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Through All the Day.

WILLIAM J. MILROY, '13.

WHEN the morn reopes the eye
Of the day, the eastern sky
Like a mound of jewels high
All the world with splendor greets;—
All constant friend, I think of thee.

When the cooling evening breeze
Steals the fragrance from the trees
And the flowers, where the bees
With eager thirst were sucking sweets,—
All constant friend, I think of thee.

When the day has lost his sight,
And the lesser eyes of night,
To alarm the lovers, light
The tranquil gloom of their retreats,—
All constant friend, I think of thee.

The Poetry of John Keats.

WILLIAM J. MILROY, '13.



HE glass of criticism seeks truth; but it often happens that an admiring eye is blind to defects and can not perceive the truth even after diligent study. At least that was our experience with Keats. He is such a delicate creature, so attractive in his modest way, that we behaved very much like the lovable old botanist who, in his delight over "the crimson-tipped flower," completely forgot that he started a-field with his microscope.

But at length the critical desire prevailed against our prepossession, and we began, as well as we could, to examine the object

before us. The aim, then, of this article is not to discover matter in support of our preconceived opinion of Keats. I do not wish to gather evidence either in his praise or his disfavor.

The principle upon which Keats appears to have produced the whole of his work is, that the end of the poetic art is the creation of beauty. This beauty, he thought, need not wear the dress of truth, nor result in any material and lasting benefit; or, in the worn-out phrase, he considered that "beauty exists for its own sake." Moreover, it is not of the spiritual or intellectual sort, but is of that sensuous kind which we call the "beauty of nature."

Poetry, then, according to Keats' conception, is the creation of metrical composition whose purpose it is to refresh the imagination, to quicken the pulse of romance. With moral considerations it need have no concern; it is no part of the poet's office to assuage the troubles of the mind, to soothe and encourage the doubtful spirit, to sustain the hopes and relieve the fears of men. It is evident that such a theory reduces the power of poetry to the level of painting or sculpture, and is thus in conflict with ages of conviction.

While we must praise the eagerness with which Keats strove after his ideal, we can not but lament the short-sightedness which failed to see that that ideal was a counterfeit. It seems pathetic that a man so sensitive, so poetically endowed by nature, one whose religion may be styled a worship of Aphrodite, should select the lowest order of beauty as the goal of his literary efforts, should suppose beauty to consist in form rather than in substance.

Hence his productions are not a perfect representation of what he so devotedly sought

to portray. They can be said to paint the beautiful no more than the shadow of the rose on the grass, lacking all color and fragrance, can be declared to exhibit the beauty of that queenly flower. God is absolute beauty; to know beauty, as such, man must know God. But in all his writings, Keats professes none except the polytheistic religion. We are thus brought to conclude that, in his fundamental proposition; and thence in the entire superstructure, Keats is "a pole away from truth."

The fault with Keats' poetry is its want of interest in humanity; he left the human passions untouched. Those things which the world holds in highest esteem he utterly neglected. Of the thoughts that are most dear to men, of the levers of human action, he spoke not a syllable. Do we hear him singing of love, of virtue, of friendship, of heaven, of God? His tongue is silent. But is there anything left for his pen to chant? These things seem to circumscribe the conduct of all men and all years. Of what DOES he sing? Why, indeed, of delightful gods and goddesses, of flowers and stars, of nature and of nature's loveliness.

Such was the attitude of Keats toward poetry; that such was a false attitude is our unshakable conviction. We believe that poetry should so picture the good, the true, and the beautiful, as thereby to call forth noble emotions; and that like music its value is to be measured by the quality of the emotions aroused. Accordingly as the emotions are noble, and their impression lasting, the poetry is of worth. We base this contention on the testimony of the ablest censor of poetry—Time. All other critics flourish for a day, then their decisions are forgotten; but Time is the infallible judge. Reviewing the productions approved by time, we learn that a great poet expresses to the common people the purpose of life; he awakens emotions on subjects of universal concern; he speaks for the people what they sometimes think but can not utter. "In proportion as a poet grasps the universal in human affairs and sets it down well," said the deepest student of the University, "he is great." Now this, we know, is just what Keats did not accomplish. He deliberately left the high road of genuine poetic thought and traveled on a bypath of his own hewing. For such a reason we dare not place Keats in the first rank of poets. He will have ad-

mirers, it is true, in universities; enthusiastic students of literature will fondly thumb his luxurious and glowing pages; some romance-loving gentleman, in an idle hour, will chance to pick up his little book of poems, and will feel

Like some watcher of the skies
When a new planet swims into his ken.

But in the kitchens and about the lowly firesides of the common people, where the harshness of life ought to be softened by poetic sentiment, his name will never be mentioned. Yet we are somehow prejudiced in favor of Keats, and profess a fondness for him and for his poetry. For reasons elsewhere urged, we have gathered that he is but little known among readers. Even where he is known and admired, I think too slight credit is conceded to him. For Keats had many difficulties to surmount, and he received little aid on his journey through the world. Fortune did not grant him length of years as it allowed Tennyson and Wordsworth. He died in his twenty-sixth year and all his work was published between 1817 and 1820. Though possessing fine aptitude for learning, his acquaintance with the classics was meagre; of the Greek language, strange to say, he had no knowledge whatever. With Spenser and the Aeneid he was familiar; he had plunged into Chapman's Homer, and had devoured book after book of Greek mythology. This was his preparation, and it was slender enough. But Keats was gifted with a finely-wrought poetic nature, and that was a proper foundation. He dreamed poetry, even as Pope "lisp'd in numbers." A field of flowers, the hum of a prying bee, the soft gurgle of a brook, a burst of sunlight across his desk, filled him with delight and left tears of joy standing in his eyes.

Limited education and shortness of life were not the only opposers of his progress. His delicate body was scarcely ever free from pain; continual poverty rasped his whole life; and a few years after his birth, he lost both parents; the literary autocrats of the day mercilessly scourged him; even in love he was unsuccessful. But despite all these afflictions, no cloud darkens his poetry. Nowhere does his work reflect the author's suffering; it is, in his own words, "bright as the hummingbird's green diadem when it flutters in sunbeams that gleam through a fountain."

One would think that Keats had a premonition of his early death. Often he cries out for more time in which to finish his work, as,

When I have fears that I may cease to be
Before my pen has gleaned my teeming brain—

So sweet and tender were the first few notes, that the ensuing silence pained the ear of the literary world. He was like an artist who had barely shown the colors he was about to use, and who had drawn but a sketch upon the canvas, when suddenly the brush was swept from his hand and the colors dashed upon the ground. He had pleaded that he might have ten years' time in which to paint the picture,—but the picture was never finished. What a painting might that have been, when his merest touch had brought the literary world peering over his shoulder in wonder.

In more than one passage Keats seems to tell us that he was disappointed in the field which he had chosen. I take the reason to be that Greek mythology was an area too narrow for the full exercise of his genius, and that he was coming to understand it so.

I must bid these joys farewell,
I must pass them for a nobler life
Where I may find the agonies, the strifes of human hearts.

He laments that he has so sadly missed

The great end
Of Poesy, that it should be a friend
To soothe the cares and lift the thoughts of men.

There is no impropriety, then, in affirming that, had he lived, Keats would have broken away the confine of mythology and antiquity; because, in a word, the man was greater than his work, and in a little while he must have found a larger outlet for his keen emotions. With his poetic temperament disposed in the great way of religion, Keats might have reached any height that burning ambition for fame and intense devotion to art are qualified to attain.

Some who have merely skimmed his poetry have charged that it is sentimental and effeminate. This is the impression every hasty reader feels; but it is felt because of the haste. More animation and greater virility in Keats, we should certainly like to discover; he never moves to action, and we often nauseate at his quantity of syrup. But he was not effeminate, unless that be another word for gentle. He was one of those dreamers who would desire to live "where they might never hear the

voice of busy common sense." I imagine the clatter of wordly affairs vexed him; and I feel sure a taste for business was the last thing he could have acquired. Columns of figures and talk of trade must have immensely disgusted him. This disposition leads him to complain of "the inhuman dearth of noble natures." Few, indeed, would consent to abide with him in a mansion so airy, so far removed from the world of comforts, as pure poetry; for most men when they feel hunger tugging at their stomach, or when their footgear is not of the stoutest, are inclined to regard life as an extremely prosaic affair. The poems of such a man might naturally, at first view, be taken as effeminate. Yet Keats, even as a boy, was noted for his spirit and vehemence; and then, as in his later years, he was always manful, scorning every meanness and standing his ground against all comers. The brutal censures of dogmatic reviewers did not abate his zeal. He did not, as Lord Byron did, commit himself to a reply, because his heart was in the pursuit of poetry, and would not be diverted. He believed in himself, and this was backed by the courage to direct his pen as he thought it ought to be directed, regardless of the disparaging of critics.

There remains something to be said of the characteristics of Keats' versification. At first reading of his lines, we perceive a charming ease of both meter and expression. Though he employed, to a large extent, the same meter as Pope, he produced far more melodious lines. It is remarkable what a difference is apparent in contrasting a page of Pope with one of Keats. Pope's verses clank along very much in the manner of a hobby-horse; while Keats' words "come as through bubbling honey." One is hand-organ music, the other, grand opera. Now and then, however, a couplet or a quatrain will remind us of Pope:

That you first taught me all the sweets of song;
The grand, the sweet, the terse, the free, the fine;
That swelled with pathos, and what right divine.

But these serve to emphasize the melody of other lines that follow:

This said, he rose faint-smiling like a star
Through autumn mists, and took Peona's hand.
Then stepped into the boat and launched from land.

His versification is usually graceful and smooth. Though the matter sometimes is insufficient to hold our interest, the versification never repels us by harshness or obscurity. Keats

conceals his art so cleverly that we do not become sensible of the artificiality of metrical composition; and he is so fortunate in his diction that there can be no suspicion of a striving after effect, or of a seeking for any certain quality of style. Nor is this an easy accomplishment—to hide the labor of composing beneath the structure of the composition.

In Keats' poetry can be found neither humor nor satire. He is too serious in his work to attempt the one, and the other he altogether disdained, looking upon it as a destructive and inferior kind of literature. He dressed his poetry as elegantly as he knew how. Poetry was his bride, and he did not intend that she should dwell in a Wordsworthian house of thatch. Poetry, he contended, addressing itself to the imagination and purposing to arouse emotion, can not succeed by the language of prose, the speech of stables, mines and potato fields. Hence he abounds in figures of speech, inversions and all those forms of expression which have become known as "poetic diction." He judged that the imagination of men requires food as surely as their reason requires to be nourished. Accordingly he likes to state a very common occurrence in very uncommon words. So we hear him speaking of the "sun when first he kissed away the tears that filled the eyes of morn." He hears a breeze moving among the boughs and he describes it:

There crept a little noiseless noise among the leaves,
Born of the very sigh that silence heaves.

When he notices a little flower beside a stream, he is not content to name it so simply; he prefers to pen an imperishable line:

And on the bank a lonely flower he spied,
A meek and forlorn flower, with naught of pride,
Drooping its beauty o'er the watery clearness
To woo its own sad image into nearness.

In this respect,—his felicity of expression,—Keats comes, I think, within hailing distance of Shakespeare. He had the word pat to to the idea. Ransack a dictionary, and you may fail to get it; phrase and fashion the thought over and over again, you may fall short. But there is one way to say it; and if it is to be best said, there is no second way. When Keats writes "rubbing their sleepy eyes with lazy wrists;" when Leander is "sinking bewildered 'mid the dreary sea," or when the lover is heard "marrying to every word a twin-born sigh," we feel satisfied that the

poet has nicely "tailored" the garment of words to the thought.

We began, as we shall end, feeling kindly towards him who asked "to be let stammer where old Chaucer used to sing." Whoever reads his sonnet "On the Sea," will feel that the epitaph which Keats asked to be placed over his grave,—“Here lies one whose name was writ in water”—should be erased. Yet, no, let it stand, typical of his modesty.

It keeps eternal whisperings around

Desolate shores, and with its mighty swell

Gluts twice ten thousand caverns till the spell
Of Hecate leaves them their old shadowy sound
Often 'tis in such gentle temper found

That scarcely will the very smallest shell

Be moved for days from whence it fell,

When last the winds of Heaven were unbound.

Oh ye! who have your eye-balls vexed and tired,

Feast them upon the wideness of the lea;

Oh ye! whose ears are dinned with uproar rude

Or fed too much with cloying melody

Sit ye near some old cavern's mouth and brood

Until ye start, as if the sea-nymphs quired.

A Creature of Circumstances.

ALBERT A. HILKERT, '11.

Richard Jepson with several chums was seated around a camp fire in the wilds of Wyoming many miles from civilization. The lads were in their element; rugged mountains and dense forests, unchanged by the hand of civilization, surrounded them. The little party was earnestly discussing the day's find. Richard was telling his companions how he would get the necessary money from his father to develop the mine; how they would soon be producing copper, silver and gold in great quantities; how they would become millionaires, and great newspaper men would recount the story of their achievements. Late into the night this little band sat building air castles as only young college grads can build who seem to see the portals to success of a sudden thrown wide open.

Richard Jepson, or Dick, as the boys called him, was the only son of a wealthy Philadelphia merchant. He had been given all the opportunities that money can create to fit himself for life's work. Expressing his desire to become a miner, his father, John Jepson, sent him to a school of mines. Dick was a good boy, but when he determined to

do anything no one was able to dissuade him from his purpose. Regarding this trait of his character he left no room for doubt when, at the time of his graduation, he informed his father that he was going to "knock around" in the West to see what he could pick up. His father made all manner of threats to induce him to change his intention, but all to no avail.

Dick had not heard from his father since he left school. He was not a little surprised at this; for he had never known his father to harbor feelings of resentment against him so long. Many times before he had uttered most dire threats against him, but the next moment he forgot all about them. Although Dick was surprised at his father's conduct, he decided to write him and inform him of his find and also ask the necessary money to carry out his project. There was not the slightest doubt in Dick's mind about his father sending the necessary money. He was certain that within a few days his father would send him word informing him that he would finance the undertaking.

A week later Dick took leave of his companions to set out on a forty-mile ride to Hornpeak to await there a reply to his letter. His hopes and expectations ran high as he rode along. Scheme after scheme ran wildly through his brain. His joy, however, was not unalloyed. A vein of sadness ran through it all as he thought of his last interview with his father and the subsequent neglect, on the part of his father, to answer his letters. Dick knew only too well that if his father had gone back on him, he would be as severe in his treatment of him as he was formerly kind. With this one disturbing thought, Dick rode slowly down the one and only street of Hornpeak as the sun was setting behind the surrounding mountains.

Yes, there was some mail for him, the postmaster said; and after searching through the variety of articles that lay scattered about his desk, he produced a letter having the name of a prominent law firm of Philadelphia in the upper left-hand corner. Dick tore it open eagerly and read—could he believe his eyes? Was he dreaming, or was he awake? No, he was not dreaming; the whole was a stern reality. He was disinherited. His father had left his vast fortune to Dick's uncle, the only near relative Dick had. Dick was dumfounded.

But in his heart a terrible battle was raging. First grief over the death of his father held sway; then anger and revenge got the upper hand. He suspected foul play; yet he had no reasons to believe that such was actually the case. He resolved upon one thing, then upon another until finally there was no resolution left in him. He would go anywhere, do anything.

In this disturbed state of mind he set out for camp. The lonesome trail along the mountains furnished a splendid opportunity for considering the situation. The more he reflected upon his fate the more embittered he became. The dark side of his nature gained the ascendancy. He hated himself; he hated his uncle; he hated the whole world. He felt as though he would be capable of doing anything now. In this dark and dangerous state of mind he entered the camp.

"Boys," he said, "it's all up. I'm ruined. I'm going to leave you fellows to take care of this claim."

"What the d— has happened?" they shouted in a chorus. "You'll do nothing of the kind. You'll stay right with us, and we'll all stick together through thick and thin."

"It does me good to hear you fellows talk like that. Let's shake hands on that. And now sit down and I'll tell you the whole affair."

Dick Jepson related the whole incident, his anger and despondency lending intense vividness to the narrative. When he had finished he had the little group entirely under his control. They were willing to follow him in any undertaking. Circumstances had made him the hero of the hour. Blind allegiance was due him. Dick seized the opportunity to intimate the course he intended to follow.

"We'll not starve; that's certain. We'll get things somehow. A fellow's got to be a better man than we are if he's going to get away from us."

These words were an index to the career the little band was to enter upon. At first only the necessities of life were sought. But later, the constant practice of getting what they needed by force hardened them. Stealing and robbing became their profession. Deeper and deeper they sank into the mire until they eventually became the terror of the western country. Hold-ups, robberies and murders, in great numbers were laid at the door of this band. Nothing was too desperate

for them to do. Such was the life led by Richard Jepson and his gang for ten years.

Tired of the small hauls to be gotten out West, they decided to go East to try their hands in the centres of wealth. From one city to another they roamed, leaving behind them a trail of looted houses and rifled banks. They came to Philadelphia, and Dick instinctively turned his steps toward his former home and the scenes of his childhood. A slight emotion of sadness passed over him as he gazed upon the house in which he had been born and raised. Visions of his gentle mother and once kind father loomed up before him. But these feelings soon gave way to his more savage nature, which ten terrible years had developed in him. He resolved to rob the house that he once called his home and that was now occupied by he did not know whom.

While the great city was wrapped in slumber Dick and a companion made their way into the house, the remainder of the gang standing guard outside. Dick found things much the same as they had been when he left; and, to his surprise, the safe responded to the same combination that was used when he called that place his home. He removed all the valuables and took in addition, the papers and documents it contained. Casting one long look at the familiar scene he disappeared through the window through which he had come.

When the gang returned to their haunt they examined their booty carefully. Dick uttered an imprecation and his pals started to their feet when Dick said, "Look at this, fellows." They took it and examined it. Not a word was spoken, but all eyes were riveted on Dick, for there was the document that had deprived him of his fortune. Dick continued the examination of the papers only to find a sealed packet containing all the letters that he himself had written to his father ten years ago, along with some private papers of his uncle pertaining to Dick's disinheritance. The whole situation was cleared up now. Dick's uncle had intercepted his letters, prejudiced his father against him and finally succeeded in winning the fortune.

Before his pals could utter a word, Dick dashed into the darkness. The next day the paper contained an article headlined in large bold type, "Frank Jepson Murdered; Murderer Found Dead at His Side; Thought to Be His Nephew."

The Impracticability of International Arbitration.

JOHN F. O'HARA, 'II.

Rossetti, in his beautiful sonnet "On the Refusal of Aid between Nations," speaks of the decay of brotherly love. He says that it is

....because Man is parceled out in men
that charity is forgotten;

....because, for any wrongful blow,
No man not stricken asks, "I would be told
Why thou dost thus,"

that man is careless of his obligations towards his fellow-men. These lines put into expression the relations of men as we know them, and they express the reason why, in our practical world, such a thing as international peace is impossible.

Nations are made up of individuals, and the concourse between nations must partake of the qualities of the concourse between individuals. It is true that the relations between states are of a more lofty character than those between individuals, because in international relations certain courtesies and forms of respect have been adopted by custom and tradition that elevate these relations to a more idealized form. This may be observed in that the motives for action which serve as the impelling forces of states are generally of a more lofty character than those which provoke disputes between men in everyday life. Mutual concessions are more frequent, and in every way nobler courtesies are observed.

But nations, like individuals, are selfish, and rightly so. It is necessary for the state to guard the interests of its citizens as the father watches over the welfare of his children. This right kind of selfishness is necessary for the wellbeing and prosperity of the nations, and by itself it would do no harm. But this selfishness is not apt to remain within the bounds of right reason. Freedom implies a full right to act within the limits of the law. The relations between men are determined by certain laws, the purpose of which is to preserve the highest form of individual liberty, by restricting such acts as will work harm to other individuals. In determining the restrictions that will give to each individual the greatest

possible self-development—which is the highest aim of the state—selfish interests enter to prevent the equal distribution of individual liberties. What is true of individuals in this regard is true of nations. International rights and privileges must be determined, and in fixing them each nation is careful to demand for itself, not what would seem best and most just to all, but that which will give to itself the greatest advantage over all the others.

The means of enforcing such demands are the same in the case of nations as with individuals. Strategy and strength have played an important part in such negotiations ever since man has been “parceled out in men.” That justice and right reason have a part in such proceedings can not be denied, but it is also true that selfishness and misunderstood justice have been at the bottom of many an unjust demand in an international settlement.

The means must vary with the difference in time; the potential means will always remain the same, though the effective means are changed by expediency. Arbitration, or the settlement of a dispute by submission to the decision of a disinterested third party, has always been known; but of late it has been given great prominence by pleas for its increased use in the settlement of international differences of opinion. War, the clash of armed interests, has likewise been an important and fairly simple means of determining international rights, though its effectiveness and necessity are now gravely questioned by the advocates of arbitration. Both means have existed from all time, and are still in active use. It remains to be seen whether the admittedly more sane method of arbitration is in a position to effectively supplant war as a means of settlement.

The motives which impel states to war are the same in their first form as those which would impel them to arbitration. Selfishness is at the bottom of dispute, and upon its intensity depends the means adopted for its settlement. Arbitration will serve in cases where the pride or self-centered interests of the people are not sufficiently aroused; in such a case they will listen to reason. When this point is passed, the individuals forming the state will refuse to listen to reason, and war will follow arbitration. It is a question of motives, and until such motives are removed war will continue.

Hamlet.

B. J. KAISER, '14.

Shakespeare's greatest tragedy, “Hamlet,” like most of his dramas, was not entirely original. It was partly founded on a work of Saxo Grammaticus, a Danish historian, written in 1204, but not printed till 1514. It was called “The History of Hamlet.” As there told, the story is uncouth and barbarous in the highest degree, a shocking tale of murder, possessing no art or fancy of the narrator. The scene of the incidents is laid before the introduction of Christianity into Denmark at the time when the Danish power held sway in England. Shakespeare makes his characters Christians, clothing them with sentiments and manners of a much later period, but still places the scene at the time when England paid some homage to the Danish crown. At that time all poets and dramatists used very great freedom in regard to time; Shakespeare availed himself of this customary privilege in transferring to Denmark the manners and customs of England of his own time. Hamlet is truly called the tragedy of thought. As such it stands unrivalled by any earlier or later productions. Hamlet everywhere floods the scene with intellectual wealth in varied forms of wit, humor and poetry. There have been as many diverse criticisms made of Hamlet as there have been critics. Some have called him wicked, others, good but weak; others again said he lacked courage, yet all of these agree that he is an actual person of the most noble character.

The action proper starts after the hero's conversation with the ghost of his murdered father. From then on throughout the play he acts in the most strange manner. On this point there are many different criticisms. Some critics hold that he was mad in reality, others that he was feigning madness. This statement has been affirmed by several eminent physicians who have made studies of similar cases. To feign madness would be unwise on the part of Hamlet, for by doing so he would arouse suspicions in the king's mind, and would thus be prevented from carrying out his revenge.

The ghost enjoined upon Hamlet first the revenge and second the pursuit of it in such a manner as not to taint his mind. Thus the time

and manner of its execution were left to Hamlet's own judgment, and his philosophical mind prevented him from taking any quick and rash means in carrying it out. Hamlet was thus placed in a peculiar situation. He was the only one who knew of the alleged murder, and to slay the king outright would be a great fault on his part as he had no means of proving the crime of the king before the people of Denmark. He was also the heir to the throne, and had he slain the king this fact would plainly proclaim itself as his motive. Then again, could he believe absolutely in the ghost's story? Hamlet as a philosopher worked on other means to make sure of the ghost's story. To clear his doubt of the ghost's story he produces a play before the king in which a similar murder is committed, and watches the king's behavior during its production. He is now sure that the king is the murderer of his father, and he must avenge the hideous murder. He finds him at prayer, and with his blood boiling in his veins he stands over him ready to avenge the murder, but his stronger power of will averts him from action. He would rather take his life while in the act of committing such sins as would make sure the perdition of his soul. He next goes to see his mother in order to learn if she had a hand in the murder, and there kills Polonius who has been tracing his footsteps to find the reason for his peculiar actions and thus gain the favor of the king.

The tragedy "Hamlet" is both intellectually and morally much in advance of its time. Public order, statesmanship, the standing of society, were based upon a higher ideal than the existing conditions of Shakespeare's time. The setting of the play adds much to its dramatic value. In the opening scene the chills of a northern winter midnight seem creeping over us as the sentinels change their watch. The grave-digging scene is also one which no one but Shakespeare could conceive. The oddly-assorted elements that are here brought together, the strange mixture of songs and witticisms and dead men's bones and the still stranger transitions of the solemn, playful and grotesque, make up a combination which is only possible in the master's hand. Of all of Shakespeare's dramas, Hamlet combines the greatest strength and diversity of powers. Hamlet himself displays a whole science of human nature so perfect and yet such that it has perplexed the most skilful critics in their attempts to analyze it.

The Disappearing Isle.

CLAIRE V. HANDLIN, '14.

The exciting and nerve-racking experiences of commencement were over, and the six of us, all graduates in Chemistry, were ready to make our departure for Seattle; from whence we were to embark on our long pleasure cruise among the mystic South Sea islands.

We had been planning this trip since the beginning of our senior year. There were just six of us, and all devoted to the study with which we were determined to make a showing. It seemed as if fate threw us in company, as no such clique ever ran together; there was not one unpleasant fellow in the crowd and not one who possessed what the neighbors could call a particularly bad trait. There was an exceptionally good quartet, an expert rifle and revolver shot and one of the most humorous men in the world. This seems a rather broad statement, but could you have known him and been out with him once or twice there is no question but that you would agree with me. After much discussion we decided to charter our own boat, choose the captain and crew, and, in a few words, to have just those we wanted and be able to go just where we pleased. There was much discussion as to the chief point to which we should go, but we all reached the conclusion that it was some place in the South Seas not yet discovered, for we did want to do something on this trip and above all else to discover—well, anything; none of us cared particularly what we discovered, but just to discover it was the main object.

We arrived in Seattle on the 29th of June, and at once consulted the shipping books; we went over the list of captains and the names of their crafts, time and again, trying to pick one name that suited everyone; at last we decided on the name of Captain Andrews, and on looking up his credentials found him to be just the man we wanted, conscientious and full of life. By this time it was rather late in the afternoon so we postponed business until the following day.

Early the next morning we called on Captain Andrews and he escorted us down to the pier from whence we were taken to his boat. He at first hesitated when he heard of our

destination, but at last consented, making very reasonable terms concerning the price. We gave him some idea as to what we wanted in the way of stocking the boat and the kind of men for the crew and left everything in his hands, well knowing that we would receive just what we were looking for. We left our address, and told him to let us know as soon as possible when we could leave, and then set out with light hearts to enjoy ourselves.

The next evening we received word that we could start in three days, as some few repairs were needed for such a long voyage. These three days were spent in preparation, assisting where we could, but more often getting in the way of the older and experienced hands than helping; they were a pleasant, congenial crowd, though, and didn't object.

The morning of the day set for sailing arrived, and about 3 o'clock we cast off and bade good-bye to our country for some time, little thinking of the adventures we were to encounter. The third day out we ran into the edge of a typhoon, but the excellent way in which the crew handled the ship brought us out with but few scratches, although Hodge and Bartley received quite a rough-house and two severely bumped heads by attempting to walk around on the deck during the storm.

The next day dawned clear and the water was as smooth as glass,—so it looked to us. About 4 o'clock in the afternoon the lookout sang out a wreck, then all hands clambered to the port rail, each wishing for the first sight of it, and about 5 o'clock we ran alongside. It must have been a stately craft before the storm struck it, for we all went aboard and the cabins and after deck were luxuriously fitted. There was not a soul on board; the small boats were gone, so we judged that the crew and passengers had embarked in them trusting to Providence. There were several large openings in the hold and it was plain she couldn't last long, so we took what fittings we wanted, Wilson getting one of the finest easy chairs I have ever seen. I took some heavy Oriental portiers, while Holly, Laster and Bullock took enough to stock a flat. It was then about dark, so Wilson hung a lighted lantern on the mast and one on the bow and got out his rifle just for practice, as he said. After waiting until we were quite two hundred yards away he fired twice and both lights disappeared. This action of his quite sur-

prised the sailors, and he was afterwards looked up to more than any of us. Even the captain said it was exceptionally good shooting, as both the targets and the shooter were swaying to and fro with the motion of the ship. We continued this easy mode of living for another week, nothing of much interest happening other than watching old Mose, the cook, making flap-jacks.

On the evening of the thirty-first we were surprised to notice a strange phosphorescent glow in the water. The captain could not explain it, and we went to bed that evening with a peculiar feeling of uneasiness.

About eleven-thirty, it could not have been more, we were all awakened by a strange rumbling sound coming directly from under the boat and accompanied by a rising sensation. Everything was disorder. The crew stood aghast on deck and we also stopped amazed as we came up, for there we were high and dry on an island. The captain at once ordered all hands forward and investigated the trouble.

After a short while he came aft and his face was expressionless. It looked as if he were amazed and happy at the same time. Nothing could be done until morning, so we waited very impatiently, discussing the situation with hushed voices.

With the first streaks of light we strained our eyes into the yet semi-darkness, and as far as we could see the only hypothesis was that during the night we had run over some submerged volcano which at the same moment had become active and reared its head above the water. We were out of any ship's regular course and there was no chance of aid from that source.

We spent a week on the island which was, as first thought, of volcanic origin. Then it suddenly began to sink; we had remained close to the boat all the time so that if any action took place we could be safely housed at least. It continued sinking all day and by nightfall the water had nearly reached the boat's keel.

We hoped that by morning it would again disappear and leave us in the water, able to steam away, for, so far as could be seen, the staunch little boat had received no serious damage. Our hopes were realized. By morning we were able to clear the island and start for home, as we had had quite enough for one cruise.

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—The Corby statue in front of Corby hall was unveiled and fittingly dedicated last Tuesday. No one who ever knew Father Corby will consider the statue to his memory on these University grounds too large a tribute. No tribute in brass or stone can ever do justice still less overestimate the life and work of this kindly, noble priest. And because of this, and because of his gentleness and goodness, and because in life he never sought honor, one regrets the meagre share the students of this University have in the erection of the statue. They are not often called upon to contribute to any cause, charitable or philanthropic; scarcely ever where the University is directly concerned. Usually their collections are for banquets, dances, picnics wherein they collect for themselves and afterwards spend on themselves. Just this once they were given an opportunity to reach out beyond themselves, where the returns would not come in the form of a "feed" or a "prom," but as a tribute to perpetuate the memory of a noble life. No doubt the University could have erected the statue from other sources. But in this one rare instance she asked that every student should give much or little, but to give willingly and be a sharer in conferring an honor so well deserved. The handful that have responded

is amazingly small. It is not a question of the actual amount given, but of the paucity of representation. When so many can spend on themselves and on their pleasures, surely it is not to enlarge their horizon unduly to expect they will once in a lifetime contribute to a work beyond themselves. One is not so much interested in the mere question of money. Rather it is the sordidness, the smallness, which considers a five-cent piece given for any purpose outside of ourselves a fabulous sum, while a five dollar bill goes free and fast in administering to our personal pleasures. There are shining instances of student loyalty to alma mater no doubt, but we feel constrained to say we do not consider the general student representation in the Corby statue fund sufficiently long or large to merit a tumultuous outburst.

—The *Notre Dame Scholastic* says that 'there are social, athletic and insurance societies in abundance within the Catholic Church to satisfy the growing boy and the grown man of the Church. Neither the

"Youth Versus Experience." Y. M. C. A., nor any other organization need pull down its barriers of exclusiveness to admit us.' Such an opinion is natural to a young man in college. Outside of Catholic colleges, however, there are many, many places where it is very difficult for a Catholic growing boy or grown man to find under Catholic auspices the helps toward self-improvement, physically and mentally, offered so alluringly by the Y. M. C. A. And again, some of our insurance societies seem not to be based on sound business principles. This is not to say, however, that Catholic young men are justified in joining an organization where their faith is imperilled. We are simply stating a fact.—*Sacred Heart Review*.

We are compelled to say amen to the comments of the editor of the *Sacred Heart Review* on the *Notre Dame Scholastic's* assertion. We feel sure that the writer in the *Scholastic* will revise his opinion when he reaches the ripened experience of the *Review* editor. We presume that Notre Dame University so satisfies its boys that they imagine the whole world is equally satisfied. But the little world within the college walls is very different from the big world without. If there is anything lacking in the Church's organization in our country it is precisely the social, athletic and insurance societies in abundance for the growing boys.—*The Monitor*.

The "young man" in the *SCHOLASTIC* did not mean to give the impression that in every small town or parish there are found all manner of athletic and social attractions under Catholic direction. Neither will the Y. M. C. A. be found there for that matter. The fact

is that in every fair-sized town there are Catholic or non-sectarian clubs and halls, where Catholic young men may go and enjoy themselves, and thus be saved the humiliation of begging at the Y. M. C. A. back door. Also, young as we are, we could mention a few Catholic societies run on the sound business plan, and we would not mind confiding our dimes to them either, if we had the dimes to confide. And whether or not we have overstated our thought, it is true to say that the tendency of Catholic young men to seek social intercourse and recreation beyond our own people is so common, it is hardly advisable to trample out any least evidence of the smouldering flax.

—Life is the pursuit of an ideal. The great, universal problem, ever since the world began, has been to get men to live. There have

always been too many
The Value of an Ideal. men existing, and too few men living. The fundamental purpose in educating a man is to teach him *how to live*,—that is, to give him an ideal and a start toward its attainment. That education is best, then, which starts a man toward the attainment of the *highest* ideal. Nineteen hundred years ago Christ set before the world an ideal higher and more perfect than any other it has ever known. There is a reason for the tottering state of our American educational system: Education divorced from religion is forced to put a screen over this highest ideal, and set up a human and inferior ideal. Catholics who are inclined to murmur at the cost of Catholic education should pause and ask themselves a question: How much is the Christian ideal worth?

—There is no little cause for rejoicing over the recent decisions of the United States Supreme Court dissolving the Standard Oil and American Tobacco Companies

for the flagrant violation
The Trust Problem. of the Sherman anti-trust law. Prior to these decisions it was commonly believed that the former corporation, at least, was so strong as to defy any legislative enactment. The "trust problem" seemed insoluble, and even well-informed minds were far from optimistic over the outcome. Since, however, matters have come to a crisis in which, though the struggle was strong and bitter,

the courts have been triumphant, a great amount of popular confidence in them will be restored and much of the distrust in public officials occasioned by the recent literature of exposure will be obviated. The action of the courts by no means completely solves the "trust problem," but it renews courage in the hearts of those who have long and earnestly been laboring for its solution, and to whom continued failure brought discouragement. The problem is not, how to prevent the centralization and management of capital, but it is, how to control such organizations that wield this capital unlawfully. As regards the real problem, therefore, a great step has been taken, and one which, it is earnestly hoped, will have the desired effect.

Lecture by Father Chidwick.

Father Chidwick lectured to the entire student body in Washington hall on Wednesday morning, May 31st, at ten o'clock. The lecturer told the story of the disastrous explosion of the battleship *Maine*. Having been chaplain of the ill-fated ship and one of her crew at the time of the accident, Father Chidwick is particularly qualified to speak on the subject. He was vehement in his denunciation of the men responsible for the spread of the report that the officers of the *Maine* were on shore at the time of the explosion. He stated positively that only four officers out of thirty were absent from the ship at the critical moment. The picturesque description of a violent storm on the ocean, illustrating the splendid courage of our sailors in time of danger, will long linger in our memories.

The St. Edward's Boys Gratify President.

During the week the Rev. President visited the boys of St. Edward's hall for the annual spelling contest. Two facts were brought home to him as a result of the contest. First, that the boys of the highest class spelled everything from "pneumonia" to "epistemology," and were pronounced experts in orthography. Second, that the boys who made their grammar grades with the sisters at St. Edward's hall were the first in every instance. The President was very much pleased with this fine testimony to the teaching at St. Edward's. The winners will be his guests at a chicken dinner.

Corby Statue Unveiled and Blessed.

On last Tuesday, Memorial Day, the bronze statue of Rev. William Corby, C. S. C., for four years Chaplain in the Civil War, was dedicated with an assemblage of exercises not often seen. Religion, eloquence, music, military display, a large audience and a perfect summer day added each a glory to the solemn event.

At 8 o'clock the program of dedication began with solemn high mass in the church of the Sacred Heart, sung by the Rev. Father E. W. Lindesmith of Cleveland, Ohio. The sight of this venerable priest, crowned with the silver of eighty-four useful years, left a memory time will not soon efface. The President of the University and Rev. John Guendling of Peru, Indiana, were assistants.

At 9 o'clock the services of dedication took place on the lawn of Corby hall. In front were assembled the students from the different buildings and the military companies; on either side were numerous visitors and the senior class of St. Mary's College. Col. William Hoynes of the Law Department presided. The program opened with the singing of "America" by the audience, the band accompanying. The reading of the Governor's proclamation and the rendition of the Lincoln Gettysburg address were intrusted to Mr. J. P. Murphy, '12, and to Mr. W. E. McGarry, '11, in the order named. Both young men showed an earnestness and a feeling that were highly impressive.

When the Very Rev. John P. Chidwick, the famous chaplain of the ill-fated *Maine*, and now president of Dunwoodie Seminary, New York, appeared, he was given an enthusiastic greeting. He had not gone far in his address when one felt the influence of the finished phrase and the fine fire of the orator. Father Chidwick is not noticeably demonstrative in his delivery; but his message and his power are unmistakable. His tribute to Father Corby will be treasured among the tenderest traditions of the University.

Of General John C. Black, Past Commander-in-chief of the Grand Army of the Republic, and now president of the United States Civil Service Commission, at Washington, D. C., one may give equally high praise. Earnestness, moderation, a just balancing of conditions,

rare modesty and a well-deserved and an enthusiastically received tribute to the brave men of the South were everywhere to the fore in his thought. Men of the type of Gen. Black will always be greeted with enthusiasm at Notre Dame.

Owing to the late arrival of General Black, Father Chidwick's address was delivered first, following which the ceremony of unveiling took place. Miss Nellie Mahoney, president of the senior class of St. Mary's, pulled back the flag which covered the statue, and the great bronze figure of the soldier priest stood large before the view of all. The students gave the official college cheer, and the wave of applause was taken up by the entire audience. The Very Rev. Father Provincial then blessed the statue.

The University is to be heartily congratulated on the notable brilliance of the entire celebration. With such splendid functions as the Laetare Medal presentation and the First Communion shortly preceding, one would have found it difficult to understand how any other event could quicken renewed interest and enthusiasm. But the truth is, the day on which the bronze figure of Father Corby, a former president of the University, was unveiled and blessed will always stand large and apart in our history and traditions.

Following the ceremonies, students and visitors went to the Brownson hall campus to witness the manoeuvres of the military companies. Without any question the work of the battalion on this occasion surpassed all previous records. So many are deserving congratulations for the success of the day that one can not begin to name them individually. Let us congratulate the University and include the first and least in that.

PROGRAM.

Presiding Officer.....	Colonel William Hoynes Dean of the Law Department.
Reading the Governor's Proclamation	John Patrick Murphy, '12
"America".....	Audience
Lincoln's Address at Gettysburg	William Everett McGarry, '11
"Columbia".....	Audience
Address.....	The Very Reverend John P. Chidwick Chaplain in the United States Army.
Unveiling of the statue of the Very Reverend William Corby, C. S. C., Chaplain of the 88th New York Infantry in the Civil War.	
Address.....	General John C. Black Past Commander-in-Chief of the G. A. R.
"Holy God".....	Audience

Solemn Closing of May Devotions.

On Wednesday evening, May 31, the devotions of the month of May were brought to a close. The Very Rev. Father Provincial officiated, assisted by Rev. Fathers French and O'Connor. The Rev. Father Hudson preached a very appropriate closing sermon on the invocation "Star of the Sea." He began by picturing the hidden rocks along the coast of Maine, which bear the suggestive name, "The Graves." Many a gallant ship has fallen upon these treacherous rocks and sunk into the depths. So in life, especially in the life of the young man. Father Hudson was listened to with the greatest attention. After the sermon the usual procession moved around the interior of the church, and the services were concluded with solemn benediction.

Civil Engineering Society.

The final meeting of the Civil Engineering Society was held last Wednesday evening. The regular form of program was delivered.

Mr. Saravia read the first paper on "Hydrographic Surveying." This duty of the engineering profession is a most important one as it aids extensively in mapping navigation and in obtaining general data regarding action of streams. Mr. Saravia also gave the society a most intelligent account of the methods of soundings and all general measurements of bodies of water.

The "History and Benefits of the United States coast and Geodetic Survey" was most precisely given us by Mr. P. O'Brien. Mr. O'Brien called attention to the high degree of refinement in such work and briefly pointed out how important it is that the instruments used be of the most sensitive nature possible. Mr. O'Brien called to notice some of the important benefits society has reaped from the work of the United States coast and geodetic survey, and emphasized the necessity of its perpetuation.

"Materials in Engineering" was discussed by Mr. Sanchez. He developed this subject from the darkest past when stone was a lonesome building material, up to the present time.

Mr. Shannon was the man of the hour upon the subject of energy. This important subject

brought much attention and notice from the respective members, each desirous of obtaining information which was readily furnished by Mr. Shannon.

Mr. Hebenstreit, in behalf of the society, tendered Prof. McCue the hearty thanks and appreciation of the society for his untiring efforts to make the society successful.

Important Notices.

SENIOR EXAMINATIONS.

COLLEGE OF ARTS AND LETTERS

Monday, June 5—8:15 a. m., Latin; 10:15 a. m., History; 2:00 p. m., Greek.

Tuesday, June 6—10:15 a. m., Economics; 2:00 p. m., English.

Wednesday, June 7—10:15 a. m., Philosophy.

COLLEGES OF ENGINEERING AND SCIENCE.

The examinations will be arranged by the Deans of the Departments.

COLLEGE OF LAW.

Saturday, June 3—8:15 a. m. Written examination.

Thursday, June 8—9:00 a. m., Oral examination.

All senior examinations must be concluded by the evening of June 8.

PREPARATORY EXAMINATIONS.

Examinations in the Preparatory Department will be held on Wednesday, June 7, and Friday, June 9, at the regular hours and in the rooms in which the classes are ordinarily taught.

COLLEGIATE EXAMINATIONS.

June 13, 1911—Classes taught at 8:15 a. m. and 10:15 a. m. will be examined at 8:00 a. m. and 10:30 a. m. respectively.

Classes taught at 1:15 p. m. and 2:00 p. m. will be examined at 1:30 p. m. and 4:30 p. m. respectively.

June 14, 1911—Classes taught at 9:00 a. m. and 11:10 a. m. will be examined at 8:00 a. m. and 10:00 a. m. respectively.

EXAMINATIONS OF CONDITIONED STUDENTS.

One or two examination marks under 70 in a year class or one examination mark under 70 in a term class will condition a student. Such condition can be removed at the time specified below. Failure to remove condition at the stated time will necessitate the student's taking up in a regular class the work in which he was conditioned.

PREPARATORY DEPARTMENT.

Friday, September 8—English, 2:00 p. m., room 21; History, 4:00 p. m., room 21.

Saturday, September 9—Mathematics, 8:00 a. m., room 9; Language, 10:00 a. m., room 16; Science, 2:00 p. m., room 42.

COLLEGE DEPARTMENT.

Friday, September 15—English, 2:00 p. m., room 12; History and Economics, room 12.

Saturday, Sept. 16—Mathematics, 8 p. m., room 63; Language, 10:00 p. m., room 12; Science, 2:00 p. m., Science Hall; Philosophy, 4:00 p. m.

Student Vaudeville.

On the evening of the 29th, we were very agreeably entertained for two hours by Prof. Petersen's local vaudeville performers. Every one of the dozen numbers was well rendered and there was enough variety to make each act diverting. The University orchestra rendered the opening number, and was followed in succession by the glee club, a harp solo by Irving Dolk, and a lullaby sung by Joseph Murphy. All were forced to respond to hearty encores. John O'Hara as "Gen. San Salvador, Insurrecto," exposed the methods used to quell insurrections at Notre Dame. His piece was filled with local color and brought forth many laughs. "Billy" Ryan kept up his reputation as a band master; and Wm. Sponsler made one for himself as a trick pianist. "Bessie" George McCoy and his "Yama, Yama" troupe gave an excellent representation of the Yama Yama girls, which proved to be one of the hits of the night. "Christening the Baby," a sketch given by Rochne, Rush and Sorg was enjoyed by all, with the possible exception of the baby. Joseph LeBlanc in "Baseball" was unconsciously uproariously funny, but one such appearance is quite sufficient. Jefferson Wheeler executed a one-legged buck and wing dance, and was followed by a very laughable sketch entitled "School Days." "Prof." Lynch and pupils gave us a real treat and scored the second big hit of the night. The last, and probably the best number of the entire program, a sketch portraying two stranded minstrel men, by "Billy" Ryan and George Lynch, kept the house in a continual uproar for fifteen minutes, and then the audience went away with the feeling that their time had not been unprofitably spent.

Nor must we overlook Prof. Petersen, whose untiring efforts are responsible for the treat. We know that he is ever thoughtful of the students, and we thank him for his persevering work.

Personal.

—Mr. Alfred J. O'Brien of Portland, Oregon, called on the Portland men at Notre Dame recently.

—Phillip B. O'Neill (LL. M. '02), one of Notre Dame's former baseball stars, writes

from Anderson, Ind., that he will be on hand for the exercises of commencement week.

—John Warapius (student '09-'10) Chicago, visited "Bill" Redden of St. Joseph Decoration Day.

—Mr. Patrick Sullivan of Chicago was a visitor at Notre Dame for the unveiling of the statue.

—Rev. Father John Guendling of Peru, Indiana, attended Memorial Day exercises at the University.

—James Jones of Walsh entertained his parents, Mr. and Mrs. D. J. Jones, and his brother Frank, Canonsbury, Pa., Memorial Day.

—Henry Newmark (Student '78) writes to know the date of the Commencement exercises. The fires of loyalty burn strong in the heart of this devoted alumnus. His address is Newport, Arkansas.

—The marriage of Mr. Samuel M. Dolan (C. E. '10) and Miss Arlene Train will take place at Albany, Oregon, June fourteenth. This announcement will bring joy to many Notre Dame men. Sam Dolan is deservedly a favorite among alumni, all of whom will doubtless join us in the prayer that his wedded life may be happy.

—On Tuesday, May 30, occurred at Winona, Minn., the marriage of Miss Frances Jazdzewski to Leon D. Hamerski (C. E. '09). Mr. and Mrs. Hamerski will be at home to their friends at Mt. Carmel, Illinois, where Mr. Hamerski is employed in the Maintenance of Way department of the Big Four railroad. Mr. Hamerski won the mathematics medal the year of his graduation, and was one of the brightest men in his class. The SCHOLASTIC extends greetings and best wishes.

Calendar.

Sunday, June 4—Band Concert.
 Monday, June 5—Senior examinations begin.
 Preparatory Oratorical Contest.
 Sophomore Oratorical Contest.
 Junior Oratorical Contest.
 St. John's of Toledo vs. N. D., Cartier Field.
 Tuesday, June 6—Keio Univer. vs. N. D., Cartier Field.
 Wednesday, June 7—Preparatory Examinations.
 Thursday, June 8—Commencement in Preparatory school. Address by Rev. Dr. John Talbot Smith.
 Friday, June 9—Junior prom.
 Completion of Preparatory Examinations.
 Saturday, June 10—Address of Hon. Judson Harmon Governor of Ohio.

Local Items.

—The Philopatrians enjoyed a trip to St. Joseph's on Memorial Day.

—As an orator, Rev. Father Chidwick has won a warm place in the heart of every student.

—Captain and Mrs. Stogsdall entertained at dinner the cadet officers at their home, Wednesday evening.

—The kindly, cheerful Father Lindesmith, who sang mass last Tuesday, will be remembered gratefully at Notre Dame.

—General Black who delivered the address on Memorial Day is one of the most noted surviving generals of the Civil War.

—Father Corby's statue is the object of the admiration of the many visitors to the University. As a work of art it ranks very high.

—At the semi-final preparatory oratorical contest the following were awarded places for the finals: Robbins, Miner, Walter, Dolan, Margraf.

—On Monday at 4:45 p. m. the Preparatory Oratorical Contest will be held in Washington hall at which all preparatory students will be present.

—This coming week will witness the beginning of the end. Every day will be crowded with events and everybody will be crowded with work.

—The class crews are getting in their last practice before the regatta. The gold anchors have been secured which will be given to each member of the winning crews.

—With each new public appearance of the battalion an added improvement can be seen. Their manoeuvres on Tuesday were watched with interest by visitors and students.

—It was fitting that the St. Mary's graduates should be present at the unveiling of the statue. In years gone by Father Corby was a regular visitor to St. Mary's on the Sunday evening reading of "Notes."

—The senior lawyers are busy working up for their final examination. This examination is given by the Bar Association of Indiana. Upon it depends the admission to the Indiana Bar and graduation from the University.

—The boats received a much-needed overhauling during last week which necessitated the discontinuance of practice by all the crews.

The men resumed work Monday and practice will be continued to the day before the races.

—Brother Phillip has further added to the beauty of our already beautiful campus by bringing the century plants from their winter quarters. These century plants are considered by experts to be the best found in northern countries.

—Francis Oscar Raab, artist of the firm of Raab Bros. and Leonardo of Philadelphia arrived at the University during the week. Mr. Raab has been engaged to retouch the celebrated Columbian series of frescoes on the walls of the main corridor.

—The battalion closed a very successful year this afternoon by giving a dress parade for the benefit of the students of St. Mary's Academy. Captain Stogsdall is to be congratulated for the wonderful results he has accomplished. The prospects for even greater success next year are very bright, and we expect that Notre Dame will be among the leading Universities in this branch of activities also.

—The following prizes were donated to the winners in the interhall track meet: Gold watches by Dr. Stoeckley, Dr. Lucas, Walk-over Shoe Store, McDonald's Studio, Adlers, McInerney and Doran; The Slogan (Pending), Hullie's Pipe; Nobile's, box of candy; Philadelphia, box of candy; Oppenheimer Cigar Co., box of cigars; Willis Kinyon, American beauties; Manager Orpheum Theatre, 100 evening tickets; Senrich Drug Store, perfume; Bastian's Drug Store, pipe; Milton's Drug Store, an album; Miller's Book Store, book; Kable's, meal ticket; Toepp, gold watch chain; Schaeffer Cigar Store, pipe; Wills' Cigar Store, box cigars; United Cigar Co., military brushes; Mike's, box cigars; Bietner's Shoe Store, pair of shoes.

Athletic Notes.

VARSITY DOWNS BELOIT.

The good fortune which enabled Coach Kelly's retinue of athletes to turn about and beat Wabash Friday, after having been trounced unmercifully the day before, had not departed from the gold and blue headquarters last Saturday when Beloit suffered the humiliation of a defeat by the score of 6 to 3.

Fucik on the mound for the Badgers held the victors in check until the seventh, when the score was even up, but an unlucky ascension

in that round netted five safeties which counted for four runs. Ulatowski led off in that inning with a clean triple, scoring on Somer's single through short. O'Connell beat out a nice bunt, and Arnfield's sacrifice advanced the two men, who scored on Quigley's liner to left, the master gardener landing safely on the keystone, tallying on Granfield's single, after being sent to third by Sherry. Somers twirled in masterly fashion, wisely scattering the hits in all sessions but the ninth, when a quartet of bunched safeties netted two runs. Complete box score:

Beloit College	R	H	O	A	E
Rowell, 2b.....	0	0	5	0	0
Landing, ss.....	1	0	2	2	0
Selleseth, c.....	0	0	9	1	0
Sleep, cf.....	0	1	2	1	0
Fucik, p.....	1	2	0	3	0
Seiffert, rf.....	1	1	0	0	0
Pearsall, lf.....	0	1	0	0	0
Funk, 2b.....	0	1	0	1	0
Titsworth, 1b.....	0	2	9	0	1

Totals 3 8 27 8 1

Notre Dame	R	H	O	A	E
O'Connell, ss.....	1	1	1	1	0
Arnfield, cf.....	0	1	3	0	0
Quigley, lf.....	1	1	2	0	0
Sherry, 2b.....	0	1	3	5	0
Granfield, 3b.....	1	3	0	2	0
Farrell, 1b.....	0	1	9	1	1
Phillips, rf.....	0	0	1	0	0
Ulatowski, c.....	2	2	8	1	0
Somers, p.....	1	1	0	2	0

Totals 6 11 27 12 1

Beloit 0 0 0 0 0 1 0 0 2—3
Notre Dame 0 1 0 0 0 0 4 1 *—6

Struck out—By Somers, 6; by Fucik, 8. Bases on balls—Off Somers, 1; off Fucik, 1. Three base hits—Ulatowski (2), Titsworth. Hit by pitched ball—Ulatowski, Landing. Balk—Fucik. Double plays—Sleep to Selleseth. Umpire, Fitzpatrick.

WABASH TAKES THIRD.

Filled with the vain hope of cinching the title to the state championship in college baseball by taking the long end of the series with N. D., the Little Giants at Crawfordsville made an auspicious start last Thursday, May 25, when they touched Heyl for seven runs in the seventh inning, taking the long end of the 8 to 2 count.

Wabash was well protected by Meyers who experienced but one bad round, the second, when three of the quintette of safeties, by Granfield, Farrell and Wilson, netted the pair of runs. The lead looked good to our heroes until the seventh. In that session an unlucky combination of four hits, two errors and a

base on balls spelt ruin for the hopes of the gold and blue. Complete box score:

Notre Dame	R	H	O	A	E
O'Connell, ss.....	0	2	1	1	1
Arnfield, cf.....	0	0	2	0	0
Quigley, lf.....	0	0	3	0	0
Sherry, 2b.....	0	0	2	3	0
Granfield, 3b.....	1	1	1	1	0
Farrell, 1b.....	1	1	8	0	0
Wilson, lf.....	0	1	0	0	1
Ulatowski, c.....	0	0	7	0	1
Heyl, p.....	0	0	0	2	2

Totals 2 5 24 7 5

Wabash	R	H	O	A	E
Herron, cf.....	1	1	1	0	0
Lambert, 3b.....	2	3	0	2	0
Williams, 2b.....	1	2	2	1	0
Huffine, c.....	1	1	8	0	0
Starbuck, 1b.....	1	1	12	1	0
Sweet, lf.....	0	0	1	0	0
Glover, rf.....	0	1	0	0	0
Kootz, ss.....	1	1	2	7	0
Meyers, p.....	1	0	1	2	0

Totals 8 10 27 13 0

Batteries, Heyl and Ulatowski; Meyers and Huffine. Struck out—By Heyl, 5; by Meyers, 8. Bases on balls—Off Heyl, 4; off Meyers, 1. Double plays, Meyers to Starbuck; O'Connell to Sherry to Farrell.

VARSITY EVENS UP IN FINAL.

An almost complete reversal of the form displayed in the first contest marked the playing of both squads in the second Wabash-Notre Dame game staged at Crawfordsville Friday of last week. The weak stick work of Coach Kelly's proteges in the initial meeting was supplanted by a strength which would not be denied; while the Little Giants seemed almost destitute of the keen vision which enabled them to obtain sufficient safeties from Heyl to win the first contest.

Puckett was on the mound for Wabash, but was unable to repeat his splendid performances of the series at Notre Dame. The strain of a tie score told in the eighth when five bingles, including a home run by Phillips, returned a lead which could not be overcome. Regan was in the best shape in which he has appeared this season, holding his opponents hitless for four innings and scattering the five safeties over the remaining sessions. Errors aided in the scoring of the four runs tallied by the vanquished. Score by innings:

Notre Dame 0 0 1 0 1 0 1 3 0—6 12 5
Wabash 0 0 0 0 1 0 2 1 0—4 5 1

Batteries—Puckett and Huffine; Regan and Ulatowski; Struck out—By Regan, 8; by Puckett, 3. Bases on balls—Off Regan, 3; off Puckett, 1. Two base hits—Regan. Home run—Phillips.