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## Old Age.

THOMAS A. LAHEY, '11.

SING, oh chorus of leaves, the songs  
That you one time sang all day,  
When my wild heart leaped to the sounds it heard  
And the things you were wont to say.

Whisper, wind of a thousand tongues,  
Of the fairyland that lies  
Out beyond the path of the sunken sun  
In the gold of the Western skies.

List! Alas, 'tis an empty sound  
In return for an old man's tears;  
Oh, the joy of the child has fled my breast,  
And my heart,—it is deaf with the years.

## Some Entertainers of the Middle Ages.

CHARLES C. MILTNER, '11.



If the Middle Ages had created and developed nothing else than their almost inexhaustible wealth of legend and romance, of folk lore and folk drama, they would always remain one of the most fascinating portions of the world's history. When one turns to examine this huge granary replete with the choicest grains of story and song, one is bewildered at their beauty and variety and richness, and his greatest difficulty lies in selecting any particular set for its superior merits. There is a charm about the very simplicity of some which attracts and pleases, but not less than the lofty imagination of others excites our awe and admiration.

Every man likes to hear a good story, and if by so doing he may gain the attention,

applause and, at times, the coins of his fellows, every man likes to tell a good story. Men have a natural desire to express their own feelings and conceptions, and they often take not a little delight in imitating the speech and actions of others. This latter tendency is known as the mimetic instinct, and the term is derived from the greek μιμεῖσθαι, to imitate. The word μιμος, meaning both a drama and an actor, gave rise to the Latin *mimus*, whence the English mime. The Grecian μιμοι, or, as the class was called in Rome, the *scenici*, were the prototypes of the mediaeval bards and minstrels, scôps and gleemen, troubadours, trouveres, minisingers and others who made up the bulk of the entertainers of that period and who resembled in many ways the class of entertainers found on our vaudeville stages.

As with every other mediaeval activity, these entertainers and entertainments came more or less under the influence of the Church, and her almost constant hostility toward them is often construed to mean that she was inimical to dramatic art. The more clearly to appreciate her position and the nature of the class with whom she dealt, a short review of the drama may be helpful.

Greece had a beautiful and well-developed drama as early as the fifth century B. C. The remarkable point about it was that, "Roughly speaking, it was originated and developed by Aeschylus, brought to perfection by Sophocles and started on its decline by Euripides, all within a period of 96 years." From the date of its decline until the third century B. C. it went under the name of μιμος. It was a combination of farce and moral didacticism. Its exponents are described as "buffoons and dealers in indecencies."

The Romans never developed a national drama. What little they produced was in

imitation of the Greeks. Rome loved her *ludi* which were rather athletic, appealing to the senses and passions than mimetic, appealing to the intellect and the emotions. Livius Andronicus, himself a Greek, introduced tragedy and comedy into Rome about 240 B. C., from which date dramatic representations of some sort became a regular feature in the *spectacula* of Roman festivals, though still subordinate to the gladiatorial shows and the chariot races. Soon special theatres were built and the *ludi scenici*, as they were called, steadily grew in popularity. The populace wanted *panem et spectacula*, and it got them. It had no appreciation for the literary drama. It demanded something "sensational, sensuous, nothing serious"; it wanted humor, but it could appreciate only coarse humor. With few exceptions, therefore, the Empire patronized farce and pantomime. Under the term farce we must embrace dramatic representation characterized by unbridled licence. Its ordinary theme was conjugal infidelity, and "unchaste scenes were represented with astonishing realism." Indeed, in the loosest of all Roman festivals, the *Floralia*, it was customary for the *mimae* to perform entirely in the nude, and such entertainment was equally in demand at private houses as at public festivals. The ethical element was entirely neglected.

A reaction was bound to set in. The stage was even denounced by the pagan writers Tacitus and Juvenal, because "Princes and Patricians" had descended to practise arts once relegated to the *scenici infames*. Tiberius expelled the *histriones* from the city. Constantine forbade all *dignitates* to the *scenici*. Julian commanded the priests of the sun to avoid the theatre, and here also steps in the Church, and in the name of Christian morality and common decency begins a comprehensive and inexorable warfare against both the *scenici* and the theatre, the gladiators and the amphitheatre, the gamblers and the circus. The ridicule of the *mimi* and the *ludi* did as much or more harm to her doctrine than the most casual argument of her learned opponents. At her various councils, e. g., Elvira (306), Arles (314) and Carthage (397-8) her legislation took shape. (1) Her clergy were absolutely forbidden to attend a theatre; (2) the laity might not attend on Sundays or feast days under threat of excommunication; (3) no Christian might be a *scenicus* or *scenica*

nor marry one; and (4) any member of that profession who wished to join the Church must renounce it as a condition to Baptism. These prohibitions were hard to apply and often disregarded.

The Empire, though surrounding the theatre with many restrictions, never entertained the thought of suppressing it. In the East dramatic activity perished as a result of the Saracen invasions. In the West it went down in the general collapse of the Empire and its institutions; and Saints Chrysostom, Augustine and Jerome are at great pains to show that the moral decay of the Empire was due to the theatre. Orosius "traces to the weakening of the moral fibre by these accursed amusements the failure of the West to resist the barbarians. *Moritur et ridet* is his epigram on the Roman World." These barbarians despised the *spectacula*; and it was due as much to this fact as to Christian ethics that the western stage finally disappeared under the rule of the Ostragoths in Italy in the early part of the sixth century. The Lombards who came later were even more hostile to it, so that in 568, Rome and Ravenna were the only cities which retained the earmarks of the older civilization. It is not certain that in Ravenna there was no theatre, but in Rome, the city of Gregory the Great, none existed. "The bishops and barbarians had conquered," and the theatre had fallen.

It must not be inferred from this fact that the *scenici* were extinguished. They were simply out of a job, and, making an opportunity of necessity, readily adapted themselves to the new conditions, and became the nucleus of that vast army of nomad entertainers who lent such a color of gaiety to mediaeval life. Discerning the tastes of the Teutons, they learned to tumble, to juggle, to play the harp, to sing, to dance, and especially to tell the long stories by which they made themselves most welcome among the people of their time and famous for all succeeding ages. Though they retained many of the characteristics of the pagan *mimi*, they nevertheless represent a "merging of the Latin and Teutonic elements." They combined the traditions of the pagan *mimus* with the German *scôp*.

The *scôp*, as we find him up to the eleventh century was not only the most popular but also the most intellectual of the entertainers. He may have been able to perform some of

the common stunts of the jugglers and the acrobats or professional musicians, but he was above all a poet, a singer of folk songs and heroic ballads, accompanying himself the while on the harp or lyre. War was the chief occupation of mediæval nations. The hero in war, therefore, was the popular idol as well as the popular ideal of a great man. Admiration for him sought expression, and in the *scôp* it found the most suitable medium. We find him with the *comitatus* singing the praises of their leader and chanting long narrative ballads relating the history of their tribe and tales of foreign peoples and countries. We find him in the court of the king, the castles of the barons and the palace of the bishop. The *scôp* was always held in high honor and, incidentally, drew high pay. "For a Nero to perform amongst the *scenici* was to descend, but for a Hrothgar to touch the harp was a customary and honorable act."

Perhaps the most famous of these *scôps* or gleemen was the Myrging, Widsith, or Far-Traveller, and an autobiographic poem by the same title constitutes the first English poem. His reputation was due not only to his extensive travels but to the fact that he could give a good account of his travels. He could "sing and say a story in the Mead Halls." He had visited the Empire, seen the Franks and Lombards, Picts, Scots, Finns, Huns, Hebrews, Indians, Egyptians, Medes and Persians. In every country he had found welcome and bounty because all kings loved to hear their praises sung. These travels and his various experiences comprise the bulk of his narrative. It closes with the following lines:

Thus wandering, they who shape songs for men  
Pass over many lands, and tell their need,  
And speak their thanks, and ever, South or North,  
Meet someone skilled in songs and free in gifts,  
Who would be raised among his friends to fame  
And do brave deeds till light and life are gone.  
He who has thus wrought himself praise shall have  
A settled glory underneath the stars.

Another gleeman whose fame had been overshadowed gives expression to his melancholy in a poem called "Deor's Lament." This dwells upon the reverses of the *scôp*'s life and concludes with the following stoical observation: "Others have endured: may not I endure?" But it is in the great Anglo-Saxon epic, "Beowulf," that we have the greatest production of the mediæval *scôp*.

"Beowulf is a typical champion, endowed

with superhuman strength, sagacity, courage and endurance; he is foreordained to relieve the ills of those who have great need, and is always ready to respond to their necessity." He rescues the aged Danish king, Hrothgar, and his thanes from the attacks of the terrible bog monster, Grendel, by defeating him in a hand to hand encounter. He then pursues the wounded giant to his lair in the depths of the sea, kills his equally vicious mother, and takes Grendel's head as a trophy to his Mead hall. Another occasion he fights the "fire drake," a huge monster with bloody eyes and a fiercely hot breath, which not only guards a great treasure but is devouring all his warriors. Though victorious, he is mortally wounded, and dying bequeathes the treasure to his sorrowing people.

Such was the *scôp* under heathenism. He is quite as important and more prolific under Christianity. It has already been noted how justly inimical was the Church towards the pagan *scenici*. Her antipathy did not fully subside against their mediæval successors; she opposed the former in her fight for ordinary decency. To the latter she objected, not so much on the score of immorality as to their fruitless buffoonery which merely served to divert and not to elevate. In the sixth century the *scôp* still sung before the Ostragoths in Italy, the Vandals in Africa and the Visigoths in Gaul. Clovis had a harpist or *citharoedus* sent to him from Italy.

Under Charlemagne a class of entertainers known as *iaculatores* enjoyed uncommon patronage. He himself took a personal interest in them, even in so far that another class, the *jonglers*, took him as a patron of their order. Under his successor, Louis the Pious, they "fell upon evil times." Their best days were the eleventh, twelfth and thirteenth centuries.

It must not be supposed that the minstrel chafed overmuch under the frown of the Church. It was not his nature to worry. His spirit is admirably reflected in a little romance entitled "Ancossin and Nicolete." When the hero is warned that "if he takes a mistress, he must go to hell," he replies with supreme indifference that "to hell will we go, for thither go all the goodly things of the world. With these will I go, so that I have Nicolete, my most sweet friend, with me." They were popular with the crowd;

they were very often paid by kings, and they did not have faith enough to care a fig whether the Church condemned them or not.

Two famous series of these minstrel ballads have come down to us in all their completeness. They are the *chansons de gestes* of Charlemagne and the Arthurian legends. Each of these occupy themselves with the respective personages of Charlemagne and King Arthur. Much of the former is reflected in the "Song of Roland," while the latter has been made immortal in Tennyson's "Idylls of the King."

Other entertainers were those who gave puppet or Punch and Judy shows, crude "chanicleer" imitations and exhibitions of trained animals. In Bulwer Lytton's "Last of the Barons" there is an exhaustive description of these various classes of diversion. Bear-baiting was a common sport for holidays, while the fight with wooden swords, that last relic of the ancient gladiatorial show, was equally popular.

The minstrels were not only entertainers but actors as well. They developed the first condition of the drama—the dialogue. The folk drama, the mystery and morality play formed the connecting link between the mediaeval entertainers and the modern drama.

### The Cheater.

JOSEPH C. GODDEYNE, '11.

A nor'east angrily broke from the darkened sky, chopping treacherous Lookout Bay into seething leaps and chased them roaring before it. The shrill scream of the awakened gulls could be heard far and near. Distant peals of thunder shook the earth but soon were muffled in the storm. Stronger and stronger the wind raged. With a crash, a lightning bolt zigzagged down into the west and for a moment fired the whole bay.

In off Devil's Mouth, with sails reefed to the last point yet seeming to kiss the water with each bellying puff, the *Spray*, a staunch schooner, struggled desperately on.

In her dimly-lighted cabin sat "Lucky" Lewiston,—a splendidly developed young man with chiselled features and bright shrewd eyes—drearily dragging on his pipe, his brawny elbow anchored in a partial game of solitaire, and supporting a head wearied with the day's watch. Retrospection had clinched his

thoughts to the *Spray's* last trip three months ago, and Crowley's gay "hee-hoo" issuing from the storm served to intensify them. Lewiston was living again those incidents which had dropped their legacy of gloom.

Pensively he peopled the curling smoke with that poker-sitting which beguiled his gambling instinct, now he cursed the crew's honesty and the artlessness of the game which tempted him to trifle with the shuffling; he seemed even sensitive of the bewitching chips and the cards responsive to his tricks—the fascination of the game had overpowered him. Yes, he was then so proud of his skill that he, was unconscious of the dwindling players until Crowley "shoved 'cross his last chip" with the warm grip of a good loser. His grave eyes brought a rush of stinging revelations, all of which Lewiston might have borne with tolerant compunction had he not fallen deeper into Crowley's debt,—a debt not alone of crooked dollars, but of his own life.

Crowley was the favorite of the crew. From mast-head to hold, honor and conscience comprised his log of ethics, and remarkable accounts were told of his fists forcing it into practice. A sincere love for him had been engendered in Lewiston, and the latter revelling in fantasy, had nourished it to such a beautiful growth that he yearned for its reality. Yet on further contemplation, the thought of that crooked game stifled his ideals and tore them away with a repudiating hand. So Lewiston was stranded in a vacillating situation,—either to bear the inevitable of confession or suffer the sharp pangs of conscience. But if that inevitable proved disastrous to his fantastical hopes—"Well," he ejaculated, waving his hand despairingly, "I'll quit the sea, or, or,—" he was lost in seeking the alternative.

On his way aft, Mike Crowley, dripping with spray, breezed in, commenting with nautical picturesqueness about the storm. Lewiston rose and looked through the port-hole. "I'll have a little smoke if you don't care," said Crowley, cramming his battered bowl and continuing Lewiston's abandoned solitaire. Several times Lewiston endeavored to broach his troubles, but somehow he could not.

After a silent pipe, Crowley turned to Lewiston, "'Lucky, have a peep," he said, poking him in the ribs, "I'd have her beat only for that straggling *eight* of clubs. Ain't it a fright how cards sometimes run? You can't

depend on them at all." The occasion set Mike adrift on one of his lucky adventures, but it was abruptly ended by a call to duty.

Lewiston heaved a long sigh and was quietly fingering the cards when the cabin door blew open and scattered them over the floor; the sooty lantern flickered and left him in the darkness. Unconcernedly he strolled to the threshold and peered out into the stormy night.

The *Spray* jibed dangerously, her little body quivering like an animated thing, swung from side to side in search of bearings, and nosed into the wind. She was skirting Look-out's shoals—a point feared by the most trusty skippers—and was gradually fighting her way to dock.

Lewiston knew the place and bit his lip as he rehearsed the events on the memorable night that Mike had played the hero. "Lucky" wore the pilot's insignia that night, and being anxious to cut down her record, contrary to orders, he wheeled into a narrow channel that searched its way through the shoals, rather than follow the usual roundabout, though far safer route. After successfully maneuvering the *Spray* over half the distance, the Captain awoke in dismay, and hurrying to the pilot-house, struck Lewiston heavily on the head. Had not Crowley appeared just then, the surly old Captain would have thrown his unconscious form overboard. Crowley had forced the Captain to apologize for his unmanly action and had thus fallen deep into Lewiston's debt. The wind whistled and sighed through the rigging, answered by the creaking of ropes and bars and the splashing of wild waves; these associations, coupled with his vivid recollections, made "Lucky" feel keenly his obligation to Crowley.

In a few hours the *Spray* was safely moored in dock and the crew paid. Crowley came blustering in with the two envelopes, his big-hearted personality drawing a smile from the worn-out Lewiston. As soon as he saw the cards, he suggested "just one little hand to see who'll pay for the drinks." Lewiston was on the verge of refusal when an inspiration caught him. The moment had come at last! Apparently disinterested he agreed, and quickly gathered and "stacked" the pack, his mind engrossed in his resolution—to make Mike win. The stakes, after some hesitation on Mike's part, were the two pay envelopes, con-

taining two-hundred and ten dollars each,—exceeding by twenty dollars the sum "Lucky" had stolen in the first crooked game of his life.

Under the yellow glow of the lantern, he dealt to the anxious Mike *four fives* and an *ace*. Mike's countenance grew crimson with excitement and surprise.

But Lewiston was dumfounded; luck had played a peculiar trick on him; he gazed on the cards in bewilderment—*four eights* and a *four spot*! Mike could never win while he held such a hand and so he threw it on the table.

"How many?" nonchalantly queried "Lucky."

"Nothing doing," replied Mike, smiling, although inwardly he shouted with joy.

Lewiston drew another hand and in a flash he read them—*nine—ten—Jack—Queen—King*—and all clubs! "Great Scot!" he exclaimed. A colossal fate was toying with him.

"Yes, I'd better confess everything," he pondered and glanced across the table. Immediately he regained his composure. Confident of the outcome Mike was fumbling in his oilskins for a match. Quickly Lewiston dropped the *King* and palmed one of the discards.

At the same instant Crowley turned, held a match over his pipe and suspiciously drawled,

"Well, what have you got now?"

"A bob-tail straight," "Lucky" rejoined, laying down the *nine—ten—Jack—Queen* of clubs.

"You, dog, Lewiston! What's the card you've got there?" scowled Mike pointing to his right hand. He brought his fist down on the table and bellowed, "Show it up." Lewiston tossed it to the middle of the board.

"You wretched cheater," hissed Crowley, "I'd never think it of you."

"What!" exclaimed Lewiston as he riveted his eyes on the card and picked it up to assure himself that he was not mistaken.

"Yes, the *eight* of clubs, and don't deny you stole it," broke in Crowley, "and you're a cursed cheater," he added scornfully.

Lewiston sat as if entranced by that black line of clubs, *eight—nine—ten—Jack—Queen*. He had only exchanged the *King* for the *eight spot*! He was in awful agony. Suddenly, with an hysterical gesture, he arose, flung open the door and rushed madly down the deck and over the gangway.

Outside a smothering rainstorm had burst. Crowley stood in the lighted door, and hearing "Lucky's" steps dying away, repeated in a low voice, "the cheater."

## Varsity Verse.

## APRIL.

Slop and slush and mud remind us,  
Showery April's here once more;  
As we walk we leave behind us  
Footprints on the polished floor.

E. R.

## THE STENOGRAPHER'S SOLILOQUY.

Did you see that new hat that she  
Had on last night at church?  
I hear that Mabel's beau has gone  
And left her in the lurch.

A gossip's one thing I despise,  
But just this much I'll say:  
That Jenkin's girl aint worth her salt,  
But still she draws her pay.

Do you know why my hair's so nice  
This morning, Clara dear?  
I bought six more new rolls last night  
To wear behind my ear.

O gee, I wish that George'd come;  
Aint he the awful flirt!  
(Thè cat! She just won't say a word  
About my harem skirt.)

H. O.

## HERE AND THERE.

A woman once owned a grape arbor,  
But sold it and moved to Ann Arbor  
So she'd have grapes and gold,  
There she married, I'm told,  
The grey barber who bought her grape arbor.

You wonder I shoota de butta,  
But nobody buy my peanutta,  
He make me disgust  
That great biga trust,  
Wen I meet him I call him a mutta.

When the hippo once made her debut,  
She made love to the slim Kangarut,  
And as everyone hoped,  
The two lovers eloped  
And were "hitched" in a safe rendezout.

P. E. H.

## MISS FRIGIDITY.

When Cook and Peary pulled their stakes  
And pulled out for the Pole,  
They made the most absurd mistakes,  
And missed their precious goal.  
For longitude and latitude  
Don't count in things like this;  
The man that's long on platitude  
Will land the frigid miss.

I've found the frozen North myself,  
For all that Peary claims;  
She's got the Ice Trust on the shelf,  
She knows the ice men's names.  
I made my observations, then  
I asked if I was "it;"  
You could have heard a gum drop when  
I got the icy mitt.

H. O.

## The Change.

CYRIL J. CURRAN, '12.

George Ellwanger's father was a gruff old soldier, who had fought bravely through the civil war, and had come out of it covered with scars and medals. His mother was one of the noblest hearted women that ever lived. These two had tried in every way since his earliest childhood to break George of the overpowering timidity that seemed to possess him whenever he came in contact with the dangerous or the unknown. When a very little boy he had lain awake many nights, sobbing in terror of the dark. His mother, moved by the tender mother love, would stroke his hot little forehead and murmur words of comfort until he fell asleep. She dared not give the child the light he craved, for the father had forbidden it.

"He must be taught to be a man," he said.  
"I don't want any cry-baby for a son of mine."

As the boy grew older, he seemed to be less afraid, but he still was weak, and the coward in him cropped out whenever he was put to the test. He almost broke his father's heart on one occasion, when he ran away from another boy who had insulted him and forced a fight upon him.

"The best thing we can do for the lad is to send him to West Point, mother," the old veteran said one day. "We have tried to make a man of him and failed. We will give him over to Uncle Sam and see what he can do."

George did well at the military school. He was naturally bright, and his home training had been such as to fit him for both obedience and command. He managed to pass through the years of training without disclosing the weakness in his character, and finished with high honors, to the delight of both his parents, especially of the soldier father.

Just about that time the Spanish-American war broke out. George received a captain's commission immediately, and was sent to the Philippines. For a long time he and his company remained inactive. The Spaniards were not making much trouble, but the natives were making things hot all over. At last he was sent to the front. His regiment was detailed to make a raid into the interior, driving the Filipinos back.



For three days they advanced, encountering little opposition, but on the morning of the fourth day they awoke to find a solid mass of native soldiers in front of them. All day they fought, but to no avail. They were too enormously out-numbered to make any advance. George and his company had been detailed to guard the rear, and so saw little of the fighting that was going on ahead.

Colonel Heath, of the regiment, sent for George that night and told him that he must have more men.

"We sadly underestimated the strength of these natives, captain," he said, "and if we are not to lose all we have gained by retreating, I must have reinforcements. I therefore give you this despatch for General Otis. You and your company must start at dawn tomorrow, and make every haste you can to Manila. I do not think you will have much trouble, as the Filipinos will let you alone when they see you are going back. Good-bye, and good luck to you."

Next morning the company started on the back trail. They were entirely unmolested by the enemy, and passed over the ground rapidly. George was happy in doing his work well, and felt confident of pushing it to successful completion. It will be observed, however, that his military experiences had not put him to any severe test so far.

After a long day's journey, they camped for the night in a little knoll, surrounded by bare hillocks, with only one narrow pass for an entrance. It seemed ideal for the purpose, because of the ease with which it could be defended in case of attack. All night the sentries paced silently to and fro undisturbed, not hearing a sound.

What was their astonishment, then, in the calm level light of early dawn, to see their point of vantage completely surrounded by half-clad natives, armed with spears and bows, and an occasional rifle. The little company formed in line and prepared to leave. The first man to show his face outside was shot in the head. The others crouched.

The natives rushed at them with a yell, and a hand to hand conflict ensued. Many of the boys in blue fell, and many more of the natives. At last the mob was driven back, and there was a temporary respite. They were safe for the time, for they saw they were able to defend themselves within the knoll.

Outside was certain death. They began to look for the dead and care for the wounded.

Some one cried: "Where's the captain?" and immediately the cry was repeated. He could not be found. They searched all over the field of the battle. They examined the dead. They called out to him, but there was no answer. At last one of the soldiers ventured towards the place where the horses were tied in the rear of the inclosure. He saw the captain—and laughed.

"Come on, boys," he yelled, "here's the captain." They ran towards him and then they laughed too. They saw their leader huddled down between two horses, shaking in every limb. His face was the picture of terror. His eyes were dilated with fright.

The men jeered but he did not seem to hear. His childish fears had come over him again, but he had no mother now to brush them away. He sobbed aloud in the very anguish of it. Then suddenly, there came a change. He was no longer oblivious of the men. He saw them, and realizing that they were laughing at *him*, their captain, a red blush of shame crept over his face. Then he became very pale.

"Boys," he said, "something went wrong with me just now. I've made a fool of myself, and you have every right to laugh at me. And I have got to make amends. It would break my father's heart to hear of this, and my mother would cry herself to death." Before they could stop him, he ran out the narrow opening into the very face of the enemy. He was greeted with the crash of many rifles and a cloud of arrows. But he ran on,—straight at them.

The men became very sober. They were too startled by his sudden behavior to realize what it was all about. They believed that he had gone to certain death.

"The old man's gone nutty," said one of the soldiers, and that seemed to be the consensus of opinion.

It is a long way from the Philippines to Oxford, N. Y., but news travels fast. An old soldier was wiping a wet pair of spectacles. An old lady was brushing away the tears that refused to cease welling from her eyes.

"I knew that our boy would make good when he was given a real chance," the old man was saying.

"I always told you so, dad," said mother.

They had just read in the "*Chenango County Tribune*," how Capt. George Ellwanger had been made a colonel. How he had plunged through a savage mob of Filipinos, unarmed and unafraid. It described the superstitious natives drawing back from him in holy awe after they had seen him run straight into the face of their hail of deadly missiles. They could not understand such reckless bravery.

The account ended by telling that he had come into Manila, alone, two days later, shot in seven places, weak from hunger and loss of blood, but bringing the despatch.

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### His Repentance.

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E. J. REIDMANN.

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"Eight years,"—thus spoke the judge. All was silent. The prisoner knew what it meant, but said not a word. He had been found guilty of robbery, but that he would receive such a sentence was beyond the imagination of those who crowded the court-room. Again the judge was the first to break the silence that prevailed. "Officer, remove that man." The officer stepped toward the prisoner and tapped him on the shoulder. He winced under the touch, for he knew that for eight years he would be hidden from companions, from friends, even from the light of the sun. Should he make a dash for liberty, or attempt to take his own life? No, eight years would pass, and then he would settle with his persecutor. He glanced about, and with measured tread followed the officer. As he was about to pass the judge he looked up. His blood-shot eyes flashed hatred and revenge. "When we meet again," he hissed, and passed on. The judge was accustomed to such retorts and thought little of it. The court was dismissed, but there were many present in the crowd that day who feared what he had said, and thought that he might keep his oath.

Four years have passed. We find No. 832 greatly changed. His hair is turning gray; his cheeks are somewhat sunken, his hands have become thin and shriveled. Hard manual labor has shown itself on his form, but he knows that he must last four more years, if only to have his revenge. And in his steel-gray eyes

there lingers that burning hatred ready to flash in a moment.

The four years have nearly passed. No. 832's sentence is near its end. Three more months behind the bars, or under the lashes of strict masters. "When we meet again!" In silence he nurses his wrath. He determines to see that judge again but for one moment—to squeeze his neck with those sinewy hands till life is extinct. After that he is willing to die. He no more has friends, companions or acquaintances of any kind.

Those were three long months, but they were to pass, and we now find 832 free,—free in the open sunlight. He breathed again that crisp, cold air in the street which was a luxury behind the prison bars. And as he turned toward the left a large mansion stood before him. Idly he strolled past, and on the brass door knob he saw inscribed these words, "John F. Morse, City Judge." If he could have found any satisfaction in tearing the knob from the door he would have done so, so detestable was that name. A policeman passing by tapped him on the shoulder, "Move along," and 832 shambled farther up the street.

It was nearing nine o'clock, and 832 was standing opposite the large mansion. One by one the lights on the street were being extinguished, traffic had totally ceased, everything was quiet; but the house opposite was still lighted up. Some time passed, and then the lights went out, except one at the extreme right of the second story. One more hour 832 waited, and then walked across the road. Slowly he mounted the steps and tried the fastenings, but all held strong. He walked to the right of the house and found a window open. He entered cautiously. He found himself in the cellar. In the dim light he saw to his left a pair of stairs. Slowly he walked up, and opening the door at the head he stood still and listened. Then he turned and walked forward. Up another flight of stairs, and he knew that he was near the sleeping apartments. As he turned to another hallway a ray of light shot through the open door. Bewildered, he stood still. But he neither saw nor heard anything. Cautiously he stepped to the door. There sat the judge, his hated enemy, busy at work. A door banged, and his heart thumped loudly. Should he be caught without securing his prey? Stealthily he crept forward, and before the judge was



aware of his situation he was gagged and bound. Then 832 drew a knife and flashed it before the judge's eyes. He longed to torture the man who had tortured him, and he smilingly smacked his lips and flashed the blade aloft.

Even as he gloated on the long-sought, sweet revenge, his eyes caught sight of an oil painting of the "Ecce Homo," done by one of the masters which had long been in the keeping of the Judge's family. It seemed to live—that sad, bleeding face of Christ. And the naked shoulders and the bruised, raw flesh, and the lips partially opened in agony and pleading, and the eyes that spoke love, pity, mercy. And then the freed convict thought of his younger years when Christ was nearer to his life, when he felt more of the glory that surrounded His sacred presence. He thought of the old church in an out-of-the-way corner of Europe where he had learned the teachings of the wonderful Teacher. They were fled from his memory now like birds of passage, but grace was catching at his heart with its mystic windings. Out of the mists of the past he saw golden the words: "Revenge is Mine!" He had sins to atone for; he would need mercy when he stood at the throne of the Judge of all. The murderer's dreams, the stark eyes of a murdered man in the still of the night would never haunt him!

He flung down the knife and like a maniac rushed from the house and passed out into the darkness!

### Ambition.

A youth clomb high upon a mountain side  
And gained the crag that topped the teeming earth;  
Full long he gazed, till in his youthful pride,  
Forgetting all the weakness of his birth,  
The nervous throb that shook the nation's heart  
Woke in his own ambition's wild unrest,  
He drank the glint of treasure from the mart,  
Then set his face unto the glowing West.

Too soon he walked amid the battle's roar;  
The fresh young life drew poison from its air,  
Until his heart, down to its very core,  
Grew hard from feeding where the furnace glare  
Of toiling cities and smoke-driven homes  
Had vanished all the greenness of the sod.  
His eyes were blinded by his palace domes,—  
So heav'n denied him, who forgot his God.

L. T.

### "Lord of the World."

Among the many readable books to be found in the Apostolate of Religious Reading, there are none better than those by Robert Hugh Benson. Father Benson comes from a distinguished English family, his father having been the Protestant Archbishop of Canterbury. He is the first son of a minister high in the service of the Anglican Church to become a Catholic since 1616 when the son of the Archbishop of York submitted to Rome. Father Benson has been endowed by God with a brilliant intellect, and his good use of it is shown in his numerous writings in defense of the Catholic faith.

In his novel, "Lord of the World," he has taken a period of great interest to Catholics—the coming of Antichrist—and has woven about it a story deeply interesting. Here he predicts the use of air-ships, fitted out as luxuriously as our modern ocean greyhounds, for the convenience of the traveller.

His description of the Alps as seen from a volor, as he styles the air-ship, is remarkable; but the description of how a collision was narrowly averted between the volors of France, Germany and England on their way to destroy Rome, and the passenger volor, on which his hero is travelling, is intensely dramatic. His ability as a word-painter is nowhere better illustrated than in this story. Written in the author's best style, nothing stays the interest of the story from start to finish. It is not only a prophecy in fiction, graphically told, but an interesting story, and if read conscientiously one can not fail to profit by it.

Other books by him to be found in the library are, "By What Authority," "The King's Achievement," "The Conventionalists," "A Mirror of Shalott," "A Winnowing," "The Queen's Tragedy," "The Necromancers," "The Light Invisible," "St. Thomas of Canterbury."

A READER IN BROWNSON HALL.

"OUR scholastic training is artificial and it influences conduct but little. As the savages whom we have instructed are ready when left to themselves to return to their ancestral mode of life, so our young people quickly forget what they have learned at school, and sink back into the commonplace existence from which a right education would have saved them."

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Tomorrow at the high mass the ceremonies of Holy Week will begin. It seems a sad confession that the beauty and significance of these ceremonies are lost on many of us. We do not understand them; we do not follow them, and it only remains for us to count the minutes till they are over. It is not very profound asceticism to venture the statement that most students who assist at any church ceremony without prayer-books, or other books which explain the ceremonies, will not give much attention to what is going on. They are physically in church, and that is about all. They fill so much empty standing, kneeling or sitting space, and in that sense they say they are in church. But so far as worship is concerned, that is the exercising of the mind in the acknowledgment of God's supremacy—in that sense they can not be said to be in church.

The exercises of Holy Week are singularly beautiful. The student who desires to assist at them with attention and understanding, and who hopes thereby to get a higher and holier appreciation of the sacred passion of Christ will do well to procure a Holy Week book, wherein he can follow the ceremonies without difficulty and with much profit.

—It was but a few weeks ago that Baron De Constant, twice a member of the Hague Peace Conference, made the following declaration in one of our large cities: "I give the present regime ten years more. International peace will be accomplished by that time or there will be a great war which will scourge the earth and leave it a vast heap of desolation." The basis for this statement is becoming more apparent every day, and the people are now awakening to the real danger of the situation that confronts the world at large. Last night the foregoing solution of international problems was presented to us from different standpoints by the several representatives of our state colleges that took part in the contest. Truly the aim of the Peace Oratorical Association is commendable. Perhaps in no land does public opinion control the destinies of a nation more so than in our own. If the public sentiment leans toward the solving of our foreign disputes through conciliatory measures no government will presume to hold out against it. But the rising generation can never become imbued with a love of arbitration until the same spirit animates those who go forth from schools of learning every year to become leaders in the world. And it is this fact, together with the realization that America's future lies with the orator, which induces the promoters of the Peace Contest to hold forth such incentives to our young college men of today. Their action should meet with our hearty approval.

—Pressed for a definite and authoritative statement of their attitude toward the Catholic Church, socialist leaders have cast aside their long-adopted equivocal position in her regard, and now boldly announce that it is one of uncompromising hostility. To the Church this is but the tardy admission of what she has long known to be true, hence her attitude in the matter will not in the least be modified. The admission gives her one advantage, however, in the fact that henceforth the fight will be in the open and with a mutual understanding. Socialism may no longer attract unwary or illiterate Catholics into its fold by glib assurances of religious indifference. A Catholic socialist

in now a paradox. The fight is not, and will not be sectional or municipal, not even national, but world wide. Irrespective of her loyal co-operation with all in support of the present individualistic regime in government, the Church will, if need be, fight alone and single-handed for the safety and sanctity of the home, the freedom and integrity of education and the preservation of the faith. The battlefield is the world, the issue continued world progress and the faith, or social retrogression and anarchy. The armies are the highly organized and enthusiastic but misguided forces of a political party and the stalwart legions of the faith under the banner of the invincible Church. Every Catholic has a duty in this regard both to the Church and the State. That duty is first to acquaint himself with the fallacies of socialism, and then to preach and to teach and to vote against socialism. The fight is on. All that assures order and decency is at stake. Let every loyal Christian so carry himself that grave injustices may indeed be rectified, but not that the foundations of society may be undermined and the whole noble edifice let fall.

—The "Presbyterian Board of Publication and Sabbath School Work" has sent out into the world a beautiful little story—or maybe it is a tract,—that

**Presbyterian "Pat."** tickles the dullest sense.

The leaflet bears the pathetic title, "The Dying Irish Girl,"—an inspiring theme, you may be sure. The story is very, very interesting and deliciously humorous. We are taken into the sanctuary of the chamber of the "dying Irish girl," and there we witness a lugubrious discussion between the coleen and her mother, in which said coleen is in a state of ferment about the existence of Purgatory and such like. The plot thickens when the reader learns that the penniless mother will not be able to pay for the masses that will buy her loved one a way to heaven. The prospect is dark indeed; not a ray of sunshine brightens the gloom. Our hearts go out to the helpless Irish coleen on her bed of pain, and then—enters "Pat." The historic "Pat" has been made to assume many rôles, he has been found under wellnigh every set of circumstances; but when the Presbyterian brethren place him, bible in hand, over the bedside of a dying coleen

attempting to prove salvation by faith and justification by Presbyterianism—we concede them the best in the business for farce-comedy. The exotic Presbyterian "Pat" is delicious; for unconscious humor the Presbyterian Board is unsurpassed. The pamphlet wont do much either for good or evil, but it is the funniest bit we have seen this many a day.

—A prominent lumber firm in Michigan some time ago issued a rule that it will not honor any of its checks cashed in saloons.

The obvious purpose of this **A Rebuke to action**, of course, is to lessen **Saloon-Keepers.** for the workingman the temptations to spend his money in places harmful to his health and morals. It will be argued that the refusal to honor the check cashed in a saloon is merely making necessary the transfer of the check elsewhere, after which the workingman will return and spend his money anyhow. But it would seem there is a wider outlook on the subject than the mere detail of cashing and honoring checks. Such action is a rebuke to unscrupulous saloon-keepers. It shows the attitude of a business corporation toward those who make their living on the money which the laboring-man has to work for. Any humiliation to the conscienceless saloon-keeper, any obstacle that may be placed against his unholy trade will have some measure of influence for good. The actual, immediate results are not nearly so important as is the wholesome effect it will have on the public conscience.

**John B. Ratto, Reader.**

On Monday afternoon, April 3rd, John B. Ratto entertained us with a program of character sketches and readings. Mr. Ratto is a pleasing entertainer, and the versatility of his talent is such that he is able to present with equal success a variety of characters. The performance was marked throughout by naturalness and fine attention to the details of the make-up. The reader, too, showed good taste in selecting his program,—it was suited to the audience. The best characterization was, perhaps, the Irish judge presiding over his first session in court. All in all, we enjoyed Mr. Ratto's program as an exemplification of the elocutionist's art.

### Brother Leander Passes Away.

At the ripe age of sixty-eight, after a life of usefulness in God's service, Brother Leander passed out to his reward last Monday night at eleven o'clock. He had been confined to his bed for the past six or eight months, and was missed from long familiar scenes by associates and friends. Yet in his death they feel they have lost one in whose life shone the homely virtues of kindness and gentleness and mellow cheerfulness.

Brother Leander was born in Pottsville, Pennsylvania, August 11, 1842, entered the Congregation of the Holy Cross, August 15, 1872, and was professed August 15, 1874. For many years he acted as prefect in Brownson hall and taught a number of classes in the University. He had a legion of friends among the old boys who always kept him in memory for his kindness and uniform cheerfulness.

Previous to entering religion Brother Leander served through the three years of the Civil War in the Fifteenth U. S. Infantry and was engaged in many of the great battles. In the Grand Army Post established in the University, Brother Leander was commander, and on every Decoration day was a prominent figure. By everybody around the University he was known as "Comrade."

Writing as his friend and comrade, General Abercrombie, in a letter to President Cavanaugh, pays the following tribute to Bro. Leander which we make bold to print:

His was a useful life, an ever-living illustration to the youth of Notre Dame of a patriotic American citizen. He did well his stated duties in war as in peace, enthusiastically and with patriotic and religious devotion. Dates, names of battles, recital of wounds and suffering in wearing campaigns, muster in and out, are brief records; but the courage, the stern purpose to do or die for his country, the fatigues of the march, the sufferings from inclement weather, oftentimes without sufficient food, or the total absence of it, every old soldier can fill in from experience. My dear comrade was in it and of it. He came out of it all uncontaminated and honored, only to again enlist under the banner of a greater Captain, in whose service he gained added lustre and honor by his devoted service and admirable attainments that is recorded as in an open book in the annals of Notre Dame and in the hearts of its alumni. To him his church and his patriotism were the syntheses of all duties, of all devotion.

On Thursday morning at eight o'clock

the funeral services began with the recitation of the Office for the Dead. Requiem mass, sung by Rev. Father Franciscus followed, at which were present the community, faculty and students. With the conclusion of the absolution, the long funeral procession was formed that, with music, prayer and military display, paid a last tender tribute to soldier of the sword and of the cross. The band and the battalion under the immediate command of Capt. Stogsdall were at the head of the procession and marched in rare form. Other students of the University not admitted to the military companies followed. The community, clergy, relatives and friends of the deceased brought up the rear. The funeral was one of the largest seen at the University for some time. It was a loving tribute to Brother Leander by those who knew him for his goodness and loyalty. He was the type of the Brother of Holy Cross that will always have honor during life in the fullest measure, and around whose grave will gather an army of friends to bid him rest and God-speed in death.

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### Death of Thomas J. Murray.

We print the following letter from the Notre Dame Club of New York announcing the death of Mr. Thomas J. Murray (student 1895-1899.)

Notre Dame Club of New York,  
20 City Hall Place,  
April 2, 1911.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC,  
Notre Dame, Indiana.

DEAR SIR—It is with the keenest regret that we send you herewith a notice of the death of Mr. Thomas J. Murray, which occurred on the evening of March 31, 1911, at his home in Dobbs Ferry, N. Y.

Mr. Murray was a student at the University of Notre Dame from 1895-1899, where the quality of his scholarship won for him during the scholastic year of '96-'97 the Mason gold medal.

On leaving the University, Mr. Murray became identified with the Merchant's Trust Company of New York. From the assistant cashiership of that company he entered the service of Haskins and Sells. As public accountant, he was one of the staff of experts assigned to investigate the Equitable Life Assurance Company. Two years ago he was made Auditor of the Mexican National Packing Company in the City of Mexico.

Mr. Murray was one of the charter members of the Notre Dame Club of New York and had held the office of Treasurer since 1904. In his death the Club has lost an esteemed and a valuable member.

With exceptional qualities of mind and heart he had endeared himself to all with whom he had relations; but in particular to the members of the Notre Dame Club of New York who take this means of publicly acknowledging their profound sorrow for the loss of a loyal brother and a sterling friend.

THOS. B. REILLY (1897), Secretary.

(Rev.) L. J. EVERS, Chairman.

### Knights of Columbus Receive Columbian Series.

So many inquiries have come at different times about the famous Columbian Series of Frescoes by Luigi Gregori, that some time ago the University secured half-tone reproductions from the originals on the walls of the Main Corridor. A complimentary set of these pictures was sent to every Council of the Knights of Columbus in the United States.

That the action of the University was opportune and very much appreciated may be judged from the acknowledgments by Councils of the Order all over the country.

### Stevenson's Famous Letter.

Robert Louis Stevenson's now famous Open letter to Rev. Dr. Hyde, in which the novelist defends the character of the heroic Father Damien, is just gotten out in a very attractive form by the *Ave Maria* press, Notre Dame, Indiana. Through the terrible excoriation received from the merciless master of English speech, Dr. Hyde enjoys a peculiar immortality. He will be always remembered as having afforded the most crushing piece of invective written in our language. The vilifier of Father Damien is shown no mercy; he is lashed with the whips of human speech by one who wields with unerring aim. As a piece of literature the Open Letter will never pass out and be forgotten. It is a classic just as surely as anything of Shakespeare is. No student of English, therefore, should be without the book.

What makes the present edition especially important is the denial by Mrs. Robert Louis Stevenson that her husband ever regretted writing the letter defending Father Damien, as one American critic asserted. "As to the 'Open Letter to Dr. Hyde,' nothing can make me believe that Louis ever regretted the subject-matter of that piece of writing. To me, up to his last hours, he spoke always in the same strain. His admiration for the work of that 'saint and martyr,' as he invariably called

Father Damien, remained unchanged; and any mention of the cowardly attack on the dead man's memory brought a flush of anger into his face and a fire to his eye that were unmistakable."

The small cost of thirty cents (30 cts.) should make this notable contribution to personal literature possible to every student of English and History.

### The Lenten Course of Sermons.

On last Wednesday evening the Lenten course of instructions was concluded with the short sermon treating of the Crucifixion. The five great scenes in the sacred Passion—the Prayer in the Garden, the Scourging, the Crowning with Thorns, the Journey to Calvary and the Crucifixion and Death—were taken up individually and presented in picture. A brief application relating to the life and conduct of everybody present followed, and the instruction was concluded with a resolution. The devotions were always brought to a close with Benediction. Although the exercises were optional, the attendance was encouragingly large. In nearly every instance societies scheduled to hold meetings on Wednesday evening postponed the opening till the church exercises were concluded. Thus all the students desiring to perform certain special devotions during Lent were given an opportunity to be at the exercises. Very probably special optional devotions will also be held during the month of May.

### Society Notes.

#### BROWNSON LITERARY AND DEBATING.

The Brownson society held its nineteenth regular meeting last Sunday evening. The question for debate was: "Resolved, That United States senators should be elected by popular vote." The affirmative was supported by Messrs. W. O'Shea, N. Brucker, F. Mulcahey; the negative by Messrs. C. Derrick, D. Hilgartner, V. Ryan. Owing to recent occurrences in congress, the subject was up-to-date and occasioned a lively discussion. A more thorough grasp of the question gave the decision to the affirmative. The fact that Mr. Will O'Shea has debated this subject five times was probably another reason why the affirmative won the debate.

## CIVIL ENGINEERING.

Special enthusiasm was shown on last Wednesday evening at the Civil Engineer's meeting, a full program being given. Mr. Paul O'Brien gave his paper which was carried over from the meeting of the preceding week on "The Magnetism of the Earth." Mr. O'Brien gave a short history of the needle, beginning with its discovery, and showed the variations and fluctuations it is subject to. Since the reign of Queen Elizabeth the pointing of this needle has varied back and forth between the limits of  $11^{\circ}$  East to  $15^{\circ}$  West. Mr. Mahoney's paper, "The Ownership of Lake Beds," was treated from the legal standpoint, and as a result the writer cited some of the important decisions of the Supreme Court where controversies over such ownership have been settled in the courts. The results of these decisions state that in large lakes used for navigation adjoining land, private persons own but to the water's edge, the Government owning the lake. In the case of small lakes adjoining land, private persons own the lake bed to the centre of the lake. Mr. Sanchez developed the question, "How Does a Locomotive Pull Itself," by showing that the principle of transformation of steam into work was the one utilized by the inventor of the locomotive, and continues to be the principle utilized in our present-day locomotives. The application of the steam was intelligently shown by a series of blackboard drawings prepared by Mr. Sanchez.

The subject for open discussion was the effects noticed on bodies of different temperatures when placed so that the radiant energy of one body passed to another. Mr. Cortazar showed the society several facts worth while, and concluded his talk without a single defeat.

## ARCHITECTURAL CLUB.

The regular meeting of the Architectural Club was held April 3. "The Process of Brick Manufacture" was thoroughly discussed by Mr. C. Potter. Mr. Potter gathered most of his information from observing the manufacture of this product at the various kilns. His material gathered up from these sources was fresh and instructive. Mr. F. Williams in his paper entitled, "Lessons Taught by Foreign Brick Building," discussed fully the historical development of the brick house from the sun-dried brick abode of the primitive people to the present brick mansions.

## Personals.

—Raymond A. McNally is the Athletic Editor of the *Denver Times*, Denver, Colorado.

—A representation of the G. A. R. Post of South Bend attended the funeral of Brother Leander.

—Mr. George C. Ziebold (student 1901-1904) is Grand Knight of the K. of C. Council at Waterloo, Illinois.

—Mrs. and Miss McElhone, sister and niece of Brother Leander, and also his niece Miss McLean, attended the funeral services.

—Brother Marcellinus, C. S. C., director of the Cathedral High School, Fort Wayne, was at the University last Thursday to attend the funeral of his friend, Brother Leander.

—We are glad to announce that Dr. James J. Walsh will deliver two lectures at the University on April 23rd and 24th. The subjects will be (I) The Human Body and (II) The Nervous System.

—A recent issue of the *Manila Cable News-American* contains an interesting article on the work of Mr. William Montavon (A. B. '98) in the Philippine Islands. Mr. Montavon is the Division Superintendent of School Gardens.

—William and Gerald McKinnie have formed a partnership for the purchase and sale of real estate, farms and city properties; mortgages, loans, insurance and rentals. The new concern is known as the McKinnie Realty Company, and is located at 806 Harrison Street, Fort Wayne, Indiana.

—Michael R. Guthrie, otherwise known as "Fat," left yesterday after several days' visit at the University. "Fat" was a student here for several years and was well liked by all his classmates.

—We note the following personal item in the *Columbiad* of Columbia University, Portland, Oregon, about our George Nyere, '04, which will prove agreeable news to George's many friends here:

Mr. George Nyere, LL. B., '04, Notre Dame, and his wife, now living in Portland, were received recently into the church by Rev. H. McDevitt of the Cathedral parish. George looks back with gratitude to the good old days spent at Notre Dame, where he first felt that benign influence which finally led him into the fold. George was a fine student, a whirlwind in athletics and is now a promising business man in Portland.



Calendar.

HOLY WEEK.

Sunday, April 9—Palm Sunday,  
Monday, April 10—The Hinshaw Co.  
Varsity vs. Olivet at Notre Dame.  
Wednesday, April 12—Varsity vs. South Bend at  
South Bend.  
Tenebrae, 7:30 p. m.  
Thursday, April 13—Holy Thursday. Solemn high  
mass, 8:00 a. m.  
Mandatum, 3:00 p. m.  
Tenebrae, 7:30 p. m.  
Varsity vs. South Bend at South Bend.  
Friday, April 14—Good Friday. Mass Presanctified,  
8:00 a. m.  
Way of the Cross, 3:00 p. m.  
Tenebrae, 7:30 p. m.  
Saturday, April 15—Holy Saturday. Services begin  
at 7:00 a. m.  
Mass at 8:45 a. m.  
Varsity vs. Albion at Notre Dame.

Local Items.

—Tomorrow, Palm Sunday, palms will be blessed and distributed at the high mass.

—The different companies of the Battalion had their pictures taken for the Dome this week.

—Spring is holding off her good weather in order that we may better appreciate the offering later on.

—The Walsh hall Literary Society dined the Walsh hall basketball team at the Oliver during the past week.

—The Central Catholic High School of Fort Wayne has secured Father Schumacher as orator for its commencement exercises.

—It looks as though Easter Monday will be a big day around here, with the senior play and the senior ball in order.

—Our Varsity baseball team opened with the Cubs yesterday. Coach Kelly expected that they would give us a good game.

—Brownson hall basketball succeeded in defeating Buchanan High School team, Mich., Wednesday night, in an exciting game. This closes a very successful season for Brownson.

—The appearance of the Battalion on Thursday last showed how well our soldiers have progressed under the careful instruction of Capt. Stogsall. The members of the Battalion who have stuck it out have reason to feel proud of their work.

—The Corby Statue Fund is still growing. The men of Corby who are collecting the money

report that the members of the different halls have pledged liberal sums. As the subscriptions are paid they will be acknowledged in the SCHOLASTIC.

—The Varsity baseball diamond is ready for the coming season. It looks as though some mighty stiff battles will be witnessed on the home grounds this year. With the boys from Japan, University of Arkansas and Georgetown playing here, we will be able to get a line on how the Varsity looks in fast company.

Athletic Notes.

INTERHALL HANDICAP.

The announcement that a big free-for-all meet is on for this afternoon, and that no man who is not actually a member of the Varsity would be barred, made the big gym the centre of attraction Wednesday and Thursday afternoons when preliminaries were held. This brought forth John Mehlem who was not allowed to compete in regular interhall contests. His mark in the forty-yard preliminary heat of four and three-fifths is the same noise that is made in the Varsity meets, and it brands Mehlem as another case of "desert fragrance." Quigley and Larkin were two other men who showed well in Wednesday's tryouts. Each of these men pulled down his preliminary heat in fast time.

Thursday was the second day of the athletic carnival and several more interhall stars sprang into the lime light during the afternoon's performance. Chief among the events was the thrilling race between Fitzpatrick and Cavanaugh in the mile which went to the Brownson runner in the fast time of 4:41 1-5. Fitzpatrick's time in this event has never before been made by an interhall miler, and it is another evidence of the wisdom of Notre Dame's interhall athletic policy.

Great interest is shown in the post-season handicap track meet. Costly medals for prizes have been secured, and it is expected that many of the interhall gym records will go. The results of Thursday's finals are as follows:

440-yard dash—J. Cahill (12 yards), first; E. Corcoran (18 yards), second; E. Maloney (5 yards), third. Time, :57.

One mile—Fitzpatrick (scratch), first; Cavanaugh (10 yards), second; Redden (35 yards), third. Time, 4:41 1-5. Interhall record.

Shot put—Whitty (scratch), first; Hoyt (2 1-2 feet).

second. Burgkart (3 1-2 feet), third. Distance, 36 feet 10 inches.

Broad jump—Henry O'Neil (1 1-2 feet) first; Hood (1 1-2 feet) second; McEhlinney (2 1-2 feet) third. Distance, 19 feet 7 inches.

High jump—Hood and De Fries, first, 5 feet 5 in. McNichol (5 in.). Height 5 feet 4 inches.

#### RIFLE MEET.

The first indoor rifle meet of the Battalion was held in the gymnasium, Thursday last, April 6. Throughout, the contest was very keen. Co. A of Sorin won first place with a total of 814 points out of a possible 1000. The standing of the teams is as follows:

Co. A (Sorin), 814.

Co. C (Walsh), 807.

Co. D (Brownson), 801.

Co. B (Corby), 783.

Individual honors:

1st—Rothwell, Co. C, 174 points.

2nd—Keeffe, Co. A, 170 points.

3rd—Cavanaugh and O'Brien, Co. B, 168 points each.

#### Safety Valve.

##### OUR SHOW WINDOW.

I have a collection of spring poems to fit any figure. If you don't need anything in my line, drop in anyhow and have a smoke. Meet me face to face.

##### A SONNET.

\$25:00 now down to \$5:00.

kind lady hands out tramp one piece of cheese  
in charity because cheese is no good.

tramp hides cheese underneath big pile of wood  
then says to Fido: "watch cheese for me please."  
and faithful Fido sits him at his ease,  
and watches cheese as tried and true dog should,  
until he feels the odor in his blood,  
then chokes to death he tries so hard to sneeze.

faithful Fido! noblest type of canis!  
you died to guard cheese hidden beneath pile!  
you died, but piece of cheese still lives an' is  
to minister to charity awhile [yet]  
brave canis! pile shall be like tomb to you!  
and as for cheese—why you can have that too.

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##### HERE IS A PAIR OF TRIOLETS VERY CHEAP.

a skive on a dark, dark night,  
with a prefect on the beat.  
there's many a man who might  
try to skive on a dark, dark night  
if he thought he'd get off all right,  
for it isn't a marvellous feat  
to skive on a dark, dark night,  
with a prefect on the beat.

a fly on a bald, bald head,  
with a copper on the beat,

cop will never catch him dead,  
that fly on a bald, bald head.  
'tis harder done than said,  
to catch him on his feet,  
that fly on a bald, bald head,  
with a copper on the beat.

\*\*\*

##### THIS LITTLE VIRELAY IS FRESH FROM PARIS.

he said: "my dear, will you be mine?"  
she said: "my dear, I will."  
they two were married later on  
they two are married still.\*

\*\*\*

##### OR MAYBE YOU LIKE SOMETHING SUBDUED.

sweet and low, sweet and low,  
cats on the back-yard fence,  
oh, woe, quartette below,  
cats on the back-yard fence!  
over thy feline solos go,  
sing to the dying moon (oh woe!)  
scourge of my life, get hence.  
where's my gatling gun, oh for a brick—a ton!  
scat.

\*\*\*

##### THIS SPRING ODE WE CAN LET YOU HAVE AT A BARGAIN.

the Spring is here. Oh, see the snow!  
and hear the early robins sneeze;  
the wise blue jay's got rubbers on,  
observe how hoarse the bark of trees.

the baseball fever's in the air,  
its germs are in the hail and sleet—  
while many a spring poet has  
hot water bottles to his feet.

\*\*\*

##### LOOK AT THIS IMPORTED LIMERICK.

a ode in the n. d. scholastic  
was terribly long and fantastic.  
the sense was so small  
that to make it look tall  
they stretched the thing out like elastic,

\*\*\*

##### A VIRELO IN SOMEWHAT THE SAME STYLE AS OUR PARISIAN VIRELAY.

fat boy in Carroll he weigh ton,  
when kids make joke on hem,  
he tell them: you sit down there first,  
then he sit down on them.

\*\*\*

##### FINALLY A VIRELETTA.

jack and jill went up the hill  
to fetch a pail of water  
jack fell down and broke his crown  
and jill—well, jill's case is not so certain.

\*\*\*

Anticipating, in our usual brilliant manner, the spread eagle display of our Esteemed Contemporary, the *Scholastic*, we inform the Public that Joseph A. Quinlan caged the Dove of Peace.

\* We presume.

