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A Deserted House.

MAURICE J. NORCKAUER, '14.

FIELDS untilled, a house deserted,
Broken windows, battered doors;
What was once a home, converted
Into crumbling walls and floors.

In the daytime God-forsaken,
Dank inside, decayed without:
Startling sounds, sometimes mistaken
For a haunting demon's shout.

Pathways overgrown with mosses,
Weeds where roses used to grow,
Broken fence-rails like quaint crosses;
Weeds for winds of heaven to blow.

The Peace Movement and the School.*

PATRICK A. BARRY, '12.



THE spread of any movement depends largely on the public sentiment aroused in its favor; and to create a sentiment in favor of any cause men and women must be educated to believe in its principles and in its aims. No movement ever yet passed beyond mere theory until the people to be affected by it were brought up to believe in it; and this is particularly true of movements affecting national tradition. Therefore, to change completely the sentiment for war which has had the approval of mankind for ages past; to alter national history and reverse the verdict of centuries regarding a nation's heroes; to lead present and future generations to look on war as a crime and not a necessity, and in its stead to get them to assist

in the movement for international arbitration,—to achieve all this men and women the world over must be taught the truth of it all, must have it so impressed on their minds and hearts and souls that it may become part of their life and conduct. To bring this about effectually all the educative forces of the world should co-operate. Let us examine briefly, within the limits of time set to me, what these forces are and decide upon that which is the most powerful influence.

There are four great factors which shape the ideals of the world—the pulpit, the home, the press and the school. The pulpit is of necessity limited in its opportunity and in its appeal. At best a preacher can reach his people but once in seven days, and the congregation is limited in number. What, then, of the thousands who never cross the threshold of a church, who get none of their teaching from the pulpit? As an educational factor, no one will deny the influence of the home. The home complements the teaching of the pulpit and the school, and both react on the home. When properly employed to assist in any movement, no agent influences popular opinion so far-reachingly as the daily press. The great mass of the people—the teachers, the pulpiteers, financiers and laborers—none escapes the influence of the daily newspaper. But unfortunately the newspaper is largely a business enterprise, run by men who care more for money than for public morals. This is especially true of the newspaper of the sensational type, and this kind of newspaper is most widely read. Sensation is today profitable; and as long as this is so, there is small possibility that the advocates of international peace will secure the aid of the press;

* Oration delivered at the Peace Oratorical Contest, Earlham College, April 19, 1912.

for the abolition of war means the loss of sensational news, the loss of thrills which a sensation-loving public feeds on.

There remains, then, but one other source of education—the school. We turn to it hopefully as the most powerful factor to assist us in our movement. For it is the mission of the school to defend truth and oppose error; to overthrow false and set up right ideals; in a word, to make students take the proper view of life and regulate their lives accordingly. It is fitting then that the advocates of peace should bring their message to the schools. A new course of study will not be made necessary. No change need be made but in this: that in the teaching of history and literature strict watch be kept lest students obtain false ideas of heroism and patriotism. Begin with the child because the child is most impressionable; because children believe what is taught them as the unquestionable truth.

Little progress for the peace movement can be made with grown-up people. At best it will be slow. Moulded by tradition and educated in the false presentation of ideals through the old histories, or informed through their only medium of information, the press, the great mass of our elders today are set in their ideas, and nothing will alter them. The ridicule of the advocates of peace as dreamers and cloud-dwellers is sufficient evidence that popular sentiment still clings to the belief that peaceful times are meant only as a preparation for war. It is wellnigh impossible to change these opinions in the greater part of the grown-up people of today. Excepting a few who think deeply and reason calmly the greater part of grown mankind must be left for education in this movement to the occasional utterances from the pulpit.

But it is different with the child. Whatever he is taught he readily believes. And what are we doing for him in our schools to educate him rightly in this movement for international arbitration? We place in his hands text-books of history, three quarters of which are devoted to war and conquest. We set up before him false models; we place before him unreal heroes; we write lessons of untrue patriotism for him. Instead of teaching him that the noblest duty to country is to live for it, we tell the child that the only glory that will be recognized is to die for it.

Today all childish heroes are heroes of war.

From their earliest years children have heard of the valor of Horatius, of the courage of Nathan Hale, of the wasted patriotism of Robert Emmet. Picture books have presented to them the soldier in all his brilliant attire, and so lasting is the impression that small boys delight most in "playing soldier." History, unfortunately, is for the most part a record of wars, written in a pleasing style and never unmindful of glorifying the soldier. The literature of every nation is filled with praises of the warrior; the most passionate verses of poets laud the soldier; and the eloquence of orators finds its fullest flow in eulogy of the military hero. Even the artist is tempted, for Ruskin tells us, "There is no great art possible to a nation but that which is based on battle." If this is so, then let us have no art, for all the art in the world is "not worth the shedding of a single drop of blood." These finer things of life—literature and art—which are such mighty influences in shaping the ideals of the people, should no longer be left to present false ideals of heroism and patriotism.

Can no better model be set up before plastic souls than that of the military genius whose only claim to fame is in the rivers of blood which he has caused to flow? No hero but the warrior who endangers his life in a contest in which his higher self has no voice? Our natures shrink from such a thought. We know that the ideal hero is not found armed with a rifle and clothed in the trappings of the soldier, but in the patient nurse wearing the simple habit of the Red Cross nurse or the austere black of the modest nun; in the missionaries of Christ; in the apostles of the poor. These are the heroes; these are the models of what is true and noble and good.

The drying up a single tear has more
Of honest fame than shedding seas of gore.

Let us never detract one jot or tittle from the honor due the soldiers. Let us grant to them what in justice is theirs. Let us pay to them all the honor that military deeds can claim for them. But let us no longer set them up before children as the only heroes deserving emulation. Let children hear of these heroes of peace. It is in the province of the school to do this, and in doing so it will only be accomplishing its mission. Where now the soldier is exalted as the only hero, the school, if it be true to its mission, must show that heroism is found in all walks of life.

On the foundation of the false hero have been builded untrue ideals of heroism, and these the schools must pull down. It must teach students to love flag and country; but it must teach them that patriotism is not found in the warrior alone, that it does not consist in a mad rush to arms on the slightest provocation. If it is true to its mission, it will point out the perniciousness of that false patriotism once expressed by an over-eager banqueter, "Our country," he said, "in her intercourse with foreign nations may she always be in the right; but our country, right or wrong." A treacherous and perfidious sentiment which kills itself in the utterance. When a doctrine of this kind can become the standard of patriotism, when men set country before justice no nation can feel secure. If men are not to be guided by the rectitude of an act and blindly pass over the claims of justice, then there is no safety but in death. Banish such false principles from the world; drive them from the earth by teaching men and women that they are evil, and in their stead raise the banner of him who said that he would readily lose his life to serve his country, but would not do one base thing to save it.

Men who are the choicest physically compose the armies of the world. The weak and infirm, the old and imbecile are barred from entering the ranks. Some join the army led on by the hope of adventure; others enlist because they deceive themselves in believing that war is the only work of heroes. How little do they know of the real terrors of war! In their school-days they have read of the charge of the Light Brigade; they have read of the dashing bravery of Pickett's men; and they have been thrilled and perhaps have longed for the day when they might emulate their deeds. But how different is war!

No language can ever picture the agonies and sufferings of the battlefield where hate and death reign supreme. No tongue can ever fully portray the hideous spectacle of heaped-up bodies and the slaughter of men; of the crimson streams that are caused to flow and curse the land that was made to bless; of the thunderous roar of cannon mingled with the groans of the dying. The most gifted pen, the sublimest and most eloquent of orators, can never describe the awfulness of that scene when the smoke of battle has cleared away—the land made desolate; the unburied dead who but

yesterday were men now not deemed worthy to mingle with the dust from whence they came; and most of all the terrible calm that follows such a storm. All, all is silence, save for the cry of the vulture as he swoops down upon the helpless bodies of the unburied dead.

Present this picture to the child. Show him the real results of war—the choicest of a nation's manhood cut down in ruthless battle; the ruin of commercial enterprise, and, what always follows in its wake, poverty and want; the sorrows of widows and orphans left to eke out their existence as best they can. Present this picture of war to the child, I say, and war must fall and with it false heroism and untrue patriotism.

Let the advocates of peace, then, gain the assistance of the school in their efforts to restore peace to a deluded world. The school can overthrow the foolish conceptions of the meaning of war by teaching truth. Let teachers show children what war really is; let them show the men and women of the future that the soldier is not the only hero; that the truest patriot is the man of peace; and that love of country is measured by works of love and beneficence, not by a willingness to take up arms. When the school shall have accomplished this task; when children grow into manhood and womanhood with the belief that the noblest heroism is found in self-sacrifice and that the truest patriot is the man of peace,—then shall the blaze of the glory of war consume itself, and the halo of the saint shall be raised above the helmet of the soldier.

Life's Philosophy.

FRANK BOOS, '15.

A SUNNY day, all green and bright:
Then comes the thunder loud;
The sun one moment gives his light,
Then sinks behind a cloud.

The wild rose breathes a perfume rare,
Then wilts, all dead and sere:
The fairest gleam that bright eyes wear
May soon become a tear.

For such is life's philosophy,—
The law of suns and rains;
The joys that seem to make us free,
Are oft our prison chains.

The Pearl Necklace.

RICHARD V. BLAKE, '13.

"Mademoiselle," inquired D'Abendeux in an indifferent manner, as he leaned across the table and slowly knocked the ashes from his cigarette into a tray, "who is this Monsieur Stebbins who is creating such a figure in Parisian élite society?"

His beautiful companion did not reply immediately. For a moment she toyed with the string of handsome pearls which hung about her neck.

"Monsieur Stebbins," she answered, "I do not know much of him. I met him but once. It was at a gathering at Madame Guerney's. He is an American, dangerously good looking and apparently wealthy. He speaks French so well that, but for a slight accent, it would be impossible to distinguish him from one of our birth. Concerning his business in Paris I know nothing. I did not ask and he did not tell. But his manner is that of a perfect gentleman, and it is not at all surprising that society should seek him. I myself was much impressed by him and have invited him to call this very afternoon. If Monsieur has patience he shall meet the American in a short time."

"It surprises me, Mademoiselle," D'Abendeux answered, "how you have become so impressed by a gentleman of whom you know absolutely nothing. Americans are strange people. Their independent manner is sometimes obtrusive. I trust you will be able to understand this Monsieur Stebbins."

"How can you ask that, Monsieur? I fear you are jealous of him. I said he was a gentleman. Let us speak no more of him. You shall soon judge him for yourself."

French life was indeed tiring Jim Stebbins. From early morning until late at night he was ever alert. Here, there, everywhere. Social gatherings, operas, dinners, he attended all. How different, he thought, it was from his first visit ten years before. He was a student then, just after graduating and abroad trying to learn the language. He never mingled with society. His friends were few. He remembered his first little love affair was in Paris. She was about eighteen, just from a convent. He still recalled her first name, "Marie." But then

she had, no doubt, long since forgotten him after he had left. He had never heard from her since their parting. What great changes had taken place since then? Upon his return home he had entered the employ of the United States in the Secret Service Department. What pleasant and exciting times he had had! What numberless people he had met! No wonder he had forgotten the young French miss. He worked solely among society. He remembered the night he was told to go to Paris. He was preparing to attend the "coming out" of Senator Cullen's daughter. "Stebbins,"—he recalled with pride the complimentary words of his chief—"Stebbins," he said, "there is some clever person smuggling jewelry into this country. For over a year we have been watching his results without being able to land our man. His work is all pearl necklaces of a unique sort and most valuable. After one year's observation and deduction we have decided he is a Frenchman. France is large, Jim, but land your man. For a criminal of his type, scour the society Frenchmen. You will see samples of his work at Peabody and Co: on Maiden Lane. All told he owes Uncle Sam about \$200,000 in duties. Sail at once, Jim. Good luck to you and land your man."

And Jim sailed. Paris seemed like getting home to him. At once he was introduced into society. His looks and pleasing manner soon won for him many admirers, and invitations began to pour in from all sides. At first, he enjoyed this popularity, but French manners soon began to tire him. It afforded, however, an excellent opportunity for observing the jewelry of the women. After two months he was unable to detect any like those seen in New York. Well, after today's call on Mademoiselle Gagnon, he would leave Paris and try another city.

Sharply at three o'clock he rang the bell at the home of Mademoiselle Gagnon. A maid ushered him into the presence of the young lady and D'Abendeux.

"Ah, Monsieur Stebbins," she said approaching him with her hands outstretched in welcome, "you are very exact. I am honored that you visit me."

"It is my custom to be exact, Mademoiselle," answered Stebbins. "I can not tell you what a pleasure it is for me to call upon you. It is I who am honored."

"Monsieur, I wish you to meet Monsieur

D'Abendeux. He is a particularly dear friend of mine," she added blushing, "and can converse very interestingly on America, for he has been there four times this year."

"Ah, Monsieur," said D'Abendeux, accepting the offered hand, "today am I indeed honored to meet so distinguished a person as Monsieur Stebbins."

"It has been my good fortune," answered the American, "while in Paris to meet none but the élite, Monsieur D'Abendeux. Again it is I who am honored."

"The French," remarked Stebbins, "are indeed fortunate in having such beautiful women. I have never seen their equal. And, Monsieur D'Abendeux, you are especially lucky."

The Frenchman evidently much pleased, smilingly replied:

"Monsieur is outspoken. But his words are true."

"Monsieur is a flatterer," interrupted the young lady. "It is said the American women are the most handsome women in the world."

Stebbins looked at her as she spoke. Her fingers were twisting in and out of the pearl necklace. At once it attracted his attention. It was a facsimile of those he had seen in New York.

"Mademoiselle, it is indeed a beautiful necklace that you wear," he began stooping over to examine it more closely.

"It is beautiful," she replied; "it is a valuable present given me on my birthday by Monsieur D'Abendeux. I prize it most dearly."

"Rightly you should. I never saw one like it," he answered. "Monsieur D'Abendeux shows great taste. You must be a connoisseur in gems," he asked addressing D'Abendeux.

"It is very pretty," answered D'Abendeux, "but what is too beautiful for Mademoiselle?"

"I guess it is Monsieur who is the flatterer," the American said laughing, changing the subject.

Conversation was general again for about half an hour. Then Stebbins began:

"I often discover myself comparing Paris with New York. In size, buildings, finance, society, etc., I find they resemble each other in not a few things. While in America, did you remark the similarity?"

"Somewhat," replied D'Abendeux. "I did not remain there long enough to observe much. As soon as my business was ended I returned home. There is no place like Paris to me."

"It is only natural, Monsieur. One always loves and longs to return to one's friends at home. I, too, am becoming lonesome. I long for dear America. I intend to return soon. I should love dearly to bring my wife home a present, a token of remembrance, from Paris, but I am unable to decide just what it shall be. I am just hoping I can obtain a necklace for her such as Mademoiselle's. Would you introduce me to your jeweler, perhaps he has another such as that? I do not mind what price he will ask." D'Abendeux remained silent for a few moments in deep thought.

"Monsieur," he finally replied, "such a necklace is very difficult to obtain; but perhaps it may be possible to get a facsimile."

"You are very kind," answered Stebbins. "How can I thank you? If you are sure it will not inconvenience you?"

"You shall meet here," interrupted the young lady. "It is an unlooked for pleasure and an excellent excuse for having you call again."

"It is indeed an unlooked for pleasure, Mademoiselle, and I shall be delighted to accept it. Monsieur, bring the necklace here, say—Tuesday. Is it convenient?"

"Perfectly," answered D'Abendeux, "I shall do as you say."

The next few days passed quickly to Stebbins. He felt he had his man located and he gave himself up to enjoying his last week in Paris. All preparations were made for his departure, and Tuesday found him ready to return to America. At half-past two he called upon Mademoiselle Gagnon. Her beauty appeared to him now more than before. There was something strangely familiar about her face.

"Monsieur D'Abendeux," remarked Stebbins, "has fine taste. He is your fiancé, is he not?"

"No," she replied, "he is but a dear friend."

"In my country," he said, "it is not customary to accept such valuable presents from friends."

"Nor in this," she answered. "I told him I did not love him more than a friend. That I could not. He begged me with tears in his eyes to wear it, and thinking to refuse would cause him much pain I did wear it."

"And you do not love Monsieur D'Abendeux?"

"Only as a friend. I can not love him otherwise. I loved but once, a deep, entire love, and he forgot. I can never love another. Still, I love him yet as much as ever, and I can never forget him. It is now ten years since I met him. I had just come from a

convent, and he was my first love. He, as you, was an American, young and handsome. He was studying the language at Paris. Many, many pleasant times we spent together more as brother and sister than as lovers, for he was nothing more than a big boy. Toward the end of the summer he returned home. He promised to come back, but he never came, and I have never heard from him since. Perhaps he shall yet come—perhaps not—but I can never love another.”

Jim sat in silence. He was not even conscious that the girl had finished her story and was now quietly sobbing. He thought of ten years before when he had loved. Surely she was not the same.

“And you have loved ever since?” he finally asked.

“I love him now just as much as then,” she answered, “with a love even as your wife’s for you, Monsieur.”

“My wife,” replied Jim, “I have no wife.”

“No wife! For whom then is the necklace?”

“I too have loved, Mademoiselle. It is for her. I have made her no presents. In fact, I have not seen her since I was a student learning the language in Paris ten years ago. She was just from a convent and—”

“Jim!” shouted the girl as she sprang to his extended arms.

“Marie!” sounded the quivering voice of the man.

Both failed to notice a ring at the bell or the announced entrance of Monsieur D’Abendeux. He stood staring in wonder at the sight which met his eyes.

“What is the meaning of this?” he shouted. Monsieur, Mademoiselle, explain!”

“Mademoiselle has fainted. Bring some water,” ordered the American.

D’Abendeux hastened to comply with his request and in a few minutes the young lady opened her eyes and sat up.

“I feel much better now, Jim. Oh, Monsieur D’Abendeux, are you here?”

“I trust you are better, Mademoiselle?” inquired the excited Frenchman, “you frighten me so. Say you are better.”

“I am all right now, Monsieur, all right. Monsieur Stebbins is waiting for his necklace.”

“Oh, yes, the necklace. I have been fortunate, Monsieur, in securing one like Mademoiselle’s. It is another rare beauty. Does it meet your satisfaction?” he asked holding

it toward Stebbins. The latter appeared to examine it intently.

“It is beautiful. What is your price?”

“Among friends reductions are sometimes made. I can give it to you for \$100,000. Is it not a bargain?”

“\$100,000,” answered Stebbins, “agreed. I shall take it. But say, Monsieur, about how much duty must I pay in America on it?”

“I do not know, Monsieur, maybe \$5,000, maybe \$10,000: I do not know.”

“Well, how much did Monsieur pay on those he brought to New York?”

The point-blank question caught the usually shrewd but now excited Frenchman completely off his guard.

“I did not pay any, Monsieur, what do you mean?” shouted D’Abendeux, rising from his chair and glaring at him angrily.

“Simply this, Monsieur D’Abendeux, that from all the necklaces you have brought into the United States, Uncle Sam has not collected one penny, so he sent me over to collect the back duties. Don’t try to draw any weapon, because we Americans are rather reckless with these toys sometimes.”

“What can you prove?” he demanded, “what can you prove?”

“I have your own confession of it, Monsieur, and Mademoiselle is a witness to it. I also have the goods on you. These necklaces are counterparts of the American pearls.” For a few moments all was silent.

“I did it all for Mademoiselle,” sobbed D’Abendeux, completely breaking down. “I love her. She did not reciprocate, but I never gave up hope. Mademoiselle, see what my love for you has brought me to? Dishonor, disgrace. But I still love you. I die loving you.”

A sharp report was heard. Stebbins sprang forward to catch Monsieur D’Abendeux as he sank lifeless to the floor with a bullet hole in his head.

A few days later the chief of the Secret Service Department received a long letter explaining in detail the results of Stebbins’ movements and an account of the smuggler’s death. A footnote stated that the Harvard graduate was now on his honeymoon, but that he would return to America with Mrs. Stebbins soon and resume his duties.

“I knew he would land his man,” mused the chief, “but I sure never thought Jim would land a woman.”

Varsity Verse.

SEPARATION.

WITH hardly a word of welcome,
 She stood by the garden gate;
 And I sadly stood beside her,
 Until it was very late.

"Alas, I am sick of this chilly world;
 I am tired of its sorrows and pains,"
 Thus plaintively she addressed me,
 Dropping tears like the April rains.

"Have courage, belov'd," I answered,
 "It's hard to be left alone,
 But Fido, dear, is in heav'n,
 Munching a heavenly bone."

"He's barking now with the angels,
 Guarding the Golden Gate."

"You're right," she said to me sweetly,
 And her sobs did then abate.

C. J. C.

MARY.

How many pleasant hours
 Among the pleasant bowers
 Have I spent, dear Mary,
 Since you were here and walked
 With me, and while I talked
 Heard not, queen contrary.

How many pleasant hours
 Among the blooming flowers,
 Will we spend dear Mary,
 Just you alone to walk
 With me, and when you talk
 I'll hear, queen contrary.

J. F. B.

A Study of Gray's "Elegy."

JEREMIAH J. MCCARTHY, '14.

Those who are averse to the reading of poetry, or prejudiced in any way, may quickly overcome their dislike and cultivate a taste for this kind of literature by reading several of the best poems. I would suggest that the first reading be Longfellow's "Life" or something similar to whet the appetite, and that one then take up Gray's "Elegy in a Country Churchyard."

As all writing is stamped more or less with the character and dispositions of the writer, it will not be amiss to say a few words on Gray. In his youth Gray was a weakling and his childhood was made more unhappy by the tyranny of his father. Add to this the separation from

his mother, and it is not to be wondered at that Melancholy early "marked him for her own." Gray was one of the first poets of the Romantic Revival, and the melancholy which marked his life runs throughout all his poetry. This gentle melancholy is characteristic of all the poetry of the Romantic Revival, and is due chiefly to the subject-matter, namely nature and plain humanity. The appreciation of nature and sympathy for mankind are the elements to be found in the poetry of this age.

The "Elegy" appeared in 1751 and at once became popular. Gray immediately rose to prominence. The subject of the poem was a new one, and it was written in such a masterful style that it could not but please. It astonished his contemporaries because it was unfamiliar, so unlike the poetry in vogue. Gray's high reputation does rest on his "Elegy," though he himself was slow to admit it. "Gray told me with a good deal of acrimony," writes Dr. Gregory, "that the 'Elegy' owed its popularity entirely to the subject, and that the public would have received it as well if it had been written in prose." But this is saying too much; the "Elegy" is a beautiful poem, and in admiring it the public showed a true feeling for poetry, though it is true that the poem owed much of its success to the subject. Cowper, who had a cynical opinion of Gray, after studying his "Elegy" writes: "I have been reading Gray's works, and think him the only poet since Shakespeare entitled to the character of sublime." Of course this is exaggeration, and Cowper was no doubt carried away by the charm of the "Elegy."

The "Elegy" is one of the most classical productions that ever was penned by a refined, thoughtful mind moralizing on human life. The thoughts and imagery of it are simple, natural and touching. The train of moral feelings and solemn associations are presented to the mind in connection with beautiful natural scenery and objects of real life. The descriptive passages please and charm the imagination. They are so simple and yet so grand, one secretly wishes they would go on and on. In a letter to a poet friend, Gray remarks: "As to description, I have always thought that it made the most graceful ornament of poetry, but never ought to make the subject." The descriptions in his "Elegy" bear him out on this point, for there is always some sentiment or reflection arising out of the poet's

descriptive passages. These are generally grand, tender or pathetic. What can be more exquisite than the first?

The curfew tolls the knell of the parting day,
The lowing herds wind slowly o'er the lea,
The plowman homeward plods his weary way,
And leaves the world to darkness and to me.

This description is so vivid that one can almost see the cattle as they leisurely wander over the fields, and the farmer in his rough clothes and heavy boots sauntering home. Besides the fine descriptions, it also possesses some rare figures of speech. One of the best in the poem and often quoted is this:

Full many a gem of purest ray serene,
The dark unfathomed caves of ocean bear;
Full many a flower is born to blush unseen,
And waste its sweetness on the desert air.

The "Elegy" is the most frequently read and repeated of all Gray's works because it is connected with ordinary existence and genuine feeling, and describes in exquisite, harmonious verse the labors, joys and ambitions of plain humanity as witnessed by an observer. It is a masterpiece from beginning to end. Long calls it "the best-known poem in the English language and the most perfect poem of the age." Dr. Johnson in his biography of Gray, referring to his "Elegy" says: "Had he written often thus, it had been vain to blame and useless to praise him." The thoughts indeed are obvious enough, but the dignity with which they are expressed, the immense range of allusion and description with which they are illustrated, and the finished grace in which they are embodied, give to this work something of inimitable perfection. In his "Hand-book of English Literature" Jenkins remarks: "The natural and touching strain of thought, expressed with consummate taste and in a charming metre, has imparted to this poem such a union and impressiveness and grace as to render it a masterpiece of elegiac composition." The cast of the poet's mind, and the comparative loneliness of his life, produced a sort of philosophic melancholy in him which led him to moralize on the vanity of life.

The boast of heraldry, the pomp of power,
And all that beauty, all that wealth e'er gave,
Await alike the inevitable hour:—
The paths of glory lead but to the grave.

The poem itself is a gem in our literature, a most classical production, one of the great examples of elegiac composition that we have, and well deserves to rank among the best poems.

The Work of Frank Norris.

THOMAS F. O'NEIL, '13.

One of the most common characteristics of the modern fiction writers is to forget technique. They thus leave out of consideration that which would give to their work a lasting quality. As it is, all seem to wish to "make good at the start," and few seem to have any purpose other than to make money. Of course one could not be such an optimist as to expect that we could place the fiction writer upon a pedestal and hail him as a man, who while writing, forgets about making money; but we can expect and know that there are some who do not consider money getting to be the prime purpose for which they are writing.

Frank Norris was one of these. He valued ideals and principles; the acquisition of wealth was a secondary consideration. As a result his work has survived him. In an essay entitled "The Responsibilities of a Novelist," Norris gives expression to opinions which, from the evidence of his own works, seem sincere. In part he says:

"The pulpit, the press and the novel—these indisputably are the great moulders of public opinion and public morals today. But the pulpit speaks but once a week, the press is read with lightning haste and the morning news is waste paper by noon; but the novel goes into the home to stay. It is read word for word; is talked about, discussed; its influence penetrates every chink and corner of the family. . . . How necessary it becomes, then, for those who, by the simple art of writing, can invade the heart's heart of thousands, whose novels are received with such measureless earnestness—how necessary it becomes for those who wield such power to use it rightfully. Is it not expedient to act fairly? Is it not in Heaven's name essential that the people hear not a lie but the truth?"

The works by which Norris is best known are the novels, "The Pit," "The Octopus," and "McTeague," and a collection of short stories contained in a volume which is named from the first story "A Deal in Wheat." In all of these the reader can see that the author was a man of firm convictions. There is an earnest attempt at realism. The characters may sometimes impress one as not being truly

natural, but this is offset by the vividness with which the author has produced action. The scenes in every one of his works are natural, and there is always an air of probability.

Norris was a man with a purpose. In his youth he had been a messenger boy in the Chicago Board of Trade, and there he secured the knowledge which enabled him to write his stories of the wheat. He knew the inside workings of a wheat broker's office, and when, later in life, he left Chicago to go West he studied the conditions which made possible the great transactions in the Chicago grain market. He learned the effect which the gambling Wheat Pit had on the farmers of the West. He saw many of these ruined simply because some member of the Board of Trade took a notion to force down the price of wheat.

From personal experience with both ends of the situation Norris believed that he was peculiarly fitted to write an "Epic of the Wheat" which would make the public realize the evil effects of gambling in food stuffs. With this end in view he wrote "The Octopus" and "The Pit," of which the "Pit" is the better and perhaps the more widely known.

In "The Octopus" the struggling California farmer is pictured, and the reader is made aware of the ruin that is caused by the wheat kings and the railroads which they control. In "The Pit" the author tells a story of how a man purely from the love of the excitement of the Pit, attempts to corner wheat. He succeeds; but in his endeavor to hold the corner, he fails. The new crops, over which he has no control, pour into the markets; and the daring speculator, who at one time was an honest business man, is ruined.

From these it may be seen that Norris believed he was fulfilling a mission. With a whole heart in his work he gave to it a sincerity of tone that is quite unusual and shows that he had more than a passing interest in his subjects.

This earnestness and the tendency to write always with a moral purpose is not quite so general or so marked in his short stories as it is in the novels. It is, however, present to a certain degree, and in some instances is perhaps stronger than in his novels. For example, the "Deal in Wheat" is a story which gives us first a view of the oppressed farmer in Kansas, who fails because of the operations of a certain financial clique which is cornering the supply

of wheat. In the second part of the story this same farmer is one of those unfortunates in the "bread line" in Chicago. Along with the others in the line he is turned away, because the high price of bread forbids its free distribution. This high price is due directly to the cornered wheat market.

As a general rule, Norris' short stories are entertaining more because of the realistic tone and attractive style than because of any cleverly constructed plots. In "The Ship that Saw a Ghost" he uses a plot that appears to be merely an adaptation from the "Ancient Mariner," and relies on his style to secure the desired effect. In this he is successful. No new or startling plot is attempted, yet the reader experiences genuine pleasure in the story. For such work an author deserves recognition. There are today so many writers of little merit who achieve fame merely because they please by means of cleverly constructed and sometimes intricate plots that it is a treat to find one who is such an expert in the art of story telling as to so gild an ordinary plot that he can hold the attention of one who is almost certain of the outcome.

For the cultivation of an artistic method and for his adherence to principle, Norris is to be commended, and it is to be regretted that death stopped the progress of a career that was so full of unusual promise. One could hardly be mistaken in saying that if Frank Norris had lived to be forty, instead of dying at the age of thirty-two he would have been one of our foremost novelists. Mind, I say novelist; for his stories seem to have been written as a preparation for something greater. Besides, his manner of developing a plot and his capacity for gathering all vital forces and so marshalling them as to give the maximum effect, shows that he was a man of unusual talent, and one who would have fittingly graced our comparatively short list of real novelists.

The Unbeliever.

WILLIAM J. BURKE. '13.

I SAT beneath the shade of tall oak trees,
My fevered brow fanned by a gentle breeze.
O'erhead I saw the birds encircling fly,
And as I looked into the azure sky,
Oh God! inspiring light from heaven came
And with it love for Thy Eternal Name.

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—A department which has hitherto belonged to us only in a very uncertain form and which offers a wide range of opportunity to the student of journalistic aspirations is **The School of Journalism.** to be introduced next year into the curriculum as an individual course. This is the department of journalism. It comes to us well endowed and with all the qualifications of a thorough course. The necessity of a course especially adapted to training in journalism has always been deplorably apparent, and it is with no small amount of satisfaction that we see this necessity removed. Many have been graduated from the University who have gained prominence in newspaper and magazine circles, yet because of our natural handicap, their training here has been of a more or less haphazard variety. To the students today who are possessed of talent there will be offered in this new course an especial field in which to extend their endeavors. The local publications at the present time offer great advantages, yet the scope of these is limited and consequently not within reach of a great number. Under the new regime the graduates of Notre Dame will suffer no disadvantage from a lack of training. The department of journalism should receive the heartiest encouragement, since it will prove useful to a large number of students.

—The *Indiana Catholic* takes exception to an editorial statement in the SCHOLASTIC to the effect, that after Home Rule "the native police and militia will enforce A Different Point of View. Irish laws and the hand of tyranny shall be seen no more in Ireland." "We don't know," says our contemporary, "where the young men who run the SCHOLASTIC got this idea from. The military and police under the so-called Home Rule bill remain absolutely under the control of the British government."

We are well aware of course that under the provisions of the present Home Rule bill the police and militia are under British control. We referred, however, to a condition which will follow hard after this first installment of Home Rule is granted. For a year or two or three,—or even six—the policing of Ireland will be looked after directly by England. But this will be temporary—just long enough to get Irish self-government started. Then the full measure of Home Rule will follow. The immediate provisions of the present bill are not so important. The fact is recognized—although only after long waiting—that Ireland must be governed by her own people. Then, just as surely as the sun breaks through the clouds and later brightens the face of the world, so surely will the full sun of freedom quicken the face of Ireland once we catch a ray of her light through the rift. The question whether the English government shall have charge of police and militia for a year or two is a little one. The great question is about to be solved. Ireland is to be given her first installment of Home Rule. That will be the beginning of the end of English rule. Ireland will have her own parliament, and in a little the management of her police and militia. Home Rule will prove to be a development. The editor of the *Indiana Catholic* has in mind the first stage of the development. The SCHOLASTIC, however, spoke of the more advanced stage.

—In the May edition of *McClure's Magazine* there appears an article entitled "The Forces behind Taft," written by George Kibbe Turner and Arthur Wallace Dunn. It purports to explain why President Taft will probably be renominated and re-elected in spite of what it declares to be evident, that

"an actual voting majority of Mr. Taft's party does not want him renominated." We take no issue with the statement, or its development as long as it keeps within the bounds of politics, for politically the SCHOLASTIC is neutral as far as any man or any party is concerned; but we do object, and strongly, to that part of it devoted to "Mr. Taft's Religious Campaigning." After calling attention to the President's fair and unbigoted attitude toward the Roman Catholic Church, his equitable disposition of the government's purchase of the friar lands in the Philippines, his friendship for Cardinal Gibbons and other matters of the kind, it draws the conclusion, without any other premise soever, that he is absolutely insincere, and is merely trying to cajole the Catholic electorate into voting for him.

We quote: "It is inconceivable that the Catholic voters of the country will permit themselves to be used in this way. In the first place, whatever the personal friendship of their prelates may be for Mr. Taft, the rules of the Church sharply forbid the influencing of voters.

"In the second place, the Catholic population least of all desire the revival of the spirit of religious intolerance which was directed against them in the '90's. After all, they constitute a minority of the total population, and it would be far from their interest again to create a division on religious lines in the United States."

We resent this. It is not only an unfair attack upon the President, but an unmistakable insult to the Catholic Church and every American member of it. We Catholics have the right to vote just as we please. It is not a question of expediency, one way or the other. If we want to vote for a man because we believe he is our friend, or if we wish to vote against him for other reasons which in our own good judgment we deem more pressing, we will do it, and no bigoted muckraker, with his implied threats and pharisaical twaddle, can have anything whatever to do with our decision.

—One of the few bits of writing in connection with the *Titanic* disaster not burdened with trite pathos, appeared last Sunday in the *Chicago Record-Herald*. It is written by Mary O'Connor Newell and tells all about the Mayo people who left Castlebar in search of fortune and boarded the new *Titanic* at Queenstown. Mrs. Kate Burke

newly married and her husband John Burke, and Mary, John Burke's sister, and Kate McGowan, Kate Burke's great friend. Then there was Annie Kelly of Castlebar and Annie McGowan, a colleen of sixteen, and so on with the others to the number of fifteen. "And they were all lost," says the writer in true Celtic phrasing, "light-hearted lads and lassies that started that day from Castlebar, save Annie Kelly and Annie McGowan; and there never will be any more of them in this world, and may God rest their souls." The writer goes on in the quaint Irish phrasing to tell of the rosary said down in the depths of the steerage, of the absolution and the message of comfort given by the two priests, of the lonesome parting between those who left in the frail boats, and those who needs must wait till the salt sea rolled over them. Surely there's a feeling that grips in this concluding paragraph about the sister in Chicago that waited for the ship that never came.

"And far out on Chicago's South Side there's a girl sitting in a little room with great eyes looking at you as if a sword were sticking in her. It's Ellen McHugh—Kate Burke was her sister. There's the picture of Kate looking at you from her bureau just as lifelike as if it could speak."

Mary O'Connor Newell has given us an account rich in pathos, expressed in language containing the manifold Irish turns of expression. Her work was a labor of love no doubt. It must have been, she has performed it so well.

—A little lower in the scale of intellectual attainments than the man whose newspaper reading is confined to the sporting page is the mature person who swears by a paper because of its comic sheet. The great and growing amount of "comics" in the daily papers is an evidence of the number of readers who demand such stuff. They feed their shallow brains with the impossible doings of Mutts and Dingbats, and, in their ignorance, can not understand why it is that the paper still continues its editorial columns. There was a time when the grinning Katzenjammers were thought to be for the entertainment of children, but the revealing genius of a Hearst should be thanked for the demonstration of the fact that many who have passed childhood still consider the "funny sheet" to

be the paper. Getting their intellectual nourishment from this source these pests go about with a stock of culled wit with which they torture their inoffensive neighbors.

To be rid of these afflictions of modern life is the earnest wish of thousands, but how to accomplish the riddance is truly a great problem. To drown them would be murder, and the thought of tolerating them is unbearable. The only alternative left, perhaps, is to educate them. Make them realize that life is not a painted "funny sheet"; that real humor is deeper than the daubs and distortions that swell the volume of an already too large Sunday newspaper. The pictures of "debutantes" and "divorcees" and the scandal-making "upper set" are sickening enough, heaven knows. The humor of the "comic" sheet is a worthy complement.

Sir William Hoynes Guest of Honor.

A most enthusiastic and thoroughly Notre Dame Alumni banquet was that held last Saturday evening at the University Club in Chicago by the Notre Dame Club of that city. Sir William Hoynes, K. G. S., was the honored guest of the graduates and old students of Notre Dame who completely filled the large auditorium of the Club, and represented the best professional and business element of the city. The affair was arranged primarily to celebrate the bestowal, by the Pope, of the Knighthood of St. Gregory upon the Dean of the Law Department, and enthusiasm over this honor ran high. Recognizing the world-wide significance and interest of the decoration, speeches were delivered in German, Spanish, Scandinavian, Polish and Gaelic. Mr. Joseph J. Sullivan, Litt. B. '02, presided over the doings, and as toastmaster called upon the following: Judge Marcus A. Kavanaugh, LL. D. '05; Hon. P. T. Barry, A. M. '90; Hugh O'Neill, LL. M. '92; Louis Bastrop, LL. M. '96; C. C. Mitchell, LL. B. '02; Robert A. Kasper, A. M. '08; Byron V. Kanaley, A. B. '04; and Messrs. Hunt, Crowley and St. George. The guest of honor was the last speaker of the evening, and in a speech of appreciation and thanks for the honors showered upon him, Sir William crowned the efforts of the preceding orators. Musical selections by Stephen J. Reardon and Robert J. Lynch, old students, added to the pleasure of the evening.

Opening of May Devotions.

The solemn opening of May Devotions took place on last Tuesday evening at seven-thirty o'clock. The hymn, "The Month of Our Mother," was sung by the students as the procession entered from the vestry. After the hymn Reverend Father Schumacher, the celebrant of the evening, gave a short introductory sermon on "Devotion to the Mother of God." He demonstrated how from her very conception the Blessed Virgin was without sin, and showed why God granted her this inestimable favor. She who was to be the Mother of God, was never sullied by sin in order that the Son of God, the fountain-head of purity, might be born of an immaculately pure mother. Students at Notre Dame should cherish a special devotion to Our Lady since the University is under her protection, and every Catholic boy ought to have rosary beads, scapulars and a medal of the Blessed Virgin constantly with him. Each day let a sincere, heartfelt "Hail Mary" ascend to the Mother of God beseeching her to "pray for us now, and at the hour of our death." At the conclusion of the sermon the procession with lighted candles moved through the church, and during the procession the "Ave Maris Stella" was sung. Then solemn benediction was given, Fathers Hagerty and T. Burke acting as deacon and subdeacon.

Society Notes.

HOLY CROSS LITERARY.

The special meeting held on Tuesday evening, the feast of St. George, was complimentary to the Rev. George I. O'Connor, assistant-rector of the Seminary. The address of welcome by the president of the society, Mr. A. Brown, was the best heard in recent years. Mr. Hagerty's reading of "Vapid Vaporings," humorous verses from the pen of a former professor of the University, proved to be very entertaining. A string quartet, composed of Messrs. Remmis, as director, Kusyznski, Milanowski and Sieber, made its first appearance and the hearty applause accorded was well merited. Mr. W. Burke had a short story entitled the "Wrong Assistant," which was marked throughout by realism and local color. "Some Select Selections" was the alliterative title of Mr. Strassner's local anecdotes that kept the audience in high humor.

throughout the reading. Messrs. Drechney, Voelkers, Stack and Coffeen, under the direction of Mr. Norckauer, comprised a quartet, a credit to any society. Words of sincere thanks by Father O'Connor for the evening's entertainment brought the program to a fitting close.

CIVIL ENGINEERING.

No meeting of the Civil Engineering Society was held on Wednesday, April twenty-fourth, because of a concert on that date. Instead the meeting was held on the following Saturday evening, the twenty-seventh of the month.

Mr. Madden read a paper in which he treated of the life and works of Captain James B. Eads a noted engineer of the past century. Captain Eads was born in Lawrenceburg, Indiana, in 1820; he died in 1887. The works for which he is famous are the building of the Eads Bridge across the Mississippi river at St. Louis, and the building of the jetties near the mouth of the Mississippi which prevented that river from depositing the silt which had hitherto been a serious obstruction to navigation.

Mr. Gonzalez read a paper on "Astronomy in Engineering." In extensive surveys such as those which are made by the United States Coast and Geodetic Survey, it is absolutely necessary to employ astronomical methods in order to obtain accurate results; astronomy is employed also in the determination of time and of latitude and longitude.

Mr. James O'Brien's paper was on the "Materials of Engineering." Mr. O'Brien described the various materials used in engineering such as timber, cast iron, wrought iron, steel, brick, stone and concrete, and told when they came into use, the extent of their use at present and their comparative values as building materials. The question for discussion was one involving tension in ropes. Mr. Derrick was the chief dispenser of information upon the subject.

Personals.

—Mr. James P. Fogarty (LL. B. '00) of Philadelphia, entertained the Notre Dame athletes after the meet of last Saturday.

—John J. Kennedy (A. B. '09) of Philadelphia, met the Varsity men at the Pennsylvania games. John is attending the law school of the University of Pennsylvania, and sends his "best" to all the old boys.

—The Rev. M. F. Griffin (Litt. B. '04) was selected by the Toledo Knights of Columbus

to preach their annual retreat which began April 21st at the Cathedral parish, Toledo. The SCHOLASTIC congratulates Father Griffin on the honor conferred and the Toledo Knights on the rare good judgment they showed in making their selection.

—The President of the University has received an application for a young man to act as athletic manager for a parish club in Portland, Oregon. His duties would be to manage football, basketball and baseball teams and look after their schedules. The salary to begin with would be eighty dollars a month. Anyone interested may apply to the President.

—The Rev. Father Henry Kemper ('05) is at present performing heroic missionary service in Kerr Co., Texas. The size of his parish runs up to some 12,000 square miles, though of course the parishioners are not equally numerous. Father Kemper wrote of his Texas work and experiences in the *Extension* magazine. We wish Father Kemper God's best blessings in his vast field of labor.

Obituary.

News has just reached the University of the death of Mr. Edgar A. Milner (B. S. '81; M. S. '11) who passed away at his home in Portland, Oregon, on July 15th of last year. Mr. Milner was a distinguished educator in Oregon and a highly respected citizen of his community. He was a devoted alumnus of Notre Dame, and is remembered with great devotion by the men of his time. *R. I. P.*

Calendar.

Sunday, May 5—St. Joseph vs. Sorin in baseball
 Monday, May 6—Freshman banquet.
 Wednesday, May 8—May Devotions, 7:30 p. m.
 Thursday, May 9—University of West Virginia vs. Varsity in baseball at Morgantown, W. Va.
 Brownson vs. Corby in baseball.
 Saturday, May 11—Penn State vs. Varsity in baseball at Bellefonte, Pa.
 May Devotions, 7:30 p. m.

Local News.

—The following is the list of May sermons: May 8th, Rev. Father Walsh, "Mary, Refuge of Sinners"; May 22d, Rev. Father Hagerty, "The Surpassing Virtue of the Blessed Virgin"; May 31st, Rev. Father Hudson, "Mary, Our Mother."

—A Prep Track Team is to be organized. All candidates are to report to Coach Maris at once.

—At last the Walsh fellows have a bench which the Sorinites can not take away. It was donated by Father Quinlan.

—The baseball diamond, laid out between St. Joseph's and Walsh, is to be skinned and graded. A new backstop has been erected.

—The St. Joseph and Corby baseball teams played a practise game Tuesday afternoon, resulting in a 2-2 tie. Boland pitched for the Saints and Roach for Corby.

—The Corby "Twilight League," organized for playing indoor baseball out-of-doors, held its first session Tuesday evening. Manager King announces that hereafter there will be a game every evening.

—The plan recently adopted by the Walsh hall athletic association of charging admission to games with outside teams has proved successful in defraying expenses. Other halls might find the suggestion valuable.

—We have been somewhat acrimoniously criticised for not reporting all baseball games which take place within these confines during the week. On last Thursday forenoon our representative counted eight games going on at one time on different diamonds. Then expect a box-score of every one of them!

—At a meeting of the men of '13, held last Monday evening, it was decided to hold the Junior Prom about the last of May at Place hall. It was also decided to depart from custom and make the affair informal. The *Dome* officers for next year were also named. Simon E. Twining will be editor-in-chief, Louis J. Kiley will have charge of business matters, and Frank L. Stanford will look after the department of art.

—The one event of the year for the Freshmen—their annual banquet—will be held next Monday evening at half-past six in the Oliver Hotel. The first-year men are a little modest, but the program promises to be the best in years. Robert Roach, chairman, with E. Linehan, J. Byrne, and T. Kiley as a committee, announce that the Very Reverend President and Rev. G. McNamara are on the list of speakers which includes the "cream" of the class. This the first social attempt of our young members will be watched alike with interest and envy.

—Walsh hall lost in a close game to Corby Thursday, score 5-1. Ryan for the losers pitched a steady game, striking out twelve men, but his efforts were wasted by the difficulty his mates had in solving Roach and Bergman. Most of the hitting done on both teams was by the Varsity "subs." Carmody of Corby connected safely three times and Newning and McNichol had a brace apiece, one of Dan's going for an extra base. Both teams played in mid-season form and should prove the real flag contenders.

Athletic Notes.

ARKANSAS TAKES SECOND.

Arkansas displayed some of the fighting qualities which make the Razorbacks our most formidable opponents in baseball when they came from behind in the sixth inning of the second game of the series, tied the score, went into the lead in the seventh and maintained their position against the belated onslaught in the ninth, taking the game by the score of 6 to 5.

Fortified by a night's rest after the one-sided opening contest, the Southerners were in a position to display their real strength. Black was sent to the mound by the scrappy Hugo and succeeded in keeping matters under control at all times. A pass by Regan to Davis, followed by Wood's line drive to the northeast corner of the field, permitted the invaders to draw blood in the opening round. Wood inadvertently emulated the famous Merkle by failing to touch second, and the watchful eye of ye ump's, attracted by Arnfield, caused the death of the first baseman. The Varsity was unable to fathom Black's twisters in the first, but Williams connected feelingly in the second for a triple, scoring on Arnfield's sacrifice fly. Black chose to kill Regan at second in the third round after the pitcher had beaten out a nice bunt and O'Connell drew a life thereby, bringing in the second tally when Farrell repeated the captain's three-quarters' stunt. The timely hitting continued during the fourth. Arnfield drew a pass; stole second and Gray smote the pill to regions far for a double that tallied his mate. Two bingles and a pair of errors in the sixth enabled the Razorbacks to tie the score, and another pair of safeties in the following round sent them into the lead. Both teams added a pair of tallies in the

ninth but the result was unchanged.

University of Arkansas.	R	H	P	A	E
Shacklin, ss.	0	1	2	2	2
Lavis, lf.	2	1	1	0	0
Wood, 1b.	3	4	9	0	0
Cypert, 3b.	1	2	0	0	0
Highfill, 2b.	0	0	3	4	0
Stout, cf.	0	1	5	0	1
Norcott, rf.	0	0	2	0	0
Thomas, c.	0	0	5	0	1
Black, p.	0	1	0	3	0
Total	6	10	27	9	4

Notre Dame	R	H	P	A	E
O'Connell, ss.	1	0	2	2	1
Farrell, 1b.	0	1	1	0	2
Dolan, rf.	0	0	2	0	0
Williams, cf.	1	2	4	1	0
Granfield, 3b.	0	0	0	5	1
Arnfield, 2b.	2	0	3	0	0
Gray, c.	1	3	4	0	0
Carmody, lf.	0	0	1	1	0
Regan, p.	0	1	0	2	0
Total	5	7	27	11	4

Three-base hits—Williams, Farrell. Two-base hits—Gray, Wood, Cypert. Struck out—By Regan, 2; by Black, 3. Bases on balls—Off Regan, 1; off Black, 1. Umpire—Callahan. Time of game, 2 hours. Arkansas 1 0 0 0 0 2 1 0 2—6
Notre Dame 0 1 1 1 0 0 0 0 2—5

VARSITY WINS RUBBER AGAINST ARKANSAS.

Notre Dame students were driven into the wildest display of enthusiasm that has ever marked any home intercollegiate contest when Arkansas was defeated 10 to 9 in the rubber of the three-game series, April 26. The suspense of the frenzied rooters lasting during seven innings of the most exciting baseball game ever seen on Cartier field or any other field, released itself in a wild tumult of rooting when the Varsity tied the count for the second time in the eighth inning, and the cheering continued unabated during the whole of the ninth inning and for an hour after the close of the game.

O'Connell, Farrell, Dolan, Williams and Granfield were the men who won the victory by their performance in the last inning. The opening of the ninth saw the climax of the day of thrills. Arkansas had pelted Wells out of the box in the opening round and achieved a four-run lead. This was nearly overcome by the Varsity in the same session and was matched in the fourth when a home run by Arnfield tied the count. Another pair of tallies in the seventh again put the Razorbacks in the lead, and the rooting rally of the fans began in earnest in the eighth when the score was again tied at six to six.

Coach Bezdeck's pupils entered upon the

last round in a "do or die" spirit and the resulting three tallies, two of which were clean home runs, seemed to sound the knell of Notre Dame hopes. It was then that O'Connell displayed his sterling qualities by martyring himself before one of Baber's slants, winning a hospital ticket to first. Farrell followed with a double to right field that scored O'Connell and raised a chorus that would have put Babel to shame.

With none out and but two tallies needed to tie the count, Dolan sent a smashing liner to Wall that was fumbled by the second baseman, Farrell taking third. Williams established himself forevermore in Notre Dame baseball history by singling safely to left, bringing in the tying scores. Still there were none down, and while Coach Bezdek disconsolately watched the slaughter of his little ones Granfield connected with the first ball thrown for a safety that brought the captain home with the winning run.

Berger relieved Wells on the mound after the visitors had scored three tallies and displayed his mastery of the situation by limiting the further scores of the session to one. From that time until the end the right hander pitched a corking good game. Baber was effective in all but a few of the rounds. The long-distance clouting of the Razorbacks was one of the features, Cypert setting a new high mark with two home runs and a double. Not all of the batting glory was taken by the visitors, however, Arnfield, Farrell and Regan taking no mean share of the honors.

University of Arkansas	R	H	P	A	E
Shacklin, ss.	1	1	0	0	2
Wall, 2b.	1	0	0	4	2
Davis, lf.	2	1	0	0	0
Wood, 1b.	2	1	10	1	0
Cypert, 3b.	3	3	2	1	0
Highfill, 2b and ss.	0	0	0	4	1
Stout, cf.	0	1	0	0	0
Norcott, rf.	0	0	0	0	0
Thomas, c.	0	0	10	3	0
Baber, p.	0	0	2	0	0
Total	9	7	24	13	5

Notre Dame	R	H	P	A	E
O'Connell, ss.	1	0	2	1	0
Farrell, 1b.	1	2	6	0	0
Dolan, rf.	2	1	0	0	0
Williams, cf.	2	1	3	0	0
Granfield, 3b.	1	1	1	1	1
Arnfield, 2b.	1	1	2	2	1
Regan, lf.	2	2	0	0	0
Gray, c.	1	1	13	2	0
Wells, p.	0	0	0	0	0
Berger, p.	0	0	0	1	0
Total	11	9	27	7	2

Arkansas 4 0 0 0 0 2 0 3—9
 Notre Dame 3 0 0 1 0 0 0 2 4—10
 Home runs—Arnfield, Wood, Cypert (2). Three-base hits—Gray. Two-base hits—Farrell, Cypert. Struck out—By Wells, 1; by Berger, 10; by Baber, 11. Bases on balls—Off Wells, 2; off Baber 2. Hit by pitched ball—Granfield, O'Connell, Baber, Wood. Passed balls—Thomas. Umpire—Callahan. Time of game—2 hours 15 minutes.

ROSE POLY SHUT OUT.

Rose Poly proved an easy victim of the Varsity in a rather dull contest last Tuesday. The Tech. Institute team has little to redeem itself outside of the battery, Nehf and Lawler, and the score of 9 to 0 presents a fairly good comparison of the relative merit of the combatants.

Remarkably good form on the part of both pitchers marked the struggle. Kelly clearly established his reputation by letting the visitors down with one lone bingle, and hung up a record for the season in limiting the opposing batters to twenty-seven. None of the Poly players succeeded in making even a nodding acquaintance with second base. Gray nipped Lawler at the keystone in the fourth, after the catcher had singled, by a perfect throw to O'Connell, while Byers, who drew the only pass allowed by the Varsity southpaw, was mixed up in a double play that resulted in his death in the seventh. Nehf's record of 14 strikeouts, thirteen of which were obtained in the first five innings, stamps him as the best college pitcher seen at Notre Dame this season.

Four passes, a single, a walk to Williams after the captain was hit by the ball and Lawler's foolish play on Regan after the pitcher-fielder had struck out, gave the Varsity four runs in the second and insured a victory. Three of the remaining six runs were earned by clean hitting.

Rose Polytechnic	R	H	P	A	E
Lawler, c.	0	1	12	5	2
Byers, 1b.	0	0	4	0	0
Stoms, rf.	0	0	1	0	0
Nehf, p.	0	0	0	1	0
Demming, lf.	0	0	0	0	0
Stoltz, cf.	0	0	2	0	0
Lyons, 1b.	0	0	1	0	1
Floyd, 3b.	0	0	1	0	2
Fishback, 2b.	0	0	3	0	0
Totals.	0	1	24	6	5
Notre Dame	R	H	P	A	E
O'Connell, ss.	1	1	6	2	0
Farrell, 1b.	1	1	8	0	0
Dolan, rf.	0	1	2	0	0
Williams, cf.	0	0	1	0	0
Granfield, 3b.	1	0	0	1	0
Arnfield, 2b.	1	1	0	2	0

Regan, lf.	3	2	0	0	0
Gray, c.	1	0	9	1	0
Kelly, p.	1	1	0	3	0
Guppy, c.	0	0	1	0	0
Total	9	7	27	9	0

Rose Polytechnic 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0—0
 Notre Dame 0 4 0 1 0 1 0 3 *—9
 Two-base hits—Regan, Farrell. Double plays—Arnfield to O'Connell to Farrell. Struck out—By Nehf, 14; by Kelly, 8. Bases on balls—Off Nehf, 4; off Kelly, 1. Passed balls—Lawler. Wild pitch—Nehf. Stolen bases—O'Connell, Farrell, Arnfield, Regan (3), Gray. Umpire—Reading. Time of game, 1 hour 45 minutes.

SUCCESS IN THE PENN RELAY GAMES.

Three men from Notre Dame journeyed down East to take part in the Pennsylvania Relay Games held in Philadelphia last Saturday, and succeeded in capturing two first places and one second. Although no college or university team is declared the winner of the games, the Notre Dame representatives with thirteen carried more points in the special events than the representatives of any other one institution. The competitors were the best athletes that Eastern and Middle Western schools had to offer, but outside of the two and four-mile relays, both captured by Pennsylvania, and the broad jump by Vermont University with a leap of 24 feet 5-8 inches, the various showings were not remarkable. The lack of better marks is due to the soggy condition of the field and to the heavy rain which fell throughout the afternoon. Following is a summary of the events in which Notre Dame men placed:

Shot-put—Won by Philbrook, Notre Dame; Kohler, Michigan, second; Whitting, Dartmouth, third; Lee, Harvard, fourth. Distance, 44 feet.

Discus throw—Won by Philbrook, Notre Dame; Whitney, Dartmouth, second; Martin, Dartmouth, third; Kohler, Michigan, fourth. Distance, 125 feet 5 1-2 inches.

Broad jump—Won by Gutterson, Vermont; Wasson, Notre Dame, second; Babcock, Columbia, third; Jones, Pennsylvania, fourth. Distance, 24 feet 5-8 in.

PREPS WIN FIRST.

The baseball team representing the preparatory school began its career with a victory over Elkhart high school last Saturday. The preps did all their stick work in the first session and secured three runs. The high school boys got vicious in the eighth and put two tallies across the plate. The other innings for both teams were blank. Score by innings:

Preps	3	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	—3	7	3
Elkhart	0	0	0	0	0	0	2	0	—2	7	3	
Batteries—Dew and Dyer; Mulligan and Welch.												