

The Notre Dame Scholastic

DISCE · QVASI · SEMPER · VICTURVS · VIVE · QVASI · CRAS · MORITURVS ·

Vol. XLV.

NOTRE DAME, INDIANA, MAY 11, 1912.

No. 31.

At Sea.

JOHN T. BURNS, '13.

THE moon's pale light
Reflected by night
On the water's trembling face,
Revealed the plight—
O the pitiful sight,—
Of the souls in death's embrace!

Slowly the ship,
On its midnight trip,
Lowered its bow in the waves,
And men, alone,
With thoughts of home,
In silence beheld their graves.

Then, heroic hearts,
They played their parts
As only the brave can play—
"Forgiveness for all"
Was their final call,
As the ship with a lurch gave way.

The Coming Power King.

JOSEPH M. WALSH, '14.



ON the night of the presidential election in 1880, a long row of incandescent electric lamps, stretched beside a railroad near Menlo Park, New Jersey, burst into light. This was the first demonstration afforded the world of the practical use of electric power. After many months of seemingly fruitless labor, Thomas Edison gave the signal, and the first incandescent electric lamp flashed upon the country. This event signaled not only the election of President Garfield,

but a far more important happening—the birth of a practical and most invaluable energy.

This was only a beginning, however; it was but a small, experimental station, crudely constructed, with power supplied by one or two feeble dynamos driven by a small steam engine. The practicability of the scheme, though, attracted the attention of other workers in the electrical field, and through their efforts a central station was erected in London, England, in January, 1882, and soon after an American central station for the distribution of electrical energy was established in Brooklyn, New York. This station, from the opening of which really dates the progress of electrical power in the United States, was put in operation in 1889. It supplied a territory of about one square mile, and was considered a well-equipped commercial station. The use of its power, though, was at first regarded as foolish, the charter consumers, says Mr. W. W. Freeman, being a barber shop, a theatre and an ice-cream parlor. We can easily imagine the increase in the business of these tradespeople which must have resulted directly from their exhibition of "the lights which don't blow out." But this incredulity as to the worth of electric power was not long in giving place to a distinct feeling of want for the advantages of the new power, for in about five months this Brooklyn station was selling electrical power amounting to the equivalent of sixty-six hundred sixteen-candle-power lamps. Electric lighting was the principal use for electricity at that time, but it was only a short time till the adaptability of the energy was recognized and other fields opened to it. The electric motor became popular; housewives ran their sewing machines by it, and that national machine, the electric fan, made its appearance. At this time the motors were mostly of low power, a ten-horse-

power machine being considered a giant and a triumph of the electrical-engineering profession. In 1889 it is estimated that there were less than fifty such machines in existence.

The use of electric power has steadily extended throughout the United States, while a simultaneous advancement has taken place in the other countries of the world. Central stations began to dot the country in 1884, and now in 1912, less than thirty years since the establishment of the first three-wire, or modern distribution system station in Gunburg, Pennsylvania, we find practically every town and village with its own distributing center, selling electricity much as the corner grocer sells sugar. The largest of the early stations were capable of delivering only a little more than three hundred thousand watts, or a few more than four hundred horse-power. Today there are plants that develop two millions, or more, of watts, almost three thousand horse-power. This power is utilized by motors of all sizes up to those furnishing over a thousand horse-power. Housewives cook with it, and the multitude of new devices for its use is increasing daily. And this power, it must be remembered, is not confined to these fields alone. Electric railways are replacing those of steam both for interurban and heavier service. Electric locomotives developing a speed of eighty-six miles or over, and designed to pull a load of eight-hundred and fifty tons, are introduced on many American roads. The cleanliness of operation and the great efficiency of these electric engines make them wellnigh the ideal. And the success which has attended the operation of these higher-powered machines should not be long in convincing hitherto skeptical steam-railroad engineers of the value of electricity as a tractive power. In the automobile industry also, electricity is continuing to expand. Both for pleasure and for business the electric vehicle is gaining in popularity. The adaptability of the electric truck, together with its reliability and economy, is meeting all the demands of business houses. Nearly seven thousand of these trucks are in use in the United States at the present writing. In the telegraph and telephone, electricity is also making rapid strides. Distances of over four thousand miles are easily covered by the submarine cable, while one line, eight thousand miles in length, is operated between New York and Buenos Ayers, Argentina. But

wires are nearly unnecessary for the transmission of intelligence electrically. Wireless telegraphy and telephony will, in a day not far distant, solve the problem of cheap and effective long-distance communication. In metallurgy and electro-chemistry its use has been of inestimable value.

Looking on the economic side of this rapid advancement, one may be surprised to learn that electricity is about the only article of necessity which has decreased in price during the last ten years. This characteristic of the development of electrical power, together with the rapidity and universality of its adoption, is probably due in no small degree to the ease with which it can be generated from other forms of energy. In countries where coal or other fuel necessary for steam power is prohibitive in price, water, the universal element, is readily harnessed to the dynamo. Steam will be the necessary prime mover in countries where coal or oil are obtainable, but it is to the water-power resources of a country that we must look for an efficient and cheap primary energy. For every thinking person must realize that though the coal supply of this country may not be exhausted in our age, still the cost of the fuel must increase as a result of the increasing transportation distances and the difficulties of deep mining. The establishment of electric power plants at the mouths of the coal mines will solve the problem in many localities, especially since such high tensions as one hundred and forty thousand volts are at present safely and economically transmitted over long distances. But water-power is plentiful, and it will, no doubt, generate most of the electricity used in the future. Canada has estimated that the available water power within her boundaries is nearly twenty-five million horse-power, and investigations of the country surrounding the Great Lakes show about fourteen million horse-power at hand. Practically all this immense store of natural energy can be transformed into electric power. Canada has already established a government hydro-electric commission to develop her resources, and power is now transmitted, from a station at Niagara Falls, through a distance of two hundred and eighty-one miles. In Spain the waterfalls of the Pyrenees are appropriated for the generation of electric power, and Brazil, a country in which coal is scarce and costly, is utilizing the power of her rivers for

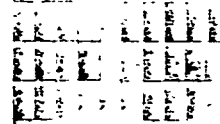
electrical generation. On the whole, water-power has been and is one of the greatest factors in the advancement of the kingdom of electricity. The two great forces of nature seem to go hand in hand, one, electricity, derivable from the other which is common to every country on the globe. The latter, water, supplies a most rigid requirement of natural existence, while the former, electricity, will soon become a necessity not to be easily dispensed with. Thomas Edison says: "It will not be perfectly utilized until everything we now make with our hands, and every mechanical motion can be effected by throwing a switch."

Some idea of the immense progress which electric power has made in the United States may be gained from a consideration of the monetary side of the electrical industry. During the decade between 1899 and 1909, the value of the machinery and apparatus manufactured for use in the generation and utilization of electricity increased one hundred and thirty per cent. In the year 1911, the receipts from the sale of power and accessories and telephone and telegraph earnings, were nearly two millions of dollars; this is an increase of fifteen per cent over the preceding year. Today the total amount of money invested in the electrical industry in the United States alone, is almost six billions of dollars, or nearly seventy-five dollars for every inhabitant of the country. And Thomas Edison, studying the signs of progress, says, "We shall have easily fifty billions of dollars in electrical service in 1925, and five times as many persons will then be employed in electricity as now, most of them in branches for which we have not as yet got a name."

Electricity is truly the coming power king. Its uses are becoming more varied every day, and the labors of an army of scientists and scholars are directed to making them so. Judging from the recent discoveries in the line of wireless transmission, the day is not far in the future when "pressing the button" will sum up the work of the day. It is an awful power, but it is controllable; and the facility and precision with which it may be curbed and guided are two great factors in its growth. Steam is powerful, but it lacks the docility of electricity, and can not perform such fine operations as the latter power. It has not the wide range of adaptability which opens many fields to electricity, but must perforce

be fundamentally a prime mover. And when the experiments of scientists will discover—if they ever do—a process of generating electricity without the use of an intermediate power, steam will be no more. If thirty years have witnessed such remarkable strides in the field of electrical power, what will the close of the next twenty-five years behold? Those of us who enjoy another score in this world, will look back upon the seemingly great accomplishments of this day much as we now regard the first attempts in automobile construction. It is only then that we will begin to realize fully how little we have done to set electricity at work, and how great is its kingdom.

George Baxter, Inventor.



FRANK BOOS, '15.

Neither Charles Allen nor George Baxter had spoken for several minutes. Lounging back against the iron park bench, they gazed in silence at the murmuring St. Joseph which flowed so black and oily before them, reflecting the many lights of the bridge and the park walks. Behind them was a fairyland of moonlit paths and glassy lagoons and silvery trees,—Leaper Park. Charles Allen lit his pipe, a remarkable, battered and redolent old pipe, the flare of the match giving his companion a momentary glimpse of his smiling face, on which three days' growth of beard flourished in rank exuberancy.

"Nope," said George Baxter, half to himself; "as you say, there isn't much money in inventions. Every time I get out something entirely new and experiment with it, the fellows all stand around and give me the merry ha-ha, and I can't even find one who is nerry enough to help me out."

"Yes," said Allen, watching the autos spin to and fro across the bridge, lighting the tops of the trees with an unnatural brightness; "but you haven't invented anything yet that has really been a top notcher,—excuse my saying it. All the junk you've made has ended bad, and you got nothing out of it but trouble. Why don't you set down and dope out something that will make the old world strain its neck. Get out something practical, something that will be really O. K. This other truck is too local. You've got the bean; why not?"

"That's all right," responded Baxter, still

looking out over the river; "but it's a darned sight easier to sit there and talk about it than it is to get up and produce the goods. Now if I could only perfect my radium stove, I'd have a seat in the Hall of Fame within two weeks; but radium costs about ten thousand times more than the whole family of Baxters could afford."

"Aw, forget that radium stove of yours," said Allen, tossing a stone into the river. "It will never be worth a royal goldarn, and you know it. It's too darned expensive."

"Or again, I might try and promote that unbreakable glass I invented last summer," murmured Baxter, with an air of a man who is deep in other thoughts.

"That'd be all right if it *was* unbreakable,—which it aint," replied Allen.

"Well, I've got it as far as I can, and since it still breaks, I've abandoned it for good and all."

Both boys were silent while a policeman stalked by, swinging his night stick, the gravel crunching under his feet. When he had disappeared in the gloom, Baxter laid his hand on his companion's shoulder and held up a warning finger for silence.

"Sh! Don't talk to me for a moment or two. I feel something coming on!"

"Coming on? What do you mean?" asked Allen, slightly alarmed.

"Sh! Please don't talk. I've got something on the string here and don't want to be interrupted."

"All right, but I'd like to know what's the matter with you. Do you feel sick?" inquired Allen.

"No, no, no! Hush, will you?"

Allen sat back against the bench, both sullen at the curt commands and frightened at Baxter's strange actions. Could the fellow have been drinking? Or was the great invention bug driving him crazy at last? He waited anxiously for some time,—it seemed ages to Allen,—while the clock in the Pumping Station tolled the hour of nine. At last, in the gloom, he saw his companion move, heard him mutter to himself, and run his fingers hastily through his pockets. He could stand it no longer, tortured by curiosity.

"What in the name of the fourteen gods of Omega is the matter with you?" he demanded a little roughly, leaning forward.

"Shut up! Have you a pencil? Quick, a

pencil!" exclaimed George, his hands trembling nervously.

Allen fumbled for his pencil, found it, and handed it to Baxter. The latter seized it eagerly, pulled out a bunch of letters from his pocket, took one, and, dropping all the rest on the walk, he ran towards a light on the river bank. Allen arrived on his heels, breathless, and thoroughly frightened lest the inventor should throw himself into the water. But suicide seemed farthest from his mind. Lying flat on his stomach on the concrete butment which supported the light, he was writing furiously on an envelope, scribbling with might and main, as if his whole soul depended upon that one thing. In vain did Allen question him, dancing about him, terrified by his companion's insane conduct, and fearing that he would become violent.

"For the love of all that's high and mighty tell me what's the matter?" he yelled, so loudly in fact that a teamster, driving across the bridge, stopped his horses, thinking he had been hailed.

The inventor did not reply. He was literally digging holes in the paper, forming words with his mouth and tongue, his head nodding back and forth. Allen groaned in despair; then looked about for people upon whom he could call for help. The boy was plainly insane, and he could not tell what moment he might become violent. At last, the frightened Allen saw his comrade scramble to his feet, throw his hat into the air, and let out a mighty whoop which echoed and re-echoed down the river.

"Whoopla! Hooray! Nine rahs! I've found it! I've found it at last!" he cried, jumping about and waving his hands wildly.

"That's all right. That's all right, old sport. That's a nice fellow! Come on home with me, will you, old sox? There, there, *there!* Calm yourself, and be a good boy," cried Allen, trembling like a leaf as he tried to take Baxter by the arm. "There's nothing going to hurt you. It's all right! Don't be afraid, old sport!"

"I've found it out at last! Wow!" yelled Baxter.

"Calm yourself, old fellow! Found what?" demanded Allen, his knees knocking against one another.

"I've found it! By golly, I've discovered *perpetual motion!*"

"Yes, yes, yes, I know! But keep still for a little while, old sox. You'll be all right

after a while. Just calm yourself, that's a good sport."

"Calm myself? What do you mean? Why, you nut, I've just invented a perpetual motion machine!"

At the word "invented," Allen gave a start and looked Baxter straight in the eyes; then, still positive that the young fellow was insane, he took him by the arm again.

"Yes, that's all right, old sport; but don't you think it's time we were going home?" he asked in a wheedling voice, still gripping the inventor's arm.

"Go home nothing!" retorted Baxter, shaking loose the other with some difficulty. "What's the matter with you? Do you think I'm drunk, or what? Leggo my arm! I ain't going to hurt anyone, am I?"

"You'd better come along nice and calm now, because I don't want to have to call the police," said Allen, persistently pulling George along by the arm.

"Call the police? What's the matter with you, anyhow? Are you crazy?"

"No, but you are. You're batty as a socialist on election day!"

"Is that so! Well, what do you think of that! A fellow can't even get an idea without every nut in the town thinking he's crazy! Why, you boob, I just invented perpetual motion, the problem of centuries, the marvel of the age, the great scientific sticker for generations! Crazy! Well, I guess not!"

Allen looked at the inventor in surprise. Perhaps he was not crazy after all! But perpetual motion,—yes, he surely must be insane! How could he invent perpetual motion? Preposterous!

"You don't believe it, do you?" asked Baxter, as the pale light of the arc lamp fell upon his companion's face. "Well, you don't have to! I didn't believe it myself until just a minute ago. Golly, that idea struck me quick! Perpetual motion,—wow! I never thought I could do it."

Allen half believed him and suffered himself to be led back to the bench.

"Yes," continued the inventor, still very excited over his new discovery; "the thing's been running through my head for over a year and pestering the life out of me. Remember hearing the clock strike in the Pumping Station? Well, that was what gave me the idea. Clock-works! Golly, who'd have thought it! Easy

as mud,—when you've supplied the primary energy. Perpetual motion, hooray!"

"Aw, whatcha trying to hand me," exclaimed Allen in disgust. "No wonder I thought you'd gone batty. Perpetual motion, shucks! There ain't no such thing."

"What do you want to bet that I haven't invented perpetual motion?" asked George, his sporting blood up.

"Why, I'd bet every cent I had in the world against your necktie there that there ain't never been nor wont never be such a thing as perpetual motion. You're bluffin' this time; and you know it!"

"Will you stake a ten spot?" said Baxter, eagerly.

"Nope, I don't bet on sure things. It ain't good form."

"Go me a ten spot, or shut up," replied George, fishing in his pocket for his money.

"Since you're so darned anxious to lose your wad, here goes. It's a bet. Ten to ten that you haven't discovered perpetual motion." And they shook hands.

One month later Charles Allen sat on his accustomed perch on the trunk in Red Mullin's room. There was a look of genuine joy on his face, which broadened into a grin at the corners of his mouth and caused his pale blue eyes to sparkle delightfully.

"So you won your bet after all, did you?" asked Red, also smiling.

"Yes, but you ain't supposed to know anything about that yet. I'm going to tell you the whole story, and it'd kinder spoil the climax if the ending was known. Remember when I told you I had bet ten plunks that Baxter couldn't invent no perpetual motion machines? Well, what I said was solid sterling truth, but I thought it was a darned lie until just today.

"Well, I must begin at the beginning. The day after Baxter and I sat on the bench in Leaper Park and watched the river do the marathon, old George he piles into his overalls, which were so dirty and full of grease that they would stand up alone, and pikes over to those everlastin' shops. By golly, I swear it, he was dead to the faculty and student body for almost two weeks. Why, he was away so much that the Rector of his hall thought he had gone home and wired for him to come back or get canned. What he did over there, no one knows. He was the big secret, the

great detective game, the lost child for half a month. Then, all of a sudden, when we were least expecting it, he springs his perpetual motion machine on us. Gosh! I'd almost forgotten all about the bet and was willing to call the thing off, but George would have none of it.

"One night, just after I came in from a little sojourn in the city, old George comes bouncin' into my room as full of pepper as a dish of Chile Con Carne and tells me that the machine is in his domicile and ready for inspection. Lawsy, it didn't take me very long to get up to that room. It was there all right, but that's all I can safely venture about it.

"Lying on the table in the center of the room was a square, wooden box about four feet each way, and all sealed up as tight as Walsh when the lid is on. But what caught my attention was a small, aluminum fly-wheel, about six inches in diameter, which was spinnin' around about sixty miles per hour, hummin' away like a good fellow. And that's about all there was to it. Just a plain box with a revolvin' fly-wheel stickin' out one end. When he said it was the perpetual motion machine, I laughed. He didn't say nothin'; just made a few remarks about me waitin' and seein'.

"Next day, I told our Physics teacher about the machine, and then old Stubbins who teaches engineerin'. Sure enough, they were both so interested that they beat it up to George's room at the earliest opportunity for to see the wonder of the age. Yes, it was all there, and the little wheel was still a-buzzin'! This made me feel a wee bit leary about my ten spot, so I proposes to one of the profs that, in case Baxter might feel tempted to wind the thing up during the night when we weren't lookin', perhaps they had better take it with them and keep it for about two weeks. If the machine would go that long without stoppin', it would go forever, or at least as long as I cared to wait. This they did, and Baxter didn't object in the least; only smiled that slow sort of a way he does in Math class when he knows he's got a theorem right, but the rest dont think so.

"Well, it went for two weeks up in Prof. Stubbins' room. He and the scientists put the darned thing in the sun, they dampened the wood with water, they baked it over the radiator, done all sorts of things to the poor, little innocent machine what had never done

them any harm, and, just to spite them, it kept right on runnin' just as fast and as steady as ever. There wasn't any sound to speak of, just a faint, murmuring noise, like the fellows whispering in church, and every minute or so, a tiny, ticking sound. What was inside that box was the biggest mystery ever invented. It had the best of them goin'. I'd have been willin' to fork over the Big X. to *any* guy who had bean enough to make a puzzle like that, so one night I went over to George and handed him my side of the bet. Then I asked him what was inside of it, and he only grinned that funny grin of his and shook his dome.

"Now comes the climax. Take that chew outer your mouth and pay strictest attention to what I'm about to relate. Last evening after supper, I met old Stubbins in the hall and he stopped me. It seems that him and the Physics prof. had got the curiosity bug bad, and had determined to open the box and take a little glance inside. He invited me up to his room, and when I got there, I found the room full of fellows, but, of course, Baxter wasn't there. It looked to me like a rotten trick to steal a poor fellow's invention, but old Stubbins changed my point of view on the subject by giving me a long speil about it bein' all for the interests of science and commerce and mankind in general. I never could dope out what good it was goin' to do mankind, but he says it was, so I sat back and kept my gold teeth together.

"When he had finished his little line of vaseline talk, up comes the Physics teacher with half a suitcase-full of dissecting instruments and they get ready to do the dirty work. First, they bored little tiny holes in the top with a brace and bit, not much bigger then shingle nails. Then the Physics prof. hammers in about two dozen tiny wedges and the bunch started pryin' the lid off. Say, if that machine had been loaded with the most deadly explosives in the world, they couldn't have worked any carefuller than they did. Gee, it was funny. Every time a board would creak under the strain of the wedges, the whole darned gang would jump back like a flash, scared to death that the bloomin' thing was goin' to blow them sky-high.

"Yep, they got the lip off all right, but under the lid was a nice hard plate of galvanized metal, riveted solidly to the sides of the box. Well, they doped around for half an hour, tryin'

to bone out some way of gettin' the metal plate off without injurin' the rest of the machinery and at last the Physics prof. got his Dutch up and says that the only way to open it was to use an ax. Well, he didn't use no ax, but he went to work with a coal chisel and a pair of tin shears, which was just as bad. Puttin' the coal chisel on the plate, he lifts up his hammer—and say, just as soon as the fellows saw that hammer, they went out of that room so darned fast that the air suction pulled half the wall decorations down. Well, down came the Physics prof's hammer, and *bang* went the box. The top flew off like the lid on a Jack-in-the-box and takes the old prof. right in the mush. There was a noise like thirty thousand tons of bottles falling down an elevator shaft, the room was so full of pieces of glass and chunks of tin and little wheels, not sayin' nothin' of the profanity, that every time you breathed, you felt like a junk yard.

"When the Physics prof. and old Stubbins had gathered enough nerve to go within twenty feet of the machine again, the fireworks were all over,—and the little aluminum fly-wheel was jammed a foot into the plaster of the side wall. Was Baxter mad? Well, he didn't seem to mind it in the least. I walked into his room about ten-thirty that night and broke the sorrowful news to him, explainin' how the profs had tried to open it, and how they had to pick up the machine with a broom and dustpan. Then he did an amazin' thing. He went over to his bed, laid down on the counterpane, and began to laugh, actually laugh! Hully gee, talk about mirth! Why if he didn't strain somethin' or bust a blood vessel he's got a constitution like an ox. It took him half an hour to get over the worst of the joy warble, and at that, I could hear him snicker every now and then all night long.

"Next day, he showed me a plan of the whole works and explained it all to me. Now listen! Maybe I didn't get a clear idea of it, but I think I did, so here goes. The whole caboodle was run by the spring of one of them new two-year clocks, wound up its tightest. The spring ran a little air pump, made out of glass, the smallest pump I ever saw, and this pump shot air up into a small, tin compressor tank. There was a blow pipe attached to one end of the compressor tank which blew a steady puff of air right into the cups of an aerometer. Accordin' to Baxter, that little aerometer went

round about two hundred times a minute, and every time it revolved once, it turned the aluminum fly-wheel outside three revolutions. That's why the fly-wheel went around so fast and so steady. The box was air tight for the simple reason that he wanted to make it dust proof and mysterious. Also the galvanized plate was fixed in by a set of springs, so that if it was touched even the tiniest little bit, it would fly off and pull all the machinery out with it. Most of the wheels and rods bein' made of glass, busted into a thousand pieces when they hit the floor.

"Some machine, eh? No, of course, it wasn't perpetual, but we couldn't prove that it wasn't until George confessed. Yes, it would ha' run for two years all right, but two years ain't forever, not by a long shot.

"Bean? Why, that guy's got such a brain inside his skull for that kind of dope that he's goin' to be a Marconi, an Edison and a Fulton all in one, with a little of Chris Columbus and old Alexander the Great on the side. Say, are you takin' shopwork? How far is your bench from Baxter's private work room? Lemme give you a little fatherly tip. Stay as far away from that room of his as you possibly can. Some day, someone is goin' to suggest that he invent a new sort of explosive—and then it'll rain students for a week. Keep away. Too much learnin' is a dangerous thing, as Plato said. George's walk o' life points three ways. One is the insane asylum, the next is the electric chair, and the third is the Hall of Fame. He may get to the Hall, but the chances are ten to one against him.

Venit, Vidit, Vicit.

EDWARD A. ROACH, '13.

COQUETTISH smiles and wayward eyes,
Oblivious of Creation.

A manly voice, a woman's sighs.

"They tho't it mere flirtation."

A shady spot, a bench nearby,

He accepts the invitation.

A loving look, a bashful sigh,

"Perhaps a mere flirtation."

A church full decked with flowers and vine,

For some great celebration;

A bride, a groom, that ring of thine,

"Indeed, 'twas no flirtation,"

Vain Hopes.

ERICH H. DE FRIES, '13.

LONG, long, ago there lived a rose full red,
Most beautiful in form. A maiden gay,
While wand'ring thro' the wood one bright June day,
Espied the rose and plucked it from its bed.

"O happy lot is mine," the June rose said,
"My lady fair will ne'er throw me away."
Alas! the red rose faded on that day,
The maiden cast it from her sere and dead.

The Lyric of Lyrics.

FRANCIS L. KEHOE, '14.

"The most lyric of all lyrics" is the opinion passed by a modern critic upon Shelley's "Skylark." This may seem extravagant, but it is not far from the truth. The "Skylark" is Shelley's best lyric. In it the spirit of nature has possessed him, and "at such times his work is unrivaled." The poem is like a beautiful character produced in the midst of vice, not debased by evil surroundings, but rather made more prominent because of them; for this is a noble lyric hidden in a heap of revolutionary work.

The "Skylark" has many points of beauty which attract the reader. The theme is a happy one, dealing with the rapturous delight experienced by the poet when he listens to the song of the bird. To make this rapture seem real Shelley has portrayed pictures of unsurpassed beauty and fancy. We first see the bird soaring in the blue sky, filling the air with glorious melody. Higher and higher it mounts till it seems to touch the heavens. Suddenly the glory of a splendid sunset breaks upon our vision; the clouds are all tinged with colors. Amid all this splendor we see the skylark soaring, his wings touched by the fading light. Now twilight is upon us; we can no longer see the songster, but his melody fills the air as the mellow light of the moon. In this last allusion to the moonlight we see pictured the splendor of a clear night, not a cloud visible, while all nature is glorious in the soft light.

Such are the pictures which the poet-artist has portrayed; but they are only a few,—almost every stanza contains a master scene.

In quick succession we see the rainbow, an old feudal palace tower—the abode of a love-sick maiden; again we are transported to a dewy dell only to be carried away to a magnificent rose garden, where all is beauty; we can almost catch the sweetness of the perfume.

But in the midst of all this splendor we find a melancholy vein. Shelley's was not a happy life, and his unhappiness appears even in this poem. He laments the limitations of all human joys. To use his own words:

We look before and after
And pine for what is not:

Our sincerest laughter

With some pain is fraught;

Our sweetest songs are those that tell of saddest thought.

The general mood of the lyric, however, is light and fanciful; hence we can appreciate it best when we are free from cares and worries; a time when we can best enjoy the beautiful.

Imagery is not the only thing that gives this work its charm. It is one of our most musical lyrics. It has a delicate and sweet musical effect, acquired by a varying rhythm and skilful rimes. The rhythm is irregular, a characteristic of many lyrics. The lines of the stanzas vary in length, and the feet are mixed. There are iambs, anapests, and trochees scattered about with an artistic skill unsurpassed. The rimes are strong and varied, though at times they are imperfect. This fault, however, we can pardon because of the many excellencies of the poem.

Many devices are used in the "Skylark" to obtain its rich tone color. In this stanza we can almost hear the song and the flapping of the wings as we see the bird mounting to the heavens.

Higher still and higher

From the earth thou springest,

Like a cloud of fire,

The blue deep thou wingest,

And singing still dost soar, and soaring ever singest.

A powerful instrument for tone color appears in the last line of this stanza. Alliteration is one of the poet's best aids. In this line the *s* sound is repeated five times, giving the line a peculiar charm. This device is common in the "Skylark." Here are a few examples: "the sunken sun;" "the pale purple even;" "a dell of dew;" and "a glow-worm golden." We also find alliteration used in the initial words of the lines. Many stanzas have the same initial sound repeated twice and even

three times. Here is an excellent example:

Waking or asleep
Thou of death must deem
Things more true and deep
Than we mortals dream,

Or how could thy notes flow in such a crystal stream?

This stanza is especially rich in alliterations, for besides the initial ones there are several internal ones.

The lyric is one of the best mediums for expressing an author's personality. The student who is acquainted with Shelley's life knows how disturbed his spirit was. He lived in revolt against society; many of his works, therefore, are full of bitterness. In this poem, however, Shelley has softened his violent antagonism to a spirit of quiet melancholy. He has begun to realize that he has taken a false position and now his words express his sadness.

But melancholy is far from being the prominent note in the "Skylark." Shelley's ideal was the pursuit of the beautiful, and to this he gives full expression in this poem. His whole effort has been to attain a perfect expression of beauty. But while we admire and wonder at his art and genius we regret that he has not found the most perfect ideal of all beauty—the presence of God. Shelley's is a pagan conception of beauty. Still we are not offended by any of his expressions; they are beautiful, even if the ideas are those of one who never views the supernatural in the objects of his admiration.

It is a well-known fact that a beautiful gem, a huge structure or a great poem can not be fully appreciated till it is compared with some similar object, famed for its beauty, size or greatness. In order, then, to better appreciate Shelley's "Skylark" we will compare it with Wordsworth's famous lyric. An authentic critic has said that had Shelley's poem never been written Wordsworth's would have enjoyed a much greater popularity. This proves that the latter poet's lyric is worthy of special notice.

Wordsworth's poem is much shorter than Shelley's, hence there is not much opportunity for the flights of fancy conceived by the latter. Wordsworth seems to adhere to his principle of poetry rather loosely; still his production lacks that thrill, that joy-inspiring melody which makes Shelley's work so popular. Wordsworth was not a master of technique. The greater part of his poetry is mere prose in verse form. But in this lyric he has produced a

sweet, peaceful tone, one suited for dreamy hours. Still he is far from equaling the grandeur of Shelley's masterful work; his lines are dull and heavy compared with the lines in Shelley. There are few variations in the meters and the lines are of uniform length.

The theme of Wordsworth's lyric is very different from that of Shelley's. The latter sings of the joys experienced while listening to the song of the bird; his poem is one long flight of fancy. Wordsworth does not soar aloft on the wings of fancy; he contemplates the songster from his lowly position, treating it as it appears to him. He remains close to nature, stating simple facts, though they are clothed in beautiful words.

One point in favor of Wordsworth is that his poem breathes forth a quiet, cheerful spirit. If it lacks that glorious flight of fancy and that sweet, delicate, musical touch which characterizes Shelley's poem, it is also free from that spirit of melancholy which invades the splendor of the other's production. Wordsworth lived a quiet life contemplating nature and making everything, as it were, to be a part of the Supreme Being; hence he is never pessimistic. We have seen that this is not true in the case of Shelley. Wordsworth's poem, however, is not equal to the other's; he is too unimaginative; his lines are dull since they have no variation; the whole lyric lacks that indefinable tone which makes Shelley's lyric appeal to us so strongly.

Shelley's "Skylark," then, is one of our greatest lyrics. We must not neglect it if we would say that we know the author; it is one of the best expressions of his better spirit. It is the best production of the highest lyrical genius in our literature.

The Cold Shoulder.

THOMAS F. O'NEIL, '13.

WHEN you stop to hear,
A tale of woe
And don't believe the same,
Is the story queer
Because you know
That part of it's a "frame?"

Or is it just
Because you've lost
Your faith in fellowmen,
And a selfish rust
Kills love like frost—
You "turn your back" again.

Notre Dame Scholastic

Entered as Second-Class Mail Matter

Published every Saturday during the School Term at the
University of Notre Dame

Terms: \$1.50 per Annum. Postpaid

Address: The Editor Notre Dame Scholastic
Notre Dame, Indiana

Vol. XLV. MAY 11, 1912. No. 31.

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—On the twenty-second of this month at Loretto Academy in Kentucky there will be unveiled a statue of the Rev. Stephen Badin, the first priest ordained in

Father Badin, the the United States. For up-
Pioneer Missionary. wards of fifty years this
zealous missionary labored
in the territory which now comprises the states
of Indiana and Kentucky. Through his ener-
getic efforts and strict adherence to arduous
duty, Catholicity was firmly established and
made to flourish in this section of the country.
By his work among the Indians and settlers
he showed himself worthy of the distinction
of being the first to receive Holy Orders at
the hands of Bishop Carroll.

[To all connected with Notre Dame the life
of this holy priest is of especial interest, for
to him is the University indebted for the land
on which it is at present situated. His bones
now rest beneath the cabin church on the shores
of St. Mary's lake and the buildings of the
University on this site of natural beauty are
the realization of his desires. They stand as
only one of many monuments to the forethought
of this noble pioneer priest who served the cause
of humanity so generously during life.

—A brisk, young student, one we judge
who rode his Rosinante through the late

examinations, remarked as he signed the final
blank pad, "Well, when
Please to Remember: this is done we are
through for the year."

Before June 19, we venture the author of
those words will retract his heresy. His
luxurious fancies of absolute idleness, of lying by
hours beneath friendly shade-trees and guessing
away the riddles of the firmament, his thanks-
givings that nothing remains for six long
weeks to move or distract him—will be broken,
O how cruelly! For this is, beyond question,
the most delightful season. It is the reaping
of our winter sowing, or, to cut our figure to
the fashion of the time, the ninth inning of
our game. If we have done nothing thus far,
we shall not now begin to accomplish anything;
but (in the prefect's opinion) if there is any-
thing we haven't done, we will surely do it now.

Please to run your finger down the catalogue,
and note whether "we are through for this
year." What of the flashing balls and delicate
banquets we are yet to enjoy? What of the
Commencement odes and debates we are yet
to endure? Who can think we have reached
the foot of the hill while the *Dome* is still
printing? or while the vaudeville of local color
(once so naturally and ingeniously pickled
in African!) has not been completed? Indeed,
the biggest events are not gone—they are but
in blossom. The essentials of the University
year are but developing. Joy-filling checks
from *paterfamilias* are yet unwritten; nor is
the last Examination (that dreadful funeral
oration of a buried year) delivered.

All the ceremonies of Commencement are
only preparing. The honors, the prizes, the
orations and Valedictory are yet unapplauded.
All these are coming. Then the hasty, but
fervent farewells, the tender partings and
exchange of fragile promises, the passing of
Seniors into the happy hunting-ground of
Alumni, the fluttering of many-labeled suit-
cases, the last fond look—and indeed "we are
through"—1912 is past.

—Tuesday was the centenary of the birth of
one of the greatest and certainly the most
inspiring of English poets. It is significant that
in the magazines of the
Robert Browning, week and month there is
Poet of Men. very little about Robert
Browning,—significant of
either intellectual atrophy or spiritual in-

differentism, perhaps of both. Browning was above all a *man's* poet. In all his poetry there is no sickly sentimentality, no expression of doubt or pessimistic philosophy, and yet for thirty years of his life his work was received only with indifference or open ridicule. Never wavering, never retreating, bravely and cheerfully Browning sang his message of faith and courage to a doubting generation. "A poem," to paraphrase Dr. Johnson, "should help us either to enjoy life or to endure it." Browning's poems do both, if we are really alive and awake. The song from, "Pippa Passes" is characteristic of the man:

The year's at the spring
The day's at the morn;
Morning's at seven;
The hillside's dew-pearled;
The lark's on the wing;
The snail's on the thorn:
God's in His heaven—
All's right with the world!

—The Mississippi flows so quietly to the Gulf during the greater part of the year, is so tractable, lends itself so readily to the purposes of man, that we might grow unappreciative of the enormity of it were it not for its annual swelling in the spring of the year. Then a feverish activity is to be seen among the people living along its banks, too often in vain, for the monster is hard to curb.

It seems strange that the levee system along its banks should not have been perfected long before this. Year after year we hear the same story of lives lost and property destroyed. This year the story has been more terrible than usual, but it is safe to say that after the river has gone down there will be no measures taken to prevent its doing damage until the rise again next year. Of course there have been spasmodic attempts made in certain districts to strengthen the river wall during the summer, but that amounts to little unless the same care is taken all along the line. One man's property may be protected, one county's territory or even a state's, but if the neighboring land is poorly guarded, all are exposed to the same peril. There is no doubt but that the stretch of the levee system is enormous, but when it is considered that it offers the only means for keeping the flood back, it seems that even ordinary caution would prompt property owners to make their levees adequate to meet

every possible emergency. Experience has shown that a big flood is to be expected if not every year, at least within every decade. When it comes it brings with it death and ruin. It is very probable that the losses in property for this year alone amount to a sum which, if applied to the construction of new levees and the repair of old, would make river lands forever safe.

Commencement Program.

THURSDAY, JUNE 13.

7:30 P. M. Preparatory Commencement

SATURDAY, JUNE 15

Address Max Pam, LL. D

SUNDAY, JUNE 16.

8:00 A. M. Pontifical High Mass

Baccalaureate Sermon—Rev. Francis W. Howard, LL. D

8:00 P. M. Reunion of Alumni

MONDAY, JUNE 17.

9:00 A. M. Bachelor Orations

1:30 P. M. Regatta

3:00 P. M. Varsity-Alumni baseball game

8:00 P. M. Commencement Address by the

Rt. Rev. Thomas F. Hickey, D. D., Rochester, N. Y.

Conferring of Degrees, Medals, etc.

Brownson-St. Joseph Debate.

The annual interhall debate between Brownson and St. Joseph held in Washington hall last Saturday night resulted in another victory for Brownson. The subject of the discussion was the repeal of the Fifteenth Amendment of the Federal Constitution, with Messrs. J. F. Smith, I. W. Hurley, and W. M. Galvin of St. Joseph's hall on the affirmative, Messrs. M. E. Walter, R. S. O'Neill, and J. C. Smith of Brownson on the negative. Rev. Fathers O'Donnell, McNamara and Bolger judged the contest, and were unanimous in their decision for the negative side. The winners evinced a somewhat better preparation of argument and more energy in presentation than their opponents. The contest was creditable on both sides, though hardly up to the standard set in the recent debate between Brownson and Holy Cross. The audience was not as large as it might reasonably have been. More hall spirit and a little more of general interest in contests of this kind would not be out of order. The old-time interest in debate needs reviving, and everyone ought to help in some way. It would seem that in a college the intellectual contests should receive some of that attention which makes our athletics so interesting.

Battalion Review.

All last Tuesday morning was devoted to the review and inspection of the battalion by the representative of the war department, Capt. Hall, U. S. A. The soldiers reported in full-dress grey uniform and made a very neat appearance. First the visiting officer, accompanied by Capt. Stogsdall, who was in command, inspected the battalion, which passed in review. Then followed a very detailed inspection of each company after which the men were marched to their respective halls where a change was made from the dress uniform to the kakhi. The companies returned to the drill ground where each was put through the Manual of arms, Butts Manual, and various company maneuvers. Following this came some extended order drill which closed the work of inspection. Capt. Hall expressed himself as well satisfied with the work of the Notre Dame battalion, especially when the entirely voluntary character of the work was taken into consideration.

Freshman Banquet.

On the evening of last Monday the Freshman class held its one function of the year—a banquet. The success attending this first event of the "infant" class promises much for its succeeding years. Besides the usual assortment of Oliver delicacies there were the conventional speeches. "Joe" Byrne acted as toastmaster and replies were given by Father McNamara and Messrs. Sanford, Linehan, Pliska and Hayes. Father McNamara, introduced as the "Father of Class Spirit at Notre Dame," gave a stirring talk on Class Spirit. Father Cavanaugh, who was to be the guest of honor, was unable to attend. Music, as the program stated, was rendered by "Harmony" Hicks and "Lil Arthur" Carmody. The class of 1915, encouraged by this success, has high hopes for the future welfare of the organization.

Society Notes.

HOLY CROSS LITERARY.

On Sunday evening, April 21st, the Holy Cross Literary Society assembled for its regular bi-weekly meeting. Mr. Korbzynski opened the program with a recitation, entitled "College Chums" which was among the best the society

has heard this year. Mr. Coyle's paper, "The City Beautiful," was a surprise to many when they learned that the reader referred to Detroit. Mr. Thole, as an impersonator in "Der Dirst Splashes" did well. A short story, "The Car of Powder" by Mr. Schreyer easily placed the writer among the "spell-binders" of the society. By way of diversion Mr. Lyons delved into the classics in a paper on an Appreciation of Cicero. A violin solo by Mr. Kuszynski was well received. Mr. Flynn interpreted his selection, "The Dying Soldier," rather well. The next number, an impromptu debate, became so interesting that it occupied the allotted time until adjournment.

CIVIL ENGINEERING.

The twenty-third regular meeting of the Civil Engineering Society was held Wednesday evening, May eighth. Mr. Saravia read a very interesting paper on "Drainage and Irrigation and their Problems." He pointed out that while irrigation is necessary in some places still it must be borne in mind that too much water is as bad as no water at all and therefore there must be good drainage to take away the surplus. Mr. Berger gave a very interesting account of the "Advantages of Plotting Surveys." He outlined the methods used by the U. S. C. & G. S. The method most favored being that of the plane-table. He also showed the benefits to railroads and road builders of such plots.

The question for open discussion involved the principles of density, weight and volume, and it would be hard to decide between the merits of the vigor of the attack, or the stubbornness of Mr. Kirk's defense.

Personals.

—Mr. Hugh O'Neill (LL. M. '92) was the guest of Colonel Hoynes last Monday.

—The Reverend Bernard Ill, C. S. C., President of St. Joseph's College, Cincinnati, Ohio, is the guest of the University this week.

—Mr. Vitus Jones (Litt. B. '02, LL. B. '03) and his associate in law, Mr. John Howell, South Bend visited the University last week.

—The many friends of Rev. D. P. O'Leary, C. S. C., were glad to see him return to the University very much improved in health.

—O'Shaughnessy & O'Shaughnessy, Attornies and Counsellors, announce the removal of

their law offices to Suite 1252 Otis Building, No. 10 South La Salle Street, Chicago.

—Mr. P. D. Galarneau (Commercial '84) is Superintendent of the Armour Car Lines, National Stock Yards, P. O., Ill. He writes enthusiastically about the old friends of his college days.

—The Very Rev. Provincial, Father Morrissey, returned last Tuesday from Portland, Oregon. Father Morrissey reports conditions in the Northwest as exceedingly gratifying, and speaks highly of the improvements at Columbia College.

—Brother John Waldron, S. M., Inspector of Schools for the St. Louis Province of the Brothers of Mary, spent a half day at the University this week. A pleasant feature of his visit was his meeting some of his old pupils from the school of his Order in Durango, Mexico. It was a pleasure to have this distinguished educator with us for even a brief visit.

—Two very welcome visitors within the last week were Rev. James T. Ward, pastor of St. John's Church, Providence, R. I., and Rev. E. J. Fitzgerald, pastor of Our Lady of the Rosary Church, Clinton, Mass. These Reverend gentlemen were returning from Des Moines whither they had escorted Bishop Dowling to his new See. They were pleasantly entertained by Fathers Connor and Lavin.

—Mr. William J. Burns, the famous detective who figured so largely in the San Francisco graft cases and in the capture of the McNamara brothers, will lecture at the University sometime during the present month. In a recent letter to the President he says: "There is a very warm spot in my heart for Notre Dame as my brother, James H., is one of the alumni of that college. By the way, he has been very ill lately, and I just paid him a visit at the Battle Creek Sanitarium, where he has been for the past month."

—His Excellency Maurice Francis Egan, American Minister to Denmark, was an honored guest at a public dinner in New Orleans recently. The host was Hon. P. E. Burke (LL. B. '88; A. B. '89) President of the Hibernia Insurance Company. The *Picayune* gives a good deal of space to the dinner, the speeches, and Dr. Egan's famous lecture on "Intensive Agriculture in Denmark." There is also a strong and eloquent editorial summing up the merits and services of Dr. Egan, a great honor and nobly deserved.

Obituary.

The SCHOLASTIC learns with regret of the death in Chicago of Knute Rockne's father. Mr. Rockne had been ill for some time, so was not unprepared when the end came. The SCHOLASTIC extends to Knute and to the family of the deceased the sympathy of the entire University.

The many friends of George Washburn (C. E. '11) received a shock when word was received of the sudden death of his father, E. W. Washburn, in Chicago last Tuesday. Mr. Washburn's death came as the result of being hit by an Illinois Central suburban train while crossing the track.

Mr. Washburn was himself a student of the University during the late seventies and the early eighties. He was a frequent visitor to Notre Dame to which he was devoted and where he counted many staunch friends. His son George is one of the most promising graduates of recent years. To him and to the other members of the family we extend profound sympathy and offer assurance of prayers. *R. I. P*

Calendar.

Sunday, May 12—Walsh vs. Sorin in baseball
Monday, May 13—Conferring of the Lætare Medal
Varsity vs. Mt. St. Mary's in baseball at Emmitsburg, Md.
Tuesday, May 14—Varsity vs. Mt. St. Mary's in baseball at Emmitsburg, Md.
Wednesday, May 15—Varsity vs. Georgetown University in baseball, at Washington, D. C.
May Devotions, 7:30. p. m.
Thursday, May 16—Ascension. First Communion.
Varsity vs. Catholic University in baseball at Washington, D. C.
Walsh vs. St. Joseph in baseball
Friday, May 17—Varsity vs. Seton Hall College in baseball at South Orange, N. J.
Saturday, May 18—Varsity vs. Brown University in baseball at Providence, R. I.
May Devotions 7:30 p. m.

Local News.

—The sign "Keep off the grass" ought to be enough to keep every passerby on the walks.

—Following Corby's example, Walsh and St. Joseph hall have also organized "twilight leagues."

—The Carroll hall baseball team is promised

a trip to Chicago next Saturday. They will play the team of Holy Trinity high school.

—Nearly every student in Walsh hall has subscribed for the *Dome*. Manager Duncan reports a good list of general subscribers.

—The retreat for the First Communicants will begin Monday morning. About thirty boys will compose the First Communion class this year.

—There is talk among the Chicks of holding a picnic before the end of the school year to take the place of the ex-Carrollites' picnic of last year.

—With Don Hamilton as cheer-leader a large number of loyal rooters accompanied the baseball squad to the car Wednesday and gave the men a good send-off.

—The four-year Freshmen are still to appear on the lake. President Sanford says—"Let 'em go out if they want to." That's the "old pep," San. Nice spirit, Freshies!

—Vanderbilt in track this afternoon. Be out everybody. The strength of the Southerners is an unknown quantity, but the chances are six to one they are stronger than we expect.

—The Junior Prom will be held the twenty-second of May. It will be informal. The subscription price is two dollars. A general invitation is extended to all collegiate students.

—The President of the University has received a letter from H. J. Heinz Co., Pittsburg, requesting him to recommend four or five young men for the manufacturing department of the company.

—"The Passing of Siberia" will take place this summer. The books stored there are to be moved by June nineteenth, and the architectural department is to be enlarged to include "Siberia."

—The boat crews are now working hard for the Commencement regatta. The fact that rowing is the only inter-class sport makes the rivalry between the crews all the keener.

—As a result of the battalion inspection Tuesday several Notre Dame men have been recommended to the War Department as eligible for second lieutenant's commission in the regular army.

—The *Dome* is promised us on the fifteenth, and the business managers are getting "writer's cramp" taking subscriptions. So many are the improvements and new features that no

Notre Dame student will go home without a *Dome* this year.

—On Wednesday evening at 7:30 the Rev. Father Matthew Walsh preached at the May devotions on veneration for the Blessed Virgin. The sermon was followed by Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament.

—A debate between the teams to represent Notre Dame in the triangular debate with Wabash and Indiana has been arranged for next Saturday. Messrs. Milroy, Fish and Twining will debate the affirmative, and Messrs. Linehan, Meersman and Burns, the negative.

—Through the courtesy of Assistant Manager "Bill" Cotter, the South Bend High School boys will attend this afternoon's meet in full force. Besides affording the youngsters a great deal of pleasure, it will encourage them to higher things in track athletics.

—A writer in New Orleans corrects a recent write-up about college men who have made good in the baseball world. He shows the writer whom he is setting straight that Notre Dame has a whole team of big leaguers and a bunch of substitutes in the baseball business. Not all the ball players come from Yale and Harvard by any means.

—The current issue of the *Boston Republic* gives a rather extended and highly commendatory notice of the Massachusetts boys who are students here. Wm. Fish, member of the debating team, John P. Murphy of the SCHOLASTIC board and manager of athletics, Frank Hafey and Frank McGarry are among those who receive honorable mention.

—On Thursday the Rev. President, accompanied by Rev. John F. DeGroote, left for New York to participate in the conferring of the Laetare Medal on Mr. Thomas M. Mulry at the Cathedral hall, New York. His Eminence John Cardinal Farley will preside at the conferring of the honor and many distinguished visitors, clerical and lay, will be present. The Rev. Father DeGroote represents the South Bend council of the St. Vincent de Paul society. Mr. Mulry is national president of the organization.

—The Varsity track-team is the happy recipient of another trophy to add to their already large collection. The last addition comes in the shape of a beautiful cup, given by the Chicago Athletic Association for the

good showing made in the First Regiment meet held last March in Chicago.

—Last Thursday the Philopatrian society of Carroll hall enjoyed their annual May picnic. All the doings peculiar to picnics—rowing, swimming, baseball, racing—were enjoyed to the fullest. A dinner and supper in the open proved most enjoyable to the youngsters. The annual picnic will be long remembered by the Philopatrians.

—Bernard Lange enjoyed the rare experience of being in the sparkling waters of St. Joseph lake last Tuesday during the terrific hail storm. Ben says he had to keep his head under water most of the time, and adds that if his skull were not so hard it must have suffered fracture during the brief intervals he was obliged to peep above the surface for breathing space. We congratulate Ben on his good head and on his ability to keep under cover.

—The University is indebted to Doctor R. F. Lucas, the popular South Bend dentist, for a handsome silver loving cup which he has donated to the athletic department. The cup will be given to the winner of the Notre Dame-Vanderbilt track-meet which is to be held this afternoon. This is only one of the many thoughtful courtesies Dr. Lucas has rendered the University, and the SCHOLASTIC in the name of the Athletic Board in particular and of the whole school in general thanks him heartily.

Athletic Notes.

DEPAUL AN EASY VICTIM.

The last game before the trip and the only home contest until toward the end of the month gave the rooters a chance to see their favorites tie up with DePaul College of Chicago. "Prep" Wells was sent to the mound, and the havoc he raised with the visiting batsmen stamped him of caliber. The final score 8-3 does not indicate the weakness of the Chicagoans nor the gilt-edged support of the gold and blue.

Jake pitched for eight innings against Notre Dame, but found the pace too hot and allowed Mullin to take up the burden. In every inning but the fourth and sixth these two hurlers were always in trouble from the volley of hits; the latter getting away in the better form. After passing Granfield and Arnfield, both of whom died pilfering second, he forced Carmody to foul for an out.

Notre Dame was especially prominent with the stick, gathering twelve hits. Arnfield was credited with two, while the rest were divided among his mates.

There was action in the opening round. O'Connell drew a ticket and moved to second on Dolan's single. Farrell "skied" to Fallon and Granfield advanced the runners one station on a sacrifice out. Arnfield drove a two bagger to center bringing in two runs. O'Connell again in the second after two outs got around to the third sack on a muffed grounder, and scored on Farrell's single. Dolan poked out a hit for one base and Farrell scored on the general mix-up. In the third, base-stealing and three hits swelled the score to eight, and Notre Dame rested. The visitors started to score in the eighth, but were headed off after two tallies were made. Score:

De Paul	0 0 1 0 0 0 2 0—3	4 5
Notre Dame	2 2 2 0 1 0 1 0 *	8 12 3

Batteries—Notre Dame—Wells and Guppy; DePaul—Jake, Mullin and Hand. Two base hits—Arnfield, Wells, Hand, Case. Three-base hits—Arnfield. Double plays—O'Connell to Arnfield to Farrell; Arnfield to O'Connell to Farrell. Struck out—By Wells, 7; by Jake, 2. Base on balls—Off Wells, 6; off Jake, 1; off Mullin, 2. Umpire, Hamilton. Time of game, 2 hours.

VARSITY LOSES FIRST ON TRIP.

Last Thursday the Varsity lost the first game of the Eastern trip to West Virginia at Morgantown by the score of 7 to 2. Poor fielding, costly errors, and the absence of Capt. Williams, who was too sick to appear in the game, are responsible for the defeat. The Varsity battled out seven hits against four by the West Virginians. Kelly started to pitch the game, but was relieved by Wells in the fourth inning. Dolan, O'Connell and Farrell made each two hits.

OHIO STATE WINS BY ONE POINT.

Last Saturday the Varsity track squad met defeat at the hands of Ohio State University on the enemy's territory. The meet was interesting, and the result was in doubt until the last event had been run. No records were set, but the general marks were well up to the standard. Perhaps the best news to Notre Dame fans is that Jimmie Wasson put the century behind him in ten seconds flat. The results of this meet show very strikingly the lack of long-distance men and of weight men, Ohio State having captured both places in the mile and two-mile runs as well as in the hammer

throw and in the shot put with only mediocre marks. The relay was the most exciting event of the meet, for on its outcome depended the victory of the day. It was hotly contested, but the last Ohio man finished about ten feet ahead of Notre Dame's man and gave the State team the big end of a 59-58 score. Summary:

Pole vault—Won by Shelton, Ohio State; Kestler, Ohio State, and DeFries, Notre Dame, tied for second. Height, 10 feet 6 inches.

Shot put—Won by Geissman, Ohio State, Raymond, Ohio State, second. Distance, 39.45 feet 5 2-5 inches.

220-yard hurdles—Won by Fletcher, Notre Dame; Bergman, Notre Dame, second. Time, 24 3-5 seconds.

Mile run—Won by Crellin, Ohio State; Hawk, Ohio State, second. Time, 4 minutes 30 1-5 seconds.

High jump—Won by Fletcher, Notre Dame; De Fries, Notre Dame and Ross, Ohio State, second. Height, 5 feet 8 inches.

Hammer throw—Won by McCoy, Ohio State; Shelton, Ohio State, second. Distance, 125 feet 4 4-5 inches.

440-yard dash—Won by Briggs, Ohio State; Birder, Notre Dame, second. Time, :53 2-5 seconds.

120-yard hurdles—Won by Williams, Notre Dame, Fletcher, Notre Dame, second. Time, 15 4-5 seconds.

Discus throw—Won by O'Neill, Notre Dame; Raymond, Ohio State, second. Distance, 99 feet 5 in.

Two-mile run—Won by Wikoff, Ohio State; Criswell, Ohio State, second. Time, 9:50.

220-yard dash—Won by Bergman, Notre Dame; Copeland, Ohio State, second. Time, :22 2-5 seconds.

880-yard run—Won by Plant, Notre Dame; Lee, Ohio State, Second. Time, 2:02.

One-mile relay—Won by Ohio State (Murdock, Lee, Briggs, Rogers).

SAINTS MAKE BAD START.

St. Joseph proved to be an easy victim for Sorin Sunday and had to swallow defeat 6 to 0. San Pedro was in the harness for the winners, and though not forced to pitch because he had the opposing batsmen guessing, nevertheless gave a good account of himself. Arias handled his roommate's curves in proper style and proved dangerous, by his deadly throwing, to all unwary base runners. McGough pitched winning ball for the losers, but the imperfect team play settled the game. At critical periods overthrows and muffs were expensive for the smooth-working St. Joseph battery.

Light hitting marked the whole contest, each team securing two shots. This with the culpable errors of the Saints put the winners to the fore and they were not overtaken. For Sorin, Devine "stellarized" and Captain Kane, the leader from the West side, showed 'em all up. Del Howard did not play, however. Score:

Sorin 2 1 1 1 1 0 0 0 0—6 2 3
St. Joseph 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0—0 2 3

SAINTS START ALL OVER.

Getting over much stage fright and showing complete reversal from the first game, St. Joseph played with Brownson's Varsity scrub team in a "practice" game Wednesday and won 5-3.

To Boland more than anyone else do the winners give the credit. Without giving a single base on balls, he forced a good dozen of Erickson's pupils to hit at nothing, and then tallied once himself, aiding in boosting the score column. Air-tight playing was the order of leader "Nig" Kane, and his pupils followed perfectly except Linehan who slipped twice with no great damage, however. Brownson was less fortunate in all the departments of the game, errors and lack of the bat proving especially prominent. Elwood and Lathrop furnished the excitement for Brownson.

Brownson 0 0 0 0 2 1 0 0 0—3 3 4
St. Joseph 2 0 1 0 0 0 2 0 *—5 6 2

Safety Valve.

"Women," says one of our exchanges, "have all the necessary qualities to train good men, but they must give their time and attention to the training of men while they are boys."

SIGNS OF THE END.

Picnics.

Cash at the Book Store.

Pull! pull! from the lake.

"Say, have you time to look over my oration?"

"Those who are adverse to the reading of poetry," declares Mr. Jeremiah J. McCarthy, "may quickly overcome their dislike and cultivate a taste for this kind of literature by reading several of the best poems."

Also those who are adverse to eating hot buns may quickly overcome their dislike and cultivate a taste for this kind of food by eating several of the best buns. (See our baker.)

The few boobs who hang around the gates of the Forbidden Palace one mile west fawncing they are as cute as old Harry, are just the ordinary, long-eared species one meets everywhere.

Sh! Tread softly. The *Dome* is coming.

Have you subscribed? Or will you sponge?

The hailstones broke on Lange's head. Which is more comfortable than the vice versa for our Benny.

We are informed the Prom is informal.

Two dollars and the hack.