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The Consequence.

JOHN T. BURNS, '13.

THE Devil a potion for me did make
From the herbs of the fields of joy,
And the cup with a nod and a wink did give
With the soothing words, "Now take and live,"
To the ape he had made his toy.

And the fool that I was, and the fool that I am,
And the fool that I'll always be,
By a pleasing smile was led to drain
The cup that was filled with naught but pain—
Which even a fool might see.

In a few short years you may take me away
To the hills that border the sea;
In the dying light of the ebbing day,
Then lay me low that, come who may,
He shall never hear of me.

English Romanticism in Poetry.

FRANK C. STANFORD, '13.



WHEN the American colonies rose in their wrath and shook off the trammels of the mother country, the surging enthusiasms and aspirations of the whole of Europe were set free, and social shackles that had bound for centuries were thrown aside for a new ideal. That period is called the "age of revolution," and the new ideal is the ideal of 'Liberty,' beautiful in its conception, inspiring in its thought and compelling in its realization. It was not alone in political circles that the dream of liberty was realized; for a new era in literature was born also, in which liberty of thought and freedom of expression were just as much the aspired ideals

of the minds of the literati, as civil independence possessed the minds of the reformers of state polity.

The strict rigor of classicism, gripped in its iron bounds the minds of the poets before this renaissance of wonder; long travelled roads were followed, and imitation and narrowness were the inevitable results. But with the birth of civil liberty, came the birth of literary freedom. The original and picturesque was sought; "nature as the unschooled desire would seek it," was striven after. This was Romanticism, a departure from all laws, a law unto itself; its essence was "that literature should reflect all that is spontaneous and unaffected in nature, and be free to follow its own fancy in its own way." Criticism and abuse were heaped upon this new school, yet it added a richness and a bloom to language; noble sympathies and keen sensibilities for the deeper meanings of nature, and a better and wiser human understanding for the manifestations of God's own beauty. "Priests of nature" were the Romantic poets called; and truly were they so, for all

Found tongues in trees, books in the running
brooks,
Sermons in stones, and good in everything.

In the long list of illustrious poets who enriched the English literature during the period of Romanticism, there are a few whose fame stands out prominently and who exercised greater influence on their contemporaries and on those who came after them. These few are: Wordsworth, Coleridge, Scott, Byron, Shelley and Keats; though the first three are deserving of the greatest pre-eminence, for they were the blazers of the trail, while the last three were in a sense imitators who sometimes were lost amid the mazes of the woods, and trampled aimlessly through the

marshes ere they returned again to the roads that wended along with graceful curves, but always within the bounds of soberness and propriety.

When one reads Wordsworth for the first time, he experiences a vague, ill-defined disappointment, which is best explained by the absolute simplicity of his diction and occasional lack of melody and rhythm, which, in a Romanticist we hardly expect; yet in general he has a charming freshness and delicacy of thought and a tender expression that is exceptionally touching.

The most obvious and impressive feature of his poetry is the spirit of nature that permeated his whole being and overflowed through his pen. The misty lakes, the sylvan bowers, and above all, the inspiring beauty of the wild flowers, led him into passionate raptures of happiness and love, and he draws from them a contemplative, serious lesson, that is relieved by exquisite touches of quiet pathos. Unlike most of the great poets of nature,—Burns, Keats and Tennyson,—who show us the outward appearances of nature bringing us her mere external beauty, Wordsworth gives us her life, her beauty underneath the gloss of rarest colors and forms. He brings *us* to nature, not *nature* to us. Wordsworth was in love with nature; he saw in it the reflection of his own soul; and in his poems of sentiment and reflection,—of which "The Excursion" is the best,—he joins a perfect truth to nature in his images and descriptions, with a deep and subtle thought and eminent imaginative power.

Closely connected with Wordsworth and always associated with him is Coleridge. Though his contributions to Romantic poetry are comparatively few, yet they are as precious to the language as the flowers to a summer garden. Coleridge recognized two cardinal points to poetry and strove with all the poetic ardor of his soul to realize those points, and to know how well he succeeded one need only read "Christabel." The essentials of poetry, he says, are "the power of exciting the imagination of the reader by faithful adherence to the truth of nature, and the power of giving the interest of novelty by the modifying colors of the imagination." His was the most original imagination among minds whose chief ambition was originality; and throughout his poems there is a tone of romantic delicacy and some-

times melancholy, that is glorified by constant touches of religious awe, a natural passion tempered by holiness, that pours itself out with greatest ardor when associated with tender sympathies for external nature. His taste is as pure as human judgment can make it; his "nervous precision of language" a delightful discovery.

Some of his images may be obscure, though this is not due to any fault of his diction, but rather to the hazy conception he had of them. They floated in the obscure light of a half-veiled moon, they were dreams whose real beauty could not be caught by other minds. One of his later works, "The Dark Ladye," is perhaps the most tender and romantic love-poem ever written, but the unfinished "Christabel" is his supreme monument to himself, and when we have read it, we lay it aside to take up Scott's poems for the continuation of the same mysterious adventures that charm us by their original conception and their exquisite fancies. There is one point, however, in which Scott differs from Coleridge. The latter's romances are woven out of "such stuff as dreams are made of," while Scott's romances have a more mundane setting.

Ruskin calls Scott the "epitome of his epoch," and a comparison of his contemporaries verifies this statement. But there is one phase of his poetry that asserts itself much more strongly than all others; and if we imagine the chivalric ages peopled with heroic characters and clothed with romantic scenes, we may justly call Scott the "historiographer royal of feudalism." The most real romantic scene became only romantic for him when he had filled it with the people of his imagination and the life of a vanished age. He ennobled the historic past, and appealed to his nation's sympathies by recalling the spectacular and more particularly the military side of generations long passed. Patriotism and attachment to place were his only deep emotions, yet it has been said that Scott's love and enjoyment of nature is incomparably greater than that of any other poet. Some critics object to this statement, and say that the story is the only redemption of his poetry.

Scott did not take his cares to nature, philosophizing and drawing all manner of lessons from her contemplation, for his love for her

is entirely humble and unselfish. He does not regard her as dead or merely material, nor altered by his own feelings; but as having an animation and pathos of her own, as being powerful as the human soul. He is not concerned with analysis and description alone, but he feels intensely and makes us feel the same passions which sprung up in him. The power of a master in any art is known by his power of self-annihilation; thus in reading his poetry we do not see or hear Scott, but view and listen to the souls of past ages and the voices of God's sweet nature. Scott is inherently sad, and throughout all his poetry we hear the faint, far-away Aeolian knell that brightens his flashes of joy and love because of the chrysaline film of tears through which we see them.

Passing now from those poets who sought in wild, undeveloped nature, and in the glamor of picturesque pageants of chivalry, the expression of the finer emotions of the soul, we come to those whose natural sentimental inclinations led them into irregular rhapsodies of the passionate emotions of the heart. Chief among these latter is Byron—proud, vain, discontented, sentimental lord of Newstead Abbey.

There are two distinct natures revealed in Byron's poetry; one an inspiring, noble devotion to all that is good and beautiful and true; the other an unsatisfied desire for unrestrained life and the leveling of all social distinctions; passionate desires that descended to the lowest level of immorality. His was the voice that took up the cry of the ignoble multitude, and expressed their discontent at the failure of the French Revolution to inaugurate an entirely free pantocracy. It is this phase of his poetry that is better left unread, for we do not have to submit to the demoralizing influences of degenerate passion in order to cull the sweets and beauties of any art. Yet with all his faults, Byron possessed a poetic feeling of nature which he expressed with such stirring rhythm that we are caught by its musical tone, and made to feel as he felt, to smile with his laughter, to grow sorrowful with his tears. His sense and appreciation of the beautiful was excelled by few and his combination of passion with beauty by none, for the depth and ardor of his impassioned strength were relieved and at the same time intensified by variations from vehemence to pathos. His "Hours of Idleness" reveals the man, and is full of ex-

quisite lyrics of love and despair, but most of his characters are but the tiresome repetition of himself.

In a sense Shelley is but a reflection of Byron, yet like the burning glass which increases the rays of the noonday sun, he intensifies the heat of ardent passion, adding new strength to natural beauty. Like that of Byron, his poetry falls into two classes. His purpose was to overthrow existing institutions, and reform society after his own heart. "Queen Mab" and "The Revolt of Islam" are abusive diatribes against government and religion and even God Himself. But when we read "Alaster" or "Adonais" we see the beauty of his love and intermittent goodness; we behold his soul unveiled to us in its necessity for companionship; we see him wandering aimlessly about, following a vague and beautiful ideal, eternally sad, forever unsatisfied, and our heart goes out to the man whose ideal was too far above him to be ever attained even in its simplest form. Shelley was a genius of lyric poetry; his odes are ethereally beautiful, full of dazzling images and sympathetic sentiments.

Keats is the last of the pure Romanticists, and by some considered the most perfect. Scott's ambition was to unite a deep love of nature with the glamor of chivalry; Wordsworth's endeavor was to draw a lesson from nature as he saw it; Byron and Shelley labored in the pursuit of a visionary ideal; but Keats lived apart from society and politics, content to worship beauty in his own way; to give us his heart; to tell us what he saw and what he dreamed; to leave us himself, and to be judged accordingly. Philosophy and politics, he considered a restraint upon poetry, and he asks:

Do not all charms fly
At the mere touch of cold philosophy?

Keats' poems are the dreams of immature youth, devoid of deep thought or knowledge of human nature; still they are the rapturous voices of youthful sentiment that throve amid worlds of divinely beautiful unrealities.

These poets are the soul of the Romantic movement in English poetry; and though there are others whose contributions to poetic art have given a finish and beauty to our language beyond all full power of appreciation, it is to these earlier poets that they point as the spirit of their inspiration.

Varsity Verse.

A PARODY.

NE'ER in a summer night
 Has Slumber's chain yet bound me,
 But insects flying light
 Keep whizzing all around me;
 They dart and veer,
 But won't stay near
 To get their bodies broken;
 They light upon,
 And then are gone,
 And leave a bloody token!
 Thus in a summer night
 Ere Slumber's chain hath bound me,
 Mosquitoes flying light
 Keep buzzing all around me.

B. E.

UNKNOWN.

We all have heard of Sorin
 And Walsh we know quite well,
 And Corby too is advertised,
 Of it we need not tell.
 The bards of Brownson likewise
 Have brought their hall renown;
 And Carroll's sturdy youngsters
 Will win some kind of crown.
 But there are some close by us
 Whom no bard sings at all,
 The lusty "Knights of the Highway,"
 In Rockefeller Hall.

B. W.

BANG DIN.

You can be of blame good cheer that you're quartered
 safe out 'ere,
 Ard gettin' three square meals an' one clean bed
 'Cause if you'd 'ave wot you'd ought ter,
 You'd be haulin' 'ay an' water,
 To an elephant 'ats never bin well fed.
 Now fer instance if your dad, said: "Look 'ere,
 my precious lad,
 I 'ope this schoolin's 'elped to fill your bean,
 'Cause you'll 'ave to bid adoo and come down a
 peg or two,
 For my bank account is 'opelessly banged in.
 It's banged in, in, in, an' you've got to keep yourself
 from growin' thin."
 Why, you'd work your bloomin' 'ead off, for any
 bloke you fed off,
 And be whinin' to git back where you 'ad bin.

F. H.

George Baxter, Inventor.

FRANK H. BOOS, '15.

"Say, what the deuce is that thing on the roof of the gymnasium?" asked Red Mullin of Charles Allen as they were sitting on the west bank of the St. Joseph river just where it bends around St. Mary's College.

"Whatcha talkin' about?" demanded Allen, looking up the bank.

"Don't you see that thing on the St. Mary's gymnasium? See, that thing up there on the roof."

"Oh, that," replied Allen, following Mullin's pointing finger; "don't you honestly know what that is? Say, boy, where have you been the last few weeks? That thing up there is a wireless station, or at least it was until they put it on the hummer."

"A wireless station? What's it for?" asked Mullin, slightly surprised.

"Sure! Whatcha lookin' so surprised for? Ain't you ever heard about this St. Mary's wireless? You ain't? Say, this is the year Nineteen Twelve, you know. Huh! Never heard of it? You're a peach, you are," and Charles leaned back against the grass in disgust.

Red Mullin frowned, took another look at the roof of the gymnasium where a tiny, skeleton tower pointed toward's the sky, and shook his head.

"I bite. What's the gag? Never even knew that St. Mary's had a wireless station. When was it installed?"

"Gee, Mullin, you're some up-to-date guy, all right. I suppose you never even knew that Notre Dame had one too, did you?"

"Oh, I heard about that, but not until all the noise was over. Who put it up, and what was it put up for?"

Allen, still disgusted, lit his pipe and spat into the river some feet below. He enjoyed showing his superior knowledge, so did not answer until the bell sounded across from the campus.

"Red," he began, tilting his cap down over his eyes and stretching his legs, "there is only one person in this entire world of ours who could possible think of such a thing as opening communication between St. Mary's and Notre Dame by wireless. I give you three guesses. Who is he?"

"George Baxter!" said Mullin with an air of certainty.

"Right-o, the first crack! The great George Marconi Edison Baxter, E. E. Aw! don't look so elated. Anyone could have guessed that. If I was as behind the times as you are, I'd make a steady diet of ginger and red pepper."

"Nix! nix!" said Mullin with his characteristic grin; "never mind what I oughta eat. What I want to know is, why did Baxter bother his bean about connecting St. Mary's and N. D. with wireless? He must have had a reason or he wouldn't have done it."

"Yep," answered Allen slowly, "he had a reason, all right, and a darned good one too. Says he has a friend from his town over there."

"What? Aw, come again!"

"Straight! Honest as a fisherman's scales! Yep, that's his reason."

"Come again, will you? Who'd know this Baxter, for mud's sakes?"

"Here, don't be runnin' down the fellow's personal looks. I know he ain't what you'd really call an Appolo, but he's got the bean and that's all's necessary."

"Gosh, that's a good one! Why, I never saw him talk to a maiden in all his life!" said Mullin with a short laugh.

"Maybe not; but he knows this señorita from his town, I'll tell you. She was classy too; and her name was Poppy Some-thing-or-other."

"Poppy? That's a funny one. Was she red-headed?"

"Sh-h! That's raw wit. Now listen. Just to show you how far behind the times you really are, I'm goin' ter ask you a little question."

"Fire away."

"Have you noticed them two wireless towers that was just put up down the Main Drag?"

"What do you mean? Those two wooden towers that look like flagpoles on the way down to the city? Those two you can see from the car?"

"Exactly. Gosh, you're a little more awake than I thought you were. Yep, those are the two wireless towers I'm speaking of."

"Well, where do they come in, and when are you goin' to tell me about this station at St. Mary's?" demanded Mullin with a sign of impatience.

"Say, will you shut up? Who's tellin' this little tale, you or me? Where do they come in? Well, they're in all the time and they

were the direct cause for the final c'struction of the N. D. and St. M's wireless connections."

"For the love of Mike, go ahead and tell me, will you?" said Mullin, whose curiosity was getting the better of him.

Allen refilled his pipe with exasperating deliberation, found and struck a match as slowly as he possibly could, leaned back against the dried leaves and grass of the river bank, then answered the impatient Mullin.

"Here goes for the whole story; but first of all, let me make you promise never to breathe a word of this to anyone. Do you promise?"

"Sure thing. Go ahead."

"All right. Remember that when you feel inclined to blab, and stow away the scueel stuff forever. Now George Baxter, knowing this here swell young lady, naturally has a desire ter correspond with her, which, as you know, the authorities won't stand for. And very properly to my superior judgment. Now George don't like this, so he sits down and thinks out a plan by which he and his friend could have a little chat whenever they pleased. Right off the reel this wireless idea struck him, and it wasn't half a week before he had it all doped out and planned and calculated so that he could go to work on it as soon as the Christmas holidays were over. As soon as he got back, he went straight over to his room in the shops and got down to busiress. Say, what that guy don't know about, ain't; that's all. Old Marconi hisself couldn't have planned the thing any nicer than Baxter did.

"At first he wouldn't put me wise to what he was doin', but finally, bein' as I was his oldest and truest friend in the University, he slipped me a little of the side information and let me onto his gag. Wow, but it was complicated. Did you ever have anything to do with anything that was connected with a wireless? If you didn't, then don't, that's all. For the first few days my bean was so full of receivers and coherers and terminals and transmitters and electromagnetic waves and electrodes that I talked like a short-course E. E. man the night before the final tests. And George, well, he was in his glory right in the middle of an awful mess of wires and batteries and coils and junk. It took him just a little over a week to have the whole thing done, and it was the tiniest, littlest thing you ever saw.

"Now there was one thing about this doin's

that bothered me. How in the name of Uncle Sam was he goin' to get one half of the machine installed in the City Beautiful across from us? Bein' in the gloom, I asked him one night, and he ups and laughs at me. It was as easy as dodging a prefect, sez he, and sets me down while he explains. Now it seems that this sixth cousin of his is some smart person also. George had visited at her home durin' the Xmas holidays and had given her all the instructions that were needed about installin' it, and also she had promised to learn the Morse code so that they could do their speilin' fast and easy. Yep, she had some head all right.

"Well, now comes the difficulty of gettin' the stuff over without it bein' spotted and confiscated. You know, it'd have been the can sure if they had got next to his and her doin's, but they were both slick enough to get away with it. One evenin', just as I was comin' out from supper, up runs George with a shoe box under his arm and a smile on his map and invites me to take a little trip over to adjacent territory. He said he wanted to deliver the machine, and, as I was pretty anxious to know how he was goin' to arrange it, I pikes along with him. About five minutes after George had dropped his precious box full of wireless instruments over the fence, it was carried off. The cousin from home got the machine O. K.

"Just how Miss Poppy installed that machine has always been a prime wonder to me. But there are mysteries that even I can't fathom. It only took Baxter one rec. night to install his half of the outfit. I helped him do it. We went over to Cartier field flagpole and he clum to the top of the darned thing and put up the wires and fixin's. The way the old guy hid them wires so as no one could find them as wasn't lookin' for them was a wonder, and, since he carried the transmitter and receiver along with him in a little wooden box, there was no danger of his bein' found out, especially since he intended to send all his messages, when nobody was around.

"I was over there when he sent his first message, and say, I never saw a happier man in all my life! Happy? Well, Montgomery and Stone were a pair of undertakers besides him that night. They wirelesslyed for an hour with me doin' the sentry act so that no one would sneak up and get next to the gag. Not bein' next to the Morse talk, I was in the dark about

what they were sayin', but it seemed to tickle George, so it was all right. Some girl, eh? A regular female Baxter!

"Well, they talked occasionally together, with me on the dog watch all the time, until I got to grow mighty tired of it. It wasn't interestin' enough for me. To sit and listen to an idiotic series of dots and dashes is as thrillin' as an afternoon at a W. C. T. U. meetin'. It got so as it bored me, and I can't stand to be bored."

Here Charles Allen stopped to relight his long-since-gone-out pipe and take a short rest. Mullin, who had been all interest, leaned back and sighed as he looked at the whirling, eddying, oily river that flowed below him. During the pause he found time to look at the little tower on the gymnasium more closely. The more he looked, the more it dawned on his mind that this Baxter was a sure enough genius and a fellow to be honored. By this time Allen had his pipe going again and had started his story.

"Now comes the big bust-up, the grand noise, the fiery finale. Keep them auditory openin's of yours as wide open as you can and pay the strictest attention. Remember those two wireless towers I spoke about a few minutes ago? Them two you can see on your way down to the city, I mean. Well, they are the cause of all the trouble and misfortune. I don't know whose runnin' them two towers and who they belong to, but they certainly got old Baxter in awfully wrong. Now listen, it was all like this.

"One day last month, George and me, as was our custom, went over to the flagpole and set up the apparatus. After he had been talkin' with the lady for about two minutes I heard him give a loud cuss, and, naturally runnin' over ter see what was the matter, he told me that his girl had abused him roundly. About a minute later he wirelesslyed her again. This time he said that she had accused him of cussin' which he hadn't done I know, for George is a gentleman. There follows all kinds of mix-ups and cross messages as if somebody was buttin' in somewhere.

"Finally he could stand the strain no longer and disconnected the line with a jerk that threatened to ruin the whole kaboodle. Then he and I did the piker act around the campus for half an hour, George sullen and hot and mutterin' to himself, me tryin' to keep from

gigglin' and thankin' my stars that he didn't see me grin. After his wrath had scemewhat boiled down, we went back to our flagpole and started talkin' to St. Mary's again. A loud clickin' of the keys and a long, drawn-out curse told me that the young lady was still callin' him names which he didn't like. He tried to get her to quit, but she kept right on with the abuse.

"Then the big bust came. Miss Poppy Who-ever-she-is angrily informed old George that unless he apologize for his behavior, he needn't call her up any more. He wired back that she was no lady. They wrangled a bit, keepin' the keys goin' so fast that I was afraid they'd get a hot-box, but the climax came and George disconnected with machine with one yank of his hand. Then he had the exquisite satisfaction of kickin' the receiver all over the baseball diamond and scatterin' the works all over the lot. My, he was some mad! I tell you, I stayed as far away from little irate George as I could without appearin' yellow. And when there wasn't anything left of the machine to kick, he began backbitin' old Mr. Marconi and all his tribe of wireless operators and ended with threats of horrible vengeance against poor old Mr. Morse who had been so unfortunate as to invent the first telegraph and who has been under the granite for years and years.

"The thing puzzled us for a week. He began to feel sorry for what he had done after a few days. It began to worry me for some reason or other. I didn't like to see my old friend pine away, so I scouted around and tried to get to call on Miss Poppy. I had about as much chance as Indiana had in the debate; and I found it out darned 'quick, too, when I interviewed the sister at the door of the main parlor. I came back a wiser man with a wilted collar and a bunch of injured feelin's. And so the thing went on for a week, gettin' worse and worse all the time. It certainly was some mystery all right. Why, we got so we didn't even dare to smile in Baxter's presence, he was so downcast.

"Finally, to loosen up the suspense a little and let you breathe a bit easier, George comes back from town one day, scoots right up to my room and grabs me in his arms like I was his long-lost brother. He had solved the mystery! When I had hammered him a bit by way of concentratin' his mind and calmed him

down with a glass or two of water, he gave me the details between gasps and whoops. It was them two bloody wireless stations you see on your way to town! You know, the wireless waves travel in all directions. This enabled these South Benders to hear what he and Miss Poppy were sayin' to each other, and also gave George a chance to get their conversation, but he didn't have the chance. Evidently it was all intended to be a joke. When they heard him and his friend talkin' through the air, they got the mischievous bug and wanted to break it up; hence the fluent flow of aerial abuse. Yep, it was them, not Miss Poppy at all. George thought it was Poppy, and she thought it was George. Some mix-up, eh? It was kinder a mean trick on the part of these here South Bend guys, but they didn't know where the voices were comin' from, so didn't give a royal whoop. Anyhow, their little joke busted up a nice, cute little idyll, for when Baxter beats it over to St. Mary's again, he was politely informed to betake himself the way he came. It was a stiff joint, but George stood up and took his medicine like a man, although he was bound he was goin' down and give them two South Bend fellers the fight of their lives for buttin' in.

"Nope, I don't suppose Baxter'll do anything more with any wireless dope. I kinder knocked the heart out of him and made him hate Mr. Marconi with an unreasonable hate. What's he doin' now, did you say? Well, I don't know for sure, but he's got somethin' up his sleeve. He wrote away yesterday askin' the price of radium from a New York chemist. Gosh, if he ever gets any of that stuff, I'm goin' to quit this place while I'm still breathin'. An inventor with radium is like a cigarette snipe in gunpowder. Gosh, if George Baxter comes back again next year, I won't. Since I've known him, I've had my life insured in three different companies; but, somehow or other, I think I'm too young to die. Wow, if he ever gets that radium! Keep your eye on him. To go in them shops when he's in there is plain suicide, that's all; and your blood be upon your head. Red, old boy, let's mosey back to the U. It's almost supper time, and I'm hungry."

RELIGION is to Society what cement is to the building: it makes all parts compact and secure.—*Cardinal Gibbons.*

Poet of the Poor.

L. P. TOMCZAK, '14.

The world—it is a wilderness,
Where tears are hung on every tree.

This distich is the heart of Hood's poetry. Tears are the outpourings of a heart that feels inhumanities and oppressions; they are the forerunners of all that bespeak sympathy and love; and his heart was a tender flower which every breath would tarnish. What the world does and how it does it, appeals so much to this author of the poor that he does not think it dishonorable to suffer for the needy and oppressed, nor to voice a message of justice and love in a style both musical and sublime.

Man becomes stubborn at commands and harsh censures, but is made gentle by a heart talk. He loves to speak from the heart, and no speech will captivate him more than one that comes from the heart. Hood is a poet of the heart: his influence is widespread. In defence of purity and justice, sincerity and innocence, he forgets self, sacrifices all honors, and like another John, in a whispering voice, exhorts men to righteousness. It is a noble uplift and noble is its reward. No one can read the "Song of the Shirt" or "The Lay of the Laborer" and not experience a tender pity for the poor; nor can any one read "The Bridge of Sighs" without bearing away a noble idea.

O men, with sisters dear!

O men, with mothers and wives!

It is not linen you're wearing out,

But human creatures' lives!

If our sweetest moments are also our saddest, then Hood does no wrong when he makes us weep and laugh. If poetry consists of the happiest and best moments of the best and happiest minds, Hood has certainly merited a great name in literature, for we laugh and weep while music plays. "The Bridge of Sighs" is exceptionally musical; "The Lay of the Laborer" is sympathetic, and the power to move is in every line. And this power is always used for good; because instead of creating a spirit of pessimism, instead of tearing down, it awakens the springs of human emotion and makes us love life and bear with its grief.

Why do buds ope except to die?

Ay, let us watch the roses wither

And think of our love's cheeks,

And, O how quickly time doth fly

And bring death's winter hither.

"Dion and the Sibyls."

JOHN C. KELLEY, '13.

A book with such a title as "Dion and the Sibyls," upon whose front cover is stamped a reproduction of a Roman coin, hardly needs a sub-title to let us know that it is a story dealing with life in Ancient Rome.

It is said that a story has for its object either the teaching of a moral or the pleasing of the reader. The power of the Christian religion is shown forth in the life of Dionysius—or Dion as he is called for brevity's sake. The story is a tale of life in Rome at the beginning of the Christian era. At the court of Augustus Caesar there is a Greek faction which is almost as influential as the Roman faction. The court-life is full of plots and intrigues. Dionysius of Athens, a young philosopher, has come to Rome to study the Sibylline books. There he meets Paulus Aemilius Lepidus, a Roman noble by descent but a Greek by birth and education. Paulus has been endeavoring to recover his father's estate which had been confiscated. Dion assists Paulus in his lawsuits and the two become firm friends. Dion is convinced that the Person who claimed to be the Son of God is truly the Messiah. He converts Paulus and his mother and sister to the same belief—as much by his good life as by his irrefutable arguments. After having shared many dangers, the Lepidii and Dion go to France to live.

One will find that this is the story of the book, if enough interest can be aroused to enable one to peruse the four hundred and seventy-five pages. It is doubtful if a person who lacks an education in the classics will care to read past the opening chapter of "Dion and the Sibyls." The references to Ovid, Nepos, Catullus and Mæcenas show that the author knows some of the great Roman writers. But would the average reader know that Niebuhr was not a Roman historian? Not likely. Yet he is mentioned along with Livy and Tacitus. A short panegyric of Livy is given which might be apt in a freshman Latin class but not in a novel intended for the public. To one who has had a classical education, the references are more intelligible. One gets the impression from this first chapter that the author is trying to condense the history of

Rome within a dozen or so pages. The first sentence of the book gives the date of the story. The remainder of the chapter could have been eliminated without loss.

Even a student of the classics will expect something more in a story than erudition. Who has read Homer and has not become interested in the lives which he so cleverly portrays? He relates the deeds of men who lived long ago, but so vividly does he describe his characters that they seem to be of the present age, they have so many qualities like the people around us have. The classic student looks for these qualities in "Dion and the Sibyls," but he does not find them.

The second chapter contains the beginning of the story. Paulus Lepidus, his mother and sister are met on the road near Formiae by Tiberius Cæsar. Many historical personages are introduced to the reader. Some Greek words are inserted in the narrative without any apparent necessity. The dress of the Lepidii is described minutely. The familiarity of the author with the uniforms of the various military ranks shows deep research work. But the average reader cares not for detailed descriptions if the characters do not live in the printed word.

The author never forgets that he is writing a story. He is self-conscious and his work is marred by artificiality. His references are authentic. A fear of the carping critics paralyzed his pen and made his characters like the pawns upon a chessboard. For fear some critic might question his references to ancient customs, he gives his sources of information. Even anachronisms are noticed and apologized for. The writer assures his reader (on page 449): "We feel the sincerest contempt for any mere display of scholarship or learning." The use of the editorial "we" is frequent. It mars the continuity of the story. The reader is sharply reminded that this story, unlike so many others, does not flow from the pen of the writer as if he must tell the tale, but seems rather to be a story which of itself could not exist. In chapter twenty-six, when about to relate some proof of the Resurrection of Christ, the author says: "We are going in one moment to relate that occurrence, and we must here request the reader to grant us his full belief and confidence." After two or three pages of explanation the occurrence is related. The author promises to "almost dis-

encumber our narrative of references to the ancient writers and recondite documents." This is near the end of the story. Yet this daring step is taken not from a lack of authorities, but because the facts are so well known as to need no proof. The writer assures his reader that if he were to show "how abundantly such (profane) testimony corroborates and supplements the inspired account, this book would cease to be what it aims at being and would become a historical treatise of the German criticism school." (pp. 449, 450). In the same place he says: "Satisfied, therefore, with the footnotes below (at which the reader will oblige us by just glancing) we will avoid boring those who have a right to, and who expect the conclusion of a straightforward story at our hands."

The story lacks atmosphere. Mere names do not make characters, and all the names in a text-book of ancient history could not make a reader feel that he is back in ancient ages again. An unfortunate allusion to Mr. Pickwick in chapter nineteen brings the reader's mind back to the nineteenth century. References in the narrative itself to modern writers dispel any illusion that the reader may have formed.

The preface to the new edition (1871), which is unsigned, says: "'Dion and the Sibyls' comes into direct comparison with 'Ben-Hur.'" The comparison is not so favorable to "Dion." "Dion" is sounder in thought. But "Ben-Hur" surpasses in interest, invention, and description. At times it seems as if Paulus were the hero of "Dion and the Sibyls;" never for an instant do we doubt who is the hero of "Ben-Hur." The taming of the horse in the arena is named as one of the passages "of wonderful power" in "Dion"; it is not so dramatic as the chariot race in "Ben-Hur."

The student of the classics will seek in vain for those qualities in "Dion and the Sibyls" that make a book decidedly readable. The average person will not care to read through pages in which English, Latin, Greek and French words are scattered rather generously. "Dion and the Sibyls" may hardly be called a successful novel, in the sense of making a wide appeal.

JESUS is the representative man of all mankind: the true type of all honour, of all excellence, of all that is to be admired, loved, imitated and worshipped.—*Rev. Henry Formby.*

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—Last evening with song and prayer we bade good-bye to the month of May. There is always a quickening of memory in our May devotions.

The church with the pictures and pillars to which we have grown familiar; the statue of the Blessed Virgin lighted with candles and made rich with flowers; the sermons in which the old familiar truths we love are brought back to us—the whole setting awakens visions and dreams. We think of the many feet now forever motionless that walked in the May procession; we think of the tongues that uttered praise in human speech and song that are now in dust, songless and silent; we think of the ears that heard and now hear no more; we think of the many who have come and gone—priests, religious, students, teachers—and will not again stand within the great church in any future Maytime. And there comes also the thought that when the next May comes around only some of those who witnessed the closing exercises last evening will be here then. Our graduates of this year will be solving their life's problem elsewhere holding this Notre Dame of ours large and bright in their memories. Some of us will be here; some will be elsewhere, for each September brings its lists of absent ones. Yet we hope that the devotions we took part in during the month of Mary will prove fruitful of strength in the years that are still ahead.

—We have so firmly established our supremacy in an athletic way in the state of Indiana, that some of our collegiate rivals were prone to fear for our welfare intellectually.

Our Record in Debate. It is not proper for the victor to boast, but we feel that under the circumstances we may be pardoned if we call attention publicly to the record of our debating teams of the present year. We have won from both Wabash and Indiana, both schools represented by teams with years of experience. Without exception every member of our representation made his initial appearance in intercollegiate debate. Our opponents proved themselves very clever, and very forcible debaters. Any person who heard the Wabash team here or the Indiana team at Bloomington will feel convinced that the West does not send out many stronger representatives. Hence the reason for self-congratulation.

Notre Dame occupies a place in the field of debate which, as far as we know, has never been equalled by any other institution. Our debaters have been adjudged winners in nineteen different contests and of defeats we have had only one. We are very proud of our record and congratulate the debaters of this year that they have added to its lustre. They have kept alive a tradition which is too splendid for carelessness or supine indifference to let fall by the way.

—One of the most gratifying tributes that can be paid to the honor of a college is the spirit of loyalty which is shown by the Alumni.

The Spirit of the Alumni. Any distinction which comes to a college can not be the result of an immediate effort of its own.

It must seek its glory in the loyalty of its graduates. While the college is directly responsible for its alumni and the spirit thereof, yet the alumni not only reflect the virtues of their college and proclaim them within the entire scope of their influence, but they actually determine the prestige which their college is to exercise. These facts were impressed upon us with pleasant emphasis when the baseball team visited the East. They were greeted on every side with the welcome and cordiality of old Notre Dame men who still retained their strong affection for Alma Mater and who bent their best efforts to recall the spirit of their

days and enliven those of the present. In Boston, Providence, New York and Washington the local clubs were most enthusiastic in the entertainment of our representatives, and manifested such zeal as to make us proud of them and more proud of our Alma Mater. We can realize in the presence of such a spirit that our college is well worthy of whatever affection we may bestow upon it. We realize that ours is a great school, a school deserving of our staunchest loyalty. The baseball team, too, realized this and returned with victory. When the Alumni are strong in their memory and affection there need be no fear for the glory of the school, and when the spirit of the school is alive the students and the Alumni will always make it the object of their devotion. The Alumni of the East are to be thanked and congratulated. The fact that the school turns out men so loyal to herself and her ideals is a sure proof that she is rendering useful service.

—Older than our modern system of collegiate athletics is the custom of singing college songs. Each school has its own, so to speak, battle

hymns which serve to stimulate the feeling that the fights of a team are the battles of the school and of the students, and which by inspiring the mind of the students make them aware of the intimate relation that binds their friends, themselves, and the institution in one bond of interest. Notre Dame is not backward in this respect. She has her songs of encouragement and of victory, lyrics intended to urge on the struggling athlete or to sing the praises of our Alma Mater. We have one very creditable Notre Dame song by Mr. Schwab ('02); the words have the true lyric feeling and the musical setting is singularly well suited to the words. There are other songs too which may be sung at games and on festive occasions. The surest way to get familiar with the words and music is to have our University songs rendered by all the students as often as this can be done with propriety. Many times the wait before lectures or concerts or before any public entertainment could be usefully filled up by singing any one of our college songs. The custom begun of singing them at all college functions in Washington hall will make the songs more popular and will quicken interest in a movement to have them sung on other public occasions.

Decoration Day.

The usual impressive exercises in honor of the men who gave their lives for the Union were held here at Notre Dame last Thursday, Decoration day. All attended mass, which was celebrated by Father O'Donnell, and then went to Washington hall where the Governor's proclamation was read by Mr. Thomas A. Dockweiler '12. Lincoln's Gettysburg Address was recited by Mr. John F. O'Connell '13, and several patriotic songs were sung by the audience.

Colonel William Hoynes, K. S. G., delivered the address of the day. In a stirring speech he called to mind the deeds and sacrifices of the men of the sixties. The Colonel is himself an old soldier, having gone to the front when he was still a mere boy. He fought on the side of the blue to preserve the Union when the country needed staunch defenders. Hence no one has a greater right by virtue of his position and services to speak to us on Memorial Day than this distinguished member of our Faculty. One noticed the fires of the soldier quicken to life as the speaker recalled old scenes and old glories when men fought for a high cause under the purest of patriotic motives. He told of the good, brave men of the sixties. He told of the brave men of the Congregation of Holy Cross who went to the front to serve as soldiers or chaplains, of the Sisters of Holy Cross who went as nurses and inspired the men with greater ardor and nobler ambitions, and lastly of the student members of the guard, as the Notre Dame battalion of that day was called, who joined the Union army and gave their quota of dead and wounded on many battlefields. The Colonel expressed himself as confident that in a similar emergency the members of the present battalion of Notre Dame would respond as cheerfully and nobly to their country's call as did the students of those days.

After the exercises in Washington hall a review of the battalion was held on the Brownson campus, following which the companies were marched to the flag staff where Old Glory was raised while the band played "The Star Spangled Banner" and the soldiers stood at *present-arms*. After the hoisting of the flag the battalion was dismissed for the year. The memorial exercises of this year were singularly impressive.

Varsity Teams Win Both Debates.

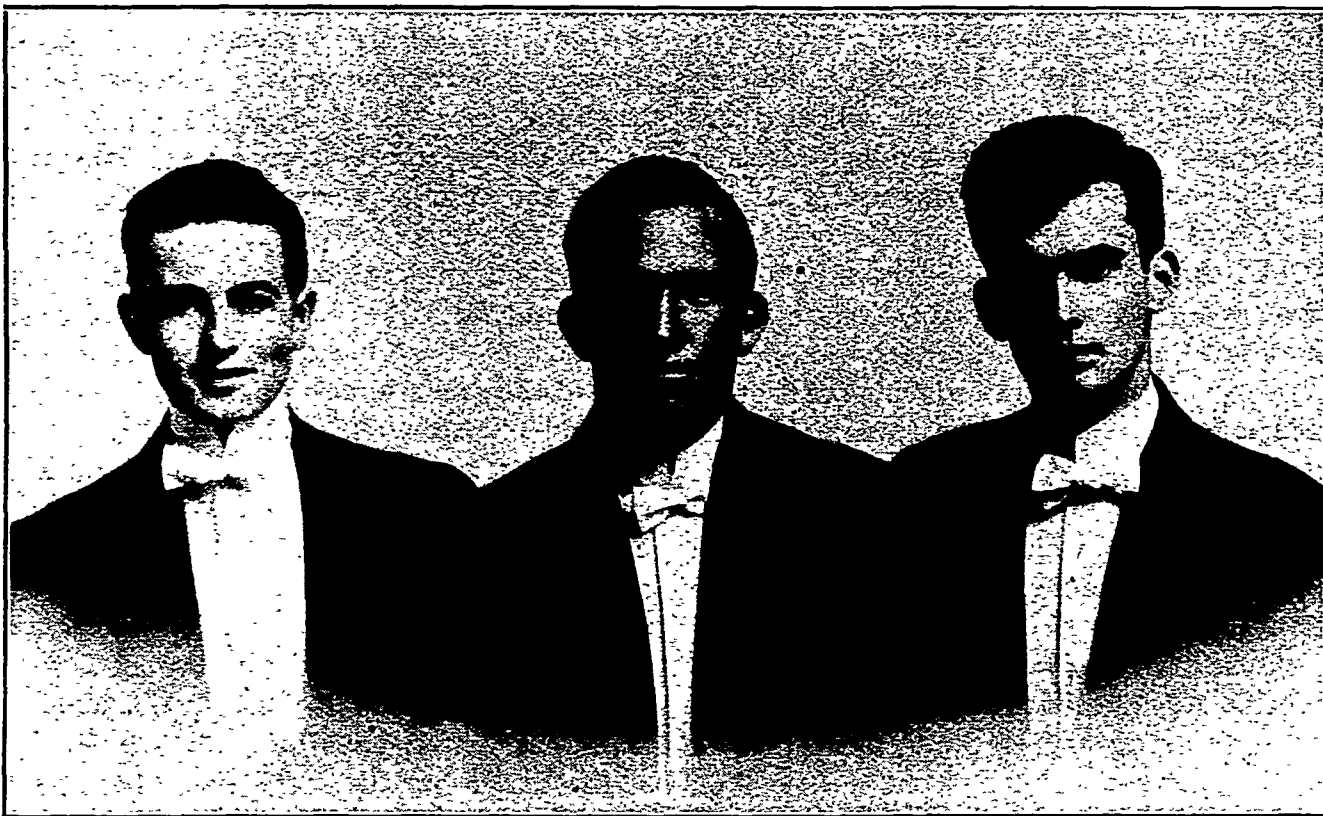
OVER WABASH HERE.

Teams representing Notre Dame and Wabash in the triangular league between Notre Dame, Wabash and Indiana battled in Washington hall a week ago last Friday night. Our team, consisting of Messrs. John T. Burns, William A. Fish and Emmett G. Linehan, was awarded the unanimous decision of the judges over the Wabash team, consisting of Messrs. R. Worth Frank, Eugene M. Goodbar, and H. G. Neff.

In point of delivery the Notre Dame debaters appeared to greater advantage than did their

continuing the argument, gave examples of the successful trials of federal control made by other nations. He showed that the states have proved themselves unequal to the task of controlling vast corporations; and met and refuted the argument of the negative by showing that the states would not be deprived of their police power and that the plan of federal control was an idea of the framers of the Constitution, rejected solely because it was not considered necessary, at that time, and not because it would deprive the states of too much power.

Mr. Linehan closed the argument for the affirmative side with a speech deserving of



EMMETT G. LINEHAN

WILLIAM A. FISH

JOHN T. BURNS

opponents as their oratory was more forcible and persuasive. Mr. Neff was the strongest member of the visiting team in both delivery and argument.

Mr. Burns, the first speaker on the affirmative side, opened the debate by stating clearly the issue, *i. e.*, whether we should have a single exclusive control or a dual control of corporations engaged in interstate business. He then proceeded to enumerate the evils of the present system of dual control, such as stock-watering, over-capitalization, etc., and closed by a concise explanation of the plan of exclusive control as advocated by the affirmative.

The second affirmative speaker, Mr. Fish,

great credit for its clearness, force and perfect balance. He proved that not only was the plan of federal control practicable, but that it was the only practicable one. In answering the objection that it would be too centralizing he showed that the states had no real control.

The negative side gave evidence of careful study and preparation in their presentation of the question. They admitted the evils existing under the present system, as presented by Mr. Burns, but threw the blame not on the system but upon the laxity of Congress in enforcing the existing laws, and the general corruption of our legislative bodies. They argued that exclusive federal control would

aggravate rather than remedy the situation by creating monopolies which would easily obtain control of Congress. Without exception the young men from Wabash showed themselves good reasoners, with a firm grasp of the subject and versed in all the ebbs and flows of debating work.

The Judges were: Hon. J. S. Drake, Goshen, Ind.; Prof. M. H. Robinson, University of Illinois; the Hon. J. C. Lamb, Terre Haute, Ind.

OVER INDIANA AT BLOOMINGTON.

With a clean-cut legal argument backed up by strong rebuttals, Notre Dame's negative team, composed of Messrs. William J. Milroy,

largely attended, despite the fact that a session of the Indiana Historical Society was in progress. The audience followed the debate carefully and with appreciation.

This was Father Bolger's first year as debating coach at Notre Dame, and he had only inexperienced men for material. That he succeeded in working up two winning teams to sustain the Notre Dame tradition is an encomium which requires no comment.

The University debating record since 1899 is as follows:

1899—Notre Dame vs. Indianapolis U. Won by N. D.

1900—Notre Dame vs. Indianapolis U. Won by N. D.

1901—Notre Dame vs. Indianapolis U. Won by N. D.



WILLIAM J. MILROY

Peter J. MEERSMAN

SIMON E. TWINING

Peter J. Meersman, and Simon E. Twining, defeated the Indiana University team at Bloomington last Friday evening. The contest was the first of its kind ever held between the two schools, and was fought out on the firing line from beginning to end. The judges were H. R. Harrison of Indianapolis, Prof. Prey of Milwaukee, and Prof. Neff of Richmond. The question was decided by a vote of two to one. Indiana was represented by Messrs. James Robinson, Floyd Nixon, and Albert Stump. There was no "hedging" on either side, and the Indiana men deserve to be congratulated not only for the splendid fight they put up, but also for the "game" spirit with which they took their defeat. The debate was

1902—Notre Dame vs. Illinois College of Law. Won by Notre Dame.

1902—Notre Dame vs. Indianapolis. Won by N. D.

1903—Notre Dame vs. Oberlin. Won by Notre Dame.

1904—Notre Dame vs. Oberlin. Won by Notre Dame.

1905—Notre Dame vs. Oberlin. Won by Notre Dame.

1905—Notre Dame vs. DePauw. Won by Notre Dame.

1906—Notre Dame vs. U. of Iowa. Won by N. D.

1906—Notre Dame vs. Georgetown U. Won by N. D.

1906—Notre Dame vs. DePauw. Won by Notre Dame.

1907—Notre Dame vs. U. of Iowa. Won by N. D.

1908—Notre Dame vs. Ohio State. Won by N. D.

1908—Notre Dame vs. Georget'n. Won by Georgetown.

1909—Notre Dame vs. Georgetown. Won by N. D.

1910—Notre Dame vs. Detroit College of Law. Won

by Notre Dame.

1911—Notre Dame vs. W. Reserve U. Won by N. D.

1912—Notre Dame vs. Wabash College. Won by N. D.

1912—Notre Dame vs. Indiana U. Won by N. D.

Obituary.

It is our mournful duty to announce the death of Rev. Anton Messmann (A. B. '67, A. M. '69), who passed away in Laporte, Ind., May 22nd. Up to the time of his death Father Messmann was one of the oldest living graduates of the University.

Father Messmann had been for many years pastor of Saint Joseph's church in Laporte and had endeared himself to his congregation by his gentle and fatherly disposition as well as by his faithful performance of duty. He was conscientiousness personified, and at the same time he avoided unnecessary harshness in the discharge of his sacred duties. Among the community in general he was revered by those not of the Faith almost as much as by his own spiritual children. His life of virtue and zeal reflected honor upon his alma mater, and we bespeak for him the fervent prayers of the Faculty and of the students past and present. *R. I. P.*

Mr. Harry Miller (Ph. B. '10) and Mr. Raymond Miller of St. Joseph's Hall have the profound sympathy of all in the tragic death of their little brother Richard aged six. The circumstances surrounding his passing away were such as to add unusual pathos. There will be many fervent prayers offered for the consolation of the broken-hearted parents. *R. I. P.*

Personals.

—Mr. James O'Brien of Peoria, Illinois, (student '06-'08) was a caller at the University last week.

—Leo Corboy, Harold and Lester Rempe, of Chicago, old Corbyites, made an auto trip to the University last Sunday.

—The marriage is announced of Miss Dorice Bentley Kurtz to Mr. Charles A. Bear (old student) at the Dalles, Oregon, May 15th. Congratulations and good wishes.

—Mr. J. A. Caparo (M. C. E. '09) of Peru, South America, is visiting at the University. Last year's students will recall Mr. Caparo as an instructor in mathematics and electricity at the University.

—Two most interested visitors at the University last Saturday were the Rev. W. S. Howard, of St. James' Church, South Bend,

and his guest, Archdeacon Thomas Madden, of Liverpool, England, both of the Anglican Church.

—"Jim" Foley (student '09-'10) is coaching the baseball teams of Milford High School and St. Mary's Academy at Milford, Massachusetts. Both teams are cleaning things up under the able direction of the former Varsity shortstop. "Jim" rooted for the Varsity at the Dean Academy and Tufts games of last week.

—On last Sunday Mr. Thomas Watson of Henderson, Ky., and Kansas City, Mo., accompanied by Mr. Frank Varnut of South Bend, visited the University. Mr. Watson was a student here forty-three years ago. Both gentlemen were guests of our Father Maher, who showed his old-time friends every kindness and courtesy during their stay.

—One of the pleasantest incidents of the month was a visit from Mr. Otto H. Brown-Levanger, who was a student in St. Edward's hall and the old "Juniors" from '88 to '93. Mr. Brown-Levanger's home is in Christiana, Norway, where he has lived since he left the University nearly twenty years ago. He is engaged in the motor engine business.

—Mr. and Mrs. Patrick Maguire announce the marriage of their daughter Katherine Caroline to Mr. Daniel Joseph McCarthy (old student) on Monday, May 20th, at Alton, Illinois. Mr. and Mrs. McCarthy will be at home after June 22nd, at 614 East Seventh Street, Alton, Illinois. The SCHOLASTIC extends congratulations and best wishes for a long and happy life.

—"The greatest amateur success" is what the dramatic critics of Grand Rapids have pronounced the dancing pantomime, "Marquita," by Arthur W. Stace (Litt. B. '96). The piece was staged at Powers' Theatre in Grand Rapids, Friday evening, May 10th, and has attracted the attention of a Chicago dancing master who has agreed to produce professionally Mr. Stace's further work. Congratulations, Art!

—The marriage of Miss Anna Louise McFadyen to Mr. Leroy J. Keach (LL. B. '08) is announced for June 12th at the Chapel of Saints Peter and Paul, Indianapolis, Indiana. Mr. Keach has many friends among the Alumni as well as the Faculty of the University, and all wish him lifelong happiness. The bride is one of the most accomplished and charming young women of Indianapolis, but then, Leroy always had good luck.

Local News.

—Commencement invitations were sent out Wednesday.

—Notre Dame battalion held a sham battle Monday in place of the regular drill.

—The Philopatrians had a farewell lunch Tuesday evening in the small dining-room.

—The contest in preparatory oratory will be held this coming week in Washington Hall.

—One of the commendable features at our entertainments is the singing of the Notre Dame song.

—The Philopatrians enjoyed their annual outing to St. Joseph Tuesday. Everybody reports a glorious time.

—The minims who brought back other minims enjoyed their annual outing to St. Joseph's farm on Monday of last week.

—The closing of the May devotions took place last evening. A full account of the exercises will be given in our next issue.

—The military men from Carroll hall went to Lawton today, where they will camp until next Thursday. Military discipline will be enforced.

—Found.—A sum of money, an umbrella, some fountain-pens, pins, cuff-buttons and other articles. Owners may apply to Brother Alphonsus.

—The new University catalogue is out announcing the new course in Journalism. Military drill will be in order next year for all men below Junior rank.

—The Varsity finishes the home schedule June 8. One more game at Wabash and the Earlham game are all that remain before the Alumni contest.

—Those students wishing to have the new catalogue sent to their friends may hand in their list of addresses at the Book Store during the regular hours.

—The Junior lawyers are wondering whether they will be ranked as Juniors or as Sophomores in making out the military enrollment next year. Suppose the Brownson debaters settle the point?

—The Minims' Specials journeyed to Plymouth Thursday, had a great day of it, lost to St. Michael's Academy boys 13-14, and got home at eight o'clock very tired but in great glee.

—The following books, the gift of the Rev. A. B. O'Neill, C. S. C., have been added to the Apostolate Library: "Katherine of the Barge" by Blundell, "Goncalo Da Silveira" by Chadwick, "Who Are the Jesuits?" by Coppens, "St. Patrick's Native Town" by Flemming, "Where We Got the Bible" by Graham, "Dr. Dumont" by Gilmore, "Pere Jean" by Kingston, "The Golden Spears" by Leamy, "Jesus of Nazareth" by Loyola, "Heirs in Exile" by Le Plastrier, "Of Such Is Thy Kingdom" by Metcalf, "Acts of the Apostles" by Merrick, "Church Symbolism" by Nieuwborn, "Sunlight and Shadow" by Northgate, "The Holy Eucharist" by O'Connell, "Boy Saver's Guide" by Quin, "With Christ, My Friend" by Sloan, "Building of the Mountain" by Seton, "Life in the Shadow of Death" by Klarmann, "Lincoln Selections" by Draper, "Gold, Frankincense and Myrrh" by Borini, "Social Value of the Gospel" by Carriguet, "Government of the United States" by Garner, "Pater Noster Ruby" by Walk, "The Inseparables" by Kennedy, and "Diary of an Exiled Nun." The "Knowableness of God" was presented by Father Schumacher.

Athletic Notes.

St. JOSEPH LOSES TO CORBY.

Whatever hopes St. Joseph had of remaining with the leaders in the interhall race were dispersed last Friday by Corby, 5-0.

Mehlem was at his best, and the lone drive by Bartel in the second prevented him from hanging up a no-hit game. Thirteen of the Saints strode from the bench long enough to see some convolutions of the ball and then strode back again. Boland also was working fine with eleven strike-outs to his record, but his weakness in the closing rounds enabled the victors to get at him for half a dozen hits and three runs.

St. Joseph had a chance to tie up the game in the early sessions. Bartel reached first and advanced to second on Boland's hit where he was caught napping. After this there were no more opportunities to win. Kelley, Mehlem and Carmody gave stellar exhibitions for Corby, and Boland excelled for St. Joseph.

St. Joseph	0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0	0	1	3
Corby	0 1 0 0 0 0 1 3	*	5	9 2

Batteries—For St. Joseph, Boland and Bartel; for Corby, Mehlem and Bensberg.

BROWNSON LOSES TO WALSH.

Brownson shoved Walsh aside and gently stepped into last place in the League last Sunday by handing the Walsh boys the second game of the series. The seventh-inning hoodoo which has been following Brownson was again on hand. Three hits seasoned with two errors in that round put a quietus on what was developing into a close contest. Until then, McQuade was keeping near the leaders.

Ryan was, as usual, mystifying, sending thirteen Brownsonites via the strike-out route, but this did not keep Brownson from being dangerous. He was also very much aided by the tight fielding and bunched hitting of his mates. Only one miscue occurred, and seven tallies more than overcame this damage.

Walsh 0 0 2 1 0 0 4 0 0—7 7 1
 Brownson 1 0 0 0 0 0 0 1 0—2 4 3
 Batteries—For Walsh, Ryan and Brooke, for Brownson, Steppier, McQuade and Williams.

SORIN WINS FROM CORBY.

The last game in the first series of the hall contests was won by Sorin Sunday from the hitherto invincible Corby nine. Neither had sustained defeat thus far in the season, and the clash was featured with interest and enthusiasm excelling many Varsity contests.

For five innings Sorin hit Roach with a will and counted in three. Furlong for an opener was passed to first and before anybody knew had scored on Devine's hit. In the third Devine hit for two and came home with Fish working the hit and run game. Hayes and Devine were on the circuit again during the fifth and another hit by "Bill" sent two across.

The seventh was a life for Corby. Kelley and Shea chased home on Roach's double, and the last named counted on Hines' double. Hines died stretching the hit. Pliska walked to third, but the necessary hit did not come. Three runs resulted, however. With the never-die spirit, Corby started in the ninth to even the one-score advantage. Cahill and Pliska were on, but "Mike" Carmody failed to connect and victory was Sorin's.

San Pedro again proved his worth against the heaviest hitting of the hall teams. Eleven strike-outs were credited him and he allowed eight hits. His opponent, Roach, kept the total number of hits to seven.

Sorin 1 0 1 0 2 0 0 0 0—4 7 3
 Corby 0 0 0 0 0 0 3 0 0—3 8 4
 Batteries—For Sorin, San Pedro and Arias; for Corby, Roach and Bensberg.

A RECORD GAME.

The slender grip Sorin had upon first place as a result of trouncing Corby in last Sunday's exciting game vanished into the air Thursday when the Braves came back and administered to the Sorinites one of the worst defeats in the history of interhall baseball. Not only did the Corbyites pound San Pedro to all corners of the lot, but they piled up runs to the unlucky thirteen.

Mehlem pitched a no-hit game. The Sorin hitters, who found Roach vulnerable before, did not even get acquainted with "Johnnie." He had speed, splendid control on both sides of the plate and was master at all times. Furlong was the recipient of the only pass issued and Daly was sent to the first station when he could not get his body out of the path of a speedy shoot. "Spike" Shannon relieved San Pedro in the sixth inning and allowed but two runs during his four inning incumbency.

Corby 0 2 4 0 5 0 0 2 0—13 14 1
 Sorin 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0—0 0 8
 Batteries—For Corby, Mehlem and Bensberg; for Sorin, San Pedro, Shannon and Arias.

Three base hits—Cahill, Carmody. Two-base hits—Mehlem, Finnegan. Struck out—By Mehlem, 17; San Pedro, 4; by Shannon 4. Bases on balls—Off Mehlem, 1; off San Pedro, 1; off Shannon, 1. Hit by pitched ball—Daly. Umpires—Williams and Lathrop.

WALSH EVENS UP.

Walsh broke even in the series with St. Joseph by winning out 6-0 after an eight-inning ascension by the west-siders. For over a considerable portion of the play, Walsh had a two-point advantage, but a quartet of hits and the usual errors by the losers yielded a further lead and the game.

Ryan again secured a good dozen srike-outs but he was nevertheless frequently touched. Boland was somewhat off form but with a fast fielding combination could have kept the winners to a much smaller number of hits.

Ryan scored in the third on a long hit by Newning to left field after he had himself poked out a three bagger. St. Joseph came back strong and pushed men on the bases but the needed hit never materialized.

Walsh 0 0 1 0 0 1 6 4 *—6 9 1
 St. Joseph 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0—0 1 3
 Batteries—For Walsh, Ryan and Brooke; for St. Joseph, Boland and Bartel.

Three base hits—Ryan. Two-base hits—Leach. Struck out—By Ryan, 12; by Boland, 5. Bases on balls—Off Ryan, 4; Boland, 2. Hit by pitched ball, Kane, Boland. Sacrifice hit, Newning. Umpire, Regan.