue. It is a work of art. The sculptor was Mr. Samuel A. Murray of Philadelphia. Its presence before Corby hall will call attention to the historic merits of a great alumnus and official of the University.

The men of Corby have solicited for the privilege of setting up this statue before the old hall, and the responsibility of collecting the necessary money now rests with us. The amount needed is fifteen hundred dollars. It is expected that every man who has ever been a part of Corby hall will do his share in this cause. The old Corby spirit still lives not only in us of today but in you of yesterday. This statue, when it is set up, will be a fitting embodiment of that spirit.

We want to make a great day of it when the statue is unveiled. Our plans are so large we are afraid to tell you of them now, but let us make sure of the statue, and the formal celebration may be trusted to take care of itself.

Send the largest check of which your judgment will approve. Don't think, however, that the check must be large in order to be welcome. We care more about the assurance that the old Corby men are with us in this move than we do about the amount of a particular gift.

When the celebration is arranged you will receive timely notice, and your service will be complete if you will arrange to be with us on that day to set up a great shout for the old hall and the glorious man from whom it takes its name.

Very sincerely,

DANIEL SHOVLIN	JOSE MENDOZA
MAURICE O'CONNOR	MARTIN HEYL
PETER MEERSMAN	JOHN SAWKINS
A. WRAPE	J. P. MURPHY.—Committee

Bruce Ansberry in Readings.

Wallace Bruce Ansberry read a number of poems and stories for us on Friday of last week. From an artistic view-point, the selections were hardly well chosen, and not presented in a manner best calculated to rouse and hold the interest of a student audience. Then, too, the reader spoke so rapidly that we followed him with difficulty. The best selection was, perhaps, "A Hoosier Sketch." The reader lacked distinction and his selections wanted depth and genuine feeling.

Semi-Finals in Debate.

On Tuesday evening, March 14, the first eight contestants in the semi-finals in debate struggled for the honor of a place in the finals. The contest was held in Sorin hall law room. The judges of the contest were: Rev. Mathew A. Walsh, C. S. C., Ph. D., Henry Wurzer, (LL. B. '98), and Vitus Jones (Litt. B. '02). The judges awarded positions as follows: S. E. Twining, A. Boucher, W. Fish, J. T. Burns.

The following evening, March 15, the second semi-final was held before the same judges as on Tuesday. A fair sized audience was present and witnessed a very close and interesting contest. The speakers were ranked as follows: John Murphy, James Hope, William Milroy. Charles Miltner and Charles Hagerty were tied for fourth place. Both will be allowed to compete in the final contest.

Apostolate of Religious Reading.

The following books have been added to the library of the Apostolate: "The Ball and the Cross" by Chesterton, "The Turn of the Tide" by Gray, "Geoffrey Austin" by Sheehan, "The Cardinal Democrat" by Taylor, "The Lady Paramount" by Harland, "Dion and the Sibyls" by Keon, "The Charity of Christ" and "The Courage of Christ" by Schuyler, "Letters on Christian Doctrine" (three volumes) by De Zulueta, S. J. The director hopes to be able to purchase some more works of excellent fiction, and will request those who distribute books in the different halls to solicit contributions for this purpose.

Society Note.

BROWNSON LITERARY AND DEBATING.

The seventeenth regular meeting of the Brownson Literary and Debating Society was held last Sunday evening. The final debate to select the Brownson debating team was held, the question discussed being: "Resolved, That cities with a population of over thirty thousand should adopt the commission form of government." Those on the affirmative side were Messrs. R. Halligan, R. O'Neill, J. McCarthy and V. Ryan, while the negative was upheld by Messrs. W. Cotter, T. Mahoney, G. Hanlon and J. Robins. Those chosen to represent Brownson hall were ranked in the following order: R. Halligan, T. Mahoney, J. McCarthy and R. O'Neill. Father Carroll and Mr. John O'Hara acted as judges. Owing to the illness of Mr. Gefell's mother and Mr. Mann's grandparent, Messrs. Mann and Gefell were unable to take part in the debate. The meeting closed with prayer.

Obituary.

On Wednesday morning, March 15, Brother Jacob, for many years head book-keeper in the *Ave Maria* business office was buried from the Sacred Heart Church. Brother Jacob will always be remembered as a quiet, kindly religious who was most faithful in the discharge of his responsible duties. We commend his soul to the prayers of our readers. *R. I. P.*

Mr. E. V. Molle was called to Hartford City last week by the serious illness of his mother, who passed away before he reached home. The numerous friends of Mr. Molle extend to him their cordial sympathy in this hour of his affliction. *R. I. P.*

Mr. Henry Gefell of Brownson hall was called to his home in Rochester, N. Y. by news of the serious illness of his mother, March 11th. On arriving he found that she had passed away. The SCHOLASTIC on behalf of the University extends to the bereaved family, heartfelt sympathy and assurance of prayerful remembrance of the beloved dead. *R. I. P.*

Personals.

—Stewart M. Graham, student in the Engineering Department here for several years, paid

a short visit to the University last Monday.

—Otto A. Schmid (Ph. B. '09) stopped over on his way East last Monday and spent a day with his old friends here.

—Henry E. Weiss (student '05-'08) writes from Milwaukee that he is holding down an excellent position with the Milwaukee Electric Co. Like every loyal old boy Henry attributes much of his success to his school.

—Mr. E. F. Bough (student '96-'98) and Mrs. Bough visited the University the past week. Their address is Hammond, Indiana. Mr. Bough is responsible for a large share of the success of the Golden Girl Opera Company this season.

—J. J. Meyers (LL. B. '04) is a partner in the law firm of Reynolds and Meyers, Carroll, Iowa and county attorney besides. John is one of many of our old boys who are the best kind of advertising we can offer for our law course. Continued success, John.

—Harry Curtis, (LL. B. '09), former baseball coach and athletic manager, spent several days at the University last week, leaving last Monday for Montreal, Canada, where he will join the baseball team of that city. With him was Mr. J. Strauss of Chicago.

—Members of the track team report that "Pat" Walsh (B. S. A. '10) Henry W. Carr (B. S. A. '09) and Joaquin Romero (graduate of short Electrical '10) were among the Notre Dame rooters at the recent A. A. U. meet at Chicago. All were engaged in the line of work studied at their Alma Mater.

—The marriage is announced of Miss Catalina Violante Paez of New York to Mr. Seumas MacManus of Montcharles, Donegal, Ireland. The ceremony took place on March 9th in the Church of the Holy Name, New York City. The bride is a charming and accomplished woman, and the merits of Seumas MacManus in literature are known the world over.

—Oregon is on the map again this week. It is officially announced that Sam Dolan, (C. E. '10) is to be head coach of Oregon A. C. next year. Dom Callicrate (C. E. '08) is assistant engineer at Springfield, Oregon. Paul Benson and Charles Berr are now in Portland. Father Morrissey's recent visit was the occasion of a lively reunion of the "old boys." All this information comes from the loyal and enthusiastic "Bill" Schmitt (C. E. '10). Come again, Bill.

Calendar.

Sunday, March 19—St. Joseph's Day.
 Monday, March 20—First Degree Initiation of K. of C.
 Final trials in debate.
 Tuesday, March 22—Glee Club practice, 7:00 p. m.
 Wednesday, March 22,—Lenten devotions, 7:30 p. m.
 Thursday, March 23—Interhall triangular championship track meet.
 Friday, March 24—Lenten devotions, 7:30 p. m.
 Saturday, March 25—H. Snowden Ward. Moving pictures.

Local Items.

—On St. Patrick's day there was a very general wearing of the green.

—Of course the grass has not started to grow yet, but it is not too early to learn to avoid the cross-cut in making the turns on the side walks.

—Our thanks are due to Mr. Frank Dwyer, one of the old boys, for sending us a beautiful picture taken along the route of the Grand Trunk Railway.

—The work of enlarging the athletic field is progressing rather well. Very probably it will be in fairly good shape for the opening of the baseball season.

—Just to prove that the two fine days in the fore part of the week were not the advance guard of spring, it blew a gale and flung snow on the ground all Wednesday.

—The Lenten devotions have been more numerously attended last week than heretofore. A great many students also are very faithful in assisting at early mass.

—The Carroll hoppers upheld the traditions of the University presenting a play on St. Patrick's day. A full account of the play will be found in next week's issue.

—Coach Kelly had his baseball candidates out on Carroll field during the week. Prospects look bright to the coach for another successful year in Notre Dame baseball history.

—There was no meeting of the Engineers Wednesday owing to classes the following day. Instead the meeting was held Thursday evening. The report will appear next week.

—The taste of spring which we received in the early part of the week gave us a glimpse into the paradise which that season evidently brings,—not to mention the mixed metaphor.

—Under the direction of Professor Maurus

the surveying classes have been determining the meridian by means of observations on Polaris. The students report success in their observations.

—English C and D students are writing orations as class exercises and also with a view to the preparatory contest in oratory. More prep students will be entered this year than in any previous year.

—Through an oversight the SCHOLASTIC is late in thanking Mr. William Robbins of Hillsboro, New Mexico, for some beautiful and rare specimens of vanadium donated to our mineralogical collection.

—The classes, societies and state clubs may be seen any day now posing for Dome pictures. The editors are pleased with the progress of the work. Barring accidents, a good and an early Dome may be looked for.

—The triangular meet of last week did not bring forth any stars. The work of Fitzpatrick in the mile and half mile and that of Lower in the short dashes, however, was of high quality. With a little effort these men should qualify for the Varsity.

—Everybody should bear in mind that Wednesday and Friday evenings are set apart for the Lenten devotions which begin at 7:30. It does seem that an effort should be made not to schedule meetings or track practice for this time on these evenings.

—The high score in shooting by the different Companies is held at present by Captain Rothwell of Co. C. The men of the Battalion have made remarkable strides in this line of activity and it is expected that the coming rifle tournament will result in some high scores.

—The K. of C. held a social in their club rooms on St. Patrick's eve. There were a number of speeches in which the best and brightest in Ireland's religious and patriotic history was touched upon. Following the program of song, recitation and oratory, refreshments were served.

—The President of the University delivered the St. Patrick's day address before the Irish Fellowship Club of Chicago last Friday. Rev. Father O'Donnell preached the sermon at the students' mass on the morning of the seventeenth and gave a lecture in the evening at Kokomo, Indiana. Rev. Father Carroll spoke in Gary in the evening.

—Already there is some talk about the

boat races. Probably there will be three contests again this commencement. An effort will be made to get the senior and junior law men pitted against each other, and probably the lawyers will be willing. The four-year senior-junior race will be a fight to a finish, and the freshmen of this year are going to get after the sophomores in hard fashion.

—The movement set on foot by the men of Corby is indeed a worthy one. The accomplishment of this grand and noble work should mean something to every man who aids in the work. Every man in the University who is asked should respond readily and help the good cause along. The day of unveiling the statue should be a great day, not only for Corby, but also for the whole University.

—Three cheers for the Lone Star state! It is making its debut into Notre Dame societies. Clyde Broussard, after many years of effort has at last gathered enough Longhorns to represent his beloved Texas. The meeting was called to order by John O'Connor, acting chairman, at eight o'clock Friday evening, March 10. There were many heated arguments as to organization, the election of officers being the simplest event of the evening. The officers are: President, Clyde Broussard; vice-president, Fred Gilbough; treasurer, Wm. Galvin; secretary, Harry Newning; sergeant-at-arms, John O'Connor; chaplain, Dee Newning. No one was disappointed in the choice of officers, and the meeting adjourned with the solemn prayer of the chaplain.

—Great affright was spread among the Bookies Thursday when Clippinger received a telegram calling him home at once. He was requested to hire an automobile in case he could not secure a train within ten minutes. The Braves were completely prostrated when they heard the news and sent a message of sympathy to Sorin with assurances of any material help that might be needed in the way of expediting the homeward journey of Mr. Clippinger. Later, to be sure, it was found that Sorin's favorite son was not required to journey homeward with so much expedition. Nevertheless, we can not forbear to commend Corby's kindly message of sympathy to the Bookies. It shows the right spirit—the spirit of large fellow feeling which goes out to grief-stricken brothers. You can't beat it anywhere—at least you can't beat it much. For sympathy commend us to Corby.

Athletic Notes.

VARSAITY TAKES SECOND HONORS IN C. A. A. MEET.

In a contest in which the contending parties proved to be Notre Dame and the Chicago Athletic Association the latter won by a small margin after an all night's struggle. Numerous schools and clubs were represented, but their presence in the contest was not of sufficient importance at any time to endanger the leaders from being the stellar teams. Notre Dame went into the meet handicapped, first by Dana's recent illness and also by Wasson's injured ankle; but the injury which Martin suffered to his ankle some time back proved the straw which turned the meet. In the last semi-final heat of the 60-yard dash Bill again injured the weakened ankle, and as a result was forced to give up further attempts to aid his team mates. This lost to Notre Dame points not only in the 60-yard event, but also weakened the meet materially in the relay. Coach Maris had been training Martin for the quarter mile that he might run the relay, but when Rochne was substituted it was felt that the game was lost as the latter athlete has had but little work in the relay line. Rochne had qualified at ten feet in the pole vault when the relay was called and after putting forth the grandest of efforts to replace the loss of Martin he was unable to go over the bar on the next raise.

"Freddie" Steers after a battle with Zohman succeeded in breasting the tape winner in his pet event, the mile. Maddox ran away from himself in the first half of the race, and as a result was forced to give the lead to Zohman. At the last stage of the distance Steers broke into a sprint and beat the C. A. A. man by at least fifteen yards. Plant, the local freshman, finished in a burst of speed and took third honors.

Fletcher won the 60-yard low hurdles and annexed second place in the high ones. He was counted on to win the former event, and after running through all the preliminary heats incidental to the accomplishment of this feat succeeded in contributing three more points.

John Devine won his event, the half-mile, after an attempt was made by the three C. A. A. men to put him out of the race. Bockelman

was the man who essayed this rôle, and in tripping "Divvie" on the third lap he nearly accomplished his purpose, but our half-mile star regained himself and forced the C. A. A. men to take the dust in the final laps of the race. Williams continued his good work in the broad jump, winning the event with a leap of twenty-two feet one inch.

Philbrook took on Herculean strength, and put the shot forty-five feet four inches, this mark being ten inches beyond any other made by him. Jimmie Wasson running on his weak ankle brought the 60-yard dash home for the gold and blue men, with Fletcher in third position. Summaries:

60-yard dash—Wasson, N. D., first; Belote, Chicago Irish American A. C., second; Fletcher, N. D., third. Time, 0:06 2-5.

60-yard high hurdles—Haskins, C. A. A., first; Fletcher, N. D., second; Shaw, C. A. A., third. Time, 0:07 2-5.

60-yard low hurdles—Fletcher, N. D., first; Burgess I. A. C., second; Shaw, C. A. A., third. Time, 0:06 4-5.

Shot-put—Philbrook, N. D., first; Brundage, C. A. A., second; Brennan, I. A. C., Milwaukee, third. Distance, 45 feet 4 inches.

One mile run—Steers, N. D., first; Zohman, C. A. A., second; Plant, N. D., third. Time, 4:45 1-5.

440-yard run—Lindberg, C. A. A., first; Waller, C. A. A., second; Blair, C. A. A., third. Time, 0:54 3-5.

High jump—Whal, unattached, first; Porter, C. A. A., second; Degenhart, C. A. A., third. Height, 5 feet 11 inches.

Half-mile run—Devine, N. D., first; Sauer, C. A. A., second; Holden, Cincinnati Gymnasium A. C., third. Time, 2:06 2-5.

Broad jump—Williams, N. D., first; Wasson, N. D., second; Van Camp, C. I. A. A., third. Distance, 22 feet 1 inch.

Pole vault—Dray, C. A. A., first; Shobbingier, C. A. A., second; Shaw, C. A. A., third. Height, 11 feet 8 inches.

Two mile run—Wykoff, Ohio State, first; Morehouse, C. A. A., second; Armour, I. A. C., third. Time, 10:04 4-5.

One mile relay—C. A. A. team, first. Notre Dame second. Time, 3:41.

Safety Valve.

Official Announcer Dinnen—"High jump—Haas, first, Henahan, second, Conron and O'Rourke, third. Time, 5 feet 1 inch."

SIGNS OF SPRING.

Mushball.

Peanut man at post-office.

Debating trials.

The senior ball falls on April 17 this year. There is some talk of holding Easter the day before.

Apropos the discussion on hygiene, a Berlin specialist avers that walking tends to develop gall stones.

All the men of nineteen eleven have put their domes together and a big Dome is forthcoming, we guess.

Do not fail to include in your summer reading the Prepositions of Apollonius Rhodius and Some Reactions of Acetylene.

TO AUNTIE.

when my aunt sophie made her grand début
she everywhere was greeted with éclat.

she wore a peacock's feather in her hat
and somewhat like a peacock did she strut.

when uncle saw her first he said,—“tut, tut!

pray auntie dear, where did you get it at?”

then auntie she got awful sore for that,

and on his countenance the door did shut.

enlarging on our theme we wish to say,
aunt soon retired and left us in the gloom.

dear uncle sat there lonely, till a smile
lit up his face; he poked the fire; the room
grew bright; he made some punch and sipped away,
then mused: “hope sophie stays away a while.”

Walsh hall has two bowling alleys and two pianos.
First you may go to the alleys and bowl a little.
Then you may go to the pianos and bawl a little, or
vice versa.

The would-be humorist in Brownson society who
proposed a set of resolutions for the dead horse made
an ass of himself.

CHILI'S ANSWER.

Chili, he got no sense, and yet

You can't be mad weeth heem,

He justa laugh, and you forget.

And so are glad weeth heem.

Three week' it takin' heem to come

From Philadelphia here

Las' Christmas time; the prefect say,

“Chili, I have a fear

That you have been in jail,”—so cross

He look; “Now is that true?”

“No, no,” he laugh, “I never been

In jail, Father, have you?”

Chili, he got no sense, and yet

You can't be mad weeth heem,

He justa laugh, and you forget

And so are glad weeth heem.

The C. A. A. people made attachés of all the
unattached.

With March 17 and peace contest and debates
we have stored away enough oratory to tide us over
till Commencement. We expect another big ship-
ment then.