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Agnes Repplier.

(Laetare Medalist, 1911.)

THE recipient selected by the University for the Laetare Medal this present year is Miss Agnes Repplier of Philadelphia. Apart from her high standard of Catholic life, Miss Repplier's distinguished work as an essayist has been largely instrumental in determining the choice of the University. She is not an unknown figure in American letters; indeed she shares with Emerson and Lowell the distinction of being the best essayist in the English-speaking western world. Matthew Arnold, Newman and a few other well-known English literary figures made a wider appeal and enjoy a more general fame. But the fact remains that Miss Repplier will occupy an enduring position in American letters.

Agnes Repplier was born in Philadelphia, April 1, 1857, of French parents. She was educated in the Sacred Heart Convent, Torresdale, Pa. It was to those singularly sweet days of her convent life, over which no doubt she often afterwards reflected, that we owe that most delightful of her books, "Our Convent Days." In 1902

Miss Repplier was honored with a Doctor's degree in letters by the University of Pennsylvania as a result of exquisite work in the essay and literary sketch. On this occasion Doctor Howard Furness, the renowned editor

of the *Variorum* Shakespeare, a man of fine literary taste, declared that Miss Repplier "revived an art almost lost in these days, that of the essayist. There is no form of the essay she has not touched, and she has touched nothing she has not adorned. Her wisdom is illumined by her wit, and her wit is controlled by her wisdom." She has spent much of her time in Europe, especially of late years, where she has visited those time-honored monuments of architecture in glory or decay. She has visited cathedrals and art galleries and has



come back laden with the treasures of fact and fancy. She has also met many notable figures in literature during her tours of the old world.

Felix Emmanuel Schelling, the well-known authority on Elizabethan literature and author of "Elizabethan Lyrics," has called Miss Repplier

the "cleverest woman in America." A statement less sweeping would have been more effective, of course, but it goes to show the high position the distinguished Philadelphian holds in the estimation of modern critics.

She published "Books and Men" in 1888; "Points of View," 1891; "Essays in Miniature," 1892; "Essays in Idleness," 1893; "In the Dozy Hours," 1894; "Varia," 1897; "Philadelphia,—the Place and the People," "The Fireside Sphinx," 1901; "Compromises," 1904; "In Our Convent Days," 1905; "A Happy Half Century," 1908. Miss Repplier has also compiled a volume of "Famous Verse."

In all her work Miss Repplier is distinguished by lightness of touch, genuine appreciation of the humorous and a mild irony. She writes as one who has seen the sweetest and best in life and can smile away its cares and bitterness. A noted critic has said of her: "One of the pleasant characteristics of Miss Repplier's books is her lively interest in children. For them she has drawn from her own recollections of childhood. Her mind is a treasury of anecdote of her youth, and so vivid a memory has she always been blessed with that even the droll incidents of her babyhood are woven into her sprightly talks as they have frequently been in her written pages." She has frequently contributed to the *Saturday Evening Post* and the *Atlantic Monthly*. At present she is literary editor of the *Public Ledger*, Philadelphia.

The list of medalists is as follows: John Gilmary Shea, historian; Patrick J. Keeley, architect; Eliza Allen Starr, art critic; General John Newton, civil engineer; Patrick, V. Hickey, editor; Anna Hanson Dorsey, novelist; Wm. J. Onahan, publicist; Daniel Dougherty, orator; Major Henry W. F. Brownson, soldier and scholar; Patrick Donahue, editor; Augustin Daly, theatrical manager; Gen. William Rosecrans, soldier; Anna T. Sadlier, author; Dr. Thomas A. Emmett, physician; Hon. Timothy Howard, jurist; Mary Gwendolen Caldwell, philanthropist; John Creighton, philanthropist; William Bourke Cockran, lawyer and orator; Dr. John Benjamin Murphy, surgeon; Charles Jerome Bonaparte, lawyer and statesman; Richard C. Kerens, philanthropist; Thomas B. Fitzpatrick, philanthropist; Dr. Francis Quinlan, surgeon; Catherine E. Conway, editor; Dr. James C. Monaghan, educator; Mrs. Frances Fisher Tiernan (Christian Reid), novelist; Dr. Maurice Francis Egan, poet and novelist.

Life's Yield.

THOMAS A. LAHEY, '11.

THE squandered hopes that deck the years
Like faded graveyard flowers,
The smiles that blossomed into tears,
The ghosts of wasted hours;

The ventures and utopian schemes
With childhood's mem'ry mated,
The failures and the broken dreams
That youth had once created,—

Ah, what is hope, and what is life,
But sighing ever sighing?
And what the gain of honest strife,
If all is lost in dying?

But no!—death sets all wrong aright
And plaits a crown of sorrow;
Life's day may close in blackest night,—
'Twill yield a bright tomorrow.

The Character of Medea.

JAMES F. MCELHONE, '11.

Professor Blair has declared that modern tragedy is becoming "the theatre of passion pointing out to men the consequence of their misconduct; showing the direful effects which ambition, love, jealousy, resentment and other strong emotions, when misguided, or left unrestrained, produce on human mind or life. An Othello, hurried by jealousy to murder his innocent wife; a Jaffier, ensnared by resentment and want, to engage in a conspiracy, and then stung by remorse, and involved in ruin; a Siffredi, through the deceit which he employs for public spirited ends, bringing destruction on all whom he loved; a Callista, seduced into a criminal intrigue, which overwhelms herself, her father and all her friends in misery; these and such as these, are the examples which tragedy now displays to public view, and—by means of which it inculcates on men the proper government of their passions." The motive of baffled or tragic love is an old one; the passions of love and hate reign in modern tragedy. The passion of love was seldom used in tragedy by the ancients; hate and its consequences was a favorite theme. The "Medea" of Euripides is a combination

of love, hate, and their consequences. Medea, who loved Jason "well but not wisely" has been wronged by him; hatred is the result, and the story works toward a final situation—the vengeance of Medea.

Mixed characters, in whom good is mingled with the bad, in whom the good is not blended with the bad, but in whom either one or other predominates, afford the best opportunity for depicting human nature. Medea has "a shade of vice, a touch of virtue"; yet the worse elements of her nature appear. As a daughter of the sun-god in the Colchian land of magical charm and mystery, she is depicted as a tender, trusting and loving maiden, beautiful to look upon, but deadly as poison. Sorceress that she was, she loved the heroic Jason, nor could she read the superficiality of his character. Trustingly, lovingly she used her skill in magic to assist him in overcoming all the serious difficulties in his attempt to gain the golden fleece; she betrayed her father, Ætes; she murdered her brother, Absyrtus; she persuaded the daughters of Pelias to slay their own father; finally, she obtained the throne of Thessaly for the gallant Jason. Thus did Jason reap the manifold benefits of Medea's magic; he attained the heights of success; he was placed on the pinnacle of fame. Jason, however, forgets all that Medea has done for him; he grows sick of the fierce passion of the tigress. Crime, perhaps, had killed Jason's love, but it had only enkindled Medea's; crime, which should have united them as forcibly as sin draws down to hell, had separated them. Jason took the barbarian princess from her home, then deserted her that he might marry Glauke, the daughter of King Creon of Corinth. Yet Jason does not reckon on the fierce and passionate fury of Medea's love. He has left her, a deserted wife, dishonored, disgraced; but the magic that she so persistently used to assist him in gaining fame, she will now employ in his destruction; she will satisfy that one all-absorbing passion—revenge for the wrong he has done. Between Jason and Medea lies the "fury of the past"—Medea's love and desire for vengeance.

In the opening scene is depicted the terrible passion of revenge, which has been stirred up in the heart of the unhappy and dishonored Medea by the news of the intended marriage of Jason and Glauke. However, Medea's sinful thoughts and guilty deeds are the result of

the selfishness of others (l. 87); she has been wronged, and this excites our sympathy, no matter how much that sympathy may be destroyed by Medea's future actions. She "lies without food, her body sunk in grief, dissolving all the time in tears" (24-25); nor will she accept the consolation or advice of friends, but passes her time in meditation. She ponders on her injuries, her threatened banishment, her helplessness among strangers and foes, her contempt for Jason. Moreover, "it is plain that the cloud of grief just beginning to rise will soon burst forth with greater fury." Only the faithful nurse realizes the fury of Medea's anger, the depth of her grief, the bitterness of her jealousy, the violent nature of her self-willed mind.

The arrival of the Corinthian dames and their apparent sympathy for the wrongs done Medea is the means of bringing her before the audience. From now to the end of the play Medea is the pre-eminent figure. The whole dramatic action is concentrated on the passion of the injured, disgraced and revengeful Medea. The action is Medea.

There has been one side to Medea's character thus far. She has been sincere in everything she did. she has not been acting a part; there has been no deceit, only sincere grief and a great desire for revenge. But now she exhibits a double nature; she begins to act a part. She feigns resignation to the will of Creon; she deceitfully accepts the plans of Jason, viz: the provision of means to leave Corinth. In the war of words with Creon she exhibits a remarkable personality and power to convince; she "of gloomy countenance" is so acting her part that she persuades Creon, against his better judgment, to allow her to remain in Corinth one day. To Jason she is sorry for her anger, her imprudence, her rage without reason; she admits an error of judgment; she pretends friendly relations. Medea's contrition seems decidedly sincere, yet it is feigned, for when the children appear tears come to her eyes, grief seizes her and she almost betrays the part she is acting. "A free individual is undoubtedly capable of great wrongs, may even do them, but there is a heart somewhere." Medea's heart had shown itself in spite of her insincerity. Medea's varied nature in these lines is best described by herself—"being wise to some I am an object of envy, to others of a different disposition,

to others unsuited, but I am not wise: (303-305).

Medea has completely fooled Creon and Jason. They believe her sincerity is real, not acted. Now she is free to determine on her plan of revenge. She decides to send a burning robe of poison to Glauke; then she will slay her own children, an unhallowed deed. The thought strikes her that her own life must be rendered miserable by such an act, but Jason will be left to live an old age in sorrow and regret; that is the consoling feature. For it is no gain to live (798); she has "neither, country, nor home, nor refuge from her ills" (798-799); she implores that she be considered not weak, mean-spirited, nor gentle, but otherwise; "kindness to friends, hatred to enemies" is her moral law; in fact it seemed to be the standard of right living in those days.

Now comes the deepest psychological study of the play—Medea's farewell speech to the children. The delineation of a good and bad Medea in a passage that is sublime in depth, masterful in breadth. The contest between Medea's parental affection and jealousy is depicted fully; tenderness is united to weakness. Her double nature is drawn admirably. Now the pluck must be shown in the termination of her passion of revenge, but the mental anguish she suffers is dreadful. Long has she pondered on her plan of revenge; the death of Glauke, Creon, and her own two children are the means she uses to wreak her vengeance on Jason; it is the death of her own children, however, that causes most pain. Now she is assured of the complete success of her plans, but brought face to face with the reality of having killed her children she is stupefied with horror. She sways between the promptings of a good and a bad spirit; she could not and would not forgive Jason the wrongs he had done her, for forgiveness was not a virtue but a weakness. Soft words come to her mouth; she censures herself for not having a heart of steel; she must be brave. Moreover, the murder is a sacrifice to Medea, and the unholy are warned to remain away, for her resolve must not falter. Her farewell speech to her children is a strong picture of a mother's love, jealousy and hate. The inconsolable sorrows of rearing children as a blessing for old age vanish as a dream; revenge demands the death of her children. She knows that such an act means misery and bitterness for

herself; she realizes that the pain caused herself will be twofold more than Jason's woe. Then why do it? Because it will pain Jason to some degree and leave him to be an old man in sorrow and regret. Yet when the children come into her presence her heart sinks; she bids her counsels farewell, she will not kill her children. "And yet what do I suffer? do I wish to incur ridicule, having left my foes unpunished?" (1049-1051). Words of tenderness steal on, but they seem signs of cowardice to her. She will not stain her hands, but she will not give up her children to be insulted by her enemies. The children must die, and she, who gave them birth, must do the deed. Her evil nature goads her on to do the deed, but that inner spirit of good, low as its voice is, unheeded as it is in the end, implores her to spare her offspring. The smiles and kisses of her children cause more wavering, yet her pluck comes to the surface once more. The changeableness of disposition, the wavering of her resolutions is fatal. The thought of killing her children was terrible enough, but the deed is far worse. She waits too long. The evil side triumphs. Rage is stronger than her better mind.

There is no more deliberating. The deaths of Creon and Glauke are assured; the children shall perish by Medea's hand. Jason, childless, will live an old age in sorrow and regret. Thus was the terrible revenge of Medea accomplished.

All in all, the character of Medea is dazzling, puzzling; she is a wonderful woman study, too deep to understand fully. Medea, like Lady Macbeth, is "a good bad woman whom we fear and pity; but neither so good nor so bad as it is commonly supposed." Even virtuous people on whom the passion of revenge has taken hold are apt to perform unnatural deeds of horror. There are two sides to Medea's character; there is "a shade of vice, a touch of virtue"; before the dramatic action begins she is all love; the dramatic action concerns itself with her grief, hate and the revenge that naturally follows. Her sincerity is admirably depicted up to line 276; after that the mixture of good and bad is emphasized. We are made to feel her helplessness, her sorrows, her passions. Much stress is laid on the fact that she is a foreigner, unrestrained by Hellenistic influence; even the chorus makes note of the fidelity of Medea, a barbarian, to the infidelity of Jason, a Greek;

the Greek and non-Greek are contrasted; the latter is pictured with the all-absorbing passions of love and hate, the former is described as selfish and unfaithful. Yet the worst elements of Medea's nature appear; the evil side is intensely strong, for "crime is always more striking than virtue." Medea is real and her motives are analyzed in a very sordid manner; so much so that we are forced to wonder if Euripides was not something of a woman hater, critics to the contrary notwithstanding. To the character of the sorceress, nothing was too criminal; the depravity of an enchantress is fully drawn.

Medea is not mythical, but a wronged wife. There is a tenderness and weakness added to tragic pathos. Medea does appeal to our sympathies; we are made to feel the utter helplessness of the wronged wife who has been seized by thoughts of revenge. The contest between parental affection and the pangs of jealousy is romantically real. This contest of doing right or wrong is not an ethical one to Medea, for she knew no such moral law, except, "hatred to enemies, kindness to friends."

Though she is filled with a great desire of revenge, her intellect is not strong. Her wavering of purpose is a weakening influence; yet this purpose is well planned; at first it is indistinct; "it grows clearer and clearer and wins the victory over her maternal affections." The wavering of motive is impressive, but fear of the deed never gets full mastery. She discusses the murder first and acts afterwards, which makes her all the more responsible for the unnatural deed. She is guilty of the death of her children, and our sympathy only goes to her partly, though the suffering she endures excites our pity. Medea's love for Jason, so powerful as it was in the beginning, turns to hate; having been wronged, revenge seizes her mind and has such a dominating influence that she can only act as she does. Unconquerable rage is her justification for that murder.

MAN is man in virtue of the universal life, of which he partakes. His education therefore must ceaselessly dip into this universality. Special; bestial—is a maxim of the schools. It is only when we act in the light of moral and religious ideals that we are made aware of the absolute worth of life.

How Hawkins Found Himself.

RAYMOND E. SKELLEY, '11.

Hawkins was living beyond his means. He had become intimate with a set who could afford a pretty lively pace. In his endeavor to keep up with them he could not make both ends meet, try as he might. In private he deprived himself of all but the barest necessities in order to keep up appearances in public. His rooms were in the best end of town, but during the day he economized at quick lunch counters. Having been blessed with good looks and, what was equally as important, good taste, he managed to dress well and even better than many of his friends who spent far more. But theatres, suppers, cabs and dances quickly ate up his modest salary and he found himself rapidly falling into debt.

Things came to such a serious state that as a last resource he decided to recuperate his fortune at cards. At the club he had always refrained from joining in the games, candidly confessing that he could not afford it. But now, he argued, he had little to lose and all to gain. Luck was with him. He won constantly. In a short time he had squared all his debts and was enjoying luxuries that before he had never aspired to. He soon acquired the reputation of one of the best spenders in his crowd.

One night the stakes ran unusually high. As usual luck was with him and contrary to his rule, Hawkins began to drink while the game was in progress. Whether it was due to this and that he grew reckless, or merely that his luck changed, the cards began to go against him. At first he was merely annoyed and the more he lost the more reckless he became. It was not long until he had lost all he had and was borrowing. The word went around that Hawkins, whose name had become a byword for luck, was losing and a crowd gathered to watch the progress of the game.

Spurred on by the interest he was exciting and fired by the wine, Hawkins plunged heavier and heavier. His losses became so serious, however, that fear began to take possession of him and to cool his brain. But he was in too deep to stop. He played savagely, yet his bad luck was persistent. Finally his

creditors began to grow suspicious and he was unable to borrow any more. He arose pale, but with an attempt at a smile and promising to settle the following day departed for his rooms.

The cool night air braced him up and as he walked along he tried to think of some scheme of meeting his obligations. His debts amounted to something less than two hundred dollars. To him who had lived constantly up to his income, that represented a small fortune. In order to meet them, it would mean months of careful living, doing away with all unnecessary expenses and consequently loss of social position. Anything but that! After all these months and years of striving to gain admission to social circles and then after success to be cast out! The thought maddened him. Surely there must be some other way.

His mind reverted to a chance conversation he had overheard as he was entering the club. Two prominent bankers were talking in the hall and he had heard one say that there would be a special dividend declared on G and R the following day. At the time the words meant nothing to him but now he saw his chance. If he only had funds to play the market! There was sure to be a rise on the G and R stock. His mind ran fast and he saw himself recouping his losses and reinstating himself by a quick rise in the market.

But where procure the funds? He thought of the hundreds he handled daily as treasurer of the lumber firm for which he worked. If he could only borrow some for a few hours! Why not? He was on the inside and playing a sure thing. The money could be returned in the evening before he closed up the day's account and no one would be the wiser and with his winnings he could square himself. It meant everything to him and he resolved that once he was on his feet he would never again take a chance at cards.

After a restless night, Hawkins was down to the office early the following morning. Looking over the papers he found G and R quoted unusually low. So much the better. More chance of a rise. He decided to wait until the rise should begin before buying. Then when he had cleared sufficient to square his debt he would draw out. By the use of the phone he kept in touch with the market, and when G and R began to go up he dispatched

a messenger boy, whom he knew he could trust, with five hundred in cash and orders to buy.

He dared not let it be known that he was playing the market. Already his employers had become suspicious from some reports they had heard of his manner of living, and he knew that were they to learn that he was gambling it would mean the loss of his position. Consequently his name must not be mentioned in connection with this deal, and so he had arranged that the messenger, after he had placed the money, should call him on the phone and await orders when he was to draw out.

Tense was the excitement as Hawkins waited for the call. After what seemed hours but which was really only some minutes the call had not come. The messenger had had ample time to reach the brokers by now. Feverishly Hawkins went to the phone to get the progress of the stock. It was gradually rising. Still the call did not come. Had the messenger misunderstood the orders? Once his money was placed if there should be a drop he would be wiped out. With beads of sweat standing out on his brow he again took down the receiver. To his unstrung nerves it took an interminable space of time to raise the brokers' office.

Finally he got a response, "Page and Page's office."

Hawkins' voice was pitched high as he asked, "How is G and R?" "What's that? Bottom dropped out? Down to sixty-seven?"

Mechanically he hung up the receiver. The blood was pounding in his head so hard he could scarcely see. The full significance of the affair overpowered him—he was a thief, a common thief—his position, reputation—all gone. He would be imprisoned. The thought sickened him. And all this for a vain and fickle position in a precarious social world!

"O God," he muttered, "if it were only a hideous nightmare! What a fool I have been! The years I have wasted on an empty bubble."

The thought of discovery came before him—of the publicity, the trial in court and then—prison. "No, they can not! They will not! I will confess all and appeal to their mercy. I am young and strong and I will slave to pay them back. What a changed life I will lead if they only give me a chance!"

The door opened and a policeman stepped

in. Hawkins turned pale. What could it mean?

The officer advanced to the desk. "Mr. Hawkins? Well, a messenger boy, No. twenty-one, was run down by an auto around the corner a few minutes ago. Said he was on his way to Page and Page's. He told me to say to you that the money was safe."

Hawkins took a deep breath. "Thank God," escaped from his lips. Then seeing the look of amazement in the officer's face he managed to ask calmly: "Was he badly hurt?"

"No, just shook up pretty bad. But they took him to a doctor's to patch up some bruises. He'll be back shortly."

Hawkins' heart was so full that he could scarcely trust himself to thank the officer. A great weight had been lifted. He fell on his knees and with his prayer of thanks were mingled tears of joy. His soul was full to bursting. The giving up of his social position, the debt of two hundred dollars were mere trifles now. He welcomed the hard work and plain living that would give him an opportunity to work off some of his debt of gratitude. When the boy returned a few minutes later with the five hundred and rather a shamefaced manner, he was very much surprised to find himself actually hugged by Hawkins.

A Poet of Our Time.

WILLIAM BURKE, '12.

I have not loved the world, nor the world me;
I have not flatter'd its rank birth, nor bow'd
To its idolatries a patient knee,—
Nor coined my cheeks to smiles,—nor cried aloud
In worship of an echo; in the crowd
They could not deem me one of such; I stood
Among them, but not of them; in a shroud
Of thoughts which were not their thoughts, and still
could,
Had I not filed my mind, which thus itself subdued.

These few lines extracted from Lord Byron's "Poet and the World," present to us a notable characteristic of the beloved poet-priest who a little over a year ago passed quietly away at his Alma Mater in St. Charles' College, Maryland. Father Tabb was truly in the world but not of the world. The gay pleasures of the city had no charm for him whose very soul was enwrapped in the welfare of his pupils and in his own poetical productions which teemed with the nature of his inner self.

Within the compass of mine eyes

Behold, a lordly city lies—

A world to me unknown,

Save that along its crowded ways

Moves one whose heart in other days

Was mated to mine own.

Father Tabb's merits as a poet can not be questioned. He is the "author to others of the highest wisdom, pleasure, virtue and glory." His language is essentially the language of the poet and his emotions spring from the very depths of his nature. His poems are not epic in length nor are they epigrammatic in their conciseness, for underlying their brevity is hidden the emotion of the poet. Owing to the shortness of his poems the emotions are not always apparent, yet every quatrain has that suggestiveness to lofty thought which arouse our emotions. Oftentimes the poet treats subjects which offer scarcely any possibility for a poem at all. Especially is this true of "The Fagot," a mere bundle of dry twigs, yet what a thought is created in the few verses.

If thou art fit to feed

A dying flame,

Supply the present need;

Be this thy aim,

And God, when sinks the light,

Will give thy soul good-night.

Father Tabb cared not to sing the long epic praises of a hero, but rather the manifestations of the supernatural which he saw in the "Clouds," in the "River," in the "Mountains of Virginia" and even in the scarcely noticeable "Rain-Pool." To him the poet is a little bird.

O little bird, I'd be

A poet like to thee,

Singing my native song—

Brief to the ear, but long

To Love and Memory.

Hence we see his sole desire was to write short poems which would leave upon the mind a lasting impression. And because Father Tabb's poems are brief the poet is entitled to as much praise as if the outbursts of his heart's feelings were expressed in long poems. Because his poems are brief his thoughts necessarily had to be condensed and even sometimes suggested; and because his thoughts had to be condensed, the number of words used in expressing them likewise had to be limited. And since his words were limited, it was necessary to be doubly cautious lest he insert or leave out any small word which would

mar the beauty of a quatrain, but which could easily be overlooked in a long epic poem.

Occasionally, though not frequently, we come across a forced rime in his verses. But Father Tabb thought so much of the underlying idea in his poems that once in awhile he sacrificed the rime to maintain the thought. An example of this forced rime occurs in his following poem, "The Ring."

Hold the trinket near thine eye,
And it circles earth and sky;
Place it further, and behold!
But a finger's breadth of gold.

Thus our lives, beloved, lie
Ringed with love's fair boundary,
Place it further, and its sphere
Measures but a falling tear.

It will be noticed that in the second line of the second quatrain the last syllable of "boundary" must be pronounced as a long "I" in order to meet the requirements of riming with "lie" of the foregoing verse. Here Father Tabb has sacrificed the rime scheme that he might preserve the thought of this beautifully drawn simile. Another example where the forced rime is clearly evident is in "The Mast."

The winds that once my playmates were
No more my voice responsive hear,
Nor know me, naked now and dumb,
When o'er my wandering way they come.

In this seemingly simple quatrain there is a world of suggestiveness which is so characteristic of the poet's short poems where brevity must supply that which a copiousness of words could easily render intelligible. The word "naked," applying to the mast, creates a vision of a sailing craft with its sails furled which at one time were given to the winds, but now the absent flapping of the canvas renders the mast "dumb" and the winds "no more my voice responsive hear."

Though Father Tabb published a few of his poems prior to his ordination, yet it can be truly said that his success as a poet was due to his sanctifying priesthood. All nature to him expressed the idea of the eternal God. He made his poems "his prayers and meditation." How truly religious is his poem on "Autumn."

Now, the aged year's decline,
Behold the messenger divine
With Love's celestial countersign—
The sacrament of bread and wine.

And again the Christian spirit of resignation to the will of the Eternal is prevalent in "Westward," a poem written when he felt blindness coming upon him.

And dost thou lead him hence with thee,
O setting sun,
And leave the shadows all to me
When he is gone?
Ah, if my grief his guerdon be,
My dark his light,
I count each loss felicity,
And bless the night.

And again on his blindness he writes:

Back to the primal gloom
Where life began,
As to my mother's womb,
Must I a man
Return:
Not to be born again,
But to remain;
And in the School of Darkness learn
What mean
"The things unseen."

The reader of Father Tabb's "Later Lyrics" will be impressed by the beautiful imagination of a poet, who in his sanctity sees in the crimson breast of a robin the symbolization of the Precious Blood of Christ in His passion.

When Christ was taken from the rood,
One thorn upon the ground,
Still moistened with the Precious Blood,
An early robin found.
And wove it crosswise in its nest
When lo! it reddened all his breast.

Father Tabb's volume of "Child Verse," bearing as it does the dedication, "To My Little Friend Henry Dinneen, with My Love and Blessing," shows his affection for the children and his thoughtfulness in remembering them. Among his poems addressed to the babes we find his impressive "Idolater."

The Baby has no skies
But Mother's eyes,
Nor any God above
But Mother's Love.
His angel sees the Father's face,
But he the Mother's, full of grace;
And yet the heavenly kingdom is
Of such as this.

In the death of this priest and educator our literature has suffered a momentary cessation, for now America knows no living poet who can produce works equal to those of the late poet-priest. "In this busy, hard-worked America of the twentieth century his little songs came like rivulets of pure and refreshing water from a hidden fountain."

A World's Record.

THOMAS J. SHAUGHNESSY, '14.

Sam Jones was simply crazy about athletics. He knew the records and past performances of every athlete of note. He could recite the batting and fielding averages of the big leaguers, as he could never hope to recite his lessons, and his knowledge of other divisions of sport was just as comprehensive.

Sad to say, however, Sam was an athlete only by proxy. He could sit in the grandstand and imagine that it was he himself who had just smashed a world's record, or made a three-base hit with the bases full, but that was as far as his athletic powers extended. He could never hope to hear thousands cheering him for some great feat, but somehow he never quite gave up hope of developing extraordinary powers in some line of sport.

To this end he trained faithfully and hopefully for the inter-hall meet, in which Walsh met Brownson. He could already see himself wearing a black sweater with a big, yes a very big, orange "W" such as the rest of the Walsh athletes wore.

The day of the meet drew near. Sam was as nervous as if he was to be tried for murder. If he could only win the mile he felt that his athletic future would be assured. Surely the Varsity coach after seeing him "reel off twelve laps in handy fashion," as the pink sheet puts it, would respectfully solicit his aid in winning the Western championship. He could see his name in black type and his picture in the sporting sheet already. He felt that at last his ambition was to be realized.

The night before the meet Sam retired early. At first he could not sleep and tossed restlessly about. Later on, however, he fell into what the poet calls the land of dreams. It seemed no time till he heard the rising bell. He arose, dressed, and went to breakfast. The sole topic of conversation at the table was the coming meet. The general opinion was that if Walsh only had a miler Walsh would have a good chance of winning the meet. Sam smiled and reflected that in a few hours these critics, who probably were not aware that he was entered in the mile, would be saying, "I always knew Sam had good stuff in him."

The time for the meet came at last. Sam

sat in the dressing room ready for the call. He heard the cheers as the runners in the first event appeared. He heard the gun and then the encouraging shouts of the crowd, which finally merged into a cheer for the winner. Sam smiled. In a few minutes he too would be receiving the "plaudits of the multitude." He would show these scoffers, these "wise guys," who predicted that he would not last one lap. He would—His meditations were cut short by the voice of the referee shouting, "All out for the mile."

He trotted out and was greeted by a volley of jeers, chiefly directed at his legs, which were long and lean, and at his jersey, a startling combination of blue, red and orange.

Finally the runners took their places. The gun spoke out and they were off. For the first two laps Sam ran easily, but on the third he cut loose. He ran away from his competitors as if he were on a locomotive and they on hand-cars. In front of him he saw one of the runners who had started on the opposite side of the track. He had nearly lapped his opponents before the race was half over. He increased the pace and soon passed the runners in front. He looked around and saw that everyone on his side had dropped out. He was not in the least tired and had not even begun to breathe quickly. He increased the pace once more and looking around again saw that everyone except himself had dropped out. The crowd was cheering frantically and he could hear the short sharp "nine rahs" with his name on the end, ring out at intervals of a few seconds.

Finally he heard the gun for the last lap. He broke into a terrific sprint. Around the track he tore, with the crowd urging him on. He crossed the finish line with a burst of speed and cast himself in the most approved fashion into the arms of his waiting teammates.

He saw a knot of officials excitedly talking to the timers, and then amidst chorused thunders of applause which were still rending the air he heard faintly the words "world's record!" He closed his eyes blissfully. At last his dream had come true. Then he opened them.

"As I was saying," said the prefect, "you hold the world's record for sleeping. You'd better get up now, it's about eleven o'clock. And by the way, the manager says you needn't appear in a suit this afternoon. Our list of milers is overcrowded."

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—Formal announcement is made elsewhere of the University's choice of Laetare Medalist. The selection will be received by the literary world as a just recognition of Miss Repplier's singular ability as a writer. For many years her pen has been the servant of art, and those who are acquainted with Miss Repplier's work will say that her pen has done high and efficient service. Of all it has written, no words need be erased. Though Miss Repplier's work has not always been what is called distinctively Catholic, it has always been wise, discriminating and replete with high thought. She has written for general and for Catholic readers, and without question, her writings have done a vast amount of good.

Of her sterling Catholic life the general reader very probably does not know very much. Indeed, Miss Repplier has lived her Catholicity rather than talked it. But those who have been brought into personal contact with this gifted woman know how tender and deep is her faith, and how truly her life measures up to her belief. From every point of view the Laetare Medal is well bestowed.

—In the following editorial the Chicago *Tribune*, in its issue of March 17, discusses President Cavanaugh's "The American Pace." thoughtful and significant message to the Catholic Writers' Guild of Chicago. We quote the editorial in full:

In a very wise and impressive address before the Catholic Writers' guild the Rev. Dr. John William Cavanaugh, president of Notre Dame University, added his protest against the restless, moving, un-reposeful life of the American people, the effect of which, he declared, will be national neurasthenia.

Dr. Cavanaugh is a young rather than an old man, as men of learning go, yet he has seen, as he records, the remarkable growth of three passions among the American people, the passion for travel, the passion for spectacles and entertainments, and the passion for excessive social intercourse to the injury of home life.

The result of our restlessness, Dr. Cavanaugh points out, is apparent in the "thin, pale courses of our high schools," and the fact that "our colleges are deep in social things and shallow in intellectual things."

Against the contemporary book or play Dr. Cavanaugh brings a vigorous indictment. As a scholar in literature and an expert in education his words carry special weight. Towards the shallow book or play, he says, the reader or auditor "takes a position of mere passive receptivity, the continual effect of which is to paralyze will power and thus weaken morality." The old tragedies, he adds, "scourged the moral power into action; so did the old books. Modern fiction and modern drama are narcotics to the will; they are developing a tribe of maudlin weaklings."

Unquestionably this is true of the great mass of literature which has grown up with the cheapening of the processes of printing and distribution and the spread of literacy. Of course there are exceptions. John Galsworthy's "Justice" scourged the moral power of a British cabinet minister into action for the amendment of the criminal laws of England. But Dr. Cavanaugh does a patriotic service in warning us against the slipshod thinking into which the indulgence in inferior fiction leads, and the even more important moral injury which will-less mental meandering accomplishes. There is no people that needs to develop clear thought and firm will more than a people charged as ours is, with the most difficult experiment in government and social development yet tried by man.

Recently in these columns reference was made to criticism by Oxford teachers of the American Rhodes scholars, and their opinions provide a significant comment upon Dr. Cavanaugh's warning.

The pioneer days are over and new qualities must be developed among us. The jack of all trades and his merits were developed by the necessities of the pioneer. A man then had to be supple, resourceful, building quickly for immediate need, and replacing as his building became outworn in the rapid advance

of social organization. This encouraged superficiality.

Nowadays we have need of more caution, more considerateness, more special expertness. We must build for a long period. We must develop solidity and accuracy of thought and act. We shall develop neither if we keep feeding our nervous craving for superficial excitement which produces in the end languor and weakness.

And above all we have need of those influences in books, on the stage, in the press, on the platform, in the pulpit, which, to use Dr. Cavanaugh's fine phrase, "scourge the moral power to action." The American people must be profoundly stirred to meet the problems before them in this day.

As usually happens when one speaks forcibly on certain evils of the day, not a few have taken issue with Dr. Cavanaugh. But the issue is only partial, and very generally it is admitted that his observations are thoughtful and measured, and should prove worthy the serious consideration of the public. The more serious minds especially will admit that Dr. Cavanaugh has not overstated present-day conditions.

—It has recently been remarked that the principal topic engaging the Catholic press of the country at this time is the question of socialism. The remarkable

The Graduate and Socialism. progress that this movement has made within recent years makes it neces-

sary for some steps to be taken to check it before it gains power enough to place our country in the position of France and Germany. It is strange enough that the Catholics have, up to the present, been about the only strong opponents, as a class, to the doctrines of socialism, although the state, religion and morality are attacked alike by the system. This fact should bring home a thought to the young men who are graduating from the University this year. The evil of socialism is admittedly one of the greatest dangers that threatens society at the present time. Its philosophy is subtle enough, and a good knowledge of its fundamental principles is necessary for a successful refutation of it. It is really the duty, then, of the young men who go out into the world as representatives of a Catholic university, to be informed in the matter, that they may not be caught unawares and tripped up in an attempted defence of the Christian social order. Socialism in this country is adapted to the needs of the American people, and in its sugar-coated form it is difficult to see the real dangers that threaten. In the

national program of the Socialist party adopted at the last convention, there is hardly a demand, outside of the demand for the government control of the instruments of production, that has not been the demand of the Church and of the labor unions. In the preamble to the platform the only statement that excites suspicion is a reference to "economic determinism," and this is put away with no word of explanation, although it is at the root of the Christian objection to socialism. The question is a live and a serious one, and should receive more attention than it does.

—It is by no means a rare occurrence for Governor Marshall to express opinions upon the legislative problems of his state which are characterized by

Gov. Marshall on the Saloon Question. sound logic, sincere conviction and uncommon insight. His recent

statements on the liquor question, made before representatives of the Model License League, for their conservatism, their good sense and yet their vigor, might well be accepted as principles of action by those who can see only one side to the question. "To begin with," the governor said, "let it be understood that I am not a saloon man.... I have serious doubts as to the possibility of the enforcement of any prohibitory law until the sentiment of any community rises to the degree that the use of intoxicating liquors in that vicinity is frowned upon. I believe that the city and the township have the right to outlaw the saloon. Upon the other hand I do not believe from the viewpoint of constitutional government, that I have any right to compel anyone to adapt his mode of life to my mode of life.... I have, therefore, been much impressed with the regularity features of the Proctor regulation law, which I, as governor of this state, have just approved." One can not fail to notice on the one hand the fair-minded and impartial manner in which he speaks about dealing with an institution toward which he is personally opposed, and on the other the sincere approval of a measure which will restrain the abuses and check the growth of that institution in a just and proper way. After so much ultra-extreme nonsense and sentimentality on this question, one derives from the governor's sane and timely words not a little satisfaction.

St. Patrick's Day.

MORNING EXERCISES.

The feast of Ireland's great Apostle was celebrated this year with the usual pomp and ceremony. Solemn high mass at eight o'clock began the official celebration. Father Walsh was celebrant and Fathers Lavin and Burke assisted as deacon and subdeacon. The panegyric of the Saint was delivered by Father O'Donnell, and was a piece of literature delivered in rare good form.

In the forenoon the band rendered musical selections from the rotunda in which Irish airs were blended with classical and popular music. The members of the band deserve credit for their fine program, although Professor Petersen was sick in the hospital and could not lead.

PHILOPATRIAN PLAY.

In the afternoon the Philopatrians, under the direction of Bro. Cyprian, presented the four-act drama, "King for a Day." The splendid performances of former Philopatrians have set a high standard in local dramatics, but this year's production was quite up to the mark. The actors all did creditable work, showing what patient, careful training can do with inexperienced men.

There was no stellar work in the cast; all acquitted themselves well. In point of naturalness and graceful ease, Louis Cox in the rôle of Melchiorre, chief Courtier, was, perhaps, the best performer. George Clark as Cecato, Chief shepherd, also showed marked talent. George Lucas in the title-rôle was good though lacking in personality and somewhat deficient in naturalness. Austin McNichols, Norbert Wagner and Haton Sexton were good in their respective parts. The minuet by the court pages was well executed.

The musical numbers of the program were rendered by the University orchestra. The orchestra this year is especially able, and though handicapped by the absence of Prof. Petersen, gave a very creditable account of itself under the direction of Mr. Derrick who also led the band at the concert given in the rotunda of the Main Building. The following is the musical program:

Selection from "The Sweetest Girl in Paris" . . . Howard
Selection from "The Girl of My Dreams" . . . Haschna
Selection from "The Girl Question" Howard
March—"The Plutocrat" Barston
March—"Mystic Dreams" Hickney

Finals for Varsity Debate.

The finals for the Varsity debate on the question, "Resolved: That Federal legislation should be shaped toward the abandonment of a protective tariff," were held in Washington hall, Tuesday evening, March 21. The judges were William P. O'Neil (LL. B. '06), William A. McInerney (LL. B. '01) and Galitzen A. Farabaugh (A. B. '04, LL. B. '07), all of South Bend. The different contestants were ranked as follows: W. Milroy, first; J. Burns, second; J. Hope, third; C. Miltner, fourth; E. Twining, fifth; W. Fish, sixth; F. Boucher, seventh; J. Murphy, eighth, and C. Hagerty, ninth.

A keen competition existed throughout, and many skilful arguments were presented. Credit must be given each debater for the excellent quality of his speech.

Mr. Milroy argued in a logical, concise manner which proved a barrier against his opponents. His earnestness and the vehemence with which he presented his ideas won the audience in his favor.

Mr. Hope, a member of last year's law debating team was not far behind, and his work ranks him high among the number of Notre Dame debaters. Mr. Burns, a new man, gave a good account of himself and bids fair to become among the clever debaters of the University.

We will be ably represented this year in both the Varsity and Law Debating Teams. This was the verdict of the judges, and we can feel unusually assured of success in the forthcoming contests.

Corby Hall Monument Fund.

We herewith present list of paid subscriptions for the Corby hall Statue Fund:

M. O'Connor	\$10.00
M. Heyl	10.00
J. P. Murphy	10.00
P. Meersman	10.00
J. Sawkins	10.00
A. H. Wrape	10.00
D. Shouvin	10.00
R. Cavanaugh	10.00

This is but the beginning. The amount subscribed, when collected, will show that the spirit of every loyal student is in the movement.

Knights of Columbus Give First Degree.

Notre Dame and South Bend councils of the Knights of Columbus united Monday evening in exemplifying the first degree to a large class of candidates. The following were added to the membership of Notre Dame council: F. H. Boos, Jr., Hugh Daly, F. W. Durbin, Russell G. Finn, John L. Hood, Fabian N. Johnson, Elmer J. Focke, George J. Massey, William D. McAllen, Raymond B. McConlogue, Edward McGough, John T. McGreevy, Frank J. McHugh, Paul Rush, James E. Sanford, Dwight H. Stoughton, Fred G. Wirthman, Paul K. Barsaloux, Ralph F. Crane, John F. Devine, Jr., Carmo F. Dixon, John W. Ely, William B. Helmcamp, Edward J. Howard, Julius Meuninck, E. V. Molle, Thomas O'Connell, James B. O'Flynn, Herman C. Piper, Charles J. Robinson, Leo A. Schumacher, Edward H. Savord, Robert R. Shenk, Daniel R. Shouplin, D. J. McNichol and Joseph B. McGlynn. District Deputy John B. Weber of South Bend has charge of the arrangements for the further degree work, which will take place some time after Easter.

The Juniors in Banquet.

The third annual banquet of the class of 1912, held last Saturday at the Oliver Hotel, proved to be one of the most enjoyable in their history. Singing the Notre Dame Victory March to the accompaniment of the Mattes' Orchestra, thirty members of the class walked into the beautiful banquet hall. The table, with its neat service, a menu card and a green and white carnation at each plate, was very attractive.

After the banqueters had enjoyed a very choice dinner of eleven courses, made even more palatable by a delightful musical program, Russell G. Finn, toastmaster, addressed them, making some very eloquent remarks upon the spirit of the occasion. The toastmaster, with great flashes of brilliant humor, introduced the speakers of the evening who responded in a worthy manner. The toasts were as follows: "Why We Celebrate" James Sherlock, "Retrospect and Conjecture" Paul Rush, "Class Spirit" Leo J. Condon, "Who's Who" Cyril J. Curran, "Here and There" Albert H. Keys, "The Dance," J. Walter Duncan. After this the revelers departed, giving a rousing U. N. D. for Alma Mater.

Society Note.

BROWNSON LITEEARY AND DEBATING.

The Brownson society held its eighteenth regular meeting last Sunday evening. The subject for debate was: "Resolved, That reciprocity between Canada and the United States will benefit trade in both countries." Messrs. J. Flanagan, G. Marshall and A. Clay spoke for the affirmative; Messrs. E. Walter, C. Derrick and E. McGough, for the negative. The question proved an excellent one for debate, and was very instructive to the society. The negative presented the subject more satisfactorily and were given the decision. After the debate the question was discussed for five minutes by the following members: W. Cotter, F. Mulcahy, T. Mahoney and J. Robins. Mr. James Hope, who acted as judge of the debate, gave some valuable advice as to the importance of an effective delivery in public speaking.

SENIOR HOLY CROSS LITERARY.

Sunday evening, March 19th, a regular meeting of the Senior Literary Society was held. The entertainment part of the evening was begun by a piano solo by Mr. A. Brown. Those who were in ecstasies over the music Mr. W. Coffeen brought back to the stern realities of life, when he recited: "Pat's Reason." A short account of St. Patrick's life was next read by Mr. J. Donovan. In this paper the speaker displayed much eloquence. Mr. Czyzewski next amused all by a declamation, "As it Happened." Due tribute was next paid to St. Joseph by Mr. Flynn. In an extemporaneous speech, entitled, "Is it a handicap to be born of wealthy parents?" Mr. J. Kelley demonstrated that men are fortunate in having poor parents. The critic's report deserves special mention. Mr. W. Burke displayed much skill and criticised each one in a thorough yet pleasant manner.

CIVIL ENGINEERING.

On March 16, the Civil Engineers had the following program. Mr. Gonzalez gave "The advantages and disadvantages of the Surveyor's Compass" in a well-prepared discussion. Although the surveyor's compass does not give very accurate results, it is one of the most useful of surveying instruments. The utility of the compass lies in the fact that the

needle always points in a known direction, and therefore the direction of any other line can be determined by referring it to the needle bearing. Mr. Duque was, as the result of his knowledge of South American possibilities, well prepared to tell the society what "Benefits will be derived from the Panama Canal." With the canal opened up an economical exit will have been provided for the products of western South America which at present are apparently latent, due to the difficulty of exporting them. Mr. James E. O'Brien's paper upon the "Pole Star" conveyed to the society members important information as to its location in the celestial sphere and its usefulness to the surveyor. Astronomers, mariners and surveyors find the pole star most beneficial in their occupations, since its position determines geographical meridians and is a key to the celestial map. The question for open discussion was explained by Mr. Hebenstreit in a manner deserving of mention. He clearly explained the complicated questions arising concerning the "Relations existing between mass, weight, density and volume."

The regular meeting of this week was held on Wednesday evening, March 22. Mr. Romana discussed "The origin and distribution of Petroleum." The word petroleum means rock oil, and it serves to designate all kinds of bituminum that are of any consistency. Chemically petroleum is composed of a series of methane hydrocarbons which can be distilled from the petroleum at different temperatures. Mr. Romano carefully listed the vast usages to which petroleum is put in our modern industries and showed how its compounds are applicable.

Mr. Wolff gave a dissertation upon "The explosibility of coal dust." Coal dust has within the last few years been recognized as an explosive agent more deadly to the miners than fire damp. When fire damp explodes there is a warning and the explosion may be only local but the explosion of coal dust is instantaneous and enlarges, causing a much greater loss of life and property.

"The Advantages of a thorough knowledge of the principles of Surveying" were enumerated by Mr. Sarania. He showed that surveying is no doubt the oldest of the mathematical sciences. Surveying is important in determining the title to land and is the foundation of bounding the world's wealth. Since absolute accuracy

is never obtained in surveying and realizing the importance of having measurements as exact as possible it is absolutely necessary that the surveyor follow a careful study of mathematics and the error of measurements.

Mr. Derrick, in his usual pleasing and instructive talk described the phenomena of light and heat and gave some of the theories held as to the transmission of each. Many attendant effects were shown as well, and Mr. Derrick quoted the reasons for such from the most advanced authorities.

Personals.

—Prof. Ackermann promises to give the SCHOLASTIC an Easter cover. Needless to add it will be an artistic one.

—Mr. Leo McElroy (A. B. '10) is employed with the McElroy Bros. Company, wholesale commission dealers in Bridgeport, Connecticut.

—All of us at the University are glad to see Prof. Petersen back at his old post. His serious illness came as a disagreeable surprise to everybody. We wish future good health and length of days to this devoted teacher.

—In a program of the Forty-first Celebration of St. Patrick's day by the Ancient Order of Hibernians of Marion County, Indiana, held at Indianapolis, we find the name of James E. Deery, student here for several years, recorded as Chairman of the Committee. "Jim" is evidently continuing to be leader.

—A great many out-of-town guests visited the University last St. Patrick's day and witnessed the Philopatrian play, "King for a Day." Among them were: Mrs. Quinlan, Mrs. Vyzrael, Mrs. Kelly, Mrs. Seery, Mr. McNichols of Chicago, Ill.; Mrs. Harrigan and Mrs. Gotfredson of Detroit, Mich.; Miss Wagner of Lafayette, Ind.; Mr. and Mrs. Glynn and Miss Brentlinger of Terre Haute.

—"Joe" Murphy, returning from a week's visit to his home, Dayton, Ohio, reports having met Father Cavanaugh at a banquet given in his honor at the Beckel House by the Notre Dame men of the city. Those present at the banquet, besides our Rev. President, were: Beckman and Robert Ohmer, John Shea, Judge Ferneding, Clem Stout, Albert Krug, John and Peter Kuntz, William Carroll and Joseph Murphy.

Calendar.

Sunday March 26—Laetare Sunday.

Tuesday, March 28—Glee club practice.

Wednesday, March 29—Lenten devotions 7:30 p. m.

Thursday, March 30—Interhall triangular track meet

Friday, March 31—Lenten devotions, 7:30 p. m.

Local Items.

—Found—Some text-books. Owner may apply to Brother Alphonsus.

—We have not had reports from Corby, Walsh or St. Joseph societies in some weeks. What's up?

—St. Joseph hall has reason to be proud of her debaters. Her men worked hard and deserve the laurels they won.

—The St. Louis club, with A. Wrape in the box, defeated the Pittsburg club 8-0 in the first baseball game of the season. Sure sign of spring.

—Through the efforts of our worthy seniors, March 21st, the first day of spring, was given over as a holiday. Perfect day and general satisfaction on all sides.

—A party enjoyed a dinner prepared for their special benefit at Hotel Haney, Wednesday evening. Those who sat at the festive board say that it was the best ever.

—Do not forget the Lenten devotions on Wednesday and Friday. With only three more weeks of Lent left everybody should make it a point to assist regularly till Easter.

—This year we expect to have no interruption in the regular issue of the SCHOLASTIC owing to the Easter number. Heretofore there was no SCHOLASTIC on the Saturday before Palm Sunday.

—The Thespians of the senior class are just getting into shape for their Easter Monday performance. Under the direction of Rev. Father Moloney the successes of past years will be repeated.

—On Thursday evening the Philopatrians enjoyed a spread at the Oliver. The banquet was complimentary by the society to the young actors who acquitted themselves so well on St. Patrick's day.

—The boat crews will be glad to know that Bro. Columbkille has been secured to get every-

thing in shape, including the piers, for the first days of practice. Those of us who know Bro. Columbkille's workmanship are assured that the job will be done quickly and well.

—Harry Hebner, representing I. A. C., of Chicago, left for the east Wednesday, where he will compete in the swimming meets held in New York, Philadelphia and other eastern cities. Harry has been working a great record in swimming, and it is expected that he will return with the scalps of Daniels and a few of the other eastern champions to his credit.

—The Corby Monument fund is now under way. The men in Corby who have volunteered to collect the necessary money are making a hard fight for it, and they deserve the help of every student in the University. The unveiling of this monument will mean not only a great day for Corby but for the whole University. Let every one get in and help the good cause.

—Capt. Stogsdall received word from the war department that the board of inspectors would visit the University some time during April. The Captain is using every means to get the Battalion into shape. Frequent absence of students from drill is the only real obstacle in the way of making the Battalion a credit to the University. Co. B of Corby seems to show the best spirit in regard to attendance.

—The Notre Dame baseball schedule was announced during the week. The list of games is a long one, including many of the best teams. The game of April 7th, with the Cubs, should prove interesting. We also play Arkansas three games here. As we remember, this aggregation showed us some fast work last season. Coach Kelly announces that his men are getting into shape, and believes that the warm weather will show great progress in the team.

Athletic Notes.

VARSITY BASEBALL SCHEDULE.

The baseball schedule for this season is the longest that a gold and blue team has had for several seasons. The teams to be met are, as a whole, particularly strong. It is to be noticed that several of the leading schools of the West have been dropped from the list, but the schedule contains the cream

of the big ones in the Western College baseball world.

Coach Kelly's proteges will battle with Murphy's Cubs in Chicago, April 7th, opening the season a week earlier than usual. This is the first time in several years that Notre Dame has been given a chance to show her worth with a big league club, and the arranging of the game is especially due to the efforts of Manager Hope.

Arkansas University is, without a doubt, one of the very best college nines in the whole country. We are particularly fortunate in scheduling three games on the home grounds with this team. On June 6th the Japanese club representing Keio University of Keio, Japan, will appear on Cartier Field. Baseball in Japan is comparatively young, but the great American sport has taken firm root in the Orient. Two seasons ago the Wisconsin baseball team journeyed to the far East and met the Keios in a series of games. The comparative rank of the Japs will be seen when it is stated that they were barely nosed out in the series by the Americans. The Keios hold the championship of Japan and the Philippines.

Manager Hope is to be congratulated in the fine array of talent he has secured to battle against the gold and blue.

Coach Kelly assures us that the team will be exceptionally strong on the diamond this season. Last year's team is comparatively intact, and the new material is indeed very promising. All indications are that Notre Dame will have a highly successful season.

April	7—Chicago Nationals	Chicago
"	10—Olivet College	Notre Dame
"	12—South Bend	Notre Dame
"	13—South Bend	South Bend
"	15—Albion College	Notre Dame
"	18—South Bend	Notre Dame
"	19—South Bend	South Bend
"	20—De Pauw	Notre Dame
"	21—South Bend	South Bend
"	26, 27 and 28—Arkansas U.	Notre Dame
"	29—Armour Institute	Notre Dame
May	1—Armour Institute	Notre Dame
"	2—Loyola University	Chicago
"	3—St. Viators	Kankakee
"	4—DePaul	Chicago
"	5—College of the Sacred Heart, Watertown	
"	6—Sacred Heart College	Prairie DuChien
"	8—St. Joseph College	Dubuque
"	9—Beloit	Beloit
"	10—Wabash	Notre Dame
"	13—Wabash	Notre Dame

"	17—DePaul	Notre Dame
"	18—Cathedral College	Notre Dame
"	24—DePaul	Greencastle
"	25—Wabash	Crawfordsville
"	26—Wabash	Crawfordsville
"	27—Beloit	Notre Dame
"	31—St. Viators	Notre Dame
June	1—Loyola	Notre Dame
"	5—St. Johns University	Notre Dame
"	6—Keio University	Notre Dame
"	12—Alumni	Notre Dame

SORIN TRIUMPHS OVER CORBY.

Thursday afternoon the Bookies succeeded in accomplishing a feat which has heretofore seemed impossible,—they walked off with a track meet, and forced Corby to acknowledge defeat. The 55 to 49 score, however, will show that the Bookies had company while the meet was in progress, and should have every reason to rejoice over and appreciate their victory. The team which the Sorinites put in the field was one of the best that has been seen in interhall track in recent years. They won the meet and deserved their well-earned victory. Although forced to take second honors the Braves are none the less proud of their team. Their men did even more than was expected of them:

Summary:

40-yard dash—Quigley, Corby, first; McDonald, Sorin, second; Fish, Sorin, third. Time, :4 4-5.

1-mile run—Cavanaugh, Corby, first; Broussard, Corby, second; Dorias, Sorin, third. Time, 5:15.

220-yard dash—Bensberg, Corby, first; Hebner, Corby, second; Fish, Sorin, third. Time, :26.

Pole Vault—LeBlanc, Carolan, Dorias and Cortezar, Sorin, tied for first. Height, 8 feet.

40-yard low hurdles—Clippinger, Sorin, first; Campbell, Sorin, second; O'Neil, Corby, third. Time, :5 2-5.

Broad jump—Clippinger, Sorin, first; LeBlanc, Sorin, second; Foley, Corby, third. Distance, 23 feet 4 inches.

440-yard dash—Fish, Sorin, first; McDonald, Sorin, second; Cahill, Corby, third. Time, :57 4-5.

Shot put—Witty, Sorin, first; Clippinger, Sorin, second; Hebner, Corby, third. Distance, 37 feet 11 in.

46-yard high hurdles—Clippinger, Sorin, first; O'Neil, Corby, second; McDonald, Sorin, third. Time, :6 1-5.

Half-mile run—Cavanaugh, Corby, first; Laquirica, Corby, second; O'Herron, Corby, third. Time, 2:15.

High jump—Hood, Corby, first; Shourds, Corby and LeBlanc, Sorin tied for second; Height, 5 feet 6 inches.

Relay won by Corby (Frawley, Quigley, Hebner, Bensberg). Time, 1:08.

Special Brownson and Walsh relay race won by Walsh, C. Birder, H. Newning, V. Birder, W. Hoyt. Time, 1:07.