

The Notre Dame Scholastic

DISCE · QVASI · SEMPER · VICTVRVS · VIVE · QVASI · CRAS · MORITVRVS ·

VOL. XLIV.

NOTRE DAME, INDIANA, APRIL 1, 1911.

No. 25.

Anchored.

JOHN F. O'HARA, '11.

ON Praya Grande's low and winding sweep,
Amid the wrecks that strew its ill-starr'd sands,
A massive hulk, grotesquely anchored, stands,—
Half-sunk its helpless form,—a useless heap.
The wild sea waves that round it run and leap,
Recount the story of the foolish hands
That, swept by tidal storms upon those strands,
Dropped anchor there in full four fathoms deep;
At dawn a calm sea left it on the beach,
Where idle at its anchor now it rusts.
The care-free youth, swept on by passion's tide,
Would turn, when joy is spent, and fain would reach
Smooth sailing, but is anchored to his lusts,
And mired in shame, he finds release denied.

Origin of the Latin Drama.

RUSSELL G. FINN, '12.



ALL dramatic performances of whatever nature or class, find their origin in the nature of man, which has an innate desire to give expression to feelings and conceptions. Man expresses his thoughts and emotions by gesture and by speech, or by a combination of both; and these expressions he soon learns in the society of other men—and more especially on joyous or solemn occasions—to vary or regulate in dance and song.

A second way of expression combined with the other is imitation. "To imitate," says Aristotle, "is instinctive in man from his infancy, and from imitation all men naturally receive

pleasure." Gesture and voice are means of imitation common to all human beings, and the aid of some sort of dress or decoration is within the reach even of children, and the childhood of nations. The assumption of character whether real or fictitious is therefore the earliest step towards the drama.

The drama of the Greeks found its birth in the Dionysian festivals which, early in the history of that nation, served both as a form of amusement and worship to that superstitious race. The drama of Roman literature found its origin in somewhat the same manner as the rural festivities and celebrations of youthful Italy. In its most productive age as well as in its decline and decay, the Roman drama exhibited the continued coexistence of native forms, by the side of those imported from Greece. Often either of these was necessarily subject to the influence of the other.

Italy has ever been the native land of acting and of scenic representation, and though Roman dramatic literature is, in the main, but a slight reflection of Greek examples, yet, there is perhaps no branch of Roman literary work more congenial than this to the soil from whence it sprang. The beginnings of dramatic performances in Italy are to be sought in the rural festivities which, doubtless from a very early period, developed in lively intermixture, the elements of the dance, and of jocular and abusive improvisations of song, speech and dialogue. An assumption of character such as may be witnessed in any ordinary conversation amongst the Italians of southern Italy even at the present day, was also acquired with the other developments. The occasion of these festivities were religious celebrations, some public, many private. Among the latter may be classed the celebration of weddings, which have in all ages been

provocation of mirthful demonstrations.

In Italy as in all other nations contemporaneous with her infancy, the various tribes and towns, though practically of the same religion, presented their own characteristic celebrations which were as multi-colored and various as the tribes themselves, though they all partook of somewhat the same nature. Amongst these the ones which attract most of our attention are the Atellan plays, or, as they are sometimes referred to, the games of the Oscans. These, more directly than the others, were the source from which the Roman drama received its life. As a matter of course, the various celebrations and festivals throughout Italy which, delivered of genius and natural enthusiasm, demand, when the honors are passed, some recognition in early Roman literature, but the Atellan Fables—so called from Atella in Campania—calls for special mention.

Usually supposed to be of Oscan birth they originally consisted in delineations of the life of small towns in which dramatic and other satire has never ceased to find a favorite butt. The principal personages in these living sketches gradually assumed a fixed and conventional character which they retained, even when the Romans had annihilated the independence of Campania and Latinized the district, transplanting to Rome both the name and the performance.

These performances were originally very crude, only the general plot being then arranged, the rest being left to improvisation. The scheme of the play was all the simpler. Their form may be presumed to have been, in most cases, a simple dialogue, songs in saturnian metre being perhaps interspersed. The jokes were coarse and vulgar, accompanied by lively gesticulation which was also obscene. In consistency with the low moral standard of the plays, the diction was usually commonplace and plebeian in character. Though originally the plays were of high repute the moral standard was anything but a worthy one; but its passage into Rome must have served to cleanse it of its obscenity, for we find it an amusement of the more refined class of Roman citizens. Respectable Roman youths, who could not appear as actors in the regular Greek drama without losing caste, were allowed to take part in the Atellanæ.

These plays must not be confounded with

the Greek satiric drama, although the character of both was to some extent the same. In the latter, satyrs figured, while in the former the real Oscan characters were personated. Amongst the characters which excited laughter by the quaint, old-fashioned words and phrases of the Oscan dialect were Macchus, the ass-eared glutton who is stupid and wanton. Buccho is a full-cheeked, voracious chatterbox who grimaces with his bucca, gobbling and chattering. Pappyus, the heavy father, or husband, is a vain, deluded old man who is constantly outwitted; Dossemus is a wily sharper. These became the accepted comic type, and with others of a similar kind, were handed down to reappear in the modern Italian drama. Macchus and Buccho of the *Fabulae Atellanæ* may be considered the origin of the modern Italian *arlecchino* (harlequin) and others of the same stamp, as our familiar Puck. These characters all spoke the Oscan dialect. Mommsen considers them to have been originally from the earliest times Latin, and the Oscan country as their political scene only. This would be at variance with the general designation of the Atellanæ as "Ludi Osci" and the principal persons as "Oscæ personæ." Strabo also is of the same opinion, but perhaps the rustic language in the Atellanæ was so strange to Strabo that he thought it was a different dialect; a mistake perhaps facilitated by the name "Ludi Osci."

Though Horace makes mention of the satyr-dramas it does not appear that they ever belonged to Roman literature; but it is possible that Horace in his full discussion of the satyr-dramas tacitly purposed to induce some one to transplant this kind of drama to Roman soil, and thereby assist in dislodging the coarse Atellanæ from its place as after-piece.

In the time of Sulla, the Atellan plays, which previously had been only popular farces, received literary treatment at the hands of Pomponius of Bononia and Novius, they being the first to write complete texts of their plays. By means of a well-laid plot, consistent characters and metrical forms, the Atellan plays were then raised to the same level with the other kinds of comedy, though they preserved more the character of burlesques.

Besides the description of popular life and the personal allusions, we now find also myth-

ological titles. Henceforth the Attelan plays were used in Rome as after plays and performed by professional actors. Even under the first emperors these plays were still in vogue and cultivated by Mummius, but owing to the character of the period their voice was gradually silenced and they were merged into the pantomimes.

The close and original connection which Livy in particular represents as subsisting between the Atellan farce and the Satura with the drama thence developed, is not at all tenable. The difference between the "histrio" and the Atellan player was just about as great as is at present the difference between a professional actor and a man who goes to a masked ball; between the dramatic piece, which down to Terrence's time had no mask, and the Attelan, which was essentially based on character-mask, there subsisted an original distinction in no way to be effaced. The drama arose out of the flute-piece which at first without any recitation was confined merely to song and dance, then acquired a text and lastly obtained, through Andronicus, a "libretto" borrowed from the Greek stage, in which the old flute-lays occupied nearly the place of the Greek chorus. This course of development nowhere in its earlier stages comes in contact with the farce, which was performed by amateurs.

These pleasantries, then, had nothing to do with the stage and with literature in the early periods. They were performed by amateurs when and where they pleased, and the text was not written, or at any rate, not published. It was not until the next period that the Atellan piece was handed over to actors properly so called, and was employed like the Greek satyric drama as an after-piece particularly after tragedies; a change which naturally suggested the extension of literary activity to that field. Whether this authorship developed itself altogether independently, or whether possibly the art farce of Lower Italy, in various respects of kindred character, gave impulse to this Roman farce, can no longer be determined; that the several pieces were uniformly original works is certain.

In the time of the empire the Atellana was represented by professional actors, but the time at which these began to engage in it is not reported; but it can hardly be other than the time at which the Atellan was admitted

among the regular stage plays, that is, the epoch before Cicero. This view is not inconsistent with the circumstance that still in Livy's time, the Atellan players retained their honorary rights as contrasted with other actors; for the statement that professional actors began to take part in performing the Atellana for pay, does not imply that the Atellana was no longer performed in the country towns, for instance, by unpaid amateurs, and the privilege therefore remained applicable.

The founder of the new species of literature, Lucius Pomponius, appeared in the first half of the seventh century, and along with his pieces those of another poet, Novius, soon became favorites. So far as the few remains and the reports of the old "litteratores" allow us to form an opinion, they were short farces, ordinarily perhaps of one act, the charm of which depended less on the preposterous and loosely constructed plot than on the drastic portrayal of particular classes and situations. Festal days and public acts were favorite subjects of comic delineation such as "The Marriage," "The First of March," so also foreign nationalities—the Transalpine Gauls, the Syrians; above all the various trades frequently appear on the boards. The sacristan, the soothsayer, the birdseer, the physician, painter, all pass across the stage. The public criers were severely assailed and still more the fullers, who seem to have played in the Roman fool-world the part of our tailors. While the varied life of the city thus received its due attention, the farmer with his joys and sorrows was also represented in all aspects. The copiousness of the rural repertory may be guessed by the numerous titles of that nature as "The Cow," "The Ass," "The Sow," "The Sick Boar," "Harlequin Countrymen" and many others. Although these farces, at least after they came to be written, accommodated themselves to the general laws of literature, and in their metres, for instance, followed the Greek stage, they yet naturally retained a far more Latin and more popular stamp than even the national comedy. The farce resorted to the Greek world only under the form of travestied tragedy as in the "Phoenissae" of Novius "Summa bona, jam te occidam clava scirpea," just as Menanders *φειδωρακλής* makes his appearance. The style appears to have been cultivated first by Novius, and not very frequently in any case. The farce

of this poet, moreover, ventured if not to trespass on Olympus, at least to touch the most human of the gods,—Hercules: he wrote a Hercules Cuctionator. The tone as a matter of course was not the most refined, very unambiguous ambiguities, coarse rustic obscenities, ghosts frightening and occasionally devouring children, formed part of the entertainment, and offensive personalities even the mention of names not infrequently crept in. But there was no want also of vivid delineation, of grotesque incidents, of telling jokes and of pithy sayings; and the harlequinade rapidly won for itself no inconsiderable position in the theatrical life of the capitere and even in literature

Jim's Miracle.

JOHN F. O'HARA, '11.

"Mollie, bring me my pipe."

"Yes, Jim; here it is."

"Mollie, why don't you leave it where I put it?"

"Well, you see, Jim, it spilled ashes over the table-cloth, the white one that mother gave us, and—"

"Mollie, leave it where I put it. Now take that there bucket and go down to Pete's and have it filled. Hurry now, d'you hear?"

"Yes, but—"

"Don't answer me back. A month ago you promised to love, honor and obey me, your master. Understand? Now go."

"But, Jim,—"

"Mollie, go! When I wants my beer I wants it, and I don't want to get thirstier by whistlin' for it."

Mollie hesitated but for a moment, and then taking the bucket under her shawl, left the room, and going down the dark stairs of the tenement, took her way to the dirty saloon on the corner. Left to himself, Jim broke out into a savage soliloquy:

"He was right. The poor miserable *liar* was right. We *are* the scum of the earth—but he said it was our own fault, and *he was right*. He said the workingman was robbed of four-fifths of what he earns; *he was right*. 'What does it mean to me?' he says. Why, I don't know what it means to me. Yes, I do; I know that when I go down into that sewer and work till my back is ready to break, there's

some one else gets away with the swag. 'Who gets the swag?' Yes, them's the words he used. It's labor that makes wealth, he says. Yes, and when did them that's got the wealth ever do a lick o' work? Ah, it makes my blood get hot when I think what me and Mollie—"

He suddenly took a vicious bite at the stem of the cob pipe he was smoking, and the pipe rolled to the floor.

"Curse the luck," he went on when he had recovered and relighted it. "Curse it, I say. Only them that works has got any right to the swag. But then he spoke about the priest—an' I called him a liar. I was right! But he comes back an' says, 'What work does he do to get in on the swag?' An' I couldn't say, but I knowed I was right, because who'd say the masses for us if we didn't have 'im. But I don't like the name o' the thing. 'The Irish Socialist Party,' the banner said, and from all that Father Kelley is preachin' to us about the evils of socialism, it don't go good."

He was interrupted by the return of Mollie. The refreshment quieted his thoughts for a while, and by the next turn of the clock he was sinking into a half-drunken sleep.

The dull headache that bothered him the next morning drove him to seek relief in the bright morning air. Mollie had gone to mass after a vain endeavor to rouse him to accompany her. He would not wilfully miss mass, but as the last service at St. Anthony's was over he could not attend unless he stumbled across another church in a neighboring parish.

He walked westward along one of the cross-town streets that led from the East Side; hardly noticing where he was going, when suddenly he was aroused from his brooding by a rude jostle. He turned with an oath on the intruder and saw that he was mixed in a crowd of worshippers who were entering a church. He looked through the open door and saw that mass was just beginning. He hesitated a moment, then his conscience and better nature overcame his bad impulse, and he entered.

The ushers at the door of the fashionable uptown church admitted him with the best possible grace, and conducted him to a seat near the door. The slight did not pass unnoticed, for as he watched the procession of worshippers

who swept past him in silks and broadcloth he thought a little bitterly that the class difference at which the haranguer of the previous night had hammered, was evident even in the place which he defended so loyally. His eyes wandered from the altar, and he found himself looking at the beautiful display about him. The walls were covered with the frescoes of an Italian *maestro*, the altars were carved from the quarries of Carrara, the very floors were of marble. Jim's mind was wandering from one thing to another, until he noticed that a preacher was ascending the pulpit.

In the course of the announcements there came a strenuous appeal for money. The floors, it seemed, the marble floors that had attracted the wondering gaze of Jim, were no longer in harmony with the adornments of the church; they would have to be taken out and replaced by new ones. Moved by a sudden impulse, Jim arose and left the church. He was blind to the purpose for which the money was wanted; he saw only a monster with a maw hungry for money, and he placed the Church in the class with the merciless "blood-suckers of Millionaire Row."

For more than a year Jim persisted in his determination. His poor weak wife had protested feebly at first, and had asked Jim what the people would say, but Jim had put her off with curses, and she, too, fell into his way of neglect. He became hardened in a stern opposition to the Church. He had joined the misguided band that had first attracted his attention more than a year before; he was glib with all the stock phrases of the demagogues who harangued their meetings; he had more than once resisted when the police had attempted to dislodge them from their favorite meeting-place in Time's Square; he had been clubbed by a sturdy Irish officer who took offence at the obnoxious title by which the leaders insisted on being called.

But Jim's conscience had not been lost entirely, though it was fast asleep. The first twitch came when the baby was born. Poor Mollie had said something about baptizing the poor creature in her wild ravings before she passed away; the poor woman had died within a few hours of the infant's birth. He could not see that he had been cruel to her; she had lived and died, but had scarcely been a part of his life. But her dying wish could not be denied. She had asked that the baby

be baptized, and it was bad luck to cross the wish of a dying mother.

But the troubles of caring for a helpless, motherless infant distracted him for the time, and though he could not forget the dying admonition, he put it off from time to time until finally he began to argue against it. To baptize it would bring it into the Church, and the Church was leagued with the moneyed classes for the oppression of the helpless workers. To retain this recruit to the ranks of the "revolutionists" it was necessary that baptism be denied.

Jim soothed himself with such thoughts whenever he was troubled by the dying wish of Mollie. In the meantime, however, he grew to be passionately fond of the child. The little one was the sole companion of his hours at home, and he would hurry from work to the nursing hospital where he left the child during the day. He had more than once been ashamed when he was repulsed as too drunk to care for his child, and had raved that they were taking away his life. His affection grew day by day until it became a passionate love for the boy.

The child was ill one day when he called to take him home. The nurse who answered his ring said that it had a high fever, and could not go out that night. Jim protested, but the door was shut in his face, and he went home distracted.

He was on hand early the next morning, and begged piteously and then threatened when he was denied entrance. His case was finally carried to the matron, and that lady herself, a stout, motherly Irish woman, appeared at the door. She admitted him and took him into the little waiting parlor, and then closed the door. With her arms folded and her back to the door she faced him.

"Jim," she said in a firm voice, "you are a murderer."

Jim gave one startled gasp and then screamed for her to open the door and give him back his son. But she motioned him back and he stood still facing her, tense with emotion.

"No, Jim," she went on, interpreting his look, "your little lad is not dead, but it is not through any fault of yours that he lives. Your neglect killed his mother, and your pride tried to kill the soul of your son. Oh, I know," she broke in on his protest; "I know that you will excuse yourself. But

your base, drunken conduct is known to the whole parish, and I know that the child has never been baptized. God will now punish you for—"

But Jim's wild excitement would not allow her to finish. He dragged her from the door in his fury and commanded her to show him to his son. She hesitated a moment, and then on second thought, led the way to the room where the child lay.

Jim's grief broke in a hysterical sob when he saw the pale face and felt the fevered forehead of his little son. The child raised its little hands in a piteous appeal for help as it recognized its father, and Jim turned to the matron.

"Don't tell me that it's all over with my little Jim," he blubbered. "Don't kill me, woman. Oh, Jimmie, you're all I got, and I can't give you up."

The matron's stern face softened a little in the presence of the father's sincere grief, but she did not yield.

"Jim," she said, "the doctor gives him until this afternoon at about four o'clock. He says that medicine *may* bring him around, it does in about one case out of a hundred."

"O good God!" he exclaimed.

"Do not profane God's name when you have refused His grace," she went on in the same even tone. "Jim, there is only one way in which your child can be saved—and that is by a miracle. Your life has not been harmonious with the working of miracles, however."

"Oh God!" he exclaimed in despair, "if that can only be, I will do anything. Only give me back my child and I will allow him to be baptized; I will, I will—go and do penance on my knees, myself. I will—"

"Stop, Jim; that is blasphemy," broke in the matron. "Are you to question God's grace and ask for a sign? You are not acting in good faith. Get down on your knees and ask God to forgive you."

The poor man struggled with his pride, and with his face buried in his hands he fought stubbornly against his better nature. But a gasp from the cradle caused him to turn suddenly, and sinking on his knees by the side of his suffering child, he said in a low broken voice to the matron:

"Send for the priest."

And the miracle of mercy was shown unto him.

Varsity Verse.

UPON THE DEEP.

Three ships sail on. But o'er the troubled main
No object greets the sailor's anxious eye.
As even falls they mutiny, and try
To force their captain to retrace again
The traversed path unto the land of Spain.
Now one lone sailor bends 'neath heaven's sky;
With dawn's awak'ning all his men espy
The destined land. His prayer was not in vain.

Columbus, mighty pilot, thou hast taught
Us helpless, groping mortals how to steer
Our fragile boat o'er life's uncertain sea.
May we too, when our bark of Life is fraught
With perils, flee and follow without fear
That Star unto the Land of Destiny.

P. P. F.

UP AND UP.

Up, up, he toiled, his gentle eyes afire
With hopes that beckoned him to regions higher;
Up, up, he clomb, his feeble limbs made strong
With all the sweetness of the siren's song;
Up, up, he clomb, can he the summit win?
A gasp! A shriek!—*The Doctor wasn't in.*

P. E. H.

PLAYING HER CARDS.

The waiter came in with his tray held loose
And asked for a *five* like a goose,
But he felt like a *Jack*
When he tried to take back,
For she gave him a taste of the *deuce*.

H. E. P.

BY MERELY SAYING.

The subway gang we're sometimes dubbed,
But we care not for that.
We'll give the best of them a rub,
By merely saying "*scat*."

A. S. C.

THE CLIMBING SUN.

Just as the son was climbing up
The old bridge by the town,
A plank gave way and I saw the splash
"*Just as the sun went down.*"

P. E. H.

A CASE OF MONEY.

A coon said "I lub you, ma honey,
But my brudders gone took all ma money;"
Then she whispered: "Say, Mister,"—
And he did,—yes, he missed her,—
For she married his brother. How funny!

H. E. B.

BEREFT.

A flash of summer light
Upon the night,
The sky and the earth lie still;
Save for the note
From the lonely throat
Of a sobbing Whip-poor-will.

S. W.

The Skylark.

WHEN darkness overpowers the light,
And shadows creep across the way,
When yet 'tis neither day nor night,
'Tis then I hear thy joyous lay.

As borne abroad upon the wind,
So sweet, so happy, and so free;
I often wish my weary mind
Might soar aloft in joy with thee.

J. P. K.

The Russian in Asia.

JEFFERSON E. WHEELER, '13.

At last Russia has accomplished her end in Asia. Within the last five years the attention of every cabinet in Europe and of every American citizen, has been called to the Russian presence upon the Pacific. Occasionally some of the far-sighted and conservative members of England's officials thought they divined a significance in Russia's eastern policy. Their alarms, however, were easily quieted, and they gave up any apprehensions of a new master in Asia from the East.

In the summer of nineteen hundred and one a single ship of the Russian volunteer fleet landed at a Manchurian port fifteen hundred Russian peasants. This was only one of the many shipments of Russian peasants to Russia's Empire, and these peasants went with their wives and their children, their beds, their furniture, their implements; they went from the very heart of Russia and went determined to plant the seed of the Slav empire and to extend Russia's dominions. These were men of all classes—agriculturists, artisans, soldiers, laborers, all of whom were necessary to found with permanence the Russian ideal of Russian life.

Today the waters of the China sea, of the Japan sea, the ports of China and Japan are filled with the ships flying the flags of the Russian nation; not only men of war but ships of commerce. Today the Chinese have for their examples the Russian people. It is true that in commerce the German excels the Russian in his ability to obtain trade, and it is also true that the American and his wares are perhaps more familiar to the China-

man than Russian products; but it is to Russia that China looks as the power that dominates the Occident.

The Russo-Chinese bank is the most active aggressive financial institution in China today. This bank established in the face of British opposition undoubtedly deserves much credit for its success. Even in Hong Kong, the very heart of British influence in the Chinese far east, the branch of the Russo-Chinese bank prospered. The credit of this institution belongs to one man, Mr. Sergius Witte, the minister of finance.

Russia's advance through the flowery kingdom has been diplomatic. It is oddly in contrast to the crude, blunt harsh measures adopted by England in her treatment of the same people. It has been much more open and sincere than the course pursued by the German government. The Slavs are a patient race, and their endurance gains for them much more in the long run than is gained by the domineering Anglo-Saxon.

Manchuria is the keystone to the Russian Empire in the East. Within the past few years everyone has heard of Manchuria. Our newspapers and magazines have been filled with articles on Manchuria; but just what Manchuria is, and just where it is, and what is being done there is not generally known.

If you will take Germany and France together you will have a territory scarcely larger than the three great provinces combined under the general term Manchuria. England, Scotland, Ireland and Wales have an area less than a third of that of Manchuria. Pennsylvania, New York, New Jersey and all New England are less than one-half the size of Manchuria and no richer in resources. It has a climate more favorable than the climate of Maryland; its valleys are fertilized by rivers running both north and south. Mountains in the north are rich in gold, and mountains in the southeast and south are equally rich in iron and coal. The land is more fertile than the best parts of our country and is as yet unknown to cultivation.

It is then an empire which will support a population equal to our own at the present time; an empire with two of the best ports in the world for commercial purposes; an empire that is self-supporting and so placed strategically as to command the eastern coast of Asia.

Russia holds this country in the palm of her hand. Japan's supremacy in the last war did little to weaken Russia's strong foundation in this country. It is true that for the present the Russian advance will be retarded for a while. But Russia never gives up what she has once acquired, and it is too late for any country to step in now and retake from Russia the province of Manchuria.

Russian law is there; her authority is there unquestionably; her order and her system are there, and all these, it seems, are there forever. Forever is a long word, but not when used in connection with Russia. A temporary abandonment means little, and a permanent one will only be a question for Russia herself to decide. No matter what they do, it will be for every other nation in the world to admire the way in which Russia obtained Manchuria.

It is believed that for centuries it has been Russia's intention to secure the two ports on the Manchurian coast and Talienwan. Indeed, some outlook to the open sea has been the determination of the Russians, for Russia proper is in a cage. Bounded on the west by the hostile Teutons, on the south by the unfriendly Turks, on the north by the frozen Arctic ocean, the only outlet that seems possible is through the vast country stretching out to the east and running to the Pacific ocean.

The policy of obtaining an open sea in the East was begun in the reign of Peter the Great, and has been continued, until at last consummated in the past few years. How this was done is a story of dogged determination and perseverance. No race but the Slavs could have endured the interminable wait or surmounted the innumerable obstacles.

The Russian has concentrated his thoughts and energies on foreign policy, until he has become the most finished diplomat of the present day. It was diplomacy that led Russia to take China's bonds after their bloody struggle with Japan, thus making the Manchurian emperor their debtor.

Following this event China granted to Russia a lease for her railway through Manchuria and also the lease of Port Arthur and Talienwan. As soon as Russia secured these leases she acted upon them with a rapidity which astonished the foreigners who observed her. With all speed day and night Russia labored to make Port Arthur the Gibraltar of the East.

How well she accomplished this is evidenced by the fact that it cost Japan fifty thousand soldiers to take it, and even then the evacuation was caused by famine and not by military weakness. Experts who have examined Port Arthur have declared it impregnable. Had it not been for the fact that the Japanese generals and their men regarded death as of no consequence, Port Arthur never would have fallen.

And so in spite of the fact that Russia is in a crippled condition in the far East, at present it seems improbable that she will ever withdraw from Manchuria. The people are there, her minds are there, her ships are there, and last but not least that strong, enduring spirit that exists wherever the Russian flag floats, is there. The command of all China, the point from which Russian autocracy may be extended all over the East is there. The throne which is to command the Orient in the future, the heart of the Occident, is Port Arthur, and above that impregnable fortress now and probably always will float the Russian flag.

A Mission.

I lived a day,
The child,
Then smiled,
And passed away.

Yet from that smile a music soft and low
Took instant birth
Upon the earth,
And angels bore it through the sunset's glow.

It lived a day,
The child,
Then smiled,
And passed away

Yet ere its little soul could take depart
To God above,
That smile of love
Woke chorded measures in a mother's heart.

It lived a day,
The child,
Then smiled,
And passed away.

Yet lo! the mother's heart by sin defiled,
Was wrenched away
From Satan's sway,—
And seeking God, she found her absent child.

T. L.

Morning.

WILLIAM A. CAREY, '12.

IN cloistral stillness rests the sable Night,
 Enfolding nature 'neath an ebon cloak
 In which she prisons comeliness and light,
 Those sprite-works, offsprings of Dawn's magic stroke

But when the Dawn king wakens from his sleep,
 Behold! a myriad host of artist sprites
 With magic pigments of the day, all leap
 To serve his wand, and scatter Morn's fresh lights.

Some hasten to the sleeping rose to tinge
 Its drooping, dew-moist crest with ruddy stain;
 While others softly visit and impinge
 The shadowed woodlands, touched to light again.

Then Day swings in to greet the waking Earth
 A-glitter with the colors of the Dawn,
 All nature revels as if bent to mirth,
 While in her caverns Night keeps alone.

The Influence of Our Reading.

It is a well-established fact that man is influenced by his surroundings. He is influenced for good or for evil dependent on his environment. It is this that causes the parent to guard his child from the influence of evil companions. We learn from Psychology that sensory stimuli, such as colors, sounds, tastes and feelings make our environment play a most important part in the making of our ideas.

Among the associations which go toward giving a man either right or wrong ideas of life are companions and the reading matter with which he comes in contact. From the fact that books work a more subtle change in the makeup of a man's ideas we should at all times exercise the greatest care in the choice of our reading. The harmful companion comes to us usually clothed in the garments of his sin. His life, immoral as it is, makes him a being to be despised. He becomes repulsive to us, and our better nature prompts us to shun him. With books we have no such personal criterion by which to judge the worthy from the iniquitous. They come to us clothed alike, with an alluring cover, perhaps, or an alluring name. Probably the critics have been bribed to give the book a value which it does not possess. In order then to ascertain the effect which we will experience on being associated with a book we must either read it or take the counsel of those who are giving

their lives that we may save our souls. If we choose the former method we give the book the opportunity of wielding its deadly blow, for it is an old saying that it is impossible to touch pitch without being defiled. Try as we may, the reading of an evil book is bound to have an influence for evil upon us.

At Notre Dame there has been established a library whose shelves are filled with books the qualities of which we are reliably assured will work toward the uplifting of our better natures. This library is known as the Apostolate of Religious Reading, and at present is located in Brownson hall under the supervision of a most worthy prefect.

For the Catholic young man, ignorant as he is of the battles of life, there is only one kind of influence that he should seek for, and that is the Catholic one. The Catholic Church today stands for all that is good and wholesome in life, and the book which inculcates the teachings of the Church in its pages is the book to read. Among the younger generation of Catholic men and women there is too great a tendency toward a breadth of feeling in matters religious. It is an amiable quality to be broad in all our beliefs, but when it comes to a matter of sanctioning the results brought about by the movement of the popular religions of today broadness becomes weakness. The world stands aghast at the prevalence of divorce, and popular literature is filled with the relation of life as it is found in a so-called society which revels in that sin. The inconstancy of the wife or the husband, and the destruction of the home is surrounded with a certain amount of romanticism which dresses up dirt in silk and attempts to smile at sin.

It is because our popular literature is filled with an anti-Catholic influence such as this that we should not only avoid it, but should strive to absorb the pure, righteous ideas of home life and good living which can always be found in Catholic books. Every man at Notre Dame should make it a duty to read at least one book from the library of the Apostolate of Religious Reading before the vacation days. He will go out into the world next June a better man, more able to think and act in contradiction to the pernicious atmosphere which is surely being created by the greater part of present-day popular literature.

A READER IN OLD COLLEGE.

Notre Dame Scholastic

Entered as Second-Class Mail Matter

Published every Saturday during the School Term at the
University of Notre Dame

Terms: \$1.50 per Annum. Postpaid

Address: The Editor Notre Dame Scholastic
Notre Dame, Indiana

Vol. XLIV. April 1, 1911. No. 25.

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—The movement now on foot to establish interclass athletics deserves the good wishes and support of everybody. Interhall athletics during the past eight years have worked remarkably well in providing exercise and amusement for a large number of students. They have fostered hall spirit, without leaving behind the undesirable aftermath of interhall bitterness. But there is still a wide field left for interclass competition. Hall athletics take in local habitation without reference to time, unite men living under the same roof by a sympathy of interest, but not men who study the same subjects, experience the same intellectual difficulties and clasp hands in farewell on the threshold of the University on the same day to face their life work.

Alumni know each other more by their year than by their hall. Hence the more often the men of a class are brought together to fight for their colors the more anchors will linger for memory to hold to. Nor need interclass athletics in any way embarrass the interhall contests. Both exist for a set purpose; the one to create a spirit of friendly rivalry among the different classes, the other to create

a like spirit among the halls. It will simply mean more students enjoying the spring air and taking needed exercise; it will mean getting the classes closer together without disorganizing the relations existing between the halls.

—Benziger Brothers of New York have instituted a Catholic lending library for the purpose of putting their own publications into the hands of Catholics who live in small towns where there are no Catholic book-sellers and

The Catholic Lending Library. no general libraries with Catholic books. Instead of buying the books, the subscriber orders them from a list furnished for that purpose, and returns them after they have been read. A book may be kept for two weeks and may of course be read by two or three persons in that time. Fuller details and a catalogue of books to be loaned out will be furnished on application to the firm.

Suspicious persons will perhaps say this is simply a method of advertising and of selling Benziger Brothers publications. The objection is hardly worth considering because the method must necessarily advertise, also because it is very legitimate advertising, and finally because no firm will go into a work of this kind without having in view a larger sale for their books. The move is a good one and should be brought to the notice of poor Catholic people in sparsely settled or non-Catholic communities. It will keep them closer to their faith, will bring them voices to tell them of the truths they may have forgotten or never known. We are not so overcrowded with philanthropists in the cause of Catholic literature that we can afford to discourage any effort to advance the good work.

—Professor Scott Nearing of the University of Pennsylvania is the latest of our young educators to step into the spot-light furnished by the yellow press. Prof. Nearing's ticket of admission to the Economic Fakirs' Club reads:

The time has come when two roads open before the woman of the future. Either she must continue to be a parasite and go down to ruin, dragging nations with her, or she must become a producer with an economic necessity for her existence.

Shades of Malthus! Woman must show now "an economic necessity for her existence," she "must become a producer." And what, pray, is a producer? If a producer is one who adds to the material wealth of the world, surely the professor is a little hard on himself and his confrères, for by such a standard the professor would have a harder time than a woman to show "an economic necessity" for his existence. One hopes the professor does not mean that he shall be taken seriously. According to the most orthodox economic doctrines the test of production is the efficiency of the producer, and who will deny that the comforts of a home and the sacred influence of woman in the home are powerful factors in raising the efficiency of the workers? Why these endless slumming campaigns and the efforts of materialistic economists to raise the standard of home life unless to raise the economic efficiency of the producers? The point is obvious and need not be pursued. The professor is not to be taken seriously. But it might be well for him to remember that such youthful flippancy may crown him with a cap and bells for the rest of his life and cause him to lose the fruit of what might otherwise have been a useful existence. Better leave Malthusianism to the discordant Harvard school where Eliot and Carver will fight it out to their own satisfaction.

—Had there been any bankers prior to the panic of 1907, who doubted the inefficiency of our currency system, their doubts were quite dissipated by

Currency Reform. that event. All since have recognized the need for progressive monetary legislation, which fact largely accounts for the great interest manifested in the work of the national monetary commission. Now that the Chairman of that Commission, Senator Aldrich, has submitted a plan for currency reform, financial minds both at home and abroad are giving it careful consideration. In outline it closely resembles the great national banks of European countries, though Mr. Aldrich expressly states that it is not a central bank, and therefore not "open to the objections which may well be brought against such an institution." Its merits lie in the fact that it will unify our present banking institutions, concentrate the reserves of the country, create a discount

market through which a note currency elastic, because secured by short time commercial assets, will be supplied. Mr. Aldrich is an undisputed authority on financial matters and it is sincerely hoped that no political antagonism will hinder the passage of a measure which will soon embody this plan in the law.

H. Snowden Ward on Dickens.

On Saturday evening Mr. H. Snowden Ward delivered a stereopticon lecture on Charles Dickens and his works to a fair house. The pictures were too dim to be seen to the best advantage, and the lecturer himself lacked the personal magnetism which is so essential to the spoken word. It seems a just criticism to make of most of the bureau lecturers we have heard, that they occupy an hour and a half in delivering a prepared discourse by rote, but rarely do we find one who sends home a truth as though it were a conviction. The actor, musician, orator, lecturer, must give evidence of the personal element in his work if it is to be effective.

Dr. Monaghan Addresses Knights.

On Tuesday evening Dr. James C. Monaghan, National lecturer for the Knights of Columbus, gave a short talk before the members of the Notre Dame Council in the Council chamber. The Doctor is slowly recovering from a physical break-down due to overwork on the platform, and consequently was unable to deliver one of his regular speeches, but nevertheless he talked for some time in his usual impressive manner. He spoke of the vast number of opportunities which this country offers to young men, and the success which men with the required strength of character are able to attain. In speaking of the Knights of Columbus he said that a man should not be a Knight in order that he may enjoy the benefits of the order, but rather that he may be of some good to the order in the accomplishment of its ends. It is the true spirit of the Knights of Columbus to promote loyalty to the Church and to the nation, and wherever a member of the order plants the flag, he should not fail to plant with it the Cross. The orchestra rendered a very enjoyable musical program, and Mr. Joseph Murphy entertained the members with a vocal solo.

Communication from New York
Notre Dame Club.

20 City Hall Place,
New York.

EDITOR, NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC,
Notre Dame, Indiana.

DEAR SIR:—Will you please insert the following notice regarding the eighth annual banquet of the New York Notre Dame Club:

The Notre Dame Club of New York will hold its eighth annual banquet at the Waldorf-Astoria on April 20th at 7:30 p. m. A number of distinguished guests will be present and all the old students will be there in force. Representatives from the Notre Dame Club of Boston, Philadelphia and Washington will be present, and the banquet promises to bring together an enthusiastic crowd of the old boys. If any of the old boys have not received invitations, they can obtain information regarding the banquet by writing to the Notre Dame Club, 20 City Hall Place, New York City.

By inserting this notice you will oblige the banquet committee very much.

Sincerely yours,
(Rev.) L. J. Evers,
President Banquet Committee.

Joseph Quinlan Wins.

On Thursday evening of last week Mr. Joseph Quinlan won first place in the contest to select a representative in the Peace Oratorical Contest, with Mr. Francis Wenninger second. The judges were Rcv. M. Szalewski, C. S. C. ('01), Patrick Houlihan ('92) and Dudley Shively ('92). Mr. Quinlan will represent the University in the State Contest to be held here next Friday, April 7.

Death of Robert Halligan.

On last Saturday morning the entire University suffered a shock when it was announced that Robert Halligan a freshman law student residing in Brownson hall, had passed away. Although he had been very seriously ill for days before it was somehow hoped that Robert would come through and win the battle. But God had other and wiser designs, for this promising young man passed away shortly after two o'clock Saturday morning, the feast of the Annunciation. His father, two brothers, uncle, mother and sister were with him when he died. Saturday afternoon the remains were borne to the Lake Shore depot and were placed

in the train for Chicago. Sunday morning the body was taken to Putman, Ill., where on Monday funeral services were held. A delegation of Brownson hall students and a large representation of the freshman Law class accompanied the body to the train. Messrs. Wm. Williams, Francis O'Connell, Bernard McQuade, George Massey, Clarence Centlivre and Frank O'Rourke acted as pall-bearers. The Reverend Fathers Burke, Carroll and O'Donnell were also present in the procession and at the depot.

Robert Halligan was in his first year at the University, but had already made a wide circle of friends. Although of a somewhat retiring disposition, he had won the respect and admiration of every student in Brownson hall. He was a hard worker and cultivated a most scrupulous sense of duty. He was the type of Catholic young man that does not need the right of sanctuary afforded by the phrase "*De mortuis nil nisi bonum.*" He understood his faith and tried to live up to it. Notre Dame will always cherish in sweet remembrance the gentle, hard-working, virtuous Robert Halligan. *May he rest in peace!*

RESOLUTIONS OF CONDOLENCE.

WHEREAS, it has pleased God in His infinite wisdom to call to his eternal reward our beloved friend and hall-mate, Robert Halligan, and

WHEREAS in his death we have lost an exemplary fellow-student and a loving companion; therefore, be it

RESOLVED, that we, his schoolmates of Brownson hall, desire to express our great sorrow, and to extend to the members of the bereaved family our heartfelt sympathy in their great and irreparable loss; and be it further

RESOLVED, that a copy of these resolutions be printed in the NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC.

Singed:—Thos. Mahoney

C. Byron Hayes

Guy Marshall

William E. Cotter

J. A. McCarthy—Committee

WHEREAS, It has pleased Almighty God in the fulfilment of His omnipotent decrees to call from among us our friend and classmate, Robert Halligan; and

WHEREAS, In his short stay with us he had endeared himself to all with whom he came in contact, and displayed a zeal and earnestness in the welfare of the class and its individual members; and by his amicability and pleasing disposition made many and lasting friends among the student body as well as among the members of his class; therefore be it

RESOLVED, That while humbly submitting to the will of God in the exercise of His divine power, yet we deplore the loss of one so full of exceptional usefulness and promise; and that we sincerely condole with the members of his family in their sorrow; that we attend in a body a mass to be offered up for the repose of his soul; finally, that a copy of these resolutions be forwarded to his family and another printed in the University weekly, the SCHOLASTIC.
The Freshman Law Class

Society Notes.

ST. JOSEPH LITERARY.

On Sunday evening the St. Joseph Literary Society broke Lenten training in a mid-Lenten feast of oratory, poetry, elocution and music. Mr. Wm. Zink, a time-honored member of "old St. Joe," presided, and introduced the various performers. Mr. E. Savord's speech on Notre Dame was no doubt the most finished performance of the evening. Mr. Milroy honored St. Joseph in a short, well-phrased poem, and Mr. Barry did honor to the distinguished patron in prose. Mr. E. Howard spoke on "Our Society," Mr. Costello on "The Boys of St. Joseph," and both young men were distinguished for the evident sincerity of what they said and for a fine loyalty to their hall. Joe Huerkamp delivered the "Dandy Fifth," which Father Carrico declares was not a Yankee regiment at all, but belonged across the Mason and Dixon. The matter should be looked into. Joe's "Dandy Fifth," by the way, was quite prim and proper, as we would expect. "I Fed the Fishes," was well spoken by W. Reddin. Mr. J. Robinson and Mr. E. Twining rendered, the first a violin selection, the second a piano offering. In our judgment both young men are clever performers. After the program and a tumultuous ovation for Bro. Florian, a generous lunch was served to which, in the consecrated phrase, everybody did full justice. We can not begin to enter into the details of the good things served. We simply marvel—and probably will continue to marvel—at the good taste and expedition of Bro. Florian, not to mention the others.

BROWNSON LITERARY AND DEBATING.

No regular meeting of the Brownson society was held last Sunday evening. A private debate between Messrs. R. O'Neill and H. Gefel was heard by several members of the society. The purpose of this debate was to

choose a speaker to replace the lamented Robert T. Halligan, who died last Saturday morning. Mr. R. O'Neill was given the first rank by the judges, Messrs. J. Hope, P. Meersman and W. O'Shea. He was strong both in argument and delivery, and will with more practice make an excellent debater. In the death of Robert Halligan, the society lost its ablest speaker, and a member whose memory will be long cherished. In him were found the virtues of an exemplary Catholic student to whose worth all who knew him paid loving tribute. May his soul enjoy eternal rest.

CIVIL ENGINEERING.

Owing to the illness of Mr. Paul O'Brien the Wednesday evening program of the Civil Engineering Society was shorter than usual. Two papers and the subject for general discussion were, however, presented in a worthy manner. Mr. Shannon spoke upon "Engineering students and the technical magazines." Mr. Shannon's paper called attention to the rapid advancement of engineering at the present time, thus bringing about changes of methods. To cope with these changes the engineering student can not depend on textbooks alone, so the technical magazine offers an excellent medium through which he may come in contact with practice. A very definite differentiation of the two major means of transportation was made evident by Mr. De Landero in his paper on "Railroads vs. Water Transportation." He showed how railroad transportation is and always must surpass water transportation inland. The great ocean-going vessels can not be run through canals, and therefore it is impossible to carry on extensive inland waterways.

The question for open discussion proved very interesting, and Mr. James Wasson stood the onslaught of varied queries from the different members in a manner that would be called triumphant. The general discussion brought out the effect upon bodies due to the action of heat. Attention was given to the density, expansion, liquifaction and turning to gases of such bodies so acted upon.

EX-PHILOPATRIAN.

With W. Cotter at the wheel and J. Cahill, P. Schmitt, R. Newton and W. Downing taking care of the more substantial details of the entertainment, the ex-Philopatrians lavishly entertained their friends in the Knights of Columbus

Council room last Wednesday night. The affair was in the nature of an informal smoker and was probably the most enjoyable function of the season. The bountiful hospitality of the hosts was almost too much for some of the invited guests; several were overcome, while others found themselves too full for utterance. The distinguished toastmaster was equal to everything, however, and with brilliant sallies of wit drew forth many a retort courteous. Short speeches were made by Rev. Fathers Carroll, Irving and O'Donnell; by John Tully, President of the senior class, Art Hughes, Editor of the *Dome*, and John O'Hara, society editor of the *SCHOLASTIC*, and by other guests and members. The University orchestra gave a number of fine selections, and Billy Ryan "performed on the orchestra."

Personals.

—Among the visitors to the University last week were Arthur S. Funk (B. S. '06) and Byron V. Kanaley (A. B. '04).

—Mr. Bert Reynolds, a senior engineer at Ames, Iowa, paid a short visit to his friend, William Reddin, at the University last week.

—Dr. James C. Monaghan was a guest of the University during the week and lectured before the Knights of Columbus on Tuesday evening.

—Notice has been received that Mr. John Ireland O'Phelan (LL. B. '04), prosecuting Attorney at South Bend, Washington, is to be married April 17th. The *SCHOLASTIC* extends congratulations and best wishes.

—The *Augustinian* of Kalamazoo sent us a special copy of Father French's sermon delivered on the occasion of the first mass of Rev. Father Carroll of St. Augustine's parish. The sermon is marked well fortified by appropriate usage of scripture.

Calendar.

Sunday, April 2—Passion Sunday.

Monday, April 3—John B. Ratto, Lecture.

Wednesday, April 5—Lenten devotions, 7:30 p. m.

Thursday, April 6—Confessions.

Triangular track-meet. Freshman, Sophomore and Junior-Senior Architectural students.

Friday, April 7—First Friday Communions.

Varsity vs. Chicago Nationals at Chicago.

Contest of State Peace Oratorical Association, 8:00 p. m.

Lenten devotions, 7:30 p. m.

Local Items.

—Corby hall bowling team defeated the Mishawaka team Tuesday evening.

—Parents and students should keep in mind the notice in the Catalogue about no vacations at Easter. This will save useless correspondence.

—This coming week will conclude the regular Lenten course of sermons. The students should make it a point to attend this week.

—The ex-Carroll basketball team posed for their picture in the gym during the week. The youngsters have made a good showing this season.

—Coach Maris announces that he will soon stage a good card in boxing and wrestling, and the coach assures us that we may expect some mighty good things this year also.

—Brownson track team suffered defeat at the hands of Culver. The final score was 60-35. The Brownson men blame their defeat to unacquaintance with the track and the loss of Fitzpatrick.

—A movement has been started to promote inter-class athletics. The several classes have already formed baseball clubs. A schedule of games will be drawn up, and it is expected that great interest will be shown in the contests. This is a step in the right direction and should get the support of all at the University.

—The Corby Statue Fund is still growing. Letters have been sent out during the week to all the friends of the University. Already good results are apparent. This movement should not only receive the support of outsiders, but every man in the University should do his part. All paid subscriptions will be acknowledged in the *SCHOLASTIC*.

—The Freshman Law class, of which the late Robert Halligan was a member, sent a floral tribute to his home. They voted to draw up a set of resolutions on parchment which will be tendered to the bereaved parents. A requiem mass for the repose of his soul was said Thursday morning and was attended by the class in a body. Brownson hall also presented a floral tribute and drafted resolutions.

—Harry Hebner has been making a very good showing in the Eastern swimming meets. At Philadelphia he lowered the American record for the fifty yard-dash to 24.4, previously held by Daniels of the N. Y. A. C.

At New York, owing to a poor start, he only secured fourth place in the one-hundred-yard dash. At Pittsburg he established a new record of 45 seconds in the sixty-yard back stroke, and secured second in the two hundred and twenty yard swim.

Athletic Notes.

OPENING OF BASEBALL SEASON.

Kelley's baseball team journeys to Chicago on next Friday, April 7th, where they will put on a dress rehearsal preparatory to opening the collegiate season three days later with Olivet. The Chicago Nationals, otherwise known as the Cubs, will be the host in the Chicago affair. Coach Kelley and every man on the team feel confident that they will be able to give the near Champs the run of their life.

The line-up of the team has as yet not been definitely settled and probably will not be until the season really opens. However, Ulatowski, Cooke, Fish and Wilson are working behind the bat daily. The latter three are fighting for the berth of second catcher. In the pitching end of it Billy Ryan, Bill Heyl, Regan, Summers, and Nick Ryan will be found working when the gong sounds for the various games during the season. Farrel seems to have the option on first nailed down and at second Arnsfield and Sherry are fighting it out for supremacy. The same state of affairs exists at short with O'Connell and Granfield as the contestants. At third Captain Connelly will reign supreme but Carmody who is also working out at this position may be given a chance to work in some other position as he is showing well. The outfield will be guarded by Williams, Quigley and Philips, all three being veterans on the team.

A schedule of some forty games has been arranged by Manager Hope and it is felt that when the curtain is rung down on the proceedings with the playing of the Alumni game June 12th, the team will have stowed away a very big majority of victories, for at present appearance they look much better than last season's aggregation.

SORIN ROMPS AWAY WITH HALL CHAMPIONSHIP.

Starting off with the forty-yard dash, Sorin took the lead in the triangular meet Thursday afternoon, and demonstrated beyond the possibility of a doubt that they are entitled to the honor and distinction of being called the

inter-hall track champions of the University. It was, in fact, so very evident from the start that the Bookies stood in a class by themselves, and that the real interest of the meet centred in the race for second honors, which went to the Southsiders by a mere fraction of a point. That the interhall track season has brought some very promising material to the front is not to be doubted for an instant when the records are consulted. In both the mile and the half Fitzpatrick of Brownson proved that he is a distance runner of great promise. Both these races he won without apparent effort, and it is not doubted that his time in these events could have been reduced considerably. De Fries of Walsh furnished what was probably the star performance of the day when he hung up a new interhall record for the pole vault. His mark of ten feet three and one fourth inches furnishes a hard cold fact which argues well for Notre Dame's future greatness in track activities.

For individual work the palm must be slipped to Clippinger who entered nearly every performance and romped away with 23 1-2 points for the Bookies. Considering the caliber of the men against whom he competed, this performance must be branded as a very exceptional and a praiseworthy example of individual work. His leap of 20 feet 4 inches in the broad jump was a performance by itself which is seldom accomplished by an interhall athlete.

The relay went to Brownson with Walsh a very close second and Sorin a smiling, contented and indifferent third. The meet brought to a close the most successful interhall track season in the history of the University. It is to be hoped that more meets will be arranged in spite of the fact that the championship honor is now gone beyond recall, at least for all the halls whose names do not sound like Sorin. Summary:

40-yard dash—Clippinger, Sorin, first; Larkin, Walsh, second; Cotter, Brownson, third. Time, 5 seconds.

Mile run—Fitzpatrick, Brownson, first; Johnston, Sorin, second; Youngerman, Walsh, third. Time, 5:15.

220-yard dash—Connelly, Sorin, first; Cotter, Brownson, second; LeBlanc, Sorin, third. Time, 25:4.

Pole vault—De Fries, Walsh, first; Henahan, Brownson, Le Blanc and Dorias, Sorin, tied for second. Height, 10 feet.

40-yard low hurdles—Clippinger, Sorin, first; Campbell, Sorin, 2d; Larkin, Walsh, 3d. Time, 5:30.

Broad jump—Clippinger, Sorin, first; Larkin, Walsh, second; Le Blanc, Sorin, third. Distance, 20 feet 2 inches.

440-yard dash—Hanahan, Brownson, first; C. Birder, Walsh, second; Dorias, Sorin, third. Time, 56:2.

Shot put—Whitty, Sorin, first; Clippinger, Sorin, second; Hoyt, Walsh, third. Distance, 36 feet 9 in.

40-yard high hurdles—Clippinger, Sorin, first; Walsh, Brownson, second; Campbell, Sorin, third. Time, 5:4.

880-yd. run—Fitzpatrick, Brownson, first; McNichol, Walsh, second; Johnston, Sorin, third. Time, 2:10.

High jump—De Fries, Walsh, first; Le Blanc, Sorin, second; Clippinger, Sorin, and O'Rourke, Brownson, tied for third. Height, 5 feet 3 inches.

Relay race—Brownson, first; Walsh, second; Sorin, third. Time, 1:6.

Points:—Sorin, 50 1-6; Walsh, 28 1-2; Brownson, 28 1-3.

Safety Valve.

President-of-Senior-Class Tully slipped a cog when he congratulated President-of-ex-Philopatrians Cotter and his worthy predecessors. Cotter never has had a predecessor worthy or otherwise. He always was and always will be.

Speaking of daffodils, how do you like the odor of this: If Jim Sher-locks his motions, that tall guy in Brownson will Boldt 'em. Q. E. D.

Late lingers Winter in the lap of Spring. Shake him, Spring!

Merely remarking that it was the Dickens of a lecture, we pass it on.

The vacant pedestal adjacent to Old C is waiting for a statue of liberty as an appropriate symbol.

The Walsh Literary and Debating society is dead. Long live the Corby Literary society which is also dead.

O dem darkies are a-weeping—
Massey's in de cold, cold ground.

An archaeologist in the Chicago *Record-Herald* has dug up the following inscription: "The announcement of the Notre Dame baseball schedule shows that all the big colleges have cut the South Bend institution off their lists."

Prof. Heldegeft, that eminent Egyptian antiquarian insists that the R. H. man is off on hieroglyphics. Prof. H's reading is: "The announcement of the Notre Dame baseball schedule shows that the South Bend institution has cut all the big colleges off her list."

No doubt the matter will be taken up by eminent western specialists at their next meeting. In which event it will probably be decided a tie in their favor.

DOMES ITEMS.

—Art Hughes spent several days in St. Louis and neighboring cities last week closing old contracts for the Dome.

—Tom Havican will spend several days in New York and Brooklyn next week opening new contracts for the Dome.

—Our baker slept over Monday and had a mighty hard time getting out domes for breakfast. That baker had better be sure to give us our breakfast domes.

The *Earihamite* finds the SCHOLASTIC the exception to college papers in printing really good poetry. Probably referring to Our Contributions in This Department.

Boss Bill made his Bad Getaway. Some time ago, however.

Parents and guardians are again reminded that there is *positive* no vacation at Easter. We have the senior ball on our hands, so please don't bother us. The ball will be preceded by the play and the play will be followed by Our opinion of it.

A Latin-American baseball team is to be organized. Hurry up! Luis Galino Sotomayor y Fernandez to bat! Alvaro Rodriguez San Pedro on deck!

The members of the St. Joseph Society on last Sunday evening entertained the reverend, the invited and the uninvited guests.

These Gentlemen Part Their Hair on the Wrong Side.

Tom Hughes.
Jimmie Cooke.
Shorty Rush.

OUR INSURRECTOS.
The Gold Dust Twins.
Chili.
Mule Madden.
Valet Le Blanc.

RECENT INSURRECTIONS.

Doc. Halter's Theory of Earthly Existence.

The Clippinger Incident.

Senior Rec.

E. E.

OUR DIAZES,
Bill Cotter.
The Brownson Refectorian.
The Lid.

Henry Kuhle announces he will have his thesis hatched before the senior formal ball. Hen is gathering material.

Calendar: April 1—Happy feast. Senior Dome picture due.