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## Heart Strings.

FRANK C. STANFORD, '13.

WITHIN our hearts there lie deep strung,  
Soul chords that echo to the song we sing.  
Some, fine as webs the morning flowers among,  
And morning sweet the melodies they bring,  
Kissed with a bow of love caressingly;  
But coarser strings within those shells  
Are touched perhaps; and then the song above,  
Discordantly there runs a note, that wells  
And overflows that symphony of love,  
And echoes back and forth incessantly.

## A Poet in Prose.

PATFICK A. BARRY, '12.



SOME writers have been fortunate enough to be appreciated by the general public during life. Fame came to them when it brought with it encouragement and an incentive to greater efforts. Others, not so fortunate, have been blessed only by the sincere esteem of a few who could recognize merit and give praise where praise was due. Among this latter class was Charles Warren Stoddard. The reading public at large could not appreciate the exquisite descriptions which came from his pen; but he was happy in the admiration of a few whose minds were not blind to the beauties of his word-pictures. By the really literary men of his day who were by profession, best competent to judge, his "vagabond fantasies" were ranked "among the most delightful bits of literature that have ever appeared in the English language." He must have been a poet, or he never could

have written such charming descriptions as are found in the "South Sea Idyls," a collection of letters which W. D. Howells, America's foremost man of letters, called "the lightest, sweetest, wildest, freshest things that ever were written about the life of that summer ocean."

Stoddard produced poems of more than ordinary merit, but he will not be remembered as a poet in verse so much as a poet in prose. No less a person than George Wharton James, who enjoys a wide reputation as an author, ranked the refrain of the "Bells of San Gabriel" among the best examples of onomatopoeia—the formation or use of words to express a sound—to be found in the language.

And every note of every bell  
Sang Gabriel! Rang Gabriel!

In the tower that's left the tale to tell  
Of Gabriel the Archangel!

Specific words are not employed to express the idea of ringing bells, but the whole verse has the swing and cadence of chiming bells. So impressed was James by this refrain that he has given it a place with Poe's "The Bells" and Joaquin Millers "Song of the Dove."

Altogether Charles Warren Stoddard is one of the most gifted writers so far produced by America. As a poet his ability is more than common, and as a descriptive writer no English author is his equal. He is a master in description because in life he was a keen observer of nature and was endowed with a poetic love of beauty which enabled him to appreciate in the minutest detail anything beautiful.

Stoddard's life was one of external merriment mingled with an inward sadness, almost melancholy, which made him a riddle even to his intimate acquaintances. In his autobiography he tells of his early years spent under the too-watchful eye of his cultured, though puritanic, parents; of the dread he had of

the dark which his lively imagination peopled with terrible beings, and of the longing of his heart for a God to love instead of Him whom he had been taught to fear. Parental care required him to read the Bible daily, and in it that young heart found much consolation. He read the Bible and reread it; and he came to love it. His imaginative and impressionable soul grasped its beauties—its poetry and its mysticism—in a manner seldom met with in one so young. To this constant reading of the Scriptures is due that simplicity and conciseness which characterize all his works, as well as his masterful use of the metaphor, trope, and symbol.

"When I was about ten years of age," he tells us in his autobiography, "we children were taken by our mother into a far country, whither our father had preceded us. Our life there was exciting and romantic; for we were upon the frontier, in a new land, among gold seekers and adventurers." The far country was California which he loved so well and afterwards so beautifully described in the book entitled "In the Footprints of the Padres."

Two years later, at his own request, he accompanied an older brother on a long sea-voyage. This trip, though not as enjoyable as he could desire, joined with his earlier journey in arousing that latent spirit of adventure which five voyages to the South Seas could not satisfy. To these travels he brought a good memory and an observing eye which, with his poetic imagination, played a great part in making his writings of the South Seas the descriptive gems they are.

Stoddard's early literary life was indented with the *Californian*, a weekly newspaper numbering among its contributors Mark Twain, Joaquin Miller, Bret Harte, and the dearest friend of Stoddard's life, Ina Coolbrith. When Bret Harte started the *Overland Monthly* Stoddard became one of its most frequent contributors, and nearly every issue for a year and a half after its establishment bore a poem from his pen. These poems were afterwards gathered into a volume, edited by Bret Harte.

For a short time Stoddard appeared before the footlights as an actor, but with little success. A little later came the opportunity which made possible his South Sea stories. As special travelling correspondent for the San

Francisco *Chronicle* he visited the Hawaiian Islands and many of the islands of the South Seas. So well did he accomplish his work that he later travelled in Europe, Asia, and Africa, and from Alaska to Mexico along the Pacific Coast.

In 1885 Stoddard was professor of English Literature here at Notre Dame University, and in 1886 went to the Catholic University at Washington where for thirteen years he was lecturer on English literature. His lectures were marked by a charm and grace peculiar to the man; which drew students to hear him with an eagerness not to be found commonly among collegiate bodies.

The earthquake of 1906 brought on a nervous shock which undermined Stoddard's health and eventually resulted in his death. On April 24, 1909, in his sixty-sixth year, he died at Monterey, California, and now lies at rest in the Carmelo mission cemetery.

Of his works his prose is his surest claim to distinction. He was supremely a letter writer, his "South Sea Idyls," "Hawaiian Life," "Lazy Letters, from Low Latitudes," and "The Island of Tranquil Delights" having been originally written as letters. The "Idyls" was his first prose attempt and proved to be his best. Its first publication was brought out under evil auspices, the American edition appearing on the eve of the panic of 1873; and the London edition was so grossly and vulgarly illustrated that no decent person would look at it a second time. W. D. Howells, in an introductory letter to the second edition of the "Idyls," wrote: "I do not see why they did not flow in rhythm under your hand, except that they found a prose there which was fluent and musical enough for them." Howells was so enthusiastic over these letters that he tried to force them on an unwilling public. He recognized them as a classic; for in this same letter he wrote: "One does these things but once, if one ever does them, but you have done them once for all; no one need ever write of the South Seas again." The descriptions in the "South Sea Idyls" are not surpassed, or rather equalled, by anything in English. There is a charm and simplicity about them which must win admiration, and a humor which is delightful. Much the same criticism may be passed on the "Lazy Letters," "The Island of Tranquil Delights," and "Exits and Entrances" which was Stoddard's favorite book because, as he

wrote a friend, "Variety is its spice." All abound in artistic passages and vivid pen-pictures.

Stoddard wrote one novel, "For the Pleasure of His Company," the hero of which was Stoddard himself under the name of Paul Clitheroe. The novel took its title from a remark passed by Kipling who read the manuscripts and said that it was worth reading if for no other reason than the pleasure of the company of Paul Clitheroe.

Other works by Stoddard are "Mashalla: A Flight Into Egypt," "A Cruise under the Crescent," "Over the Rocky Mountains to Alaska," and "In the Footprints of the Padres" which preserves the religious associations and traditions of the Southwest. He also wrote a life of St. Anthony, "The Wonder Worker of Padua," the saint whom he loved best of all. In "The Lepers of Molokai" he has given a graphic and true description of that mournful island and its inhabitants "clothed all in Death." But most treasured of all, he wrote "A Troubled Heart," an autobiography relating his longing for peace of heart and mind which he eventually found in the Catholic Church.

Of the man himself too high praise can not be written. His was a loving and a lovable nature; he had friends among all classes from the savage to the sage. To him everything was beautiful, whether a setting sun or a naked savage beneath whose sunburned skin he saw a soul simple and trustful, sweet and pure. It was this that enabled him to chum with savages and partake of their life and still come away a singularly pure man. He was by nature refined and gentle; to him the feelings of the savage were as great a care as those of the most sensitive woman. As one admirer, a Frenchman, puts it, he was "one of those who would not strike, were it only with a flower, a woman, even a simple savage." Outwardly Stoddard was merry and possessed of an elegance of address that won him friends everywhere, and immediately. But beneath all that merriment there was a soul crying for a fuller life and seeking rest, which could only be supplied in heaven, but which was partially furnished (and best on this side of the grave) by the Catholic religion.

Of his style nothing better can be written than the following criticism which appeared in a recent issue of the *Ave Maria*: It is from the gifted pen of an enthusiastic admirer of Stoddard's works. This critic

writes: "Style is a matter of thought as well as of expression. With Stoddard it is often a matter of dream. He was an idealist, dwelling in the realms of fancy; there is no question about that. He breathed an ampler ether, a diviner air than the common mortal—or immortal, for that matter. He was different even from his class. In life and art there is nobody quite like him. He never aged, never wore. His work came up fresh each day from his young heart,—the more to be wondered at since he was in a true sense a man of the world, and his writing usually had the journals for its destination. But, written only under the moving impulse of authentic inspiration, it is journalese of the seraphim: His prose is above mere qualities; it is a superb total glory, 'white thoughts' clothed all with gold."

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#### And Fred Made Good.

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WILLIAM J. PARISH, '12.

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"No, Mary, I think you're wrong. The best thing we can do for Fred is to start him to work right away."

"Well, I wouldn't do just as Hiram Kinney's folks," responded Mrs. Henry Holt.

"Send him away if you like," answered Henry, "but mark my words that you'll be sorry for this act of yours before long. Lou Kinney will be making money for himself and we will be spending all our income on Henry."

The town gossips all said it was foolish for old Henry Holt to mortgage his farm for the last three thousand just to put that 'durn' boy there to school. In fact Henry himself believed the same way, and the farm would never have been mortgaged except for the faith that Mrs. Henry Holt had in her boy Fred. Although Henry Holt and Hiram Kinney were close neighbors, yet there was that bitter feeling of rivalry that often exists in rural districts. It was particularly gratifying to Hiram as he sat on a soap box in the corner store of Paton—where was also located the offices of Philip Burrows, the loan shark—and heard and saw his neighbor sign away his homestead all for the sake of Fred. This affair was the cause of much comment in the little village of Paton. Henry's pride was hurt as he drove home that morning. All he had in this world—a little plot of eighty acres—was

signed away for a worthless cause, so he thought. Only one soul in that whole community would give a lifting hand to Fred Holt, just one face to smile a look of sweetness and faith, and that one soul as it happens in most cases, was the soul of Fred's dear old mother. The advantages of college education hadn't penetrated this wilderness and the narrowness with which they viewed most things didn't predict a very bright future for the people of Paton.

Fred's education was about completed when Jack Norworth disclosed a secret which would require the assistance of another bright college youth to bring it to a close. Jack's brother had struck a gold claim in Montana, and had wired Jack to come in June and bring another promoter along. The little time allotted Fred didn't even permit of a visit home.

Fred went West and through his training and energy soon had under operation one of the most energetic and enterprising mining companies of the state. Fred had written home, but not a word did he mention of the lucky find.

It was on the evening of the twenty-second of December, six years almost to the day since the mortgage had been drawn. Two aged persons stood by the fireside of the Holt home.

"I told you so, I told you so," wailed the old man waving his fists in the air.

"Oh, what kind of a father are you? You're no better than the neighbor across the way. Any fool will believe in their child if they see success all around him, but the mother that's worth while in this world is the one that believes in her son when all the world's against him." Sinking in her chair overcome with emotion she muttered: "I believe in Fred with all my heart, yes I do and I always will."

Old man Holt felt a little sorry for what he had said, and walking toward the kitchen suddenly stopped, for a step was on the porch. Looking eagerly towards the door his eyes were filled with compassion and love. A tear trickled down his cheek. The door swung wide.

"My boy! my boy!" he gasped throwing his arms around the neck of Fred Holt.

"Mother, dear mother, you may think it strange in me, not writing, but I became excited and forgot everything."

The joy in seeing their child made the Holt couple forget everything, even the detestable mortgage which would fall due on the twenty-third of December. After tender embraces the father and mother slowly made their way

upstairs. The son looked longingly at the dying embers and thought of many things. As if waking from a dream he turned quickly and proceeded to climb the stairs. Half way up he noticed a paper. He stooped, picked it up and continued to his room. Holding the paper behind the lamp he read of the mortgage which would fall due on the following day.

"My God, my God! I have been cruel."

When Henry Holt seated himself at the breakfast table in the morning he picked an envelope from under the plate, opened it and his eyes fairly bulged as he drew from it a check for five thousand dollars.

"Fred, forgive me for the many unkind things I've said. I guess you haven't made such a failure after all."

"There's plenty more where that came from," replied Fred, "and don't be bashful about asking for it."

It was with a light heart that old Holt hitched the span of bays to the rickety cart. He was bound for town, and the joy his big heart held will never be known. As he reined his horses in front of the corner grocery store his joyful "who-a" could be heard a block away. Every gossip in town was present to see old Hank turn over the farm to the miser who waited anxiously to swallow up another victim.

"Give me a receipt for three thousand," quietly demanded Henry.

"What for?" shouted Burrows, whose face had paled to an ashen white.

"Never mind, give me a receipt if you want your money."

The money paid over, Henry turned quickly to the open-mouthed mob, and pointing out Hiram Kinney with his finger yelled out:

"It pays to send your boy to college, Hiram. You'd better try it."

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### Spring and Easter.

WILLIAM J. MILROY, '13.

Just when the snow and ice are yielding to the solicitations of spring, the winter of Lent is crowned with the glory of Easter. In this twin resurrection of nature and of nature's God there appears a delightful harmony. While our splendid feast is commemorating Christ's triumph over error, it is at the same time attesting the victory of nature's youth over the stern forces of winter. It

is a mighty conquest of life; it is a great day of truth.

In the unfailing recurrence of spring; or rather, in the whole progress of the seasons, there seems a superb lesson of immortality. The merciless ravages of the hosts of winter have left the face of nature in ruinous blindness. Trees, herbs, flowers,—all are despoiled and disfigured. The songs have fled; the honey bees are busy in another clime. The earth is aghast and despairing. But gradually there works a change. Imperceptibly at first, and then slowly, the burden of snow is removed. Painfully, then, but surely, green vegetation raises its lovely face to be kissed by the warmth-bearing breezes. Buds and flowers put forth; their fragrance again allures the birds and bees, whose melodious rejoicing warms into rhythm the chilled blood of nature. Onward the year travels into the lap of summer, where caressed and soothed, all memory and trace of wounds is healed. With a parting kiss and a promise of rich autumnal glories, summer directs the year towards the season of harvests. There the fields and orchards extend the big bounty of their yield. The fruit of labor is gathered up and men give thanks for the generosity of Mother Earth. Soon a mellowness suffuses all her vegetation. Happy in her fruitfulness, yet weary from long labors, she sinks into a slumber of sweetest dreams, never, alas! to wake. For with terrible strides the cruel monster winter rushes forward to devour her. Then the year groans under the merciless blows of winter till everything is dead. In the whited sepulchre of snow and ice all creation lies hearsed. Gone again is the melody of spring and shattered is the summer's dream of immortality.

Long and cruel is the reign of death. But nature has not been destroyed, she has retreated into the bosom of the earth where she gathers and disciplines her forces of energy and life. Slowly she advances upon the enemy and when he will not surrender to her strong arms, she Circe-like charms and defeats him with the witchery of her voice. Life begins to electrify the gloomy earth; all things become drunk with the spirit of youth. The sun which a month ago rose with haggard visage, and out of half-closed eyes looked angrily at the frozen earth, now beams with a radiance of hope. The moon shines with sweeter serenity, while the stars glow more eagerly with a lustre re-

flected from the happy, waking earth. The mornings are flushed with pride and promise, the evenings are haloed with unutterable colors. Delicious odors begin to steal abroad. Budding trees are again the home of winged choristers who all the day pour forth an unvarying yet never wearisome strain of gladness. The victory of Life over Death is complete, and our faith in immortality confirmed.

At this very time, in the height of nature's triumph, there is another victory. The stone-sealed and guarded sepulchre in which the Redeemer lies buried, has been made to surrender its victim, and the countenance of universal nature, which had been blanched with fear and horror, is glorified with beauty. It is indeed fitting that the gayest of seasons should be the stage for our gayest feast, that all creation should by its fresh splendor attest the glory of Christ's Resurrection. He is risen, and with Him all His creatures!

#### Varsity Verse.

##### THE DESERT.

A CLOUDLESS sky with white heat glows  
In the rays of the throbbing noontide sun,  
On a shimmering waste of yellow sand,  
Around which trembling mountain stand.  
Cool shade and water,—ah, there is none!  
And the frugal sage but sparsely grows.

Those sun-bleached bones there perhaps can tell  
A story of the fiend-wrought death  
Of one lost in these regions dry.  
Did he not hear the hot wind sigh  
And murmur with a forge's breath,  
"Away, this is a living hell!"

T. J. D.

##### MY ROSE!

Redder than roses and sweeter than wine,  
Oh, how delicious those lips are of thine!  
Smiles of the angels can scarcely compare  
E'en with one strand from thy beautiful hair,—  
My Rose.

M. J. N.

##### HEAVEN.

Oh, Heavenly Jerusalem,  
Of everlasting halls  
Thrice blessed are the people  
Who dwell within thy walls!

Thou art the golden mansion  
Where saints forever sing;  
The seat of God's own chosen,—  
The palace of the King.

Where God forever sitteth  
Himself of all the Crown,—  
The Light of men, that shineth  
And never goeth down.

C. J. F.

George Baxter, Inventor.

FRANK H. BOOS.

Red Mullin laughed uproariously and rolled on the bed with glee; Charles Allen sat on the trunk and dangled his feet in the air, chuckling softly.

"Did I see him? How could I help but see him?" demanded Mullin between gasps.

"Beauty Henderson is a beauty, all right, all right," said Allen, snickering; "and from the looks of things, he won't lose his good looks for a while either.

"But what gets me is, why in the name of heavens did he get his head shaved this time of year? By golly, I never saw anyone quite so bald as this here boob Henderson is," said Mullin after another spasm of mirth.

"It ain't that he's proud of his dome, bet your socks on that; 'cause an uglier bean never burdened a mortal's shoulders. Did you see the bumps and knobs on it? Huh, it looks as if he'd fallen down seventeen flights of stairs when he was a baby and every step had put a new dent in his skull. If that head is wood, it must be darned full of knots," was Allen's comment.

"But how did he happen to have his hair shaved off?" panted Mullin whose violent laughter had given him the hiccoughs.

"Oh, just another one of George Baxter's fool inventions," replied Allen.

"Baxter? Which Baxter? The one that's a bug on experiments, or the guy who—"

"The same, the very same," interrupted Allen, "the same and none other than George Baxter, the world's famous inventor and genius, and incidentally the biggest bug that ever eluded the etymologist. He invented a new machine, tried it on Beauty Henderson; result, Henderson becomes the fall guy and the University freak."

"How did it happen?" asked Mullin, all curiosity.

"I have become Arsène Lupin, Raffles and Sherlock Holmes all in one," solemnly asserted Allen; "and I find that, after careful inquiry, the cause of this Henderson's sudden baldness is a book!"

"A book? How in the world could a book have anything to do—"

"Hist! I must have silence—harken thee

closely and I will explain all things to thou. Henderson is a full-fledged member of the ancient and honorable order of Bald Domes as the result of a harmless little book entitled *Potter's Economics*."

"Aw, come down to the hard and stony! I want to know why this Henderson had his head shaved."

"And I am tryin' to tell you, only you open that subway of yours so darned often that you don't give me a chance. I said that Beauty lost his golden locks on account of a book entitled *Potter's Economics* and I mean it. This Baxter extracted this musty tome from the archives of our library, and read therein a treatise on 'Home Industry.' The book is a Fourteen Ninety Two model, old enough to smell bad, and the dope in it is about as new as the 'Friend-in-the-city' permission gag.

"But George, he pores over its ancient and hoary doctrines and is impressed. You know these big brains always have a soft spot somewhere. Baxter's is a love of economy, and he's about as free with his jingle-jingle as a king is with his crown. That guy wouldn't spend a nickel to see England and Germany scrap for the championship belt of Europe; at least, not unless Japan would slip in a squadron or two on the side to be blown to pieces by bombs from American aeroplanes. He's a good sport all right, if you have the makings and a roll of the necessary evil in your strides. Otherwise, it's the cold and icy, and *nihil faciens*."

"Well, George reads *Potter's Economics* and 'Home Industry' and it gave him a brand new, nickel-plated idea. When, in the course of human events, it becomes necessary that a man should slip a barber two bits and get his hair cut, why should not the man save the quarter to buy C. P. R. R. stock with and cut his hair himself? Barbers are tiresome anyhow, so down sits Baxter with his head between his hands, and pretty soon this nickel-plated idea has hatched into a nice, neat cute little plan.

"Accordingly, George climbs into his overalls with eager haste, and hies himself to the shops. For a week it was as impossible to see him as it is to expect the Hill street cars to run on time, for George was a very busy and industrious young feller.

"The other day, as I was walkin' down the hall, a lusty voice hailed me, and sure enough, it was Baxter. I was some surprised to see

him at that time of day, but as I could sniff adventure as strong as a bricklayer's pipe, I hotfoots into his room and glances around for the new wrinkle I knew he had.

"Was it there? Why, certainly. Right there in the middle of the room was a box-like piece of furniture about six feet high, lookin' like one of these here foldin' screens fixed into the shape of a square. Baxter, swellin' with pride like a goat full of dried apples and H<sup>2</sup>O, turned a little knob and a door opened in the side, revealin' a tall stool, a half a hundred mirrors all lit up with electric lights, and a mass of nickel-plated machinery that looked like the inside of a telephone operator's switch-board durin' the rush season.

"I was so astonished that my Adam's apple scraped against my back teeth, and the more I did the piker act, the worse I got. When I stuck my head inside that door, I swear by the nine great idols of Tasmania that I could see myself four hundred times in sixteen different directions. Those blamed mirrors reflected and re-reflected and re-re-reflected until I saw ten thousand 'me's', and my bean began to whirl around like I had a quart of 'spirits frumenti' under my belt.

"It was all Sanscrit and Eskimo to me, so I backed away and sat down waitin' for little Georgie to begin his elucidatin', which he did right promptly. After he had explained the thing to me about as many times as there are buttons on them military uniforms, I began to see his drift. You see, it was like this: The machine was what he called a Simplex Hair-cutter, and it had enough mechanism in it to make half a dozen time locks. The guy that was going to have his hair cut sat on the tall stool inside the screens, and those mirrors were fixed so that he could see his head from every possible direction and angle. Right in front of him was a steel switch-board with all kinds of levers on it, and each of these here levers controlled the movements of two thin steel arms that moved about like the arms of a miniature derrick. On the end of each of these arms was a pair of scissors with funny curved points like them tools the manicure lady uses in a big AI barber shop.

"All the guy inside had to do was to sit there and pull them little levers, and darned if those funny scissors didn't come right up to your bean and take a cut at your hair just as slick as writin' an exam. with a book in

your lap. When the cuttin' process was all over, George unscrewed one of the pairs of scissors from the steel arms and put a pair of clippers in their place, and the machine started clippin' as expert as could be, givin' your hair that head-barber effect that costs you half a bone extra. Baxter had a liberal supply of hair tonics and perfumes and fixin's, so that his customers wouldn't have no kick comin' that they didn't get their coin's worth of real tonsorial dope.

"George shows me his own head, and I'll be outyelled by an oyster if he didn't have the neatest hair cut I ever glanced at, all slicked down and swell as the felt on a pool table.

"So, pretty soon, the story got around that Baxter had a machine that would cut your hair better'n any barber for the small sum of one dime, ten cents; and right off the reel, up comes this Beauty Henderson for a hair cut, dippy as a jaybird over the idea that he was goin' to save fifteen cents, and Baxter, he plants him in the tall stool and told him to go to it. But there was one thing that George forgot to consider; most of the guys knew as much about cuttin' hair as a Laplander knows about bananas, and, combined with the artistic taste of a Hottentot and the delicate touch of the wild man from Borneo, they weren't quite equal to any real Barber school graduate work.

"Well, as I ain't no marathon runner and my wind is givin' out, I'll just give part of this little narrative the blue pencil and cut it short. His royal boobship, Beauty Henderson, had been sittin' in this machine about ten minutes when he let out the most horrible whoop that ever curdled human blood, the little door flew open, and out hopped the fall guy as scared as a skiver with the watchman on his heels. Somethin' had gone wrong with the machinery, and one of the scissors had slipped and jabbed into his ear, drawin' a drop or two of his claret.

"It took a long time to persuade Henderson to go back in the box again, but after Baxter had patched him up with court plaster enough to hold him together if he'd been blown to molecules with dynamite, the boob does the brave soldier act again, determined to get his money's worth. He got it all right; no mistake about that.

"Did the machine cut his hair? Well, I

dunno. Some might call it cuttin', but it looked to me more like he'd stuck his head into a corn shredder and turned on the juice. Talk about a hair cut! Say, I'll betcher a plug of chewin' a yard long against a lemo-and-fours that I could do a better job than that there machine did with a whipsaw and a pipewrench.

"There were tufts of yaller hair stickin' out all over his head as big as whisk brooms, anyhow at least six inches long, and the part that wasn't stickin' up with that pine-tree effect was as bald as a baby nine days old. Huh, his head looked like a wheat field after a hailstorm, or a stack of hay on a windy day. I darned near dislocated my floating rib with laughing, and even Baxter had to let a few roars out of his system before he could settle down to business.

"Beauty Henderson couldn't see the joke for blue air; he just naturally raved, that's all. All his cute, golden locks were ruined, absolutely ruined, and it kinder unsettled his disposition; but our friend George informed him that it was his own fault, not the fault of the machine.

"For proof of the hair-cutter's ability to do good work, Baxter shows him the cut he had, and this kinder shuts the boob up; but just between you and me, I don't believe George did the job himself nor I never will. Well, Beauty's wool was in an awful condition, so Baxter gives him two bits and tells him to go and get it shaved off, for he was afraid that when the fellers saw what his invention had done to Henderson, they'd steer clear of it, and his chances for makin' his million would be thinner'n a split sheet of No. 90 gold leaf. Nevertheless, Beauty squealed and gummed the whole show. Yep, gave it such a bad rep that old Baxter never got another chance to prove his machine's worth, so he took it back to the shops and threw it on the junk heap.

"Nope, he don't deserve no pity whatsoever, 'cause any guy what's mean enough to try and cheat the poor honest barber out of his livin' ought be cut off without a permission for the rest of his college days. It's poor taste anyhow, and very impolite of him. You bet Baxter's an inventor all right, and may cut his initials in the Hall of Fame yet, but I hope and pray that he don't never get the chance to monkey with dynamite or nitroglycerin, for his sake—and ours."

### An American Romanticist.

FRANK J. BRESLIN, '13.

From the first he was recognized, by such readers as he chanced to find, as a man of genius; yet for a long time he enjoyed, in his own words, the distinction of being "the obscurest man of letters in America." His readers were "gentle" rather than enthusiastic; their fine delight in his creations was an individual perception of the subtle excellences of thought and style, too refined and self-satisfying to be contagious; and the public was untouched, whilst the "gentle" reader was full of placid enjoyment.

There would appear, on a slight view of the matter, to be no reason for the little notice which Hawthorne's early productions received. The subjects were mostly drawn from the traditions and written records of New England, and gave the "beautiful strangeness" of imagination to objects, incidents, and characters which were familiar facts in the popular mind.

The style, while it had a purity, sweetness and grace which satisfied the most fastidious and exacting taste, had, at the same time, more than the simplicity and clearness of an ordinary school-book. But, though the subjects and the style were thus popular there was something in the shaping and informing spirit which failed to awaken interest, or awakened interest without exciting delight. He had spiritual insight, but it did not penetrate to the sources of spiritual joy; and his deepest glimpses of truth were calculated rather to sadden than to inspire. A blandly sceptical distrust of human nature was the result of his piercing glances into the human soul. He had humor, and sometimes humor of a delicious kind; but this sunshine of the soul was but sunshine breaking through, or lighting up, a sombre cloud. Like his own Hepzibah Pyncheon, he appeared "to be walking in a dream," or rather, the life and reality assumed by his emotions "made all outward occurrences unsubstantial, like the teasing phantasms of an unconscious slumber." Though dealing largely in description, and with the most accurate perceptions of outward objects, he still, to use again his own words, gives the impression of a man "chiefly accustomed to look inward,



and to whom external matters are of little value or import, unless they bear relation to something within his own mind." But that "something within his own mind" was often an unpleasant something,—perhaps a ghastly occult perception of deformity and sin in what appeared outwardly fair and good; so that the reader felt a secret dissatisfaction with the disposition which directed the genius, even in the homage he awarded to the genius itself. As psychological portraits of morbid natures, his delineations of character might have given a purely intellectual satisfaction; but there was audible, to the delicate ear, a faint and muffled growl of personal discontent, which showed they were not mere exercises of penetrating imaginative analysis, but had in them the morbid vitality of a despondent mood.

In the "Prophetic Pictures," "Fancy's Show-Box," "The Great Carbuncle," there are flashes of moral insight, which light up for the moment the darkest recesses of the individual mind. Interspersed with histories and moralities like these are others which embody the sweet and playful, though still thoughtful and slightly saturnine action of Hawthorne's mind,—like "The Seven Vagabonds," "Mr. Higgenbotham's Catastrophe," "A Rill from the Town-Pump."

The "Mosses from an Old Manse" are intellectually and artistically superior to the "Twice-Told Tales." The twenty-three stories and essays which make up the volumes are almost perfect of their kind. Each is complete in itself, and many might be expanded into long romances by the simple method of developing the possibilities of their shadowy types of character into appropriate incidents. In description, narration, allegory, humor, reason, fancy, subtlety, inventiveness, they exceed the best productions of Addison; but they want Addison's sensuous contentment and sweet and kindly spirit.

Up to the time of the writing of "The Scarlet Letter," the writings of Hawthorne conveyed the impression of a genius in which insight so dominated over impulse that it was rather mentally and morally curious than mentally and morally impassioned. The quality evidently wanting to its full expression was intensity.

Two characteristics of Hawthorne's genius stand plainly out in the conduct and characterization of the romance of "The Scarlet

Letter," which were less obviously prominent in his previous works. The first relates to his subordination of external incidents to inward events. Hawthorne relies almost entirely for the interest of his story on what is felt and done within the minds of his characters. Even his most picturesque descriptions and narratives are only one-tenth matter to nine-tenths spirit.

The second characteristic of his genius is connected with the first. With the insight of the individual soul he combines a far deeper insight of the spiritual laws which govern the strangest aberrations of individual souls. Throughout the "Scarlet Letter" we seem to be following the guidance of an author who is personally good-natured, but intellectually and morally relentless.

"The House of Seven Gables," while it has less concentration of passion and tension of mind than "The Scarlet Letter," includes a wider range of observation, reflection, and character; and the morality, dreadful as fate, which hung like a black cloud over the personages of the previous story is exhibited in more relief. Although the book has no imaginative creation equal to little Pearl, it still contains numerous examples of characterization at once delicate and deep; and the mode in which this idea is carried out shows great force, fertility, and refinement of mind.

Hawthorne is one of those true observers who concentrate in observation every power of their minds. He has accurate sight and piercing insight. When he modifies either the form or the spirit of the objects he describes, he does it either by viewing them through the medium of an imagined mind or by obeying associations which they themselves suggest. His excellence consists not so much in using common words as in making common words express uncommon things. In intellect and imagination, in the faculty of discerning spirits and detecting laws, we doubt if any living novelist is his equal; but his genius, in its creative action, has been heretofore attracted to the dark rather than the bright side of the interior life of humanity, and the geniality which evidently is in him has rarely found adequate expression; but in any event, it would be unjust to deny that he has done enough to insure him a commanding position in American literature as long as American literature has an existence.

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—The city of South Bend is erecting a new high school which when completed will cost about three hundred thousand dollars. It will surpass in the magnificence of its appointments anything that a private corporation under ordinary circumstances could hope to erect. It might be less magnificent and yet amply answer the needs of the pupils of South Bend. But that is not the question. The taxpayers of the city have been called upon to erect this building. They are doing so and that seems to remove the matter from discussion. But when an editorial writer of one of the South Bend dailies declares that taxpayers should also furnish free text-books for the pupils of the high school, it makes one wonder where the line is to be drawn. Admitting free text-books, then let us say free meals—three of them or so—free clothes, free houses, free gardens in which to grow flowers, free automobiles, to take the pupils to school and home again, a lackey for every boy and a maid for every girl, chewing gum, chaperons, private doctors, roller skates, steam launches and a three-ring circus twice per annum. All this seems ridiculous. And so it is; but for precisely the same reason that the suggestion about free text-books is. Surely the state is doing ample for the *general* welfare of all its pupils. When you begin with the *particular* welfare, then

you have an imaginary straight line going on to infinity. Conceive, for instance, a state furnishing all the high-school girls with hats! What commonwealth would not shrink from a social socialism of this kind! This South Bend editor lacks humor; he has not glanced back to note the glorious procession of free-for-all's trailing on the wake of free books. We believe the Public ought to be protected, and the children ought to be educated, but we do not believe the Public is so helpless as to be fed with a spoon. There is such a thing as drawing the line. Let's draw it at free text-books, keeping the books on the not-free side of the line, if you please.

—The preparatory department of the school exists in the catalogue. It has few organizations of its own, and gives little evidence of what should be a distinct and separate existence. As far as athletics are concerned it does not give any notable evidence of existence.

To remedy this condition and to stimulate the athletic activities of the preparatory students it has been suggested that a "Prep" Athletic Association be organized. The movement is favorably regarded by members of the Faculty, and if it meets with the approval of the students and secures their co-operation, good will undoubtedly result. There is a wealth of "material" in the "prep" ready to respond to the call of a well-developed athletic association. An organization representative of the entire preparatory department would be far more effective and wider in scope than any mere hall association. The experience obtained through it would develop many candidates for future Varsities. It could furnish great incentives to athletically inclined "preps" and might perhaps be the means of awakening interest in inter-class athletics. Let us hope that the movement will progress.

—It is not very often that Catholics are given an opportunity of observing the Holy Week ritual in as complete detail as it is carried out here at Notre Dame. Last week the events which mean so much in Catholic life and tradition were commemorated—the life of Christ was followed from His triumphal entry into

Jerusalem, through the institution of the Blessed Eucharist, through His passion and death, to the hour of His glorious Resurrection. All these events were renewed in all the splendor and wealth of detail which centuries of devotion and fervor have built up around them. But some of us think it is asking much to attend these exercises, because they are somewhat lengthy and possibly tiresome. Leaving aside the spiritual good to be derived, a knowledge of these services is a part of every Catholic college man's education. For besides helping us to further understand the articles of our faith, a knowledge of Church services will enable us to answer the questions of others who want to know their meaning. And who, if not the Catholic college man should be able to give this information?

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#### Merited Praise.

Under the heading "Characteristically Irish," the *Monitor* of Newark, N. J., has the following to say on Father Carroll's sketches in the *Ave Maria*:

A series of Irish sketches, under the title of "Home Life in Ireland," has been appearing in the *Ave Maria*. They are written by P. J. Carroll, C. S. C. In our opinion, these sketches have not been receiving the attention and the praise which they deserve. They are as fine things in their way as we have ever read. They are simple and natural, and full of that spirit of faith and dry humor so characteristic of the Irish people. They sparkle with life and action and are notably dramatic. Any one of them might be staged to advantage—in fact, they impress you as already staged.

We do not know whether P. J. Carroll, C. S. C., is a priest or not, owing to the absurd custom of our Catholic periodicals of omitting the "Rev." from before the names of their contributors; but we suspect that he is.

We risk the "Rev." anyway, and congratulate Father Carroll. He has uncovered a fresh, inviting mine in literature, and as he hews out his nuggets from day to day, he is producing golden results.

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#### Arthur Kachel Next Tuesday.

Mr. Arthur Kachel, professor of Public speaking in the South Bend High School, will read the "Music Master" next Tuesday beginning at 4:30 p. m. Mr. Kachel is one of Mr. Leland Powers' most distinguished students, and a very notable interpretation of the "Music Master" may be expected. Do not miss the reading next Tuesday.

#### Senior Play.

"What did you think of the play?"—Again this yearly stereotype is dealt to every hand, and again the changeless trump, "Fine!" captures the trick. We, too, should like to swell the chorus with a "Fine!" We should be spared the censure which is the critic's wage, and could go out fearlessly and chuckle over our clever non-committal. We know how secure his position is, who has made an answer, and yet not answered. He is as cheerful as the wily debater astride a charging dilemma. You can't probe a "Fine," fond reader. There it is, blank and echoless, bounded on all sides by obscurity. Take your latitude if you dare!

Uninfluenced, then, by the thousand expressions of appreciation and delight which we heard, what did we think of it? First as regards the play itself. We think "The Rise of Peter McCabe" as presented last Monday wants symmetry of structure. Peter McCabe himself is drawn so carefully and earnestly that he makes the cast rather top-heavy. He stands out too boldly against all good influences; he is drawn so excellently that his fellow-characters are neglected. Instead of a play founded on a theme, one's impression of this is a number of acts built around one player; a play made to fit some actor, and not made for its own merits. Peter has many admirable qualities, yet it hardly seems satisfactory to find him resisting all noble influences to the end, and then not being converted by the virtuous forces set in operation during the play, but giving up his wickedness because he has been beaten and is sick of the prolonged fight.

In the rôle of Mr. Baldwin, the unfortunate speculator, Mr. Curran was perfectly at ease. His voice fitted the character, and all his movements were in keeping with the notion of a respected gentleman in ugly distress.

Mr. Barry, playing Donald Baldwin, took a good share of the glory. In the impetuous and tense passages he was most at home. Yet in striving for the natural, it seems he at times forgot the artistic; this was most noticeable in the matter of gesture.

Lawrence Cameron was a delicate subject. Most actors shiver with fear during the allotment of the cast. There is no doubt that all

trembled when the Director was casting about for a Lawrence. But Mr. Cusick forgot to tremble, and so we find him carrying the part skilfully and fearlessly.

Mrs. Palmer came in so mysteriously and fluttered about so airily that we falter in trying to congratulate her, fan and all. We suspend judgment until we have consulted the audience who appeared much amused during this scene.

As for Gates—bring on the enamel, we are going "to paint the lily." If the aristocracy of England had knowledge of his merit, we should lose Thomas Dockweiler. His every entrance caused a roar, and several exits almost excited a riot.

Mr. Daly won the sympathy of the entire audience in his quiet, unaffected portrayal of poor Porky O'Flynn. It is a relief to find such simplicity. When the lesser characters in a play discard the grand and the heroic, when they diligently avoid strain, and subdue their lights to intensify the radiance of the stars, they improve the figure of the act, and show their modesty and good judgment.

Was it Mr. Cunning, or was it really Ryan? We don't know. Our opinion is that it was Ryan himself, and our only criticism is that he had so few lines.

Mr. Murphy spoke very much like His Grace, but, somehow or other, his appearance failed to deceive us into thinking he was Archbishop Sheehan. Perhaps the change from "Mgr. Come on now—at a boy! You can do it," to "Presumptuous man!" was a little violent for our imagination.

William Galvin, as McCabe's secretary, and Edward Howard, as utility man, are tied for promotion. It is likely that Inspector Kelly's whirlwind entrance plus the inimitable salute will give him the honors.

McGarry and Birder! Birder and McGarry! Let us take a new pen and begin. Justice lets slip her blindfold, and with a knowing wink nods towards her scales, and whispers "Fill them." We should like to; we ought to. How McCabe was master of himself; how he beat down opposition; how he grew larger and better as the play moved on, now displaying noble instincts, now falling under the force of vicious habit, but ever rising in our affection, McGarry fitted the rôle perfectly. Gesture, facial expression, every particular piece of business, was so natural that no one could notice the labor of practice.

Mr. Birder has the reputation of being the finest actor of female rôles we have had in some years. If we had been in doubt till Monday, we are certain now. We think he was far more natural in this play than in the play before Christmas. There was a softer touch in all his lines, a more rapid and accurate facial expression; he found less difficulty in handling varied emotions, he was so graceful and womanly and coy that even all the girls in the audience were sceptical for one or two acts, and then enthusiastic in their recognition of his art.

We have acknowledged the industry and talent of the players. But there is some one else whom we must recognize and whom we must congratulate. Father Moloney, the Director of University Dramatics, has done well with his caste. After one witnessed the first practices, and then compared them with the final performance, one learns how to appreciate the energy of the man who trains our players. We say—We expected a well-rendered performance, and we were not disappointed.

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### The Senior Ball.

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Easter Monday was a real red-letter day for the class of nineteen-twelve. Fresh from the laurels of their annual dramatic production, "The Rise of Peter McCabe," pronounced by many to be one of the best Senior plays ever acted, the class held a most brilliant college social function, the annual ball. From the point of attendance, excellence of program and everything social it far surpassed the efforts of any other class, and will be always remembered by the college social set.

An energetic committee, consisting of Messrs. Finn, Duncan, Keys, Condon, Barry, Cusick and Johnston, had the affair in charge, and left nothing undone which might add to the brilliance of the occasion or the comfort of the out-of-town guests.

The exclusive ball-room of the Oliver Hotel and the majority of rooms on the third floor were given over for the convenience of the dancers. The departure this year from the famous Place Hall, the scene of many college functions, was warmly welcomed by the visitors and marks an innovation which may be followed by other classes.

Beautiful pennants, flowers and colored lights along with the exquisite wall-paintings of the room gave a gala-day effect and charming

color to the fashionable coterie. Behind a mass of palms and plants, Mattes' full orchestra discoursed sweet strains and the latest dance "catches" throughout the evening.

At nine o'clock all the dancers formed in line for the grand march, and led by President Russell Finn and Miss Marguerite Finn of Detroit executed several original and beautiful evolutions. Following a clever idea all were grouped in the unique shape of the letters N and D for a picture. Then the guests started the program of fifteen numbers which were repeatedly encored.

At midnight a rest was called and the dancers returned to the Red room where a dainty luncheon was served. Mr. Barry O'Scanlon of South Bend accompanied by the orchestra rendered three vocal selections during the banquet in his own original way and won the audience by the clearness and sweetness of his voice.

A number of out-of-town guests and alumni added to the interest of the function. Among these were Mrs. Keys, Cleveland; Mrs. C. Dixon, Toledo; Mrs. J. Deignan, Chicago; the Misses Marguerite Finn, Kathleen Hurley, and Mary McLaughlin, Detroit; Helen Deigner and Ann Sullivan, Chicago; Laura Dixon, Toledo; Helen Krueger and Ruth Neville, Michigan City, Indiana; Ella Costello, Kewanna; Mary Vanderhoof, Windsor, Ontario; Hazel Walley, Elkhart; Cecile Burkhard, St. Joseph, Michigan; and Marie Prahl of Mishawaka; Messrs. J. McDonough, '10, Chicago; J. Kenefick '10, Michigan City, and W. Downing, Decatur, Ill.

Following were the patrons and patronesses: Hon. and Mrs. T. E. Howard, Dr. and Mrs. J. F. Powers, Capt. and Mrs. R. R. Stogsdall, Prof. and Mrs. W. L. Benitz, Hon. and Mrs. G. A. Farabaugh, and Mr. and Mrs. E. J. Twomey.

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### Society Notes.

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#### CIVIL ENGINEERING.

The Civil Engineering Society met on Wednesday night after an adjournment of two weeks' duration which was made necessary because of Church services on the preceding Wednesday night. The program was shorter than usual, Mr. Burkhart, who was scheduled to read a paper, being unavoidably absent from the University.

Mr. Marcille opened the meeting with a

paper on "The Controlling Factors in a Resurvey." It frequently happens that the marks which define the boundary lines of a piece of property become effaced; that being the case, it devolves upon the surveyor to re-establish them as nearly as possible in their original places. In doing this, however, the surveyor has no judicial authority to establish anything; he is simply an expert witness who gives the benefit of his knowledge and experience, and the aid of his instruments, to find the true lines. The description of the property given in the deed, if complete, is the controlling factor in the resurvey; if this description be incomplete or inconsistent, then other factors enter, such, for instance, as the testimony of persons living at the time of the original survey. Mr. Marcille concluded with an account of the famous controversy concerning the location of the Alaska-Canada boundary and of how it was settled.

Mr. Yerns read a paper on the "Reliability of the Surveyor's Compass." In early days when land was not very valuable and errors in surveys were not likely to lead to serious consequences, the surveyor's compass was reliable enough for most surveys. Today, however, the compass is regarded as being too inaccurate and it has been superseded by the transit. The causes of this unreliability are local attraction of the needle caused by iron fence, etc., magnetism, electricity and geologic formations. It is utterly impossible to use the compass in cities with satisfactory results because of the local attraction exerted by water, paper, fences, wires, etc. On iron ships, too, the sides of the vessel attract the needle and prevent it from pointing to the magnetic pole. Even without such disturbing influences, the magnetic needle does not point truly north, but points to a pole whose position is constantly changing, thus causing the declination to vary, so that at best the surveyor's compass is a rather crude instrument.

Mr. Lahey discussed very well a question which involved the rapidity of the radiation of heat from the surface of water.

At the close of the literary program Mr. Shannon, president of the society, read a letter from Señor Edward J. de Romaña, father of the late Juan L. de Romaño, a 1911 graduate in civil engineering, in which he expressed his deep appreciation of the sympathy shown by this society during his bereavement.

## Personals.

—The Right Rev. Edward D. Kelley, D. D., assistant bishop of Detroit, was a welcome visitor to the University on Wednesday of this week.

—Frank Holleran (Litt. B. '10) sends his best wishes to the old boys from Chicago.

—Mr. Thomas Donnelly (C. E. '04) of Bay City, Michigan, was at the University this week.

—Mr. Joseph Murphy (LL. B. '11) of Dayton, Ohio, attended the Senior functions Easter Monday.

—Lucian C. Coppinger (student '08-'09) of Alton, Illinois, was a caller at the University Easter week.

—Hon. Robert Proctor (LL. B. '04), Congressman from Elkhart, was an enthusiastic rooter at the Olivet game.

—Mr. Thomas Maguire (A. B. '09) of Chicago, Illinois, now a student at St. Mary's Seminary, Baltimore, Maryland, visited friends at the University last Sunday.

—Mr. Clarence Kennedy (M. S. in Biol. '07) is Professor of Biology in the Dyer (Indiana) High School. The old fellows will remember Clarence as an instructor in the same subject at Notre Dame.

—It is gratifying to hear on authority of librarians that Rev. Dr. Schumacher's work, entitled "The Knowableness of God," is one of the most popular books of its kind, being frequently called for by clergymen of all denominations. The latest appreciation of the work that has come to our knowledge is contained in a volume entitled "The Revival of Scholastic Philosophy in the Nineteenth Century," by Dr. J. L. Perrier of Columbia University, New York. The author speaks of Dr. Schumacher's work as "one of the most important contributions of neo-Scholasticism to the field of Natural Theology."

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**Calendar.**

Sunday, April 14—Low Sunday. Mass: Celebrant, Rev. T. Burke; Sermon by Rev. W. Bolger.

Monday, April 15—Varsity vs. Grand Rapids  
Mr. Arthur Kachel in the "Music Master."

Wednesday, April 17—Varsity vs. Grand Rapids in baseball, here.

Thursday, April 18—Varsity vs. South Bend in baseball

Saturday, April 20—Varsity vs. South Bend in baseball

## Local News.

—Lost.—A bunch of keys. Finder please leave at the Students' Infirmary.

—"Off the Grass" signs are due soon. When they appear, please to obey them.

—The K. of C. held a meeting Thursday evening at which plans were completed for the coming initiation.

—The course in International Law prescribed for Ph. B. men will be given by Colonel Hoynes, Dean of the Law Department.

—The Orphans, a picked up team of former Varsity players and aspiring Varsity men, defeated the Grand Rapids team 5 to 2 at Cartier field Wednesday.

—There is some talk of the SCHOLASTIC staff giving a vaudeville show in the near future. The weekly assignments should have a prior consideration, however.

—At a meeting of the Faculty Board, Joseph Kenney and Jay Lee, both candidates for the baseball team, were declared ineligible, because of the one-year residence rule.

—The racing boats appeared on the lake for the first time Wednesday afternoon. With so much enthusiasm to begin practice the crews this year should attain a high degree of efficiency.

—The senior ball was the "most brilliant social affair of the season," so was the sophomore hop, so was the military ball, so will be—but watch for the society editor's account of the junior prom, and see for yourself.

—The solemn high mass of Easter Sunday was sung by Rev. M. A. Schumacher, assisted by Rev. Thomas Irving and Rev. George O'Connor. The sermon on "The Fact of the Resurrection" was preached by the Rev. Father Carroll.

—Walsh hall lost to South Bend high school 9 to 2 Tuesday. "Speed" Ryan held the fortifications during the first part of the battle and kept the Benders at bay with his "benders." Then another general was given command, and the Alamo surrendered as indicated.

—The publication of such new books as Father Quinlan's "Poetic Justice in the Drama," is bringing repute to the Notre Dame University press, and suggests a time when, as at Oxford, most of the books used in the class-rooms will be the work of Notre Dame scholars, and will be published at Notre Dame.

—For the purpose of choosing a debating team to represent the hall in the annual contest with Brownson, preliminary try-outs were held at a special meeting of the St. Joseph's Literary society, Wednesday evening. Fathers Carroll and McNamara, and Mr. John O'Hara acted as judges. Places were awarded the following men: First, Wm. Galvin; second, Joseph Smith; third, Ira Hurley; alternate, John Dundon. In the Brownson debate these men will uphold the affirmative of the question: "Resolved that the Fifteenth Amendment to the Constitution ought to be repealed."

**Athletic Notes.**

**VARSIITY TAKES THIRD FROM GRAND RAPIDS.**

Saturday's victory over Grand Rapids by a score of 2 to 1 gave the Varsity a record of three straight over the Central Leaguers. The pitching of McGough and Kelly featured the contest. Kelly took up the burden in the sixth inning after Grand Rapids had tied the count on a double by Barkwell, followed by Parker's line drive along the left-field foul-line, in the preceding session. The showing of the youngster from the sunny South stamps him as one of the strongest contenders for regular berths. Eight strike-outs was the record hung up during the four innings, while but one safety was secured during his incumbency.

Notre Dame's initial tally came in the fourth round. O'Connell led off with a single to right field and advanced when Campbell was hit by the ball. Newning sacrificed and O'Connell was forced home on Dolan's slow grounder. Elward and Carmody were walked, sending Campbell in with the tally.

The deciding run was obtained in the sixth on a double by Elward, who moved to third on Carmody's sacrifice, scoring on a wild pitch by Drollinger.

Notre Dame	R	H	P	A	E
O'Connell, ss.....	0	1	2	1	0
Campbell, 1b.....	1	0	9	0	0
Newning, 3b.....	0	0	0	2	0
Dolan, cf.....	0	1	0	0	0
Elward, rf.....	1	1	2	0	0
Carmody, lf.....	0	0	1	0	0
Arnfield, 2b.....	0	1	0	1	0
Guppy, c.....	0	0	11	3	0
McGough, p.....	0	0	2	1	0
Kelly, p.....	0	0	0	2	0
<b>Totals</b>	<b>2</b>	<b>4</b>	<b>27</b>	<b>10</b>	<b>0</b>

**Grand Rapids.**

Teeters, lf.....	0	0	1	0	0
Dunlap, cf.....	0	0	1	0	0
Thomas, rf.....	0	0	0	1	0
Schmick, 1b.....	0	2	7	1	0
Koehler, 2b.....	1	1	1	1	0
Barkwell, 3b.....	1	1	0	0	0
Parker, ss.....	0	1	1	0	0
Weeks, c.....	0	0	13	2	0
Essick, p.....	0	0	0	1	0
Drollinger, p.....	0	0	0	1	0
*Lejuene, p.....	0	0	0	0	0
Martin, p.....	0	0	0	1	0
<b>Totals.</b>	<b>1</b>	<b>5</b>	<b>24</b>	<b>8</b>	<b>0</b>

Struck out—by McGough, 3; by Kelly, 8; by Essick; 3; by Martin 4; by Drollinger, 3. Bases on balls—Off McGough, 1; off Kelly, 2; off Drollinger, 7; Two-base hits—Barkwell, Elward. Three-base hits—Dolan. Double play—Kelly to Arnfield to Campbell. Umpire—Crowley. Time of game—1 hour 45 minutes. \*Batted for Martin in the 9th.

**OLIVET SHUT OUT.**

With Regan on the mound last Tuesday, Olivet had no chance of coming within striking distance at any time and was forced to content itself with the minus end of an 8 to 0 score. Despite the onesided result the contest was full of interesting moments. The tryout was the first received by Regan this year, and that result indicates that the auburn-topped veteran has lost none of his old-time cunning. Two lone safeties, neither of which hinted of a tally, was the total of hits secured by the visitors. The fielding of the Varsity was one of the features of the game. Arnfield pulled off the sensation in the fourth inning by a bare-hand stop of Sanford's liner, and O'Connell displayed his ability in the seventh by invading left field to take Gee's short fly.

Sanford twirled a pretty game for the visitors, but was handicapped at critical stages by weak support. Hitting honors for the day fell to Regan with three bingles out of four times at bat. One of the safeties, a triple in the fifth scored Arnfield.

Notre Dame	R	H	P	A	E
O'Connell, ss.....	0	0	3	2	0
Farrell, 1b.....	1	1	15	1	0
Granfield, 3b.....	0	1	3	2	0
Williams, cf.....	1	1	0	0	0
Duggan, lf.....	2	1	1	0	0
Elward, rf.....	0	0	1	0	0
Granfield, 2b.....	1	0	1	2	0
Gray, c.....	1	1	3	0	0
Regan, p.....	2	3	0	9	0
Carmody, ss.....	0	0	0	0	0
<b>Totals</b>	<b>8</b>	<b>8</b>	<b>27</b>	<b>16</b>	<b>0</b>

Olivet					
Smith, ss.	0	0	2	2	0
Sorensen, lf.	0	0	0	0	0
Hamilton, 2b.	0	0	0	1	1
Sanford, p.	0	0	2	3	0
Gee, 1b.	0	1	9	1	0
Price, 3b.	0	0	1	1	1
Depew, cf.	0	1	0	0	1
Royal, rf.	0	0	1	0	0
Bauman, c.	0	0	9	2	1
Totals.	0	2	24	10	4

Struck out—By Regan, 3; by Sanford, 9. Bases on balls—Off Sanford, 2. Two base hits—Farrell, Williams, Depew. Three base hits—Regan. Umpire—Hamilton. Time of game, 1 hour 50 minutes.

THE FIRST A TIE WITH SOUTH BEND.

Overanxiety induced by the initial invasion of foreign fields worked against the Varsity at Springbrook park last Thursday, when the South Bend (Central League) team was enabled to hold the gold and blue to a five to five tie in a twelve inning contest.

After the victories over the more experienced Grand Rapids nine, a decisive defeat of South Bend was accepted as a foregone conclusion. Wildness on the part of Berger during the first three innings, however, enabled the city squad to tally, and by the time the game was well under way the South Bend pitchers had warmed up sufficiently to be able to keep the Varsity from going into the lead. The contest brought another pitching "phenom" to light in Wells, who replaced Berger in the seventh inning. But two hits were obtained by the leaguers from that time until the end. Coach Smith used the same lineup that worked against Olivet. The infield is working at top speed, and there seems little likelihood of any change for the present. A superabundance of outfielders, several of whom are more than able to hold their own with Elward and Duggan, promises to bring about changes in the gardens.

Captain Williams upheld his reputation as the demon hitter of the team by connecting safely on four occasions. One of the bingles was a home run, the first of the season:

Notre Dame	R	H	P	A	E
O'Connell, ss.	0	1	2	1	0
Farrell, 1b.	1	1	18	1	0
Granfield, 3b.	1	1	2	0	0
Williams, cf.	2	4	2	2	0
Duggan, lf.	0	0	2	0	0
Elward, rf.	0	0	2	0	1
Arnfield, 2b.	0	0	3	2	0
Gray, c.	0	0	5	2	0
Berger, p.	1	1	0	2	1
Wells, p.	0	0	0	4	0
Totals	5	8	36	14	2

South Bend.					
Brown, 2b.	1	0	0	0	1
Schaefer, 2b.	0	0	1	4	1
Nespo, ss.	0	2	3	1	0
Haddock, rf.	0	0	3	0	0
Donahue, lf.	2	0	1	1	1
Shock, 1b.	1	1	11	0	1
Jackle, 3b.	1	3	2	3	0
Aulderson, cf.	0	0	2	0	0
Harris, c.	0	0	12	1	0
Coffey, p.	0	0	0	1	0
Houston, p.	0	0	0	1	0
Bellock, p.	0	1	1	1	0
Arndt, cf.	0	0	0	0	0
Totals.	5	7	36	13	4

Struck out—By Coffey, 4; by Bellock, 4; by Berger, 3; by Wells, 4. Bases on balls—Off Houston, 2; off Berger, 6; off Wells, 3. Two base hits—Bellock, Berger. Three base hits—Farrell, O'Connell, Shock, Jackle. Home run—Williams. Double play—Farrell to Arnfield. Wild pitches—Coffey, Jackle. Umpire—Peterson. Time of game—2 hours 25 minutes.

SECOND IN A. A. U. CHAMPIONSHIP MEET.

The gold and blue track men put up an excellent showing by taking second honors in the American Athletic Union meet held in Chicago last Saturday night. The team made a flying start and held the lead for more than half the meet, but William's ill-luck in falling in the low hurdles together with a bad start in the short dash robbed our sprinters of enough points to make them accept second place. Captain Fletcher again tied the world's record in the low hurdle event by doing the barriers in five seconds flat, and Wikoff of Ohio State hung up a new A. A. U. two-mile record in 9:41 2-5. The final position of the principal contestants was: C. A. C., 41; Notre Dame, 29; Northwestern, 8; Chicago U.; Illinois U.; Ohio State.

Following is a summary of the events in which the Varsity placed:

Shot put—Won by Philbrook, Notre Dame; Fletcher, Northwestern, second; Menaul, Chicago U., third. Distance, 46 feet.

40-yard low hurdles—Won by Fletcher, Notre Dame; Wasson, Notre Dame, second; Kuhn, C. A. A., third. Time 0:05.

40-yard high hurdles—Won by Fletcher, Notre Dame; Williams, Notre Dame, second; Haskins, C. A. A., third. Time 0:05 3-5.

40-yard dash—Won by Belote, C. A. A.; Wasson, Notre Dame, second; Bergman, Notre Dame, third. Time 0:04 3-5.

High jump—Won by Palmer, C. A. A.; McLain, unattached, second; Fletcher, N. D., third. Height, 5 feet 10 inches.

440-yard run—Won by Lauer, C. A. A.; Fisher, Notre Dame, second; Johnson, Cincinnati G. A. C., third. Time, 1:59 1-5.