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Spring is Here.

JACOB R. GEIGER, '14.

AWAKE, you flowers, and show your heads!
Arise now from your wintry beds.
Peep forth, sweet Crocus, have no fear,
Winter is over, Spring is here.

The brooklet that awhile ago
Was silent 'neath the ice and snow
Now sparkles in the sunlight clear
And gently murmurs—"Spring is here."

In yonder woods the green-fringed trees
Receive caresses from the breeze.
The bluebird sings his song of cheer,
"Awake, awake, the Spring is here!"

Romanticism in Fiction.

LOUIS J. KILEY, '13.



HE further we look for a definition of romanticism the more confirmed we become in the impression that the term must be explained rather than defined. A definition is too apt to include the works of writers not recognized as romanticists and exclude some of those who are. Indeed, the very fact that such widely different poets and authors are included in the Romantic school shows how broad the term is. Romanticism is, perhaps, best understood when opposed to Classicism. In a word, the latter portrays the finite, the former the infinite. Further differences in the two schools might be divided into two parts; (1) as regards the kind of topics handled by authors and (2) as regards the mood of the writer.

Of romanticism, Mr. Pater says: "It is the addition of strangeness to beauty that constitutes romantic character in art. . . . It is the addition of curiosity to the desire of beauty that constitutes the romantic temper. . . . The essential elements then of the romantic spirit are curiosity and the love of beauty, and it is as the accidental effects of these qualities only that it seeks the Middle Ages."

Romanticism is not essentially a revival of the life and thought of the Middle Ages, but the prevalence of mediaevalism in romanticism may be explained by the fact that in the Middle Ages lay the material for which it yearned—from them it derives the essential element of picturesqueness. The religious, military and social life, as well as all forms of art of these ages can not be better characterized than by the word picturesque.

One critic sets forth the difference between romanticism and classicism as follows: The productions of Greek and Roman genius were characterized by clearness, simplicity, restraint, unity of design, subordination of the part to the whole; and, therefore, modern works which make the impression of noble plainness and serenity, of harmony in construction, economy of means, and clear, definite outline are spoken of as classical.

On the other hand, it is asserted that the work of mediaeval poets and artists is marked by an excess of sentiment, by over-lavish decoration, a strong sense of color and a feeble sense of form, an attention to detail at the cost of the main expression, and a consequent tendency to run into the exaggerated, the fantastic and the grotesque. Hence, works with these characteristics, whether they treat of mediaeval life and thought or not are classed as romantic.

While the literary works of the ancient

Greeks and Romans are, as a rule, classified as classical, it is not in precisely the sense of classical as defined above. Classic refers, in this sense, rather only to a high degree of perfection, and there is much in both Greek and Roman literature which satisfies the demands of the Romanticist. Indeed, there is hardly a form of modern literature not represented somehow in the works of these people.

But though Romanticism is present in the epics of Homer and Virgil it reached its highest development in the Middle Ages under the influence of religious and military zeal, chivalry and the customs pertaining to it. A feature of this mediaeval development of Romance was the fact that each nation had its own hero—the central figure around whom other heroes were grouped and legends built up. In England this central figure was Arthur; in France, Charlemagne; in Spain, the Cid.

Of these the best known and perhaps the most important are the romances centering about Arthur and his Round Table. It is difficult to say whether Arthur is an idealization of a real king or purely a myth. Certain it is, however, that he is the personification of what was considered noble and manly in the days in which he is supposed to have lived. About him are grouped the Knights of the Round Table, all true gentlemen and valiant soldiers, less perfect, however, than their royal master. Their wars, the individual searches for the Holy Grail, and the adventures met with while engaged in quests, the love affairs, the tournaments, and so forth, all of which are related, concerning this body of men, furnished material for the romanticists of those days and of the present age.

In reality the stories of Charlemagne and his twelve peers, considered in their original form, are more ancient than the Arthurian legends, but they were not popularized until a much later date. The romanticism of the Franks of these early centuries is bound up in the French ballads, the most noted of which are those concerning Roland. These ballads are, for the most part, histories, mythical and authentic combined, of Charles the Great, his wars with foreigners, rebellious vassals and traitors. An advantage possessed by France over England at this period was that its central figure, Charlemagne, was a more distinct historical character than Arthur, the leading figure of early English romance.

Early Spanish romance was really an imitation of that of France and England. The first prose romance in Spain has a fictitious hero, who became the central figure for stories that followed. The work is called "Amadis de Gaula." Many of its scenes are laid in Constantinople. The exact date of its writing is unknown, but it possibly existed as early as 1250 and surely was produced before 1350. The story introduces the usual romantic elements of mediaeval life together with the wanderings of separated lovers and the jealousies of kings.

From 1400 on romanticism gradually, but slowly developed in all three countries; but a reaction was to follow. In England, the Elizabethan literature is inspiring and intensely romantic. But early in the seventeenth century Puritan influence was predominant and romantic ardor disappeared, and in its place came classicism which underwent a period of development, which was combined with a certain amount of realism during the Restoration period and which became the predominating influence during most of the eighteenth century.

About the year 1760 the romanticism, which was to hold sway during the whole of the nineteenth century, began to revive. It marked a return of the exercise of the imaginative faculty and an interest in the strange and unusual events of life. Though the age was essentially one of poetry, it produced great prose writers and a type of novel heretofore unknown. Again it marks the first entrance of women into the literary world in the rôle of novelists in the persons of Mrs. Radcliffe, Miss Austen, Miss Edgeworth and Miss Burney.

Mrs. Radcliffe's writings are exaggerated romances with "azure-eyed heroines, haunted castles, trapdoors, bandits, abductions, rescues in the nick of time and a general medley of joys and horrors."

Scott (1771-1832), the creator of the historical novel, was an idealist and extreme romanticist, and in his pages are all the characters of the Middle Ages, crusaders, serfs, Jews, bandits, kings, hermits, monks, and so forth, and all the picturesque characters of his own beloved Scotland—lords and ladies, soldiers, pirates, gypsies, preachers, schoolmasters, clansmen, bailiffs, and dependents.

Following this age came one in which romanticism is still a factor, but where realism is more pronounced—realism of two kinds, that of

Dickens and Thackeray and the morbid realism or naturalism of Zola and Ibsen.

Though the romanticism of today is difficult to define exactly, nevertheless, it is something more definite than that of previous times. The romantic revival brought changes in painting, sculpture and literature. Being a revolt against formalism, binding rules, and the fixed ideal, romanticism as expressed in the works of Rossetti and the Pre-Raphaelites in England and of their contemporaries on the continent, is a triumph of the subjective over the objective, an expression of individuality and of feelings by authors no longer tied down by absolute rules. It is a departure from the literal to the symbolical. The ideal chosen was very often one impossible of attainment, one to be dreamed of and longed for, but never to be realized.

Professor Stoddard of New York University says: "Romanticism rejects the literal and seeks the allegorical; it leaves the seen and searches the unseen; it casts aside the evident and seeks a symbol of the deeper thought. Romanticism is born of dissatisfaction with the canons of authority; it constantly and unconsciously searches for a new law in place of that which has ruled. . . . Every romance is a wandering toward a dim ideal. . . . in its noblest expression it is a departure from law, from fact, from harmony, from perspective, in quest of a new law, of a new fact, of a new harmony, a new perspective."

The Dawn of Tomorrow.

J. CLOVIS SMITH, '15

Far off the rock-ribbed New England coast there stands a towering lighthouse, one of the many beacons established in these dangerous waters by a watchful government. For miles around the Pocanoset light flashes its warning, and many a storm-tossed mariner, catching a glimpse of the distant radiance through the dark terror of the night, thanks Providence and the United States government for this knowledge of his bearings; he experiences a mighty thrill of gratitude and security now that he knows the deadly "Shark-tooth" and long low reef marked by the lighthouse is safely passed.

The lighthouse is a tall structure of steel and stone, built as solidly as the rocky reef upon

which it stands. One hundred and twenty feet it towers in the air, and at the top, in the glass-enclosed room, is the big revolving light. Over one hundred feet below is the massive steel door with the biggest waves washing the doorstep, through which the keepers receive their monthly supply of provisions from the government tender. It is a lonely life, filled with hardships, one that demands stout hearts and strong, willing muscles, but which imparts after a time something of the resolute courage and the simple majesty of the sea.

It was late in September, and yet the day was like midsummer. The air was sulphurous and heavy, and the dark, murky clouds hanging low in the heavens, seemed to oppress the sea beneath their threatening bulk. The vast expanse of waters surrounding the Pocanoset light had an oily appearance broken only by the jagged teeth of the reef. Everything was strangely silent; even the gulls had ceased their clatter, seeming to realize the coming upheaval.

Within the lighthouse the same silence reigned. The head keeper who had been ill for some time had been taken from the tower by the supply boat on the day before, and his substitute had not yet arrived. So the assistant keeper was alone, but he welcomed rather than disliked the solitude. He was happy—supremely happy, with the consciousness of a victory gained and the reward near. Three years before he had left the little Newfoundland fishing village, where he had been born and where he had grown to sturdy, honest manhood. He had set out to seek his fortune in the "promised land" to the south, of which he had heard and dreamed so much—set out almost penniless, but trusting in the *bon Dieu* to provide. He had carried with him the blessings of those who were dearest to him—his father, who had trained him in the ways of truth and courage; the good curé, whose tender, kindly care had taught him all the knowledge he possessed; his sweetheart, his own gentle, tender-hearted, loving Josephine, who had been the inspiration of his youthful dreams. For her he had resolved to seek fortune in a foreign world; she had been the guiding-star of his destiny, and now, after three years of steady effort he had accomplished his purpose. He had built a pretty little cottage on shore, which needed only her presence to be a home.

With loving care he had filled it with all the little comforts he could afford, thinking always, "This is for Josephine," and when the house was all ready, and the letter had come announcing her departure on the next steamer, his heart was overflowing with happiness. Each morning when the red sun rose out of the ocean to the east, the thought sprang up within him, "One day less," and he went about his duties with a song in his heart. And now there were only two days more; the vessel that brought the head keeper's substitute would bring his own also and he would return on board to the city to welcome his sweetheart as she stepped from the boat, and then—ah, the good God was so kind to him, he would thank Him every day of his life.

He was startled from his reverie by the shrieking of the wind which had sprung up suddenly. Darkness had already set in and he sprang up the iron ladder to the signal room; the light cast its beams far out upon the turbulent sea. The wind had risen, and was lashing the sea into short, choppy waves, although the full force of the tempest had not yet come. Dark wisps of clouds scudded over the heavens at a terrible speed, and the gulls were now crying shrilly and wheeling about in great circles. As he looked a long, jagged lightning flash split the horizon and a sharp peal of thunder burst upon his ears. It grew darker and darker; the wind, at first like the wailing of a lost soul, was now a raging demon sweeping about in terrible fury, and causing even the stout tower to tremble slightly.

"God keep the poor souls at sea, tonight," thought the keeper of the light as he passed below to prepare his frugal supper. Late in the evening when he returned the wind had increased tenfold and its terrific force could only be guessed at. Huge waves leaped high in the air, splintering upon the outlying spurs of the reef with an awful roar. The heavens were rent with lightning and the thunder rolled incessantly. The stout heart of the keeper quailed for the first time and the loneliness of his situation began to grip him. He went below to his bed, but could not sleep, the roar and shriek of the elements mocked his thoughts, and terrified his imagination. Visions of his sweetheart passed before his uneasy brain, but he had no fear for her safety; she would not start until the morrow. But if she were afloat tonight. Oh merciful Prov-

idence, he could not bear to think of it.

Suddenly, above the roar of the tempest he heard another sound, faint but distinct. He half arose and listened intently, but heard no more. Finally he fell into a troubled sleep which lasted until morning. On rising, his first act was to examine the light. The wind had died down somewhat, but the sea was still raging. Glancing without, his eye was caught by a piece of wreckage tossing about within the reef. Then he *had* heard something—a ship had gone to pieces during the night. A prayer for mercy went up from his lips for the souls of the dead, and he descended the ladder in order to get a nearer glimpse of the tangled mass from a narrow, deep-set window, many feet below. The vagaries of the sea had swept it into a comparatively calm eddy at the base of the tower just beneath the steel door. Now he distinguished a floating spar with something white upon it which, under his glasses, took the form of a person—man or woman he could not tell. The thought of those on shore awaiting the mother or husband who would never come swelled his pity, and he determined to secure the body. Hastening below he unbarred the huge door, which swung back with a great clang. For a moment, the fury of the wind thrust him back; the stinging salt waves lashed his face and the foamy crests blurred his vision. Finally, through the foam he catches a glimpse of the mass as it sweeps by his feet, and something familiar in the human form chains his attention. It is a woman, as he can now see, fastened to a floating spar, but dead beyond all doubt. Now it sweeps around again and he secures a clearer vision; the face is hidden under a wave, but the form looks like—A sudden, nameless fear clutches his heart and he peers eagerly through the foam. Again the wreckage hurries by, but this time the face of his sweetheart, cold in death, is framed in the mist. He staggers back, murmuring hoarsely, "Not her, O God, not her." Instantly, almost, he again approaches the opening and throws himself full length upon the floor to get a closer view and once more the wreckage whirls past, and this time dull staring eyes gaze into his. A terrible cry bursts from his lips, and he reaches forth to clutch the loved form; he leans too far, there is a shriek, a splash and the waters close again. And still the wreckage sweeps round and round, and the sea roars, and the winds shriek the funeral dirge.

A Study of Enoch Arden.

PAUL R. BYRNE, '14.

One of the best descriptive poems written by Tennyson which contains an interesting story as well, is "Enoch Arden." It is a story of the seacoast of England. The setting is a quaint little fisher village similar to any found on the eastern coast today. The first verse gives us the setting for all the scenes of the story. It is given with a purpose, for, from these opening lines all the other scenes follow.

Long lines of cliff breaking have left a chasm;
And in the chasm are foam and yellow sands;
Beyond, red roofs about a narrow wharf
In cluster; then a moulder'd church; and higher
A long street climbs to one tall-tower'd mill;
And high in heaven behind it a gray down
With Danish barrows; and a hazel-wood,
By autumn nutters haunted, flourishes
Green in a cup-like hollow of the down.

As the poem advances we see "the long street climbing to the mill," the "moulder'd church" with its giving in marriage and the "hazel-wood in the cup-like hollow" where Annie plighted her troth to Enoch, and many years later under the same conditions to Philip Ray.

The poem depicts the life story of three fisher children, Annie Lee, Philip Ray and Enoch Arden. In the beginning of the poem the children are playing at what later becomes a reality. There are no digressions or long descriptions to detract from the interest of the reader. There are no long conversations or foolish sentiment over the fate of the hero, which is an excellence in itself. The pathos is wrought with an extraordinary delicacy to be found in few poems of this nature.

Perhaps the most important point to be noticed is the introduction of the supernatural. It is so unobtrusive that it is liable to pass unnoticed. This enhances the value of the poem because just enough has been used. Too much of the supernatural in works of imagination lessens its value, and it loses its awfulness because "familiarity breeds contempt."

Three prophecies may be noted in the poem. The first occurs at the beginning of the poem where Annie, then a child, to quell the quarrels between Philip and Enoch as to which shall have Annie for a wife, declares "she will be

little wife to both of them." And wife to both it was her fate to be. The second prophecy occurs where Annie is vainly trying to dissuade Enoch from going on the long sea voyage. She says: "Well, know that I shall look upon your face no more." And Enoch replies: "Well, then, I shall look upon yours." The last is uttered near the close of the poem in a singularly touching scene where Enoch, looking through the window at his lost wife, his own words come true and hers also, for on his deathbed he says of her, "She must not come, for my dead face would vex her after life."

Besides these prophecies we have Annie's dream which justifies her marriage to Philip. Enoch had now been gone about ten years. Before he left he had set Annie up in business, but she, too gentle to thrive in business, "failed and sadden'd," waiting for the news which never came, "and lived a life of silent melancholy." The third child sicklier grew and

after a lingering—ere she was aware—
Like a caged bird escaping suddenly,
The little innocent soul flitted away.

In the depth of her sorrow comes relief. Philip begs for Enoch's sake that Annie let him put the children in school, declaring that Enoch will repay him at his return. Philip in the meantime has pressed his suit and Annie finally gives her consent if during the year she hears nothing from Enoch. The time is nearly up and she opens her Bible to see what first meets her eye. She sees the words "under a palm tree." Falling asleep she dreams of Enoch sitting beneath a palm tree and the sun shining over his head. She can not conceive of real palms where Enoch is and her mind flies to Scriptural associations.

He is gone, he is happy, he is singing
Hosanna in the highest, yonder shines
The Sun of Righteousness, and there be palms
Whereof the happy people strowing cried,
'Hosanna in the highest'!

The last obstacle is now removed:

So these were wed, and merrily rang the bells,
But never merrily beat Annie's heart.

These foreshadowings may be considered coincidences; but we may be sure that when Annie knew the truth, she thought long over these mysteries, and how she had failed to understand them till it was too late. These deft and judicious touches of the supernatural make the poem all the more lifelike and natural.

The last scenes are very pathetic. Enoch returned, longs for the sight of his lost wife and children. One night he stole up close and peered in. The contrast between the light and warmth and happiness within and the anguish and wretchedness of the father without draws forth our pity for the suffering father.

The man returns to his humble dwelling and shortly after falls into an illness from which he never recovers. After he discloses himself to Miriam Lane, he wins a victory over selfishness by forbidding Miriam bringing his wife and children to him. He seems to feel that only the little dead son is left to him.

And now there is but one of all my blood
Who will embrace me in the life-to-come.

Three days later there arose such a storm "that all the houses in the haven rang" and in an ecstasy he cries aloud, "a sail, a sail, I am saved," and passes over the troubled sea of this life into the arms of his Saviour.

Here the poem should have ended. It seems so out of place to tell us that he was strong and heroic after giving us such a splendid character delineation. The "expensive funeral" too is out of place. We might know that Philip would give as rich a funeral as possible to the friend he had so wronged though unintentionally. Why disturb our minds with what has gone before? Why not let us still remember the rough bed with its wasted and tempest-tossed form still at last, "serene in death, waiting for the kisses it might not receive in life."

The question comes up as to the morality of Annie's second marriage. As it was, Annie was committing a material sin, but not a formal one. Had Enoch declared himself upon his return, as some would have it, and she had refused to leave Philip, then her sin would have become formal. We know on Enoch's part there was only a spirit of sacrifice and a wish for his wife's happiness, though one finds it difficult to justify the act ethically.

Another question of almost equal importance is whether a man, especially one of Enoch's nature, could have kept his reason during all those years of confinement on the island. By making all due allowances, he was there at least seven years. We know the result of much shorter periods of solitude. Against this evidence of Tennyson's imagination we have the contrary from Wordsworth:

The innocent sufferer often sees
Too clearly; and feels too vividly; and longs
To realize the vision, with intense
And over-constant yearning,—there—there lies
The excess by which the balance is destroyed.

Excursion, Book IV.

Wordsworth strikes nearer the truth than Tennyson, but had it been otherwise we would not have had this delightful poem. The story begins with Philip's sacrifice and ends with Enoch's, and there is not a line which one would wish unwritten.

Varsity Verse.

DREAMS.

SWEET reveries of another world,
Fair visions of a life above,
Where angel banners are unfurled,
And life is joy, and joy is love.

Come silently, ye spirits dear,
And raise the veil from off my soul,
That I may see that land more clear,
Where waves of love forever roll.

F. C. S.

A REVERIE.

A rising sea of surging foam
Beneath a leaden sky
To me is but a token grand
Of power enthroned on high.

The doleful winds that ceaseless blow
Across the numbered shoals,
To me are dire, despairing moans,—
The wailing of lost souls.

The swishing wavelets on the sand
That lap the silent shore
To me are sweetest melodies,
That follow tempest's roar.

W. J. B.

THE REALIZATION.

He laughed thro' the years of his boyhood;
He smiled through the years of his youth;
But the years were creeping upon him,
And at last he was old, forsooth.

No longer he lived in the past,
But he dreamed of those happy hours
When strength and love were with him,
And the joy of the fields and the flow'rs.

Alas, it is hard to grow older,
And to leave the smiling plain,
Where the days are never cloudy,
Where there's never a touch of pain! C. J. C.

On a Rustic Bridge: A Vignette.

KERNDT M. HEALY, '15.

A rather pretty girl stood upon a very quaint rustic bridge gazing into the swiftly moving waters of a clear brook that was hastening on with the force of a mountain torrent. It was spring and much water had found its way from hill and meadow to the shiny, rocky bed. The stream ran through a pleasant valley hedged on either side by thick hazel underbrush and lofty cedars. On the top of a knoll stood a neat white country schoolhouse that was all aglow with the fading light. The watcher on the bridge was dressed very becomingly in simple white frock and wore stout shoes, for she was the schoolmistress and walked every day to the little schoolhouse where she trained and taught nearly twenty youngsters.

She was weary after the long day at her desk, and throwing aside her hat and lunch-basket climbed upon the rough railing of the bridge, turning her head slightly to get a better view of the rippling brook. She thought of the little company of farmers' children that came to her daily. One of the biggest boys had given her a speckled guinea hen's egg that morning as a present for teacher.

She had it now in her basket. Then she thought how she had rung the little bell and boys and girls left their games and filed into the old hard-worn benches nudging and poking each other all the while. When they were settled and quiet the day was begun with the customary song, and from then until noon, one class followed another from arithmetic to the recitation by the advanced pupils of "Break, break, break." At noon after a hasty lunch and several draughts of crystal spring water she helped the smaller children to hunt four-leaf clovers until one o'clock.

That afternoon as it was Friday she read to them for several hours, and just as the story was ending she heard the sound of hoofs coming up the road, at first faint, but gradually louder and louder until looking out through the open door she saw horse and rider plunge by. But as they neared the hill she saw the animal stumble and fall throwing the rider high into the air, only to land with a thud by the side of the road. She hastened out calling to two

big boys to follow. They found an athletic young man lying on his back, very pale and still. The boys carried him into the yard near the spring, and she, frightened and almost as white as the injured man, loosed his collar and gave him to drink. There was a bad wound on the top of his head which she bathed. Presently he opened his eyes. Such eyes! She started even now when she thought of them. They were brilliant and black, fringed with thick lashes that swept upon his cheeks as the weary lids closed and opened. He did not speak for some time, but soon reviving after his wound was bound up, sat erect and looked about. Then he rose unsteadily at first and leaning on the schoolmistress, had walked to the doorstep and languidly seated himself.

But what was that noise? A voice! It seemed directly behind her, but turning she saw nothing. Again she heard it, but this time laughed at her fear when she saw a little girl coming through the pasture with a basket on her arm. She recognized the neighbor's daughter who was searching for turkey eggs and must wander all about in quest of them, for the pompous, strutting birds have the habit of making their nests far away from the house.

Two bluebirds were answering a third in a nearby bush, and as she heard them her thoughts reverted to the man whom she had cared for that afternoon. His horse had run on and the man was in no condition to walk to town, so she sent a boy to bring his father's wagon and take the wounded man home. While waiting for the farmer lad to return with the conveyance the rider began to talk slowly and with effort, most of his sentences being full of gratitude for the kind assistance she had given him. As the vehicle drew up into the school yard he produced his card, gave it to her and with more thanks was driven off by the farmer boy.

The schoolmistress got down from her seat and taking the card from her waist saw written on it the name of a rich young man of the town whom she had many times seen in his motor or on horseback. She sighed, and picking up her hat and lunch-basket with the speckled egg in it, walked down the road.

"MEEK, modest flowers by poets loved
Sweet pansies with their dark eyes fringed,
With silken lashes finely tinged
That trembled if a leaf but moved."

Classicism in Poetry.

SIMON E. TWINING, '13.

The word "classic" is used today in so many different senses that without a context it is almost meaningless. Long, in his "English Literature," points out three different ways in which it is applied to literature: First, it may refer in general to writers of the highest rank in any nation; in this sense it was first applied to the works of the great ancient writers. Second, it may refer to some period in a nation's literature in which an unusual number of great writers were doing their work; in this sense the age of Augustus is called the "classic" age in Roman literature. Finally, it may refer to the works of that school of writers who in the eighteenth century revolted against the lawlessness of their contemporaries, and going back to the "Rhetoric" and "Poetics" of Aristotle and the "Ars Poetica" of Horace, molded literature according to the strict and definite rules laid down by these ancient writers. It is in this sense that we would use the word "classic," and by "classicism" we mean the spirit and literary methods of the school.

In England Dryden was the foundation and Pope the apex of the new literature. The English writers do not seem to have given much attention to Aristotle and Horace themselves, but rather they accepted the interpretation placed upon these authors by the great French critics of the period, especially Boileau. Indeed, although Pope insisted that Dryden was his only master, critics remark that much of his work depends on Boileau. His famous "Essay on Criticism," even, is scarcely more than a free and improved translation of Boileau's "L'Art Poétique." Waller had introduced the rhymed couplet of Chaucer in its "closed" form about 1625. By "closed" we mean that each couplet is apart in itself, and capable of standing alone for a complete thought. Dryden adopted the couplet, and Long notes three new elements which he brought into English literature:—

(1) "The establishment of the heroic couplet as the fashion for satiric, didactic, and descriptive poetry;" (2) "his development of a *direct*, serviceable prose style" and (3) "his development of the art of literary criticism in his essays and in the numerous prefaces

to his poems." But poetry is a branch of literature, and literature is an art; and the mass of Dryden's couplets belong neither to art, to literature, nor to poetry. "Classicism in Poetry," then, can have reference but to the work of one man, Alexander Pope.

Pope's great ambition was to be the most correct poet of all time, and in that desire is reflected the whole spirit of classicism. Form was all in all, and thought was but little attended to. The heroic couplet, brought to its perfection by Pope, is the most "wooden" and unpoetic of all verse forms. Johnson's heroic couplets are often pleasing, for the run-on lines and caesural pauses in his verses, usually occurring in the third foot, make one lose the full sense of the form of the line; but Pope makes use neither of caesural pauses nor of run-on lines, and his couplets are monotonous and without poetic feeling. To understand most poets it is necessary to read at least the greater part of their poems, but to know Pope it will suffice to read a single couplet, for he writes only in couplets, and all are ground by the same machine as nearly alike as mechanical perfection can make them.

Not only is Pope a sham poet, but he is a bad philosopher, as well. Each couplet contains a thought, and is quotable and easy to remember; but the thought is shallow, superficial, often false, and never more than half true. The harm he has done to right thinking is immeasurable. People who are not able or willing to think for themselves read Pope, remember his couplets without effort, and quote them on every imaginable occasion. As a result everybody knows Pope, and he is probably the most quoted of our English poets. Such lines as "A little learning is a dangerous thing; Drink deep, or taste not the Pierian spring" are on every schoolboy's lips.

Some of Pope's work, of course, is not so unpoetical and pseudo-philosophical as his "Essay on Man," "Essay on Criticism," "Moral Essays" and "Epistles." His "Rape of the Lock," "Elegy to the Memory of an Unfortunate Lady" and his "Universal Prayer" are delightful; but these are not remembered and quoted, and further, they are not good examples of classicism. After Pope the rhymed couplet fell into disrepute, and has never been much used since. With Thompson, the first great poet after Pope, romanticism was born again and a new era of poetry was ushered in.

A Grecian Lawgiver.

MAURICE J. NORCKAUER, '14.

One of the most famous lawgivers of antiquity was Solon. He was an Eupatrid and his name is first mentioned in connection with the Megarian war. During the time of this war, Athens was in the hands of an oligarchy unable to allay the growing spirit of discontent. Besides, the war with the Megarians had been poorly managed and in some instances disastrously conducted. The Athenians were, therefore, very despondent, and Solon came into notice by his efforts to arouse their patriotism. Salamis, an island in sight of Athens and but one mile from the harbor at Piraeus, was in the hands of the Megarians, and although the Athenians had repeatedly attacked it, yet they had never been able to take it. Solon, who was a poet in the Ionic idiom, composed a poem and sang it time and again for the citizens. Such was the effect of this poem that the people, moved with shame, resumed the war and gained Salamis.

Solon became very popular and was elected Archon. Now began his career as a statesman and lawgiver. Because of the Megarian war the economic condition of the city became more and more embarrassed. The lower classes who never had been rich, now became paupers, and were sold into foreign slave markets in order to satisfy their creditors. Solon saw how quickly the city was becoming depopulated, and determined to check it. He formed his famous "seisactheia" laws, whereby all men, whether public or private debtors, were released from debt and their lands restored to them. Solon also limited the amount of land one man might own, and he changed the money system. This latter change placed Athens in closer business relations with her prospering neighboring cities, and gave an impetus to trade. There the celebrated lawgiver turned his attention to the constitution.

The "Ecclesia" and the "Areopagus" first engaged his attention. Under the Draconian laws only three classes of people had a share in the law-making assembly. Solon, however, created a fourth division from among the lower classes. This new class, although it could not hold office, yet could assist in electing others to office. To compensate for not holding office it was subjected to no direct tax.

In the Areopagus the magistrates were henceforth to be responsible to the people by whom they had been elected. Solon provided that for any crime they were to be judged by a jury and court composed of representatives from all four classes.

Draco's "Council of Four Hundred and One" was also reorganized. The chief function of this council seems to have been to revise and prepare the matter laid before the Ecclesia. The Areopagus, under Solon's revision, still remained the guardian of the laws and the protector of the constitution.

Up to this time the Archons, who were recruited from the Eupatrid magistrates, often perverted the law in their own favor. But Solon did away with this evil by declaring that anyone dissatisfied with an Archon's decision might appeal his case to a popular body. These were the most important of Solon's constitutional reforms. There are, however, some specially enacted laws worthy of mention.

The principal one was the "sedition" law. Under this law, a man was compelled to take sides when a sedition broke out,—and this under penalty of losing his citizenship and of being considered infamous. The object of this law was to get all men interested in politics and to make seditions less frequent. He also made less stringent the requisites for becoming an Athenian citizen. Under his rule all idlers were punished. Fathers were obliged to teach their sons a trade. The interests of manufacturers were protected by the forbidding of the exportation of everything except olive oil. The freedom of women was restrained, and here it may be said, the law concerning woman's freedom marks the decline of woman's influence in public.

In his later years, Solon was much bothered by clamorings for changes in his laws. In order to escape from these annoyances he went abroad, travelling for ten years. From this time on his name is clouded by legends and rumors. The date of his death is computed to have been about 559 B. C. Although Solon is known to have been a man of marked democratic tendencies, he did not himself establish a democracy; he laid the foundation and built the framework of one. Solon shares honors with Lycurgus as the greatest Grecian lawgiver. The account of his life as given by Plutarch is far more interesting than the generality of present-day novels.

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—Ascension Day for many years has been marked red in the calendar of religious festivals at Notre Dame. It is the day when a large number of the younger **First Communion** boys in St. Edward and Carroll halls receive their **First Holy Communion**. Nothing is omitted from ritual service to make the time memorable for those boys who are members of the class. Lights, flowers, music, splendid vestments, procession—all those objects and ceremonies which serve as a setting for the great event—not one is neglected. It is a time of sweet joy for the young who participate; a time of rich memories for the old who witness.

Fortunate indeed are the young boys who on last Thursday received **First Holy Communion** at Notre Dame. No matter how many the years ahead of them, they can not fail to look back with feeling on what transpired on Ascension day, 1912. The day will always stand bright and apart in the vista of memory.

—One of the features of student life at Notre Dame has been the interest displayed in inter-hall or local debating. There was a time when this form of debating rivalled **Local Debating** with interhall athletics, but even to the most hopeful observer that time is past, and the stimuli

which animated it are now almost lost. A glance at the small number of reports of literary meetings and a consideration of the half-hearted work being done in these, would convince almost anyone of the necessity of awakening the student mind to an appreciation of the valuable intellectual exercise which may be obtained through the really interesting work of a hall literary and debating society. To enumerate the advantages of this local and informal debating would be telling the evident. Everyone can realize the immense amount of benefit to be derived from it, both to himself and as an aid to the regular collegiate debating.

Why interest in this form of debating and society work has been on the decline, it is hard to say. One thing which undoubtedly contributes to the lack of interest, is the attitude assumed by a few of the halls. Two halls once possessed active literary societies which were established for the purpose of encouraging debating, yet now they seem to have been displaced by monogram clubs and an overdose of the athletic spirit. It is not our purpose to find fault with monogram associations nor with hall athletic spirit. But surely we can stand a little of the refinements of life, a little of literary and educational uplift without interfering with athletic supremacy. Indeed, if a part of this energy could be turned into the debating field there would still be enough left to give athletes and athletics due attention. Then local debating would flourish in the old-time style, and the benefits would be reflected in the students themselves and in the University debating teams.

—We have a right to expect calm reason, orderly arrangement of business, and good judgment in the representatives of a Christian church, especially when they **The Methods of** are gathered in general **Methodism.** assembly where all their words and actions are subject to criticism; but from all reports, all these things were lacking in the General Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church held in Minneapolis in the near past. Perhaps our requirements are too severe, considering that the gentlemen involved have never had the benefits of scholastic training. Whatever the reason, report has it that their conduct there had more of hysteria than reason, that there were stormy sessions throughout, wordy con-

flicts, and all manner of unchristian behavior, deadlocks, fiery speeches and bitter protests. But all this has nothing to do with us—would not be worth reference, except as a reflection upon the methods of Methodism, were it not for the adoption of loosely-worded resolutions which rehash all the old fallacies with reference to the position of the Catholic Church in this and foreign lands and its relations with the people and the government. "Whereas," say these assembled fathers,

in all those lands which form a large part of the missionary field of the Methodist Episcopal Church, the teachings and practices of Romanism deprive the people of the Bible, pervert many of the fundamental doctrines of Christianity, and foster superstitions which alienate the thinking classes and bind heavy burdens upon the poor; therefore, be it

Resolved, That the Methodist Episcopal Church recognizes its plain duty to prosecute its missionary enterprises in Greek and Roman Catholic countries with increasing zeal, and be it

Resolved, That it is our duty to oppose the machinations of Romanism and to counteract its attempts to gain an ever-increasing control of our public schools, to use the public funds for sectarian schools, and finally, be it

Resolved, That we feel the deepest sympathy and love toward the priests and people within the Greek and Roman Catholic churches who are working toward a more spiritual interpretation of the Christian faith.

Were we disposed to be critical we might ask what the last two resolutions have to do with the misstatement of the fact following the "Whereas," which deals only with conditions falsely said to exist in foreign countries. But then one doesn't go to a goat's house for wool. That last resolution about "the deepest sympathy and love towards its priests and people within the Greek and Roman Catholic churches" quickens the humorous sense, which Methodists haven't got.

We are not going to afflict anybody with a refutation of the above "resolutions." You probably have your own troubles, and we have no right to upset your stomach with stale eggs. We merely call your attention to the fact Us old Papists aren't going to have anything to say in running the ship of state. Our good Methodist brothers will keep an eye on us. But if there's a war against Europe or the Orient, then we'll be there and probably the Methodists wont. Meantime the "whereasing" Methodists may "whereas" and the "resolving" Methodists may "resolve."

Archbishop Riordan's Visit.

On Saturday evening at seven o'clock the Most Rev. Patrick W. Riordan, D. D., of San Francisco, visited the University and remained with us until Wednesday. Archbishop Riordan is among the most distinguished of former students of Notre Dame whose love for his Alma Mater is as exalted as his position. At noon on Sunday he spoke to the students of Brownson dining-room, and his stirring and singularly tender words were enthusiastically received. Crowned with the silver of seventy years, tall and slender, with a face singularly benign, the Archbishop looked the part of his high office.

His was a message from the past; the men he knew and loved—Sorin, Granger, Shortis, L'Etourneau, Corby,—all those great and good men who live no more among us except as guiding spirits. There was a sweet pathos when the venerable Archbishop referred to his own ripe years that make the voice falter, and slow down the footsteps. His voice grew husky with feeling when he expressed his large love for his Alma Mater, which neither miles nor years have ever been able to make less warm or less bright. We will long keep Archbishop Riordan's visit in grateful remembrance, and hope he will grant us the inspiration of his presence soon again.

Mr. Burns Last Wednesday.

Mr. W. J. Burns, the detective of national reputation, recounted to the students last Wednesday a number of interesting experiences with the purpose of showing the valuable asset which a good reputation is for a successful career, how easily it may be tarnished and lost, and the trials which are only too likely to follow an ex-convict throughout his entire life. Mr. Burns believes that much of the crime of today is due to an inordinate desire for wealth and social position and the too common opinion that men of high standing and of great business or political importance are above and beyond the law. It is his desire that the younger generation, especially university men, should take an active part in meeting public questions and in endeavoring to make all men truly equal before the law.

Conferring of the Laetare Medal.

On last Monday in the Cathedral College hall, New York, Mr. Thomas M. Mulry, the Laetare Medalist for 1912, received the decoration in what proved to be one of the most brilliant functions in the history of the medal.

His Eminence John Cardinal Farley was honorary chairman and delivered a splendid address in which he eulogized the life and rare personality of the Laetare Medalist. Michael J. Scanlon performed the duties of active chairman. A large gathering of New York's most distinguished Catholic laity was present at the function as a well-deserved tribute to the distinguished recipient of the honor. Mr. Scanlon, as active chairman, introduced the following speakers who appeared in the order named: The Right Rev. D. J. McMahon, D. D., spoke on Mr. Mulry's work in the St. Vincent De Paul Society; Mr. Robert W. DeFores emphasized Charity Organization; Mr. Edward Lauterbach spoke on Jewish charities; Mr. J. E. Dougherty delivered an address on the St. Vincent de Paul society and its work. Rev. Luke J. Evers represented the Notre Dame Alumni and spoke of the work of Notre Dame and her foresight in establishing the Laetare Medal. The Presentation speech was read by Rev. President Cavanaugh. The address was necessarily brief and formal, explaining the reason for the University's choice of Mr. Mulry for this year.

In his response, Mr. Mulry expressed his appreciation of the signal honor conferred on him and expressed the hope that he would ever continue faithful to the purposes and virtues which the medal symbolized.

First Communion and Confirmation.

Last Thursday, so far as the weather had to do with the event, was unlike the traditional First Communion day. The clouds were down near the earth, the green leaves were heavy with the rain of the previous night, and showers blew across from the northeast before a wind that moaned around corners dismally. The traditional procession with military, band, clergy and the ministers of the mass, had to be abandoned, much to everybody's regret. However, the masses of lighted candles on the altars and the glowing electric bulbs all around the church made one forget the

sunless sky and the dank earth outside.

The Rev. Vice-President Matthew J. Walsh was celebrant of the mass, assisted by Rev. Matthew A. Schumacher, and by Rev. Thomas P. Irving, as deacon and subdeacon. The mass was *Coram Episcopo*, Right Rev. Herman J. Alerding, D. D., occupying his throne on the gospel side of the altar. The Bishop was assisted by Rev. P. J. Carroll and by Rev. L. J. Carrico. The Rev. William A. Moloney acted as arch-priest. The Rev. William R. Connor held his official position of Master of Ceremonies, assisted by Mr. Dwight Cusick.

The First Communion sermon was preached by the Rev. C. L. O'Donnell after the gospel. Father O'Donnell addressed his words directly to the members of the class. He drew a simple and very clear picture of the miracle of the multiplication of the loaves and fishes, and then developing his thought showed how the words "Unless you eat the Flesh and drink the Blood of the Son of Man," etc., were verified in Holy Communion. He pointed out to the First Communicants how much more fortunate they were than were the children who were present at the miracle of the loaves and fishes, in that they were in truth receiving the Body and Blood of the Son of Man. During the reception of Holy Communion all the students sang the hymn, "O Lord, I am Not Worthy."

Immediately after the mass, the Right Rev. Bishop addressed a few words to the Confirmation class following which the Sacrament of Confirmation was conferred. The ceremonies for the day were brought to a conclusion by the singing of the hymn of thanksgiving, "Holy God, we Praise Thy Name."

Following is a list of the boys who received First Communion and Confirmation:

George J. Barry, Robert J. Bible, Everett John Blackman, Alfred R. Bernoudy, Walter P. Birkenbuel, Byron J. Clancy, Benjamin P. Cox, Henry A. Clark, Robert P. Connolly, Charles M. Carey, Harold J. Cannon, John T. Dunn, Ralph B. Good, Albert J. Harper, Gaston B. Hebert, Walter John Hebert, Lawrence M. Hews, Arthur F. Hews; John M. Hawley, Edgar S. Hawley, Lawrence J. Hubbell, Jerome P. Hamler, Leo J. Lamb, John J. Illis, Walter F. Landers, David H. Lippeatt, Leon J. Maguire, Paul J. Mullaney, William J. Mullalley, Lyman A. Miller, Edward A. McCarren, John X. Phibbs, Robert P. Ridges, Robert M. Risch, Charles H. Reynolds, Henry J. Susen, Frank C. Whitman, Vincent Lamb, Frederick J. Parke.

These students received Confirmation only: Gordon J. Kelly, James Harold McDonald, Edwin J. Powers, Joseph I. Thole.

Society Notes.

CIVIL ENGINEERING.

The weekly meeting of the Civil Engineering Society, was held on Wednesday night. Mr. Kane read a paper on "The Responsibilities of the City Engineer" which was so good that it evoked a special word of praise from the director. Mr. Kane told with what extreme care the city engineer must supervise the construction of public works in order to prevent grafting contractors from preying upon the public by giving them less than they pay for, etc. The city engineer has work to do in all branches of engineering, and must, therefore, have a broad practical engineering knowledge. "Science and Engineering" was the title of a paper prepared by Mr. Newton, but read in his absence by Mr. Paul O'Brien. The importance of scientific knowledge to the engineer was well shown, particular stress being laid upon the importance of mathematics. "Problems in Surveying and Their Difficulties" were explained by Mr. Bartell; those treated in detail were the problems of locating lost corners, of running a transit line past an obstacle and of leveling across wide rivers. Mr. Marcille had the question which dealt with the nature and properties of steam.

Personals.

—Jack Shourds (Short Arch. '11) of Terre Haute, Indiana, called on friends at the University recently.

—State Chaplain, Father Schumacher, Grand Knight Hines, and Past-Grand Knight Benitz attended the State Convention of the K. C. at Indianapolis this week.

—Joseph Farrell, a Chicago boy who was a student here from '91 to '94, visited the University during the week. Joe was a member of the St. Cecilians' of his day.

—George Rempe of Chicago, brother to Lester and Harold Rempe, visited here recently. George, like his brother Lester, lived in Corby in his day and generation. Harold took classes in the Main Building.

—Mr. Phil Michaud (E. E. S. '10) is in the engineering department of the Westinghouse Electric Co. in Pittsburg. He is associated with some well-known inventors and a lot of

active young engineers, and he says one has to hustle to keep up in the front rank. He remembers his training in the Notre Dame band and orchestra and is continuing his musical work by playing in one of the leading bands of the Smoky City.

—N. J. Sinnott (A. B. '92) is a candidate for the Republican congressional nomination, way out in Oregon. The *Oregon Press* speaks of him as "honest and fearless, with the welfare of his constituents ever in mind." Needless to say the University is proud to be able to confirm the good opinion which the people of the commonwealth of Oregon have of her well-loved son.

—The Notre Dame Alumni Association of Washington, D. C., banqueted the baseball team Wednesday night in Washington. Elmer J. Murphy, Litt. B. '97 of that city was toastmaster, and had the pleasure of calling on Dr. Edward A. Pace of the Catholic University; Hon. Maurice Francis Egan, and prominent alumni, besides the manager of the team, John P. Murphy, and some of the players.

—Mr. Ambrose A. O'Connell (Ph. B. '07) of Ottumwa, Iowa, and Miss Hedwig Heide of New York City were united in marriage Saturday morning, May 11, in the Church of St. Ignatius Loyola, New York City, by the Very Reverend Provincial, Father Morrissey. Ambrose acted as secretary to Father Morrissey during the latter's presidency of the University, and in addition to the usual blessing of the Church, Father Morrissey bestowed upon the couple the Papal blessing obtained for them on his recent visit to Rome. The event was largely attended by members of the Alumni, with whom we join in congratulating Ambrose and his bride.

Calendar.

Sunday, May 19—Brownson vs. Sorin in baseball.
 Monday, May 20—Varsity vs. Dean Academy in baseball at Franklin, Mass.
 Tuesday, May 21—Varsity vs. Tufts College in baseball at Boston, Mass.
 Wednesday, May 22—Varsity vs. University of Vermont in baseball at Burlington, Vt.
 Junior Prom at Place Hall.
 May Devotions at 7:30 p. m.
 Thursday, May 23—Corby vs. St. Joseph's in baseball
 Friday, May 24—Notre Dame vs. Wabash in debate here
 Notre Dame vs. Indiana in debate at Bloomington.
 Saturday, May 25—May Devotions, 7:30 p. m.

Local News.

—Lost—A rain coat left in room No. 42. Finder please leave with Brother Alphonsus.

—Very probably the battalion and band will take part in the Grand Army exercises at South Bend on Decoration day.

—Joseph Martin of Sorin has presented to the Science department a series of beautiful water-colors, to serve as illustrations for his thesis.

—Judging from the number who are filling out programs, the Junior dance Wednesday evening will be financially as well as socially successful.

—To Bro. Florian's already large collection of pennants is added a beautiful one from Princeton, given by Miss Margaret Donahue of Princeton, New Jersey.

—Bulletins are posted in all the halls that reservations for rooms for next year will begin June 1st. Those who have an eye on a good room had better get busy now.

—Sorin is endeavoring by practice games to find sufficient material to strengthen its batting line. The men generally seem to have an eye on the interhall championship.

—Ralph J. Good and Frederick Parke were baptized in Sacred Heart church Wednesday afternoon before a large number of their hall-mates and the entire First Communion class.

—The *Dome* will be distributed to subscribers Monday, and unprejudiced outsiders who have seen it "in the making" at the printers say that it is the best college year-book ever published.

—The bachelor orators, as announced for Commencement, are: Patrick A. Barry, John P. Murphy and William E. McGarry. Cyril J. Curran is to be Valedictorian of his class, and Walter Duncan will deliver the class poem.

—The singing of "Holy God" by all the students at the conclusion of the Confirmation services last Thursday was prayerful and inspiring. The First Communion hymn, too, as sung by so many voices must have left a memory that will remain with the First Communion boys. The services are always inspiring here, but never more so than on First Communion day.

—Our sister institution had a splendidly

equipped new kitchen blessed on Thursday last. The first official meal cooked in the building was served at noon to visitors and students. Those who were fortunate enough to enjoy the first fruits have high praise for trusty cooks and the new kitchen.

—Another handsome silver loving cup has been donated to the Athletic Association, this one by Mr. Max Adler. Manager Cotter tells us that it is to be given to the winner of today's Notre Dame-Northwestern track meet. Mgr. "Bill" also wishes to thank Mr. Adler in the name of the Athletic Association and all the students for this and many other courtesies.

—The President of the University has received an inquiry which reads as follows:

"Can you place me in correspondence with any past or present student of your institution who desires to take up journalism?"

"I am in search of a young man of good habits and with some knowledge of operating a newspaper plant, editorially and mechanically. A party with funds would be preferable, but one having plenty of tact and talent could be considered."

Anyone interested in this may call on Father Moloney for further particulars.

Athletic Notes.

VARSITY SUCCESSFUL TO DATE.

Reports, somewhat meagre, from the front indicate that the Varsity has recovered entirely from the slump which enabled the University of West Virginia to take the first game played on the Eastern jaunt of the gold and blue nine. The second game of the series with the West Virginians resulted in a victory for Notre Dame by the score of 4 to 2, principally through the fielding and hitting of Captain Williams who rose from the hotel sick bed to which he was forced to retire after the long journey to Morgantown. A mistake was made last week when it was stated that Kelly started in to pitch and retired in favor of Wells. Insert Berger for Kelly and you have it straight.

Penn State met defeat at the hands of the Varsity May 11 when Kelly held the slugging state squad to three hits, Notre Dame taking the contest by a 6 to 1 score. The victory is all the more gratifying because of the fact that the twirler sent to the mound by Penn State was the man who defeated Princeton earlier

in the season. Not content with achieving a reputation as a wondrous pitcher, Kelly starred in batting also, obtaining three of the eight bingles secured by the Varsity. Williams, O'Connell, Dolan, Farrell and Arnfield were the other members of the band who connected, Arnfield stretching his bingle into a home run.

A ninth inning rally in the game with Mt. St. Mary's May 13, gave the travelling nine another victory, 6 to 5. Williams and Granfield were responsible for the pair of tallies garnered in the last round. Poor fielding by the Varsity was offset by heavy hitting. Kelly again proved the hero of the day by stopping the Emmitsburg team after both Berger and Wells had been knocked out of the box.

Rain forced the cancellation of the game with Georgetown University, scheduled for May 15, and the day was given up to sightseeing in the national capital. A banquet to the team by Notre Dame Alumni of Washington proved a pleasing diversion for the players.

VANDERBILT TRACKMEN LOSE.

The trackmen representing Vanderbilt University, that Southern school which enjoys such a high reputation in athletics, met defeat at the heels of the Varsity council of the Knights of the Spiked Shoes. But our friends from Nashville have no cause to be ashamed of their showing, for a jack rabbit would not blush if he came in behind Jimmie Wasson doing the hundred yards in :09.3. Psychologists tell us that a strong beginning tends to discourage one's opponents. Perhaps the fact that our century sprinter broke the intercollegiate record and equalled the world's record in his event accounts for the overwhelming score in favor of the gold and blue. Indeed, the meet was too lop-sided to be engrossingly interesting, and were it not for the pleasure in witnessing an intercollegiate record fall—especially to a Notre Dame man—we might be tempted to complain that there was not enough excitement to keep us awake.

Wasson, besides plucking a record that bids fair to hold for a long time, was high point-winner of the day, having taken firsts in the 100-yard and 220-yard dashes and in the broad jump, landing him 15 counters in all. Fletcher was next with ten, won by taking firsts in the high hurdles and in the high jump. Rockne, O'Neill and Larsen were tied for

third place, each having won a first and a second. Rockne's vaulting and O'Neill's discus hurling give promise of great things, and Larsen with his weights is coming up.

This afternoon the gold and blue track artists will compete in a dual meet on Cartier Field with Northwestern College of Napperville, Wisconsin. The Napperville boys will be remembered as being the only team to give our basketball boys an unretrieved defeat this year.

Summary:

Half-mile run—Won by Plant, Notre Dame; Morgan, Vanderbilt, second. Time, 2:13.4.

100-yard dash—Won by Wasson, Notre Dame; Bergman, Notre Dame, second. Time, :09.3.

440-yard run—Won by Copeland, Vanderbilt; Birder, Notre Dame, second. Time :53.4.

220-yard dash—Won by Wasson, Notre Dame; Bergman, Notre Dame, second. Time, 21.3.

Mile run—Won by Johnson, Vanderbilt; Hogan, Notre Dame, second. Time, 4:44.

220-yard hurdles—Won by Fletcher, Notre Dame; Hume, Vanderbilt, second. Time, :25.2.

Pole vault—Won by Rockne, Notre Dame; O'Neill, Notre Dame, second. Height, 11 feet 6 inches.

Discus throw—Won by O'Neill, Notre Dame; Larson, Notre Dame, second. Distance, 103 feet 10 in.

High jump—Won by Fletcher, Notre Dame; Chester, Vanderbilt, second. Height, 5 feet 5 inches.

Shot put—Won by Larsen, Notre Dame; Rockne, Notre Dame, second. Distance 39 feet 10 1-2 inches.

Broad jump—Won by Wasson, Notre Dame; Mehlem, Notre Dame, second. Distance, 21 ft. 2 in.

Relay race—Won by Vanderbilt.

CORBY, 4; BROWNSON 2.

In a game where the honors were about even, Corby managed to trim Brownson Thursday and retain first place in the interhall league. Stepler and Bergman opposed each other and neither was liberal with hits or passes. The latter, moreover, tightened appreciably when there was danger and prevented scoring. Things did not break so well for the Brownson hurler. With two men on in the fourth and none down, he had Hynes practically out, but the young shortstop met one squarely and reached third, coming home later on Campbell's drive. Three runs thus secured proved too much for a ninth inning rally to overcome and Brownson added one more to the number of lost games.

For the losers Ryan and Lathrop played well both in fielding and batting. Campbell of Corby, aside from the good work of Bergman, was the best individual performer for the winners.

Corby	0 0 1 3 0 0 0 0 0	—4	7	2
Brownson	1 0 0 0 0 1 0 0 0	—2	7	2

Batteries—Bergman and Bensberg; Stepler and Williams.

LONG GAME ENDS IN TIE.

Darkness put an end to one of the longest and best-played interhall games ever seen at Notre Dame, Tuesday. After going for fourteen innings in order that some break of luck might dissolve the tie, the Sorin-Walsh contest was called without either side getting the advantage. Much good baseball was crowded into the extra inning battle, and after the ninth hits were as scarce as permissions when the lid is on. San Pedro, hurling for Sorin, teased nineteen men to succumb, and Ryan of Walsh followed closely with sixteen.

Aside from the battery work Devine again starred for Sorin, and the Newning boys kept up a spectacular exhibition for Walsh at their respective positions.

Walsh 0 0 0 0 1 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0—1 5 1
 Sorin 0 0 0 0 0 0 1 0 0 0 0 0 0—1 4 1
 Batteries—San Pedro and Arias; Ryan and Brooke.

Safety Valve.

"But melancholy," observes Mr. Francis L. Kehoe, '14, "is far from being the prominent note in the "Skylark."

Which observation will hold for skylarking also.

THE RANE.

Another Prize Essay.

As I look out of my window I see the rane. The boys do not like the rane because they can not skiv to town when it ranes except Mike Karmody.

To day Sunday it is raning like blazis and all the Student body went to church. Last chsunday dutch Lange was down in the Lake when it was haling and all the hale stones broke on his hed. Sum hed! The dome will come out soon and then we wont have no rane but only a Frost.

"St. Joe fellows," declares Mr. John T. Burns, "are good losers."

When we shall have added the observation that they are given ample opportunities to continue good, the statement shall have been complete.

THE MEN WHO HAVE RISEN.

IX Henry Dockweiler.

The fact that (as P. A. Barry would say) Henry Dockweiler appeared in the Quadrangle for the first time last September does not make him one bit less our own. *Omnibus omnia amant*, as Horace intended to say on one occasion. Our Henry is a student yesterday, today, tomorrow and forever. We can not, of course, say the same thing of all our boys. There is Georgie Lynch, for instance. But we are reminiscing now.

Henry, as you know, comes from the coast—Los Angeles. So does brother Tom and Frank J. Breslin. You don't know Frank J. Breslin? The young man

who smiles? You have not lived, sir, you have not lived! Our Henry then wears a white suit and no hat, and carries his English notes done up in tin foil. He belongs to the Cap and Gown syndicate in which there are several members. The supreme court, however, may break up the trust at the final exams, and those who are forced out of the trust will probably get their trunks and join the Packers Ass'n. As it is coming near the end, and as cash is demanded at the book-store, we will conclude. We forgot to remark that Henry is a blonde, and has a general average of over ninety.

Don't forget either that in the Civil Engineering meeting last week, Mr. Savaria pointed out the truth that "too much water is as bad as no water at all." Shakespeare emphasises the same verity:

"Too much of water hast thou, poor Ophelia,
 And therefore I forbid my tears."

Structural similarity, perhaps.

THE STAFF BANQUET.

In the near future the editors of our esteemed weekly will enjoy a spread at which the following menu will grace the festive board:

Hot Bun	Another Bun	Butter
Coffee	Sugar	'Third Bun
Stake		Seconds
Conversation		Humor
	Fourth and Last Bun	

Following which, speakers will appear in sections as follows:

Section A—Orators.

- John P. Murphy....."Mr. Fish and Bauston."
- Patrick A. Barry...."The Peace Movement and the School." (by request.)
- Wm. Galvin.—"How to find peaches on an apple tree."
- William J. Milroy...."Local Color in the Drama."

Section B—Poets.

- Edward J. Howard....."A Culicem" F sharp.
- Simon E. Twining...."The Gray Moon." Bach op. 10
- Maurice Norckauer....."Concentration."
- Russell Finn....."Delights of Leisure."

Section C—Miscellaneous.

- Cryil J. Curran.....Readings from the *Dome*.
- Louis J. Kiley.....A Smile.
- Thomas F. O'Neil....."The Ladies."
- Joseph M. Walsh....."The New Members."
- John F. O'Connell....."Knighthood."

Our blonde, Frank Curtis Stanford, visited the City Beautiful back of the Green Gates t'other day and saw the Queens.

When Jimmie Wasson talks, writes a Corby-haller the arrow on the top of Science hall always points at him.

Walter Duncan is about ready for the Momentous moment.

One month from today we'll be near

The End.