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The Answering Rain.

LIST, how the trees all the night in the wind
are complaining,
They call to the clouds that are drifting across the
dark sky!
With the dawn hear a patter like little child-feet—
it is raining;
The moist earth will wake to new life when the rain
is gone by. D. A. B.

The Name of Columbus.*

JUDGE TIMOTHY E. HOWARD, LL. D.



HE mystery of names has always charmed the imagination, and men have sought to discover relations between the names and the attributes of things. The conviction resulting from such study is that the relation does exist,—that there is something in the name which a thing bears, that every name does, or at least should, bear some relation to the object which it represents. It is true that the prince of poets is often cited to the contrary. Juliet is heard to say,

What's in a name?

and suggests her answer by way of illustration, saying:

That which we call a rose

By any other name would smell as sweet.

But this was said by a love-sick girl, and gives expression to but a distracted thought, a seeming rather than a real truth. The beauty of the rose is not in its smell only, but also in its inimitable color, its rich perfection of form, its contrasts with its surroundings, its associations with youth and springtime, and the promise of the days yet to be. And most expressive of all this beauty and these beautiful

associations is the exuberant beauty of this word "rose." So is there a fitness in the name which every object bears or should bear. Here, as elsewhere, the sound should be the echo of the sense.

Indeed mankind has always had regard to the fitness of names for things. In the beginning, the Creator, in separating the light from the darkness, is represented as calling the light day and the darkness night; and so the dry land was named earth, and the gathering of waters seas. All the beasts of the earth and the fowls of the air were brought to Adam, to see what he should name them; and whatsoever Adam called any living creature, that is its name. The woman, too, he called Eve, because she was to be the mother of mankind. The tree of life and the tree of knowledge were so called by reason of their nature.

In a far more significant sense was it said, "And thou shalt call His Name Jesus, for He shall save His people from their sins." He was also called "Emmanuel," "God with us." And when He came to found His Church, He selected a rock upon which to erect it, changing the name of the chief of His apostles from Simon to Peter, and saying, "Thou art Peter, and upon this rock I will build My church." Mary, His Mother, likewise was so called, because she was the Star of the Sea, shining over the dark and trackless waters of a despairing world and giving hope to those shipwrecked upon the shoreless ocean. Nor did the Christian ages ever regard with indifference this intimate relation of persons and things to the names by which they were known. Every baptized child bears some

* Address delivered before the Knights of Columbus of Notre Dame and South Bend Councils at the initiation banquet, held April 30, 1911.

sainted name to give character to his own life by this intimate association with the life of one who was himself so pleasing to his Maker, so true to the name of that Saviour, so steadfast to that rock of Peter.

And when the Almighty, in the fulness of time, was about to reveal to mankind this new world of ours, are we to suppose that He would be indifferent to the name of him who should for the first time plant the banner of the cross upon these virgin shores? We are not to regard the name of Columbus as given to the great discoverer by way of accident. "Columba" signifies "a dove"; and when the time came that this dove should be sent across the western waste of waters, to learn if perchance there was dry land beyond that trackless flood, was it not, as in the case of Noah, when the dove was let out to see if there was yet dry land beyond the waste of waters that encompassed the ark of mankind? And when the dove returned to the ark did she not bear "a bough of an olive tree with green leaves in her mouth?" Columbus, too, this modern dove of peace and love and affection, did he not return with the bough of the olive tree, with the green leaves of hope; for had he not also found the dry land beyond the waters, in which the long imprisoned millions of humanity should find freedom and the hope of a new and better life in that land beyond the western waters? Not without purpose, then, did our great discoverer bear the name of Columbus, the dove who brought back to those within the ark the bough of the olive tree, clothed with the green leaves of promise and hope.

But our patron was named not only Columbus, but even more, he was Christopher,—Christ-bearer. Could any name be more significant? Evidently Columbus himself so regarded this part of his name. The name is plainly from the Greek, *Christos*, Christ, and *pherein*, to carry; but Columbus, in his signature, combined the Latin with the Greek, as if to make it plainer that he was indeed the Christ-bearer, and so wrote his name *Xpo-Ferens*, Christ-bearing. St. Christopher, as we know, was a strong man of his day who bore pilgrims across a deep and rapid stream, upon his shoulders; and was so called, it is said, because on one occasion, without knowing it, he bore upon his shoulders the Child Christ Himself, and was nearly submerged in the midst of the

stream, because of the great weight of the Infant, who Himself carried upon His shoulders the weight of all the sins of the world. Christopher Columbus, too, bore the Christ across the deep waters of the western ocean, and the manner in which he referred to his own Christian name shows plainly that he regarded himself as divinely appointed to open the way and bear upon his own shoulders through the mighty depths of the ocean this same Christ who had been borne over the waters, centuries before, on the mighty shoulders of that other Christopher. Columbus, too, found the weight of his burden most heavy; but moved onward with the same intrepidity until overborne by the wrongs of others and sent home in chains, in testimony of his humiliation in the very lands to which he had himself borne the Christ and thus opened the way for untold millions of Christian peoples.

Could any name be more fit for the strong man, the great soul, the gentle dove, the genius who had discovered this dry land and brought back the twig of olive with the green leaves, the sign of hope and promise to the world, and who had then borne upon his own shoulders the Christ to this new land? Does it not indeed seem that this name was providentially chosen, was prophetic of the character and work of the wonderful discoverer, Christopher Columbus?

To this great name, Sir Knights, you have added still another designation, that of knight-hood. You are to be brave and valiant to carry on the great work which your patron began. You, like him, are to be doves of peace and good will, harbingers of hope and promise to those imprisoned in the ark; you are to be bearers of Christ to all the peoples of this land given to mankind by your patron. He regarded himself as a true Christ-Bearer. Do you likewise. His discovery would have been but little in his own estimation if it were not for the continued bearing aloft of that cross of Christ which he bravely set up on the land which he so devoutly named San Salvador, the Holy Saviour. Be you brave Knights as he; be you doves of peace and good will, of hope and promise for all mankind, as was he; be you, as was he, bearers of Christ to all this great new world of ours. Most happily named man, most happily named society! Be you all worthy Knights of Christopher Columbus.

That Unpunched Ticket.

Largely in Slang.

WILLIAM SCHALLERT, '12.

Bill Brady was down in New Orleans and was broke. He did not know anybody in town, that is, anybody from whom he could get a touch. He was squared up with the hotels, but of ready cash he was as clean as a vacuum. His last dime had tipped a waiter after a fifteen-cent meal. If he could only get back to New York, he thought he would be all right. He had friends and relatives there who could take care of him. His meditation was suddenly jarred by a slap on the back.

"Hello, bo! How about you?"

Turning, he took his friend Maxwell's outstretched hand and replied, "I don't know yet."

"Going anywhere today?" asked Maxwell.

"Just now I am headed for New York," Bill replied.

"Have you been here long?"

"Long enough to suit me," was the reply. Something in Bill's tone must have aroused Maxwell's suspicion, for he immediately asked:

"You're not broke, are you?"

Bill grinned, saying, "I was just debating when you came whether to go North by special train or charter a steam yacht." Maxwell's suspicion was confirmed.

"What are you doing? Kidding me or yourself? Listen here! I have got a first-class ticket on a boat to New York and I can't use it. It's limit will run out before I'm going back. It's yours, old man, and welcome. It will save you the price, and you might as well have it. It will only be wasted if somebody doesn't use it. He pressed the ticket upon Bill to whom it was like manna from the skies.

The boat pulled out of the Mississippi late that afternoon, just as the kitchen crew was making ready for dinner. The sound of revelry from the dining-room made Bill dive into his states-room as he did not have a penny to obtain a meal with. There he spread out his grips and took up a book to read. It was "Old Curiosity Shop." As you can scarcely open Dickens' works and not find somebody eating he threw down the book savagely

and turned in. "He who sleeps dines!" he murmured.

Bill was awakened in the morning by the breakfast bell. He got up and dressed and went on deck. One of the stewards, a plum-and-pudding faced chap, hove alongside and cheerfully remarked:

"Haven't you been to breakfast, sir?" Bill's first impulse was seasickness, but instead he sprang a new one on the steward.

"I don't eat the food you prepare on board. Oh, not that your grub is all to the mustard," he added, "but I am an experiment for a medical society. I am living on sea air for a week to test its toxic properties. We have a theory that a certain brand of air contains more nutriment than beef and potatoes, or even pie." The steward gave him a searching look and rolled on his way forward.

The following afternoon when Bill was present on deck a lady and her niece were conversing freely and Bill soon made their acquaintance.

"What a bracing air!" remarked the aunt, taking a deep breath. "It gives one such an appetite, doesn't it?"

"It does, indeed," he replied in a hollow tone.

"Do you like canvasback ducks?" she asked, turning to Bill, and, without giving him time to reply, "and planked steak with all the vegetable fixings they serve here? I think they are perfectly delicious."

From a fold of her wrap she brought forth a box of chocolates, opened it, and passed the confections to her niece with the remark, "It's too bad you men never eat sweetmeats. You don't know what you miss."

Bill eyed the chocolates with the eye of a wolf and said:

"Yes, it is too bad. Maybe sometime we'll know better."

The niece told Bill about her brother Charley and how she would like very much for them to meet as she had heard that Bill was a medical experiment and Charley was also a college student.

When Bill tumbled out of his berth late the next day he stood up tentatively. He was not quite sure that his legs would carry him; but he did not feel any perceptible weakness. As he reached the deck he saw Charley standing beside his sister.

"Mr. Brady, this is Charley," said the niece.

They shook hands; somewhat stiffly on Bill's part, with boyish warmth on Charley's.

"My sister has been telling me about you," said Charley. "And what a shark you are calling the turn on a ship's run. You might declare a fellow in, you know, on tomorrow's pool. I've lost every time. If you do I'll make you a welch rabbit."

"Charley," broke in his sister, "stop babbling about your culinary accomplishments. Mr. Brady is a medical experiment. He doesn't eat the food of mortals." She looked up at Bill with laughing eyes. "Isn't that it? One of the stewards told us."

Bill laughed in order to dodge the reply. Then promptly dismissed this disquieting thought as impossible. Charley made him forget his troubles by turning abruptly to him saying:

"Say, old man, you're a fan, aren't you?"

"I'm one of the chief rooters for the Giants," said Bill. "They'll kick for the pennant this year."

"Wait a minute," interrupted Charley's sister, "I've got a problem for Mr. Brady. How many consecutive base hits can a team gather in one inning, without a score?"

"Six," replied Bill.

"You're crazy. I beg your pardon. I mean you're mistaken. I can get but five. You can't get any more than that," replied the girl.

Bill smiled with the superciliousness of superior knowledge but said nothing.

"I'll bet you a dinner," Charley blurted out with boyish heat, "that you can't name more than five."

"You're on," Bill said quietly.

"I hope you will lose, Charley," said the sister.

"All right, sis. Let him name the six hits, and I'll buy the dinner. I'll buy two dinners, and even if you are rooting against me, I'll include you in the layout, if Mr. Brady is willing."

"More than willing," Bill hastened to assure him. "I should not make a bet if your sister were not included, and your aunt also."

Charley nodded: "Aunty goes."

"Well then, here you are," replied Bill. "First man up singles and is thrown out at second. Second man up ditto. Next three men single and fill the bases. Five safe hits and two outs. Sixth man hits a runner with a batted ball. The runner is out in consequence

and the batter is credited with a base hit. Six hits, three outs, and no score. Get it?"

Charley took his card from a case and handed it to Bill.

"You win. We'll meet you at Sherry's hotel, six o'clock, the day following our landing at New York. And we'll have a dinner that will make the waiters set up and take notice. You can't get anything fit to eat on board this old hooker," he said.

Bill went into his states-room and thought of the good dinner he would have as soon as he got to New York, but could not stand the rattling of dishes in the dining-room below. He thought he could stick it out until they reached the skyline of New York. And never had that skyline looked so inviting to him, as it did when he finally saw it. He was then aroused by a gentle tap on his shoulder.

"Your ticket, please," said the purser. By some peculiar rule of the steamship company they never collected the passengers' tickets until they neared port. Bill dug into his breast pocket and handed the purser his ticket. The purser looked at it curiously and then with equal curiosity at Bill.

"Why, this ticket isn't punched," he exclaimed.

Bill got a chill down to his toes. What was he up against now? What was wrong with the ticket? Could it be that it was void? Had Maxwell played a trick on him? If so, they would not allow him to land, would carry him back to New Orleans. Never! thought Bill as he cast a furtive glance toward the rail with a desperate resolve to spring overboard and swim for it. With a jerk he pulled himself together and pried loose his stiffening tongue saying,

"Wha—what—what do you mean by not being punched?"

"Why," replied the purser, scratching under his cap with a puzzled air, "I can't understand why the steward hasn't punched it each day. This first-class ticket is good for every meal and all the extras during the trip."

"It is a wholesome and joyful thing, when one is young, to walk in the light of high ideals: but the ideals of youth are, at the best, unsubstantial, and it is only when one has striven, suffered and labored for years, that he is made capable of endowing them with reality and life."

The Development of English Poetry.

JOHN T. BURNS, '13.

About the year 449 A. D., the Angles, Saxons and Jutes left their homes in Schleswig-Holstein and Jutland for Britain; they called the new home, Engla-land and the language which they spoke, English. It was the language which is now known by the name Anglo-Saxon, though it is not at all like the modern English. However, it was the groundwork of our modern English.

In 600, the English were converted to Christianity. The Fathers who converted them not only ministered to their spiritual needs, but likewise taught them the Roman alphabet, in place of the Runic characters, and taught their disciples to read Latin books. Hitherto these people knew no literature other than a few war songs. But with the inculcation of religion and the Roman language, a varied and somewhat extensive literature came into existence, imperfect, it is true, but embracing work on almost every branch of knowledge.

The first form which English literature, like all other literature, took on was poetry. This is always so, because mankind in a rude state of society lives in close communion with nature, the source of all poetic inspiration. Thus the expression of their commonest thoughts naturally assume poetic form.

There is another and equally weighty reason why men's thoughts are recorded in poetic forms, and it is this: among the illiterate events are more easily preserved through the medium of song. These songs or poems in the early state of any society generally have for their theme, great heroes, man and nature.

The oldest poem in the English language is the legend of the mythical hero, Beowulf. The scene of the story is attributed to Seeland, in Denmark. It is a poem which brings us face to face with nature, as seen by our nature-worshipping ancestors. Another poem of this early period is "The Battle of Finnesburg," a poem filled with martial music and homely simplicity. The religious poems of this period were like the others, differing only in subject.

From 1066 to 1362 was the period of transition. During the preceding six centuries the language had changed very little; but with

the coming of the Normans, the time during which the change from old to new was being effected, there was no such thing as poetry, properly speaking, but only versification. French was everywhere in evidence, for it is to be remembered the Normans practically gave up their own language and adopted French speech, manners and customs. Many of the versifiers of this period delighted in writing trimeters, throwing two lines into one. It is from this two in one combination that the Alexandrine or Hexameter verse sprang up.

The earliest songs of which there is any authentic record, were written during this period, probably about the year 1200. There is also a metrical version of the psalms, but the chief works of the period are the so-called verse-histories. The writers of these histories were Normans and they wrote for Norman readers.

Layaman, a priest, furnishes us with the most important work—a verse-history—of this period. The story commences with the fall of Troy and takes us up to the reign of the Anglo-Saxon king, Athelstan. The versification is very irregular. It sometimes follows the Anglo-Saxon models and again those of the French. In the poem there is a decided mark of carelessness in grammatical structure and inflection, which led to the almost complete development of a new language.

Among the religious poems of this period, we have a "Lives of Saints" and "Handlyng of Synne" by Rob't Manning of Braine. The purpose was to give religious instruction through the medium of attractive stories. About the year 1327 during the years of the "Black Prince," two movements were particularly noticeable, the one was the uniting of England; the other was the social discontent displayed by the masses. It was these two movements which produced and marked out the age of Chaucer.

Chaucer was a scholar, traveller, business man and courtier. He shared in all the stirring life of his times, and reflects it in his literature as no other man, save Shakespeare. His greatest work is "The Canterbury Tales," about twenty-four in number, and dealing with mankind in his various occupations.

Langland is sometimes included in this period sometimes in the Anglo-Norman period. Besides these two men those worthy of mention are: Wycliff, the greatest and the best of

the reformers, giving the gospel to the people in their own tongue; Gower, the scholar and literary man, criticising the vigorous life of his times and fearful of the consequences.

The century and a half following the age of Chaucer is destitute of literature of any importance. Nor is there anything strange or startling in this. It is the most volcanic period of English history, the Reformation, having its rise during this time. The period is known as the revival of learning. The people paid much attention to the study of the classics. Even when men did write, their work was characterized by a stilted style, while the poetry itself was nothing more than prose versification.

However, in the age immediately following, we find not only much that is to be commended along poetical lines, but real true poetry, beaming with life and contentment. The age was characterized by peace, that is, peace compared with the century and a half preceding. Even Elizabeth herself, much as she has been condemned, was a woman of tolerance, and one who recognized the superiority of men of letters. It is no wonder then that during this time we find much accomplished that was worth while.

The age gave to us, among the non-dramatic poets, Edmund Spenser, whose allegory, "The Faery Queen," will last as long as English is spoken; Phillip Sidney, who, though a minor poet, has left us much that is to be admired; Michael Drayton, who has contributed a work of many thousand couplets, "Poly-albian," describing the land, rivers, mountains, etc., of Britain, which to antiquarians, at least, is a highly valuable work.

The dramatists of the first part of this era were men whose time was devoted chiefly to the production of miracle plays. Though their plots were loosely woven together, they are, nevertheless, remarkable, considering the times in which they were produced. Crude as they were we do not have to advance far into the future before we meet with Marlowe and Johnson who both contributed to the pleasure-seeking public. And then following Marlowe comes our greatest dramatist, William Shakespeare, whose works are greater than any predecessor's, and who bids fair to eclipse men in future ages.

As soon as 1620, there was a noticeable tendency away from the influences which

made the Elizabethan age what it was. The period known as the "Puritan Age" was already dawning. This movement is regarded by many as a second and greater Renaissance,—as Long states it, "A rebirth of the moral nature of man following the intellectual awakening of Europe in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries." This new movement permeated all religious beliefs, and had a tendency to make man solemn, and, we might say, almost morose. It was this age that produced the stateliest and perhaps the noblest poet, Milton.

But whatever good or bad was derived from the Puritan movement, present-day attitude classes it as an age of over-severity. Restraint had been placed on every phase of society; and while restraint is good up to a certain point, beyond that point it becomes unbearable, becomes loathsome, and is not productive of what it might have been, had it been exercised with moderation. This is noticeable in the period which follows. The reaction which took place resulted in a sickened and fevered mind. Men wrote as in a delirium, that which was produced being vile in the extreme. Poets, as well as prose writers, were affected with the mania, and as a result we have a period in which licentiousness had too much play.

We must not think, however, that there was no poetry worth while produced during that period. Dryden and Pope contributes much that is commended, but it is possible that had they lived in a different age posterity would have received from them more which might be admired.

As early as 1688, the time of the Revolution, during which the Stuarts were driven from the throne, Englishmen began to turn their attention to political affairs and the improvement of their government. In 1702 the printing press came into existence, and with it the newspapers and magazines. The social life of the people became broader and they set about to try and live peaceably together. Clubs of all kinds sprang up. Men became more polished in word and manner. The age took on an air of artificiality. Strange to say, though, too, it is not strange, considering the advent of the press, the age was an age of prose. The newspapers and magazines, of course, made it so; and as a result we have only a few poets worthy of the name; Gray is one; the other is the poet of humanity—Burns.

But when we look to the nineteenth century with its democracy and Romanticism, we forget the past and dwell in the beautiful sunlight of Romance and drink till we are filled. Democracy—and hand in hand, as always, with it Romanticism.

Democracy—for to understand what it was that brought about the Romantic period we must understand what made Democracy possible—had its rise in the proclamation of independence, and the recognition of that independence by King George in 1783; this, coupled with the storm which was brought about during the next fifty years by the French Revolution, resulted, in the nineteenth century, in the Romantic age. And the age brought forth such men as Wordsworth, Coleridge, Scott, Byron, Keats, Shelley, and Southey.

The last period known as the Victorian Age was made possible by the triumph of Democracy in the established order of Providence. Men began now to turn their thoughts more to the everyday tasks of life; instead of man against man and class against class, all men were united in one great brotherhood, each lent himself more eagerly to help his striving neighbor. The men of this age thought more of deeds than of lofty sentiment expressed in wonderfully woven language. The result is that poetry suffered a decline; yet with its decline there has been left to posterity the names of two great poets, Tennyson and Browning.

Revolt.

SIMON E. TWINING, '13.

WHEN Autumn breathed the leaves fell, one by one,
The grasses withered, and the blossoms fled,
And o'er the earth a snow-veil Nature spread,—
A veil by Mab, the Queen of Fairies spun,—
To hide the shame, through all the winter drear,
Until the spring should rouse to life again
Earth's children, mourned so bitterly by men,—
The spring, most beauteous season of the year.

But earth, in anger, viewing Autumn's trail,
Which Nature seemed so little to regard,
Though all earth's fairest beauties it had marred,
In passion rent and tore aside the veil:
Thus, often, man, in earth's rebellious rôle,
When heaven anew would veil his soul with grace,
To heal, and guard him from his passions base,
Resists his God and mars a beauteous soul.

Toteen Blood.

GEORGE N. MCCOY, '13.

The old chief sat smoking his pipe by the camp-fire with his feet folded underneath him, while the squaws of the tribe were busily grinding the corn for the evening meal. This Indian tribe had pitched their tents in a small valley close to what was known as Moca's Peak. The sound of horses' hoofs was heard and in a short time White Hawk appeared on his broncho. He dismounted and held up his right hand, signifying "I am a friend."

"Where Silver?" he asked, addressing the chief. The latter nodded towards a tent, uttering a grunt, and White Hawk turned and walked into it.

White Hawk was the young chief of a neighboring tribe. His brown eyes matched his dark skin, while his erect form gave him an air of dignified prominence. He wore the Indian costume of the tribe he was visiting. On entering the tent he beheld a girl, some eighteen years old, of very handsome features. Her skin was amber; her eyes shone, and her pearly teeth glittered when she smiled. Her hair was black; two braids hung, one over each shoulder, and around her head was tied a red band of cloth. This cloth signified she was soon to be married. The man who entered the tent was her future husband. He stood there by the open flap, waiting for her to look up again. When she did, she said:

"White Hawk, your skin like white man's. You sick?"

"No! why you ask? I well, but—"

"Yes, go on."

"Last night, after prayer to Great Spirit on Moca, I went back to my people. I met old man. White man. He talk to me. He a miner. He told me all about Chiqua's mother."

"Chiqua's mother? Bright Water her name," said Silver; "she went away last summer to happy hunting grounds. What white man say?"

"He say Bright Water was Toteen! Medicine man say Toteen no good, so does the Chisera. They curse. He gone," pointing to the east.

"No! and he gone—forever?" she asked.

White Hawk nodded. She knew only too well what it meant among her people to have Toteen blood in one's veins. It was the tribe despised by all of her associates. The Chisera had cursed them, and she knew, for she could communicate with the Great Spirit. Long ago the Chisera said that the Toteen tribe had cursed the Great Spirit for losing one of their battles. Ever since, all thought of intermarriage with the Toteens was entirely banished. Then White Hawk spoke:

"Your people, my people, all hate Toteen like white man hate nigger. The Great Spirit and the Chisera hate them, so we hate them. Chiqua was good man, fight good, brave man! But he Toteen." He then pulled out from his sack a string of beads, brightly colored, and placed them around Silver's neck. "For you, Silver, I make it." But she did not look up. He turned on his heel and went over to his broncho, that grazed in a small plot, leaped on her back, spurred her and galloped away. Meanwhile he left Silver in a deep mood. She had played with Chiqua since her childhood, and it was hard to think that she would never see him again. She was aroused from her thoughts by her father, the old chief, entering the tent.

"What White Hawk tell you?" he asked; and she told him the story.

When White Hawk arrived at his camp, he saw a young man coming up the path. The young man held up his right hand, likewise did the Indian. The former was the first to speak:

"I want to see White Hawk. I'm a lawyer from the town over yonder."

"What you want him for?" asked the Indian. "I am chief."

"O well, if that's the case, I suppose I must state it all to you first," the young lawyer proceeded. "You see White Hawk has never seen his mother that he can remember of. She ran away with a white man when he was a papoose. She went to school and became like a white woman."

"Go on," said the Indian.

"She was very wealthy, you know, lots of money, and died a month or so ago, leaving it all to White Hawk so the squaws and others can go to school. There, can I see him now?"

"A moment!" and the Indian raised his hand, "who was White Hawk's mother? Her name?"

"Oh! Mrs.—, well her Indian name was Bright Water, and she came from the Toteen tribe."

White Hawk jumped off his pony, folded his arms, and looked at the young man. His eyes shone and the muscles bulged out in his arms. Then he spoke in a quiet low tone.

"White Hawk here no more. He gone to happy hunting grounds with his Toteen mother."

"Well, I'll be jiggered, and you made me tell you all. Well, much obliged. Good day," and the young lawyer passed out of sight. It was now near sundown and the horizon was tinted with a soft glow of red. Without pausing, he jumped on his broncho and turned its head towards Moca Peak. Arriving there, he stood on its summit. Stretching out his arms he cried:

"O Great Spirit and my forefathers, help me! What am I to do? If I take Silver as my squaw, she be unhappy; I am like Chiqua. For if I go 'way and don't take her, I be unhappy. I can not tell my people I am Toteen. Great Spirit, help me!"

Late in the night he crept to Silver's tent and told her all. At first she was going to arouse the Chief. But no! She knew now that she loved him.

"White Hawk, my Chief," she said looking up into his eyes, "we go 'way from here. We go where white man is over there."

He held her gently in his strong arms and raising his eyes he uttered a fervent prayer of thanksgiving to the Great Spirit.

A Tribute.

HE whom we dearly loved has passed away.

In life he labored well, and showed each soul
The nobler aims. In death he reached the goal.
With God his spirit; on earth his hallowed clay.
His face benign, calm as an Eden day
Reflected hope and love and peace. Control,
The guiding star where human passions roll,
O'er ev'ry act held undisputed sway.

The span of life allowed to mortals here

On earth, in him God lengthened for our sake.

His virtues proved by age's trying rod,
Bore ripened fruit upon his brow. No fear

Of toil or death could his great spirit shake.

A model and a perfect man of God. B. E.

The Passing of Arthur: A Review.

DANIEL R. SHOVLIN, '14.

The most of us have surely read with much pleasure the *Idylls of the King*, a collection of romantic legends put into poetical form. These legends deal with a mighty king who lived at the time when Christianity was first introduced into Britain; at a time when the country was overrun with lawless bands under robber barons, who preyed upon the people, and made the country, on the whole, a very unhappy one. The first book of the *Idylls* tells of the Coming of Arthur. The old seers and wise men prophesied the coming of a great and good king, who would put an end to the disorders of the unhappy land, and would bring the robber barons into subjection. The story is told in a poetical vein which casts a glamour around the person of Arthur.

The poet then tells how Arthur subdues the outlaws, organizes the Round Table, a band of knights of unimpeachable morals and goodness of heart, whose sworn duty was to right wrong and serve God. He describes in detail the various members of this band—the greatest of whom is Launcelot—their deeds and their characters.

During the course of his reign, his wife becomes unfaithful to him, his knights are either slain or leave him. The invader comes, aided by some of his former knights, and we find him, on this night, mourning in his tent before the great battle which is to be fought on the morrow. The opening words are of great beauty and full of deep feeling because, like Christ on the cross, he cries out to God not to desert him.

I found them in the shining of the stars,
I marked them in the flowering of His fields,
But in His ways with men I find Him not,
I waged His wars, and now I pass and die.

In this same dream he seems to hear the voice of Gervain, who is blown along on a wandering wind, who tells him:

Hollow! hollow! all delight!
Hail king! tomorrow thou shalt pass away
Farewell! there is an isle of rest for thee;
And I am blown along on a wandering wind.

This seems to indicate that Gervain is in purgatory or hell where there is no rest, and tells

Arthur heaven is for him. Bitterly he bewails the loss of his wife,

When all is lost, and wife and child with wail
Pass to new lords.

The bold Sir Bedivere seeks to comfort him, and tells Arthur that the enemy under Modred approaches.

The poet then goes on with a vivid description of the battle and the place where it is fought. The sun rising in the morning finds Arthur pushing the enemy under Modred back foot by foot, until they have their backs to the sea and can retreat no farther. A thick, heavy mist hangs over the field, so thick that friend or foe can not be distinguished from one another. The battle goes on until both armies are annihilated, and there remain only Arthur, Sir Bedivere, and Modred, who, seeking to slay Arthur, is himself slain, not without severely wounding Arthur. Sir Bedivere bears him to a chapel near the battlefield which the poet describes,

A broken chancel with a broken cross.

Arthur realizes he is going to die, "slain by this people which I made," and will not live till morning. He directs Sir Bedivere to fling his sword back into the lake from which he received it at the hands of the Lady of the Lake. It is so wonderful that Bedivere thinks it a waste to throw it away, and therefore hides it.

He returns to the king, who knows he did not carry out his commands, and bids him go a second time and then a third time, which he does. As the sword is about to strike the water an arm and hand extends itself from the water, catches the sword by the hilt, waves it three times in the air and disappears. At Arthur's request Bedivere places him on his shoulders and bears him to the sea, where a barge is waiting and in it are three beautiful maidens weeping bitterly. Arthur is placed in the ship which sails away. These are the last words of Arthur:

The old order changeth, yielding place to new,
And God fulfils Himself in many ways,
Lest one good custom should corrupt the world.

Thus closes the life of one of the most romantic figures in English literature. Although unreal he will not be forgotten, but generations that are to come will feel the emotion of this closing chapter of his life.

"To love is the first and last word of time, and the only word of eternity."

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—Tuesday last the military companies proved that Captain Stogsdall has rendered notable service in his department of the University training. The many ob-

Our Instructor in stacles and drawbacks he
Military Tactics. encountered from the begin-

ning would long ago have discouraged men less enthusiastic in the work. But our military instructor does not recognize such a word as failure. When he puts his hand to the plow he never turns back. Despite difficulties of schedule and indifference on the part of some of the cadets, he kept alive waning interest by his enthusiasm and quickened others with his spirit. The student cadets to whom he has given of his time and patience may not only learn from him the military bearing of the soldier, but, what is even more important, the strength and tact and perseverance that do not stop at difficulties. It is for them a lesson of the future, a life lesson. The University is to be congratulated on having secured the services of such a persevering worker, such a distinguished soldier and such a fine type of man, as Captain Stogsdall. And in this recognition of our Captain we wish to imply a compliment to his staff of officers and loyal soldiers in the ranks. Long and continued success to the military companies!

State Convention of Knights of Columbus.

Notre Dame council's delegates to the state convention of the Knights of Columbus returned from Richmond during the week, bringing news of a successful meeting. Notre Dame council received a high honor through the choice of Rev. M. A. Schumacher as state chaplain for the ensuing year. William F. Fox of Indianapolis, a loyal friend of Notre Dame, was unanimously elected to the highest office, that of state deputy.

More than a hundred delegates, representing the seven thousand five hundred and thirty-five members of the order in Indiana, attended the sessions of the convention, which were followed on Tuesday evening by a reception and dance. The enthusiastic hospitality of the loyal knights and fair ladies of the beautiful city of Richmond will long be a source of pleasant memories to the representatives of the local council, Grand Knight W. L. Benitz and Past Grand Knight John C. Tully, who were royally entertained during their stay in the Quaker City.

Interstate Oratorical Contest.

The fifth interstate contest in oratory, under the auspices of the Intercollegiate Peace Association was held in McCoy hall of Johns Hopkins University at Baltimore, Friday evening, May 5. This contest was one of the big features of the Third National Peace Congress which was in session in the above-mentioned city during May 3, 4, 5 and 6. Representatives from seven states took part in the contest. The contestants having been previously declared winners in a state contest were therefore best qualified to contend for the honors of their respective states. Indiana was represented by Mr. Joseph Quinlan of Notre Dame University.

The contest, as a whole, was spirited, and each of the young orators handled his theme with a readiness that bespoke high qualities of oratorical skill. Although Mr. Quinlan was not ranked, by the judges, among the winners of the prizes offered, yet it was very generally conceded that he was a close contestant for first honors. In delivery he evidenced an ability superior to any of the other contestants. In the matter of composition his oration was

thoroughly logical and clear, and was the most practical in the way of presenting a solution for bringing about international peace. It seemed to be lacking somewhat in point of climax, a quality particularly prominent in the winning oration, which fact apparently militated against the speaker in the opinion of the judges, and was probably the cause why Mr. Quinlan was not placed among the winners. Mr. Stanley H. Howe of Albion College, Michigan, was awarded the first prize of seventy-five dollars, and Mr. Wayne Calhoun of Illinois Wesleyan University, who secured second place, received a prize of fifty dollars.

Commencement Program, 1911.

THURSDAY, JUNE 8.

8:30 P. M. Preparatory Commencement.
Address.....The Rev. John Talbot Smith
Rector of Dobbs Ferry, N. Y.

SATURDAY, JUNE 10.

Address..... His Excellency, Judson Harmon
Governor of the State of Ohio.

SUNDAY, JUNE 11.

8:00 A. M. Solemn high mass
Baccalaureate Sermon—Rev. Walter Elliott, Paulist
8:00 P. M. Reunion of Alumni
Address.....Dr. James J. Walsh, of the
School of Medicine of Fordham University.

MONDAY, JUNE 12.

9:00 A. M. Bachelors' Orations
1:00 P. M. Boat races
2:30 P. M. Baseball game.
8:00 P. M.—Commencement Address by the Hon.
Sir Charles Fitzpatrick, Chief Justice of the
Dominion of Canada.
Conferring of Degrees, Medals, etc.

The Max Pam Annual Lecture.

Dr. Max Pam delivered his annual lecture before the law and college classes of the University on Saturday, May 6th. The Doctor took as his theme "Public Policy and Life." His definition of public policy is "the common law of morality." The distinguished lawyer is no stranger here, having delivered two lectures before the student body last year, one of them being delivered during Commencement week. From a point of view of general interest and utility, the lecture of last Saturday is one of the best we have heard this year. Dr. Pam knows whereof he speaks, and conveys his ideas to his hearers in a way that sends the argument home.

Memorial-Day Program.

The following program has been arranged in connection with the unveiling of the bronze statue of Reverend William Corby, C. S. C., a former President of the University, and Chaplain of the Irish Brigade during the Civil War.

8:00 A. M. Solemn high mass
Celebrant, Rev. Father Hayes, Pastor of Gettysburg.

Patriotic Exercises in Washington hall
immediately after mass

Address.....Gen. John C. Black, Past
Com. in-chief of the Grand Army of the Republic.

Dress parade of Military Battalion.

AddressRev. John P. Chadwick
Former Chaplain of the ill-fated Battleship *Maine*.

This address will be delivered from the porch
of Corby hall, and immediately after
the Corby Statue will be unveiled.

Communication.

The following kind letter has been received from Governor Marshall:

EXECUTIVE DEPARTMENT,
STATE OF INDIANA.

May 5, 1911.

MY DEAR SIR:—I note with regret the passing away of the Rev. Martin J. Regan, C. S. C., on the evening of May 2d.

My knowledge of him was no more intimate than that of my general knowledge of your institution, but I have so high a regard for Notre Dame that I feel that the passing away of anyone connected with it is a distinct loss to the State and to the Church.

Courteously yours,

THOMAS R. MARSHALL,
Governor.

REV. JOHN CAVANAUGH, C. S. C.,
Notre Dame, Indiana.

Brownson Society Wins Debate.

On last Sunday evening in the assembly room of Walsh hall the three representatives of Brownson Literary and Debating Society won an unanimous decision over the team selected by the St. Joseph society in the annual debate between these organizations. The question read: "Resolved, That cities having a population of over 30,000 should adopt the commission form of government." St. Joseph boys upheld the affirmative, while the Brownson trio attacked the proposition. Mr. J. F. Smith opened for the affirmative and was the most effective member of his team. A little more earnestness would have

added much to his work. Mr. T. Mahoney, very probably the best speaker of the evening opened for the negative, and showed ease of manner and pleasing address. Mr. C. Henneberger, the second affirmative speaker, had his speech well memorized, but his work lacked polish. Mr. J. McCarthy, the second member of the Brownson team, had a very well-prepared speech which he delivered effectively. Mr. Sanford, the third affirmative speaker, had good points, but had not the matter well in hand. Mr. R. O'Neill, third affirmative, showed care in the preparation of his manuscript, but his gestures lacked the ease which practice will bring him. The rebuttals were very interesting and many clever points were brought out.

Rev. Father Walsh made the closing remarks, showing the importance of interhall and inter-society debates as giving a knowledge of great public questions. Father Walsh, Messrs. J. Hines and J. Callahan acted as judges. Mr. Wm. Cotter presided.

Obituary.

John Romana has the sincere sympathy of all the University on the death of his sister, who passed away recently. *R. I. P.*

Personals.

—Mr. C. A. Davies of Chicago visited Earl Dickens Saturday and Sunday.

—Father M. J. Dorney, pastor of St. Gabriel's Church, Chicago, attended Father Regan's funeral last Friday.

—Otto Schmid (Ph. B. '09) writes congratulating the members of the debating team on their recent victory.

—Bernard Bogy ('09-'10), Carroll haller, writes Notre Dame friends that he will "be back at N. D. next year, sure."

—Hon. William P. Breene ('77), of Fort Wayne, was at Notre Dame last Friday to attend Father Regan's funeral.

—Edward M. Schaack (B. B. S. '93), of Chicago, visited the University during the week to meet old friends and renew his college spirit.

—John J. Kennedy (A. B. '09), extended the glad hand to the N. D. track team on its Eastern trip, gave them a royal reception,

and commissioned them to remember him to all his Notre Dame friends.

—Byron V. Kanaley (A. B. '04) and Mark M. Foote ('73), of Chicago, were present at the funeral of their old friend, Rev. Father Regan.

—"Dan" Murphy (LL. M. '97), former Notre Dame manager of athletics, sends his regards to "all the fellows." His address is 720 West Fortieth Street, New York.

—Louis B. Beardslee (old student) sends an announcement of the firm of Kappes, Beardslee & Company with offices at 111 West Monroe Street, Chicago, Illinois. The business of the firm is Industrial Real Estate.

—Lawrence E. Langdon (Law student '07-'08) led the Democratic ticket, Pueblo, Colorado, when he was recently elected district attorney. Those who know Lawrence are not surprised at his early successes in the political world.

—Rev. John Hughes, pastor of St. Lawrence's Church, Portland, Oregon, stopped off at the University last Monday week on his way to New York. Father Hughes expected to sail Wednesday for a six months' European tour.

—The reproductions of the Gregori Frescoes have been saluted with great acclaim. We select the following letter as a sample:

1811 BILTMORE ST.,
WASHINGTON, D. C.,
April 28, 1911.

REV. AND DEAR FATHER:—I thank you for the beautiful copies of Gregori's Columbian Series of Frescoes which you have so kindly sent me. They have a very wide symbolic interest in view of the vast changes wrought from the time of the discovery of America to the present point in its history. Your own institution, in itself and its works, is a typical example of advanced activity in the most important direction, that of true Christian education.

Sincerely yours in Christ,

✠ D. Falconio,
Apostolic Delegate.

REV. JOHN CAVANAUGH, C. S. C.,
President, University of Notre Dame,
Notre Dame, Indiana. U. S. A.

Calendar.

Sunday, May 14—Band Concert, 6:30 p. m.

Monday, May, 15—Accounts close 4 p. m.

Wednesday, May 17 DePaul University at N. D.
May devotions, 7:30 p. m.

Knights of Columbus dance.

Thursday, May 18—Cathedral College at Notre Dame.

Saturday, May 20—May devotions, 7:30 p. m.

College theses and prize essays due.

Society Notes.

CIVIL ENGINEERING.

On the evening of May 10, the Civil Engineering students held another meeting of their society. Mr. James Wasson spoke on "Some problems in city railways." Mr. Wasson called to mind the main thought an engineer of city railways must have in mind at all times, that is, he must develop rapid transit consistent with safety to traffic. Surface cars alone, in large cities, will not give the desired results, so the engineer has brought to a fair degree of perfection the subway and elevated systems. These systems are in vogue in our largest cities and lend great aid to the solving of the rapid transit problem. Mr. J. McSweeney gave us a very interesting account of the use, cost and magnitude of the New Croton dam. This dam controls the water supply of New York city today, having replaced the imperfect and inadequate reservoir system. At the time of its construction the Croton dam was considered the greatest engineering feat in America. With the construction of this dam the storage supply of water for New York city was increased by 32,000,000,000 gallons. Mr. George Wolff defended his opinions exceedingly well during the general discussion. He discussed the subject of the kinetic system of units as presented in analytical mechanics, emphasizing particularly the fundamental and derived units and the distinction between mass-pounds and pounds of force.

ELECTRICAL ENGINEERING.

The department of Electrical Engineering will soon install in the laboratory a very complete motor generator set, consisting of a Westinghouse D. C., interpole adjustable speed motor, directly connected to a special revolving field A. C. multiphase generator of the latest type. With this generator all the ordinary combinations of E. M. F. and current can be easily made, and the text-book theory can be directly applied in making such measurements of power, etc., as are made in the most up-to-date power plants.

ACOLYTES.

On Saturday, May 6, Mr. Dwight Cusick called together the altar-boys of the University for the purpose of organizing them into a

society. Seventeen responded, and at 8 o'clock the meeting came to order. In a brief talk, Mr. Cusick outlined a plan for organizing. All present approved of the plan, and officers were at once elected. Mr. Cusick was unanimously chosen president; Father W. R. Connor, honorary president; Brother Ceslaus, sergeant-at-arms. Wm. Galvin was made secretary. The organization is to be known as "Notre Dame Acolyte Society," and its object is to promote fellowship among its members, and to secure an organization through which all can easily be reached in case of a special occasion or celebration. By vote of those present, it was decided to include as members not only those who serve in Sacred Heart Church, but also those who serve in the hall chapels.

Local Items.

—The May devotions on Wednesday and Saturday evenings are very well attended.

—Last Thursday evening the Philopatrians enjoyed their annual banquet at the Oliver.

—Bulletins for the last exams were sent home during the week.

—Students' accounts close on May 15. After that date all purchases must be in cash.

—Notre Dame baseball team returned with a clean slate. Six straight victories tell their record.

—The ex-Philopatrians enjoyed a smoker in the Knights of Columbus rooms, Thursday evening.

—It is now when spring is here one realizes that Notre Dame is rightly called the "Garden spot of the middle west."

—The junior law baseball team played Brownson hall baseball team a tie game on the latter's campus Monday afternoon. This step towards class athletics is in the right direction.

—The interhall class baseball begins tomorrow when the senior and junior laws cross bats to determine supremacy. The other classes are organizing and the interclass league is practically assured.

—Reports have reached the University that the Alumni are to have a strong team to play the Varsity during Commencement week. Many

of Notre Dame's grads who have made good in the big leagues will be seen in their line-up.

—Walsh hall tennis enthusiasts are laying plans for the construction of a new tennis court in the rear of their hall. This healthy outdoor sport should receive due prominence among our University activities.

—Professor Ackerman is busy painting scenery for the coming play and for the Commencement exercises. His work along this line has always been of a high standard. To him Notre Dame owes much for her beautiful creations in stage settings.

—Old students in St. Paul recently met and formed a Notre Dame Club of that city. Thirteen members responded to the call but there are at least three times that many old boys in that city and vicinity. Next week we hope to publish a list of the officers.

—IMPORTANT NOTICE.—The President of the University has been requested to recommend a Catholic young man of strong character, well versed in elocution, for the position of tutor to an invalid boy eighteen years of age. Salary, one hundred dollars per month for nine months.

—From now until May 30th the Battalion will spend its time in preparing for the exercises of that day. Gen. Black and other notable men will be here to participate in the unveiling of the statue to Father Corby. The Battalion will act as escort for these distinguished war veterans.

—Walsh hall literary and debating society will entertain by a smoker and program Sunday night. At this social those men who have represented their hall in athletic activities, will be awarded the coveted letter. J. Wheeler, master of ceremonies, states that the program will be elaborate.

—Harry Hebner will have charge of the swimming contests for Commencement week. All those wishing to enter these races should hand their names to him immediately. It is expected that there will be some exciting events. Hebner and Mehlem will be matched for a hundred yard dash. These men hold world's records for swimming.

—Members of the *Dome* board are now taking orders for the 1911 issue. Editor-in-chief Hughes promises that this year's production will even surpass the successes of other years.

The book will be larger, containing 360 pages. Other features will be full-page pictures of the different classes, pictures of the seniors in their rooms, hall pictures, athletic team pictures and numerous others. In a word, it will be a kaleidoscopic review of the whole school year. Every student should secure at least one copy.

—During the coming week, general-admission and reserved-seat tickets for the Athletic Association benefit will be placed on sale. Two performances will be given in Washington hall, probably June 2, and another, June 13. The cast is practically the same one that appeared in the President's Day play, and with the additional training and experience should put on an excellent performance. From the showing made in the daily rehearsals it is judged that the play will be the most successful presented here in years.

—During the past week the crews have undergone a number of hard practices in preparation for the commencement races. The junior and freshman lawyers began work early in the week. This makes in all six crews. The senior and junior men are putting in their best licks to get speed and endurance in order to be second time winners, as both crews won last year. The sophs and freshmen will present a splendid example of the fighting spirit. The freshmen and junior lawyers are all heavy men and their race should be among the big attractions of commencement.

Athletic Notes.

Varsity, 59; Earlham, 53.

In one of the most hotly contested meets in which the gold and blue athletes have figured in some time, the Varsity added another to its long list of victories last Saturday, defeating Earlham College by the score of 59 to 53. This was the first outdoor meet of the year, and ideal weather, coupled with the improved condition of Cartier field, made possible the shattering of a few and the equaling of many records which have stood for a long time.

The surprise of the day was sprung by the Earlhamites in Conrad, one of the best all-round athletes in this section of the country, and individual high-point winner with a total of 22 to his credit. It was in the sprints

that Conrad made his most sensational showing, beating out Martin, who won the inter-collegiate championship in the 100 yards at Philadelphia a week before.

The time of 10 flat for the short sprint equals the best time made in the Pennsylvania games, and the mark of :22 1-5 for the 220-yard dash is evidence that the first victory was not a fluke. Conrad seemed to grow stronger as the tape drew near, pulling away from his opponents in the last twenty yards in each event.

A new state record for the discus, and, incidentally, one which exceeded the highest mark made by himself in the East two weeks ago, was hung up by Philbrook with a heave of 135 feet 5 inches against Stanley's toss of 115 feet 8 inches, no mean showing in itself.

Philbrook drew second in the individual points with 15, taking first in all the weight events with ease, with the exception of the hammer throw, in which he was disqualified for stepping outside the circle, and setting a new mark for Cartier field in the shot-put of 44 feet 11 1-2 inches. The captain of the track team also proved his versatility by winning the premier place in the 120 high hurdles.

Fletcher and Wasson were in rare form in their events, the former taking first place without any great effort in the 220-yard hurdles and tying with Conrad for honors in the high jump, while Wasson nearly equalled the inter-collegiate record in the broad jump established by himself, when he leaped 22 feet 9 inches. Here again the ever-present Conrad was his nearest contender, taking second with a mark of 22 feet 2 inches.

Fisher, the only gold and blue entry in the quarter mile, was beaten out by Brown of Earlham in the fast time of 51 2-5 seconds. Stanley proved a valuable man for the visitors in the weights, capturing first in the hammer throw after Philbrook had been ruled out, and taking the next best place in both the discus and the shot-put. His mark in the latter event, 37 feet 3-4 inch, was sufficient to prevent Rochne from taking the honor.

The strength of the gold and blue distance men was well displayed by the ease with which our entrants won the 880-yd. and the one and two mile runs. Devine took the lead in the half from the shot of the pistol and loafed in,

an easy winner, with Steers at his heels in the slow time of 2:06 2-5. Steers had little or no competition in the mile, being permitted to go the distance in 4:50, while Hogan broke the tape fully an eighth of a mile in the lead of his opponents, reeling off the long grind in 10:51 3-5.

The Earlham squad is a well-balanced team of more than ordinary ability. The margin of difference between the two scores is smaller than existed after any previous meet of this year, but the final success of Coach Maris' pupils proves that Notre Dame still possesses the material from which championship teams are hewn. Following is a summary of the events:

100-yard dash—Won by Conrad, Earlham; Martin, Notre Dame, second. Time, :10.

Mile run—Won by Steers, Notre Dame. Jones, Earlham, second. Time, 4:50.

220-yard dash—Won by Conrad, Earlham; Martin, Notre Dame, second. Time, :22 1-5.

220-yard hurdles—Won by Fletcher, Notre Dame; Good, Earlham, second. Time, :25 3-5.

440-yard dash—Won by Brown, Earlham; Fisher, Notre Dame, second. Time, :51 2-5.

Two mile run—Won by Hogan, Notre Dame; Carey, Earlham, second. Time, 10:51 3-5.

Half-mile run—Won by Devine, Notre Dame; Steers, Notre Dame, second. Time, 2:06 2-5.

Pole-vault—Won by Conrad, Earlham; Rush, Notre Dame, second. Height, 11 feet.

Discus throw—Won by Philbrook, Notre Dame; Stanley, Earlham, second. Distance, 135 feet 8 inches.

High-jump—Fletcher, Notre Dame, and Conrad, Earlham, tied—Height, 5 feet 10 inches.

Shot-put—Won by Philbrook, Notre Dame; Stanley, Earlham, second. Distance, 44 feet 11 1-2 inches.

Hammer throw—Won by Stanley, Earlham; Kelsay, Earlham, second. Distance, 131 feet 4 inches.

Broad jump—Won by Wasson, Notre Dame; Conrad, Earlham, second. Distance, 22 feet 9 inches.

120-yard hurdles—Won by Philbrook, Notre Dame; Magaw, Earlham, second. Time, 16 1-5.

DEPAUL MAKES BEST SHOWING.

On May 4th, DePaul lost to the Varsity by the score of 9 to 5. Regan was on the mound and held matters pretty well in control. Score by innings:

	R	H	E
Notre Dame..	0	0	0
De Paul.....	0	0	0

Batteries, Notre Dame, Regan and Ulatowski; DePaul, Brennan and O'Connell.

Varsity Wins Over Sacred Heart College.

On May 5th, Sacred Heart College, Prairie

du Chien, Wisconsin, proved easy for the Varsity in its march of conquest. The Sacred Heart boys showed nervousness, but understand the game none the less. Sherry and Farrell made each a two-base hit, while Quigley and Quyan hit for three sacks. Phillips pitched in rare form. Score by innings:

Notre Dame 3 3 0 0 0 2 0 2 0—10 8 1
Sacred Heart..... 0 1 0 0 0 0 0 0 0—1 3 9

Batteries: N. D., Phillips and Ulatowski; S. H., Schmitz and Schneider. Struck out—By Phillips, 11; by Schmitz, 8.

VARSITY DOWNS BELOIT.

The final contest on the trip away from home played at Beloit, last Tuesday, resulted in an easy victory for the Varsity by a score of 10 to 1. Good hitting by Captain Connolly's followers and almost faultless fielding explain the results. Notre Dame started the scoring in the first inning with runs by Granfield and Quigley.

Beloit's lone run was made on a triple by Funk in the seventh, when a batting rally netted the tally and put three men on base with none down. Sommers tightened up, and forced two of the three following to pop to the infield, fanning the third. Cy Williams was present with a pretty contribution in the ninth in the shape of a home run. The score:

Notre Dame	R	H	P	A	E
Granfield, 3b.....	1	1	1	1	1
Quigley, cf.....	2	2	5	0	0
Sherry, 2b.....	3	2	2	5	0
Williams, lf.....	2	2	3	0	0
Arnfield, rf.....	0	0	0	0	0
Farrell, 1b.....	0	0	8	0	1
O'Connell, ss.....	0	2	1	0	0
Fish, c.....	1	2	6	0	0
Sommers, p.....	1	0	1	1	0
Total	10	11	27	7	2

Beloit	R	H	P	A	E
Rowell, 2b.....	0	0	2	3	2
Landing, ss.....	0	2	2	1	0
Seiffert, rf.....	0	0	0	1	1
Steep, cf.....	0	0	2	0	1
Fucik, p.....	0	1	2	5	1
Sellesth, c.....	0	0	9	0	1
Totsworth, 1b.....	0	0	9	1	1
Funk, 3b.....	1	2	1	0	1
Bruce, lf.....	0	0	0	0	0
Total	1	5	27	11	8

Notre Dame 2 0 2 0 2 1 0 0 3—10
Beloit 0 0 0 0 0 0 1 0 0—1

Two base hits—Granfield, Sherry (2), Funk. Three-base hits—Landing, Funk. Home run—Williams. Bases on balls—Off Sommers, 3; off Fucik, 2. Struck out—By Somers, 3; Fucik, 8. Umpire—Fitzpatrick..

ST. JOSEPH COLLEGE GOES DOWN.

St. Joseph College was counted on for a hard game this year just like St. Viateur's, but they did not show surprising strength. The score is a sufficient indication of the relative strength of the two teams. Score by innings:

	R	H	E
Notre Dame	2	4	2
St Joseph	0	0	0

Batteries: N. D., Heyl and Ulatowski; St. J., Deily and Steffin.

BROWNSON WINS OVER WALSH.

Walsh and Brownson met Thursday afternoon in a grueling battle, which was not ended until the last half of the ninth, when Brownson made the winning run. The Walsh hallers drew a lead of two in the seventh, and it looked as if the game were sewed up, but Kevin replaced Newton, who appeared to be weakening, and the change seemed to improve the eyes of the Brownson men, who touched "Nick" Ryan for three hits and two runs in the eighth, tying the score. Newton started the game on the mound for Brownson, while Ryan twirled for Walsh.

	R	H	E
Brownson	0	3	0
Walsh	2	0	0

Batteries: Newton, Kevin and McGinnis; Ryan and McGladdigan. Struck out—By Ryan, 8; by Newton, 7; by Kevin, 3. Bases on balls—Off Newton, 3; off Ryan, 2.

ST. JOSEPH BOYS NO MATCH FOR CORBY.

In a contest which started off with all the earmarks of a major league battle but ended in a rout for St. Joseph, the Corby hallers took the second game of the interhall series, meanwhile advancing another step nearer the pennant, administering a clean shut-out to the west-siders to the tune of 10 to 0. Bergman held the St. Joseph batters to three scattered hits; but due to ragged support several of the batters got as far as third base. During the game Bergman struck out fourteen men. Kelley pitched for St. Joseph, and while he did well to coax seven of the Corby batters to fan the air, an equal number of errors for his crew more than offset the advantage thus gained. Two of the trio of bingles credited to the losers were obtained at his hands.

	R	H	E
St. Joseph	0	0	0
Corby	0	1	3

Strike outs—Bergman, 14; Kelley, 7. Bases on balls—Bergman, 2; Kelley, 3.